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January 4, 1941

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

TILLAMOOK
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HOW TO KEEP FOOTBALL STARS IN COLLEGE

BY BILL HUIE

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Do you See 6-year old Peggy?
No! I see a Girl Planning her Trousseau.

Will she be a Charming Bride?
Yes, Beautiful—her Smile's so Lovely!

To what does She owe this Lovely Smile?
Perhaps to a Habit she learned as a Child—Ipana and Massage!





Protect your smile! Keep your gums healthier, your teeth brighter . . . with the help of Ipana and Massage.

SHE STILL PLAYS with dolls and she goes to bed by seven. But Peggy is a beauty specialist when it comes to her own bright smile . . . for, far better than her parents, Peggy understands the modern care of teeth and gums.

Indeed today, thousands of youngsters know what their parents still have to learn . . . that *gums* as well as teeth must have regular daily care. They are taught in their classrooms that the soft, creamy foods we moderns enjoy so much, provide little exercise for gums . . . deny gums the exercise and stimulation they often need for health. No wonder then that gums tend to become weak and tender . . . and signal their condition with that warning tinge of "pink"!

Be Warned By "Pink Tooth Brush"!

"Pink tooth brush" may not mean serious trouble . . . but it's a warning just the same. And the minute you see it . . . *see your dentist!* He may merely tell you that your gums are underworked . . . that they need exercise and stimulation. And like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage"!

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Get a tube of economical Ipana today. And begin now the healthful dental habit of Ipana and massage . . . for sounder gums, brighter teeth, a more attractive smile!

Ipana Tooth Paste

Collier's

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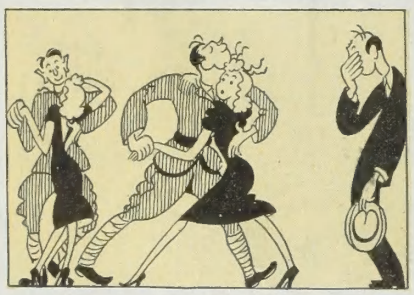
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COVER EARL OLIVER HURST

ANY WEEK

SOMETHING always happens to Mrs. Sheila McBankeel of San Francisco, California, when she hears of Reds fomenting strikes in armament factories. Does to us too. But it happened so hard to Mrs. McBankeel recently that she threw an apologist for Communist agitators out of her house. When accused at the door of being a Red baiter, Mrs. McBankeel's reply was: "You're darn' tootin' I am. That's the first time you've been right since you dropped in." Whereupon she wrote us a five-page letter on the subject, adding a postscript inviting us to call and listen to what she really thinks. But we get the idea. These psychopaths that cause things to happen to her are obviously eager to see that famous lover of mankind, Adolf Hitler, win the war in Europe and then, at his leisure, conquer the Americas. This would be a great help to his friend, that even more ardent lover of humanity, Joe Stalin. Thereafter, instead of grinding his soul to powder toiling in American industry for a dollar an hour, the Red would know the deep satisfaction of working in German and Russian factories for glory and a few ersatz sandwiches, while the military police stood by just to make sure that none of the devoted workers made silly mistakes such as sabotage and subversive activity. There's practically nothing we can add to Mrs. McBankeel's views except, perhaps, that if we had our way we'd— But there; we'd better stop before we make a few un-American observations. We were merely going to say that these ruddy lads don't make us sore. But they do make us scratch.



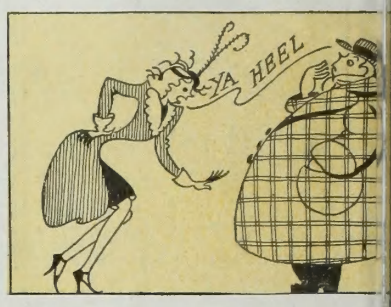
IN THE meantime an energetically patriotic gentleman we know is licking his wounds. Armed with a thirty-eight page prospectus, he called upon the National Defense Committee offering, for an adequate fee, to establish in our Army training centers moral guardianship of our fledgling soldiers. He would begin with a survey of the surrounding territory and ferret out immorality. He would not go so far as to decorate suspicious ladies with scarlet letters, but he would have a good talk with them, warning them that any funny moves by them would be sufficient reason to quarantine them or even shoo them off into less sacred precincts. A patriotic system of espionage would be set up inside the camps, and intelligence agents, personable young women of known moral soundness, would be maintained in near-by towns. We regret to tell you that our moral censor was all but manhandled. He told us some of the things they said to him. No wonder his feelings were hurt. But he was pulling himself together courageously—enough anyway, to tell us that in two or three of our camps free dancing lessons are being given soldiers by young women dancing instructors. And that alone should end any doubt you may have that things are not coming to a pretty pass.

OUR latest information from Hollywood indicates no lack of willingness of the movies to serve humbly. At a recent dinner party attended by a large number of famous names, one of the latter, a director, arose unassisted to make a few remarks. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "as an Englishman I congratulate you on your high patriotism. I have learned that there is not a star, male or female, in Hollywood who has not stepped forward and offered himself for the leading role in any Grade A picture of Army, Navy or aviation life which would inspire the young men of America to enlist in the battle for democracy and humanity."

THE first snowfall did more than make traffic a little more difficult in Hartford, Connecticut. It destroyed at least one man's faith. A friend tells us that it was pretty difficult to get snow shovelers in Hartford, but finally a considerable number of men were plucked from the WPA rolls. Among them was the poor fellow who was about to be disillusioned. After shoveling for several minutes he confided to a fellow shoveler that this, in his opinion, was pretty shabby treatment of a man who merely happened to be out of a job. Besides the whole thing was unreasonable and unseasonal. His pal listened for a while and then, "Well," sighed he, "you would vote for him."

FOR SOME reason we haven't been able to locate, Mr. Jules LaB. Touvenot of Three Rivers, Quebec, wishes us to deny that he ever said that France surrendered to Hitler rather than take the responsibility of prolonging the war and once more be trampled beyond recognition by an AEF. Mr. Touvenot was never quoted in this magazine. Nor does he say that he was. However, he is sending his denial to all the principal magazines and newspapers because he was told that such words were attributed to him in a publication which his informant could not recall. "I have never said a word about the damage the American Army did in France while saving her from the Germans in the first World War," writes Mr. Touvenot. "I have never been in France and know of the scandal only by hearsay. Besides, I feel sure it couldn't be helped."

AND WE regret to hear from Mr. E Boken of Louisville, Kentucky, certain base elements of our popu tion have taken to racketeering ag Mr. Boken was accosted as he left office by a girl who told him that was an English child refugee who been mistreated by the Amer family in whose bosom she had t takenly taken refuge. But Mr. Bo wasn't convinced. When he offere take the child to proper authorities lost her British accent: "You wo ya heel." Later, says Mr. Boken, was heard to remark to a friend it was a "lousy racket anyway."



WE HAVE forwarded Mrs. Henr Creamer's letter to General H Johnson. From Savannah, Geo Mrs. Creamer advises us that she just read the general for the first and was pretty well shocked. "Can be the same Hugh Johnson who to write about rock gardens in a magazine?" inquires Mrs. Crea "He not only gave the best ac about rock gardens but he wrote fectly lovely columns about veget dyes for household uses and wa authority on holiday parties. name was the same except that not remember that he called hir general, although I will say for that he wrote like a major."

BUT again we hear from Mr. Chu, Imparter of Unassailable dom, upon whom we lean in the cr From San Francisco, California, Ming advises us that China has about abandoned hope that the J nese will ever develop true wisdom great many of my countrymen," w Mr. Ming, "have returned to the ness that was ever their pleasan profitless occupation between What, say they, is the virtue in fig a foe who persists in not winning? W fighting the modern governmen China, Japan enjoyed advertisable cesses, but our concave-witted en has proved himself wholly incap of competing with our provincial riors whose guile and stratagem legacies from their ancient Lor Warlike Deeds and Arrangem which teach, in part, that it is fo to seize a tiger by its ears while it is still available. Japan is lamen in need of sound advice."

PAGE Mussolini. . . .

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The "Mickey Finn," a term designating knockout drinks, is named after its originator, Mickey Finn, a famous crook who made a specialty of drugging and robbing drunks, through the use of chloral hydrate in his notorious Lone Star Saloon in Chicago between 1898 and 1903.

A strange form of lightning flashes every few minutes throughout each day and night in the region of the Catatumbo River at the southern end of Lake Maracaibo in Venezuela. Known as the "Catatumbo Lightning," this electrical discharge is so bright that it can be seen at a distance of two hundred miles at night.—*By Jessie Faritree, Atoka, Oklahoma.*

The word "set" has more meanings and more possible uses than any other term in the English language. In defining and describing it, the Oxford Dictionary, for example, employs thirty thousand words.

In the past century, the science of mathematics has so advanced and become so specialized that few men attempt to understand and employ more than five per cent of this knowledge.—*By Gene Foster, Tomahawk, Wisconsin.*

Only two men have been vice presidents of the United States under two different presidents—George Clinton, who served under Jefferson and Madison, and John C. Calhoun, who served under John Quincy Adams and Jackson. Neither completed the two full terms, however, as Clinton died in office and Calhoun resigned, the only man to leave this position voluntarily in the history of this country.

Among cases in which inbreeding has proved to be unharmful was that of an experiment made on a number of albino rats. Mating brothers and sisters for fifty generations, in fact, actually increased their average weight, fertility and life span.

To this day, a large number of women, particularly those among the Arab tribes of Arabia, still follow the ancient custom of perfuming themselves and their garments by sitting in the smoke of burning aromatic spices.

As the tiny island of Saba in the Dutch West Indies consists almost wholly of an extinct volcano, its town lies at the bottom of the crater. As virtually no traveling is done on level ground, this community of 1,600 people possesses no vehicles.

Before December 25th was uniformly adopted as the date for the observance of Christmas, in the fourth century, it had been celebrated, by various peoples at one time or another, on 135 different days of the year.

The densest matter known is the substance of the stars called Wolf 457 and Wolf 219. A cubic inch of it on the surface of the earth would weigh about nine thousand pounds. —*By Don Julien, Shaker Heights, Ohio.*

In one recent issue of the London Daily Mail, a certain British prize fighter appeared in eleven testimonial advertisements, endorsing the merits of a breakfast food, a fabric, a brand of kippers, a razor, a sausage, shirt, shoe, soap, toffee, tobacco and a nerve tonic.

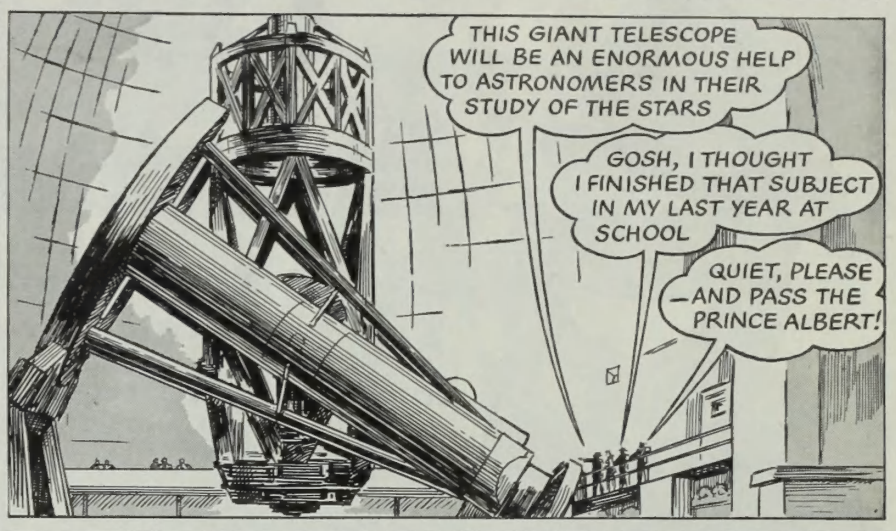
The only persons whose remains have laid in state in the rotunda of the Capitol in Washington have been Abraham Lincoln, Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner, James A. Garfield, John A. Logan, William McKinley, P. C. L'Enfant, George Dewey, the Unknown Soldier, Warren G. Harding and William Howard Taft.

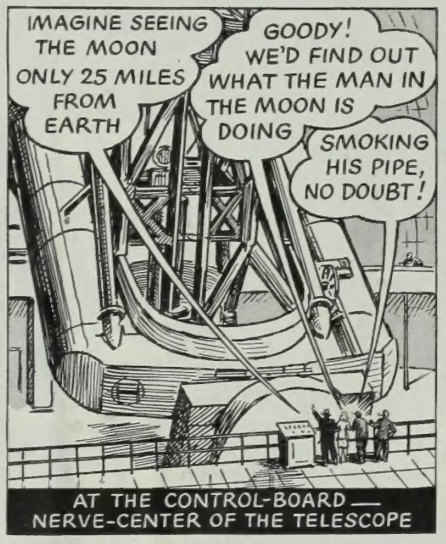
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★ WONDERS OF AMERICA ★

World's Largest Telescope

MOUNT PALOMAR, CALIFORNIA





AT THE CONTROL-BOARD — NERVE-CENTER OF THE TELESCOPE



TUBE WHERE ASTRONOMER GUIDES PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE



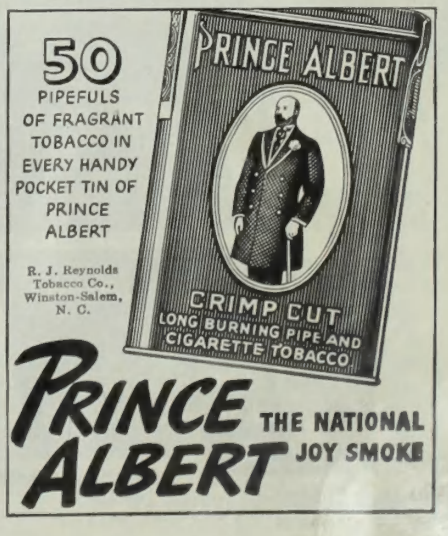
BUCKET LIFT TO BOTTOM OF GREAT TUBE

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*







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BALTIMORE TO
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Chicago . . 1.10
Jacksonville 1.20

DETROIT TO
Newark . . $ .85
New York . . .95
Dallas 1.60



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Miami 1.15
Oklahoma City 1.35

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Indianapolis . 1.05
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★*(The night and Sunday rates shown here are for 3-minute, station-to-station calls. You'll find rates to many other points on the inside front cover of most telephone directories.)*

BELL SYSTEM

Collier's

The National Weekly for January 4, 1941

Troubled Heart

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Romance complicated by the perils of war and the schemes of a selfish woman



The development of their interest in each other was achieved in the provision department of Barker's

WHEN Robert passed into the I.C.C. and went to India, Carol was left to look after their mother. Delia, a realist who would have been herself damned rather than take on that task, escaped from the danger by marrying a subaltern in her late father's regiment. The family mansion was sold and a pale house rented in Victoria Road, W.8., where an acacia drooped in the front garden and Mrs. Vellaby behind half-lowered blinds, drooped and anguished within.

Desertion by her son and younger daughter was a source of poignant distress to Mrs. Vellaby, who battened upon her offspring and may be accused of having brought them into the world to gratify predatory maternal instincts. Being destitute of wings, she modeled herself upon that wingless insect the spider, weaving a web around her victims and draining their youth with death-dealing embraces. Two out of three had escaped the web and she was resolved to prevent Carol from doing likewise.

There was reason to suppose that she would succeed, for Carol had a sense of duty and, unlike Delia, thought the best, rather than the worst of people. Somebody had to look after her mother, and the obvious person was herself. In accepting the duty, she was sustained by more than fatalism. There was in her nature a streak of the martyr and an inexhaustible capacity for affection. Since no chance was offered to bestow it outside the family her mother came in for the lot and Carol, subduing a desire to create a life of her own, fell into the role of nurse-housekeeper-companion without complaint.

Mrs. Vellaby did all that she could to keep her up to the scratch, and looked to it that the girl's time was wholly occupied in ministrations to herself. Apart from visits to the provision department at Barkers, she seldom allowed Carol out of her sight, and was careful never to introduce to the house any person who might prove a disturbing influence.

"How you spoil me!" she would say. "But I know you would be wretched if I didn't let you. Dear Carol, I have come to depend on you for everything."

But when discussing Carol she took the opposite line: "The dear child is utterly dependent upon me. But for her I would gladly slip away and join my husband on the other side."

Had the gallant but departed major heard those words, he would have turned in his grave, the occupation of which had lost its sting in the comforting insulation it afforded against her society.

It was not until deprived of her other children that Mrs. Vellaby adopted chronic invalidism as a means of getting her own way. To color up her physical frailty, she consulted Dr. Fergusson of Wimpole Street, an irritating creature who congratulated her on the excellent state of her health and whose diagnosis had to be entirely revised for Carol's consumption.

The erosion of wave after wave of mythical complaints dissolved the last of Carol's identity and, at the end of a year, Mrs. Vellaby was assured that she had become a willing slave.

But as so often happens with complacency, something turns up to shatter its fabric. A wire announced that Delia had been delivered of twin boys.

Carol plunged into the room with the news and her cheeks blazing.

"Isn't it heaven? I must go and see them, Mummie. May I?"

Mrs. Vellaby did an invalid's best to exhibit joy; but Kettering was such a long way off; and visitors were bad for nursing mothers; and, although she would try not to mind being left alone, wouldn't it be wiser to wait until the children were brought to town for the christening?

Thus was the damaged web repaired,

but after three days Carol rang up Delia asking this and that and saying how the nurse and babies could have her room and she would sleep on the sofa and . . .

Delia cut her short:

"Terribly sorry, pet, but Alan and I will be staying with his people."

"Delia! Why?"

"Because the brats are mine, and I won't have mother getting her hooks into them."

As Carol dejectedly hung up the receiver Mrs. Vellaby came in and asked to whom she had been talking.

"Delia. She's fixed the fifteenth for the christening."

Mrs. Vellaby flinched.

"You didn't suggest their staying here?"

"I did, but they can't. Don't you want them to?"

"It's not that. I just doubt if I would be up to the strain."

As she went from the room she detected a hint of reproach in Carol's expression and that evening she staged a mild heart attack to divert her thoughts from the risk of straying.

It was characteristic of Delia to name the infants Lewis and Bren for no better reason than that their father was a machine gunner. Mrs. Vellaby was shocked, but a greater shock awaited her when she saw Carol's eyes as she stood beside the font holding the five-week-old Bren to her small, immature breast. There was a look in them that artists down the ages have striven, and generally in vain, to reproduce: the mother look with the soft, tender glory of love and of creation in it.

Fear clutched at Mrs. Vellaby's heart and she was heard to gasp. "Carol . . . quickly . . . give the child to the nurse and take me out. I'm going to faint."

Carol conducted her to the porch and dutifully waited there, what time her soul drifted down from hitherto unvisited heights to a plain, gray, ordinary world.

When the party of babes and grown-ups appeared, Delia said dryly: "Trust Mother to try and steal the show."

SOME weeks later she sent Carol a photograph of the twins in their bath and, witnessing how much of the time that Carol normally spent doing her accounts was devoted to looking at it, Mrs. Vellaby cunningly contrived to spill a bottle of ink over the photograph.

Carol came in as she was finishing off the job with a sheet of blotting paper.

"My dress! It's all over my dress!" she lamented.

But Carol's concern was for the babies, and her cry of, "Mother, how could you?" was unpardonable.

"I do think you might try to be a little more sympathetic," said Mrs. Vellaby, and went to lie down.

She did not reappear until the Misses Pincent arrived for their Thursday afternoon bridge. The Misses Pincent lived a few doors away and were referred to by Mrs. Vellaby as, "Those poor dears! It makes such a change for them to come here once a week." The Misses Pincent were similarly convinced that their visits were an errand of mercy, from which it will be seen that the arrangement was a source of mutual satisfaction.

"Oh, my dear," said the elder, whose name was Agnes, "such a to-do! Our nephew and niece have turned up and it was only to avoid disappointing you that we insisted on coming."

Mrs. Vellaby did not relish the phrase, which savored of patronage. She explained that she was feeling far from well and had seriously considered canceling the game. She added: "I only refrained for Carol's sake."

Carol said nothing, for the incident of the photograph was rankling. For the first time in a long while she felt out of sympathy with her little Mummie.

Maud Pincent came to the rescue:

"Well, as nobody wants to play, let's drop it. Conway has tickets for the first house at the Palladium and we would only have had time for a couple of rubbers."

Mrs. Vellaby was deeply offended. She had been counting on her bridge and did not know how people could be so selfish.

"As nobody consults my wishes," she said, "I shall go to bed and have a little whitefish on a tray."

Agnes Pincent touched Carol's arm.

"In that case why not join us? There's an extra ticket for a friend of Conway's who can't turn up."

"I don't expect she would care to leave me," Mrs. Vellaby interposed.

But Carol missed her cue and announced that she would be glad to come.

"Splendid. Then be around for a glass of sherry at six."

Mrs. Vellaby had an impression that the Misses Pincent wore an air of triumphant conspiracy as they took their leave. She did not reproach Carol for her unfilial acceptance of the invitation, but when, at five minutes to six, Carol came to kiss her goodnight, she subtly conveyed to the embrace the character of a final parting.

Carol did not seem to notice.

MAKING her own way into Miss Pincent's drawing room, Carol was greeted by the spectacle of a pair of long legs extruded beneath a newspaper. She wished the legs good evening and Conway Borden rustled into view, coming to his feet, clicking his heels and pulling an imaginary forelock.

"It's Carol Vellaby, isn't it?" he demanded, and grinned welcomingly.

He stood a bit over six feet, was broad-shouldered, had eyes of merry blue, and a face and hands tanned by the sun to the color of a walnut. After the pale tints which colored the life and person of her mother, so much physical health and well-being held Carol in silence.

"Here and now, I deny it," said he.

"Deny what?"

"Any touch of the tar brush. The oriental chromatic effects were produced by China Station and life on the ocean wave."

"Oh," said Carol, "then you're a sailor?"

"Yes, ma'am, Commander Conway Borden, R.N., at your and His Majesty's service. What's it going to be? Pink gin, or a pale and timid sherry?"

Carol said, "I'll leave myself in your hands."

He thought it a fair answer and addressed himself to the bottles. Over his shoulder he remarked: "Things look sticky, don't they?"

"What things?"

"Adolf."

"Then you think there'll be war?"

"I'm afraid it's a cinch." He gave her a glass and raised his own. "Well, bottoms up! And let's hope it doesn't apply to any craft I find myself aboard."

"I hope it doesn't," said she, and drank to that.

Then he said, "I met your broth in Calcutta, and what a nice guy! He old me about you."

"Did he?"

"Yep. 'Salt of the earth' was ho he described you. Alice-sit-by-the ire and Florence Nightingale rolled ate one. That's why I determined we sh ld meet, and bought an extra ticket o the off chance."

Carol eyed him warily.

"Miss Pincent said you had a f nd who couldn't turn up."

He grinned and shook his head.

"Strategy. Put that way it sou led less pointed. I approached my o es- tive from behind a smoke screen. I'm tremendously glad to find you in ra e

He was refilling their glasses as h his- ter, whose name was Pat, and who ha a three-cornered hat and a three or nered smile, came into the room and id "You guzzling beasts, where's mine

"Meet the Girl Pat," said Co ay and fixed her a drink.

DURING the antics of the Crazy an in the first house at the Palla m Conway displayed an unrivaled cap it for enjoyment. He shouted with l gh ter and so rolled about in his stall, nch was next to Carol's, as nearly to u ea her. His mirth was infectious, and re the Misses Pincent succumbed t The Girl Pat, moreover, proved a un- dle of fun, and when, at about the thirty, they trooped out in search of a taxi, declared that an evening so we and truly launched must not be al we to founder.

He proved to be a Captain Beaver of the Blues. His proposal was a late flicker and supper at Bimbo's



Conway seconded the motion and proposed "hot groceries at the Ritz." With thoughts of her mother, Carol demurred, but he cut her short:

"For once Alice will be forbidden to sit by the fire. Too soon the safety and welfare of this sovereign state will depend upon the navy, and the least she can do is to supply one glorious memory of a night ashore."

So Carol stopped demurring. The Misses Pincent returned home to some cold lamb and something which, if not eaten, would displeasure the staff, and Carol, Conway and the Girl Pat squeezed into a taxi.

As it turned into Regent Street, Conway announced that the Girl Pat would have to push off after dinner.

"She's taking a basket of new-laid eggs to our nurse, who's celebrating her hundredth birthday, no less."

THE Girl Pat gave him a shrewd and dirty look, but having a heart of gold, replied, "All right, all right. Perhaps I'll pick up something at the Ritz."

The words were prophetic for, as they passed through the bar en route to the grillroom, a man, drowning loneliness with a dry Martini, launched a yell of "Patacake!" and plunged toward them.

He proved to be a Captain Beaver of the Blues, known to his intimates as Plum. He joined them at dinner and discoursed on the international situation, Clumber spaniels, and what they would do next. His proposal was a late flicker and supper at Bimbo's, but Conway stood out for a spin in the country and scrambled eggs at a roadhouse. The rival proposals ended in Plum's lending Conway his car, and Conway's lending Plum a fiver, with the proviso that he brought Pat home no later than the milk.

CAROL took no part in the discussion but may be said to have basked on its fringes. She felt she had been asleep for a century and had waked up in a world humming and teeming with life. Caught in the slipstream of Conway's enthusiasm, she followed him to where Plum's car was parked and, together, they drove off in the direction of a better understanding.

By the pond on Hampstead Heath, he stopped the car and they looked south across the dark window-spangled bowl which is London. And presently he said: "Makes you think, doesn't it? This wide-open city of peace-loving people tucking in for the night."

"You mean of what might happen if . . ."

He nodded.

"You may argue that I am, by trade, a man of war, and that a few millions should perish to let me practice my calling is a minor consideration. But the truth is that I love this funny old country even more than I hate blood." She was looking at him strangely, and he added: "Sorry to go serious all of a sudden, but being with you gets me that way."

"Why being with me?"

"I don't exactly know. Perhaps because you sort of embody my idea of England. No, no, don't take cover, I mean it. You're resolute and calm and gentle to look at. You're like her too in that under an air of . . . what's the word? . . . tranquillity, you've a suggestion of tremendous forces lying in wait."

She said, "I don't suppose I'm like any of those things."

"But you are, Carol, if you'll forgive me for not using your Christian name before. Believe me you are."

She looked at him squarely. "Do you make a habit of talking like a palmist?"

"I make a habit of speaking my mind."

"Even when you know nothing of the person you're talking to?"

"How d'you mean, nothing? I can read, can't I?"

She thought it was such a nice reply.

IT WAS unusual for Mrs. Vellaby to apply for spiritual aid, but before going to sleep she breathed an urgent prayer that Carol was not enjoying herself. That it was unanswered was evident when, next morning, Carol, looking shamelessly happy, came in with her grapefruit on a tray. With forced cheerfulness, she expressed the hope that the evening had been pleasant.

"It was, very," Carol nodded.

"And what time did you get home?"

"About three. Commander Borden drove me to a place on the Great North Road where we danced and had a swim."

Under the bed covers Mrs. Vellaby gripped her lean thighs. "But, darling, wasn't that rather an extraordinary thing to have done?"

"I don't see why. Scores of other people were doing it. Besides, he turned out to be a friend of Robert's." And she blew her nose with an air of defiance.

In the week that followed, Carol and Conway had numerous accidental meetings, attributable to the fact that Conway had made an observation post of the bay window of his aunt's drawing room and pursued Carol whenever she emerged from the house. The development of their interest in each other was achieved in the provision department of Barker's, before a changing background of canned goods, groceries, sides of mutton and beef, in the Rembrandt style, guinea fowls and grouse, and pyramids of fruit and vegetables. As their intimacy advanced, he persuaded her to adventure to the comparative seclusion of the waiting room, where he asked her to be his wife.

"I've another month's leave which'll give us nice time to publish the banns, buy orange blossoms and have a week to ourselves for honeymooning. I've applied for a shore job at Gosport, which with you would be paradise and without you pretty awful. We could—what are you crying about?"

CAROL wasn't very sure herself, but happiness affects some people that way. Then he took her hand, which was comforting.

"Come on, let's have the answer before somebody mistakes us for the information bureau and asks the date of the Norman Conquest."

"You . . . you haven't much doubt about your own?" said she.

"Well, I know you like me."

"Like? How can you be so stupid? I adore you."

"Then everything's settled."

Carol shook her head.

"Mother isn't settled."

He had been afraid of that.

"Don't you believe it. She must want you to be happy."

"Of course, but who's to look after her?"

Conway was reminded of a remark of Robert's during one of their talks in Calcutta: "The old girl's fit as a flea, but as long as there's a chance of fastening on to one of us she'll never let go."

"How would it be to let me talk to her?" he suggested. "With the world in its present state, love like ours can't afford to waste time."

He called that afternoon while Carol was absent leaving flowers for a friend who had had the flu.

The chivalry of his bearing did not deceive Mrs. Vellaby as to the object of his visit. He lost no time in coming to the point.

"Carol's happiness is my greatest concern in life," she said, "and if I were sure it was to be found in marriage I would allow nothing to stand in her way. But, unfortunately, obstacles exist which I am powerless to remove."

"For instance?"

She hesitated. "Well . . . myself, for instance."

Chivalrously refraining from inviting her to jump in a lake, he begged her to be more specific.

"The child's devotion to me is far too great to allow her seriously to consider leaving me."

"I can well understand that," said he, "but there's a world of difference between falling in love and loving one's parents. The one inevitably means a readjustment of the other."

Mrs. Vellaby gave him a tolerant smile. "You can hardly believe, in the short time you have known Carol, that her love for you has become greater than for me."

"Of course, I do," he replied "Things

(Continued on page 46)





The King's Woman

By Archduke Franz Josef

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The brother-in-law of the former King Carol of Romania gives an intimate picture of palace intrigue: the rise and fall of Carol and of Magda Lupescu. It would, he says, make a play

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Esq.,
Stratford-on-Avon,
Warwickshire, England.

Dear Will:

By now you've become quite an authority on kings, pretenders, and the rivalries and jealousies of courts, so I just wonder if you'd care to have a fling at a plot I have run into.

The theme seems to me to be worthy of your genius, and I wouldn't know how to wind it all up at the end of the fifth act, and, anyway, I couldn't write it even if I were able to—I am related to all the fellows in the play, and it just wouldn't seem right if I did. My brother is married to the hero's sister, and it's the same blood that rushes through my veins as through theirs—the same mixture of Hapsburg, Lothringen, Stuart, Bourbon, Coburg blood, even if mixed in different proportions. . . . So you see I wouldn't be the right man to write it.

I'll just give you the characters and sketch in some of the background.

THE SCENE is a country on the outskirts of Europe—oil fields, wheat, Black Sea ports and all. A backward country, yet not as backward as you might think, called ROMANIA.

As to the characters, there is a king to start with—

FERDINAND by name. Yes, the same as the bull—a king who sports a goatee, who stutters a bit, and isn't any too bright. You probably won't have to put him into the play at all, for he is really of little consequence, and it might be just as well to let him be dead already when you have the curtain rise on the first act.

There are also:

MARIA, the queen, and she will have to go into the play, for she starts all the mess, unintentionally maybe, and is such a fascinating, clever and beautiful lady—a queen right after your own heart, beguiling, dominating, full of ambition, terribly loved and terribly hated. It is she who really runs the country—she and a

PRINCE STIRBEY, a lover of repute, and a couple of

BRATIANU BROTHERS, who have turned the country into a family concern and run it on an extremely profitable basis.

And then there is:

CAROL, Maria's son, headstrong and ambitious as she, a ruthless fellow with a will of his own, stubborn, unbalanced and self-centered, yet very capable, a chap who ought to have done miraculously well in the days of your Virgin Queen. He is rather out of place in our prosaic century. Having married and divorced a commoner, just to spite his parents, he has eventually gotten hitched to a Greek princess—

HELEN, who presents him with a son.

MIHAI by name.

Somewhere in the first act, Carol bumps into a woman called

LUPESCU, and falls in love with her madly, the way great lovers do.

You will have to mention that Carol gets so steamed up about the girl that he renounces his succession to the throne for her, deserts his Greek princess and the boy and goes to live in self-imposed exile.

A year after he's gone and done it, Ferdinand his father, the goateed king, dies, and Carol would have been his successor had he not, meanwhile, given up his claim to the gilded chair.

As it is, it is Mihai, his boy, who becomes king at the age of six.

As they assume that a six-year-old can't make a king, they set up a regency to rule in his name, but it does so in name only, for in fact the country goes on being ruled by Maria, Stirbey and the Bratianus, exactly as before.

Only the puppets have been changed—instead of the man with the goatee, they now have a flabby, pampered little boy at the end of their strings. Enter:

THE PEOPLE. They, for some reason, resent being sucked dry by the Bratianus, and object to Maria and Stirbey regarding their country as a lovers' playground.

It's a tricky business to introduce "the people" in a play, but then, you've done it before in Rome—as you're sure to remember, and you might have Romania's countrymen worked into it here by using a fellow to represent them on the stage—a fellow by the name of

MANIU, a peasant leader, and one of those men so rarely found anywhere, and practically never in Romania: an honest, unselfish, straightforward politician.

The restlessness and dissatisfaction of the people carry Maniu to the top, and he crashes into Romania's prime ministership and starts in reforming the country from the top down, but that's as far as he gets, for the top simply r fuses to be reformed.

Maria hangs onto Stirbey, and t Bratianus hang onto the fleshpots.

And it is then that Maniu remembe that somewhere on the playgrounds Switzerland and the French Rivie there romps that self-exiled king w has renounced the succession to t throne for the possession of the wom he loves.

MANIU conceives the plan of bringi him back and making of him t broom with which to sweep the pig clean. Everything might yet he r right if only Carol can be made to set down with Helen and be a respectal bourgeois king.

But Maniu doesn't know that Ca has gotten married to Magda Lupescu married at a registry in your own, yc dearly beloved London. No one kno it at that time except the registrar couple of witnesses, and the cou themselves. Not even Maria, the que

Maniu knows nothing of the power love. He believes Carol to be a man the world, and men of the world dc love, they have infatuations. Of th they can be cured.

So Maniu's envoys get busy and Ca whisked back to Bucharest by airpla is given a thundering welcome by army and the people.

But at this point Maniu makes a gr mistake. To get Carol back he has fan the people's enthusiasm, and afraid he overdoes it a bit, for wl Carol arrives he is hailed as the co try's savior, and all Romanians, g and true, go mad with joy, and it imr diately becomes impossible to s Carol back or to control him.

(Continued on page 43)

Last Race

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The story of a great runner whose toughest foe was his own colorful imagination



In the mist gathering at the edges of his sight he could see only the thin, white tape

HE great Louis Cobett would run alone this fine spring day. Jiggs Hanrahan, who coached them, wanted him to go a hard three quarters alone; all other activity on the quarter-mile track ;ed. The sprinters stopped taking starts; the mid- and long-distance men stopped their warm-up ging; and the javelin throwers in the infield ped and stood watching, the light spears in their ds.

John Morgan, watching now with the others, could k of the word "great" applied to Cobett almost rely without irony. John Morgan had run too long self, known the pain and bitterness of this game well, not to know a great runner when he saw . What there was of irony in his own attitude nmed almost entirely from the curious fact that for Cobett's having his existence so very close at d, John Morgan himself might have been called at.

With a few of the other runners, John Morgan t into the empty wooden stands and sat on the wooden seats. The early June sun had warmed wood and the heat felt good through the heavy l of his sweat suit.

Cobett would run a hard three quarters; the first e quarters of a hard mile. John watched Jiggs rahan give Cobett a start, watched for a moment cocked hand in which Hanrahan held the stop ch; then let his eyes, as though regretfully, return where Louis Cobett's slender, rhythmically strid- form was leaning into the first turn.

Cobett ran freely, seemingly without effort, like animal. He swept around three laps of the track, ed up the pace slightly coming into the last stretch, did not sprint and finished in perfect form.

"Very nice," John Morgan said to himself. "About 5."

He went out on the track. Hanrahan still stood, king at the watch. He had a way of doing this after ood performance, as though the position of the ds on the stop watch was a symbol, had even crys- ized the fine running he had just seen.

John Morgan came to the start and took the top is jumper off. "3:06?" he asked.

"3:07.1," Hanrahan said, without looking at John. rahan kept looking at the watch.

"What do you want us to do?" John said.

Hanrahan looked up, almost with a start. His eyes l the look of distance in them. He had run a long e ago, in the days when there were professional ners, and the deeply seamed face still testified to But the eyes were good eyes. They seemed to nge focus, finally to recognize the other runners ting near by.

To himself, John Morgan chanted cynically:

"I wish I were a bigshot
To with the bigshots stand;
A row of medals on my chest,
My clippings in my hand."

It was pretty foolish, he decided one more time, l made himself stop thinking of the rhyme. Jiggs nrahan stopped scratching his gray head as though were an effort to have to think about these other ners. "Take them out for a good mile and a quar- " he said, talking to John but not looking at him. n about a 4:30 mile and then finish steadily the t quarter. Nobody pushing themselves but every- getting a good workout."

WITH the others John Morgan alternated in set- ting the pace and was doing so when they swung o the fifth, last lap. Something like anger, almost realized, came up in him and unconsciously he be- to pile on the pace. When he finished he didn't w he was fifty yards ahead of the others.

"I didn't want you to go that fast," Jiggs Hanrahan d, almost absently. His eyes avoided John Mor- 's and John wondered why. He didn't ask Jiggs at the time had been. If Jiggs didn't want to tell, t was all right. Sometimes Jiggs didn't tell them time, and, running being the ascetic thing it was, ne of them minded this added small discipline.

Walking slowly back to the field house, the sweat ring out of him under the heavy wool jumper he d resumed, John thought that here he was twenty- ee and about to be graduated from a university. —any of them—should not be this intense about ame. Intensity resided more peculiarly in this ne than in any other, he suddenly realized, and ndered why he had never thought of this before, d never read it in their own lean faces, in the taut- tched skin of their bodies, in the mouths drawn ight and the hollowed eyes.

You gave up a lot of things for it, too, he thought. t this year he had gone with a girl, Jane Murfree. He had been cynical about it at first, perhaps because he distrusted his own judgment after the long abstinence. But she had been nice to kiss and somehow he had become less cynical.

Louis Cobett was in the showers when John Morgan went into the long, tiled shower room, but neither of them spoke. There was no readily apparent enmity between them; it was just that after four years of competing against each other as well as other men, they were not friendly.

John stood under a shower a moment, then went over to the barrel of salt that stood in one corner of the room, and rubbed handfuls of the rough salt over his legs and torso. It stung more than usual. He realized now what he had suspected from his dropping weight, from the growing tenseness in him—that he was approaching a fine edge of physical condition. His skin was dry, lacking in oil, that was why the salt stung so. After years of running, if you were even a little smart, you got to know the physical subtleties of your own body.

So that, John thought, made Jiggs a good coach. The Nationals were this week in Chicago and Jiggs had them at the peak and ready, with their hardly knowing it. The warm shower washed the salt away and the stinging went with it. He let the cold water play along his spine. It made him feel fresh again and he thought he might see Jane tonight. Tuesday night—it was about the last night he could see her, with the meet Saturday.

HE COULDN'T make up his mind about it while he dressed, and his thoughts slipped away and he wondered one more time why he had never been able to beat Louis Cobett. Some said it was psychological but neither John himself nor Jiggs, when he had asked him one day, thought so.

"Some horses run faster than others," Jiggs said. "That's the way God made them. You should have gone to another school maybe. You wouldn't have felt so bad anyhow, even if he might have whipped you just as much in meets. Sometime you might beat him, though. Sometimes a man can find it in himself to beat a better man." And Jiggs had walked away that time, the lined face worried, the eyes wrinkling as they stared into the sun.

Jiggs was a good man, John thought; he was grateful suddenly that Jiggs had helped to make him even as good as he was. John thought one more time that both he and Cobett would have their hands full in the Nationals. California had a good distance man for a change, Eddie Leto, a Finn. And there was Wishy Gordon, from the East, who had run third to them last year.

The feeling of well-being that the salt rub, the hot and cold shower, had brought to him did not last long. The irritation that rose slowly in him he knew was probably caused by the fine edge of his condition. But the nameless anger that had come to him during the workout was still in him, too, and he tried to find the reason for it.

HIS date that evening had the shadow of the race over it as, it now seemed to him in a continuation of the long retrospection he had begun today, his whole recent life had had the shadow of other races over it. Somehow, it had become easy to picture things accurately and vividly tonight. He had only to close his eyes to see bright-shirted runners rounding a turn. He could hear the sound of their feet slogging on a cinder track; one of them was even himself.

"You're rather preoccupied tonight," Jane was saying.

He turned to her. She had shoulder-length, ash-blond hair. The eyes were long and light colored; the mouth full; the skin smooth and fresh. Last week he had kissed her passionately and next week he would again, but now something that was like weariness but was not that had made him almost passive. It was as though everything vital in him had gone, for a time, into a reserve that was going to be used in one sustained and bitter outpouring in a race.

"Year's end," John said. "School year's end. End of a lot of things." His voice almost trailed off.

"It couldn't be that you were going moody or temperamental on me?" she said.

"Hanrahan has all of us at a peak," he said. It explained almost everything to himself; it should explain it to others. . . .

"Saint Hanrahan," she said. "He'd make monks out of all of you so that more plaques can hang in the trophy case."

John thought that he laughed pleasantly at this, but he only smiled. . . . He reached for her and she came to him, all but willingly, and it was good to be kissing that soft mouth again.

"I suppose," Jane said, *(Continued on page 36)*



The Fabulous Rubio

By Daniel Fuchs

The arresting dilemma of an amateur magician who was unable to deceive anybody but himself

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUMHOFER

I HADN'T wanted to come along with Rubio but now I was sitting in a corner of J. J. Abner's theatrical office in Radio City and I kept on swallowing miserably and waited for the broker to laugh out loud and throw the two of us out of his place.

"They don't want magicians, sonny," Abner said. He had a round face with a suspicious expression on it, but maybe that was because of Rubio's majestic manner, the cane in his hands and the black cape he wore. "That hoke with the chains and locks and barred doors—you can't hold them with it nowadays because everybody knows it's fake—"

"It's not fake," Rubio said. He said it with simple, aristocratic dignity and I winced.

"What?" Abner said, not understanding but going right ahead. "It's fake, why argue? Listen, sonny, why don't you work up a smooth, smart patter at least? Why don't you kid your act along? See, that's charm. These days, in this lousy racket, that's what you got to give them—charm!"

"I take my art seriously," Rubio said stiffly. "I take myself seriously."

"What?" Abner said again. This time he had to pause. "Listen, the trouble with you is you walk around too much with that black cape and the cane. No wonder you get a screwy outlook on life. You must think you're Bela Lugosi or something."

"Were this Budapest," Rubio said, "were this any Continental city, I should send my seconds and meet you on the field of honor. As it is, I am obliged to overlook your insults."

ABNER'S mouth opened and hung loose, as though somebody had hit him. He turned to me. "Is he kidding?" he said. "Does he talk like that normal?"

I looked down at the carpet. I didn't answer.

During the pause Rubio c with the flat statement that he to be booked into the open date vention Hall in Atlantic City.

"Go away, you're crazy!" yelled. "Leave me alone. I'm guy!"

Rubio talked fast but he nev instant lost his air of imp Actually, he said, he was doi a favor. The troupe originall for the spot had run out at minute and the broker would yank one of his other combina of some night club or hotel. Ru on to the list of his triumph

He had torn away from her and dodged past the cop. "Wait!" Mary wept. "This is no stage lock. It's a real door, not a prop. You're not a magician!"



wasn't well known in America, but *penhagen,* he said and his eyes hed. Stockholm, London, Melbourne, lney! My head shot up and I stared him as I heard the lies. He went on on.

UBIO, the bull thrower. Rubio, the baloney artist. We called him those nes ever since he first hit our block e or four years ago, a strange skinny mp who had come to live with his t and uncle. At school he used to us he was an international spy. He d to say he always carried two sticks dynamite on him so that he could blow himself up at the right time. He said anything. Once he wound a turban around his head and went up Fifth Avenue, smiling innocently and having a great time as he tried to make people believe he might be the son of some Indian raja.

His own folks had been small-time vaudeville actors, and I suppose he had picked up his fancy ideas in those years he trouped with them before they died. That was also how he must have picked up the bag of escape tricks he knew. His aunt had a back yard, and pretty soon he made Mary Byron and me help him practice his act there. He told us we'd be famous, have fortunes and travel all over the world, and we believed him then more than we didn't.

He spent every cent he or I had on specially made handcuffs, locks and chains. He even saved up enough to buy three collapsible chromium cages, but all the work we could ever get amounted to a dingy odd job at ten or five dollars at some neighborhood movie house or broken-down night club. He kept us going on wild promises until Mary Byron suddenly decided she had had enough. That very morning she told him it was all crazy. She said she had waked up at last. She was through with his homemade act, with magic, the stage and all his other high-blown nonsense. She called him a show-off, a kid who had never grown up, and she wondered how she had ever listened to his stories in the first place.

THAT was why we were here now to see Abner. The Atlantic City date was a hopeless, impossible chance for us, but Rubio faced the broker with complete confidence. Even as he kept on talking and arguing, he looked downright noble, cold and masterful. You had to hand it to him. No matter what you wanted to say about Rubio, he had something inside of him and you had to respect it.

And Abner was weakening under that bombardment, I could tell. He was thinking of Orson Welles, I suppose. These boy geniuses, he was probably thinking—when you first saw them, you always thought they were just some screwy kids with a lot of wild energy in them, and then you found out you had lost a rich property, that some other agent was reaping fortunes that belonged to you by right.

"You don't fit in here at all," he said, his voice all hollow as he tried to make up his mind. "I need a big show out there—not a single magician's act. This is a national convention. Five thousand guys are going to be there. They want music, singers, comedians, girls. This is a big job."

"That is exactly the point," Rubio said. He didn't flinch. "I am building a new troupe—something like my company abroad before the war broke out and my people were all called back to their native countries. Do you think," he said and sneered, "do you think I should be normally obliged to stand here before you?"

I was coughing in a fit, but Rubio went on to describe the acts he had—dancers, a band, novelties, all artists of the highest distinction. Abner wouldn't listen any longer. He stood up at his desk.

"All right!" he said. "I'll come out and look you over but it's strictly on speculation. You deliver your geniuses at Convention Hall tomorrow night. If a miracle happens and you're okay, you can go on Thursday night—but I doubt it."

Downstairs Rubio walked out of the elevator, his cape billowing behind him.

"This is nuts," I said. "This whole crazy thing—"

"We're good. The act's good. I'll click with a bang, won't I? All I need is a chance."

"Yes, maybe, sure, but—"

He didn't listen to me. He didn't mind the people in the lobby who stopped and stared at him and laughed. He was all wrapped up in himself. Rubio had a dark-putty face with a wide mouth and deep, intense eyes just like a French poodle's. Even though he was near twenty, he weighed just about a hundred and twenty pounds and was five feet five, but when he felt like it he could be three hundred pounds in weight and seven feet tall. When he felt like it he could float off the ground and this was one of those times.

"How are you going to deliver a whole troupe in Atlantic City by tomorrow night?" I asked, going after him down in the arcade. "What was the good of lying? You can't deliver. You know that."

As we came to the telegraph office, he dug out copies of Variety and Billboard from under his cape and rapidly ran through the pages. In Philadelphia an orchestra called George Vaughn's Trumpeteers (10) was at liberty. In Passaic, Rubio found a dance team billed as Waterloo & Dobbs. Francine Dove, a singer, was waiting in New Haven. The Delmar Steppers (8) in Bridgeport needed a job, and in Hartford the Frasetto Brothers (3), a comedy-dance act, were available and ready.

"There's the show," Rubio said, and reached for the pad of blanks.

I just looked at him. "You actually going to send wires to them?" I said. "Nobody in his right mind is going to come down to Atlantic City just for a tryout for a three-day job."

"It doesn't have to be a try-out," Rubio said quietly. "It doesn't have to be a three-day job."

With my own eyes, as if in a trance, I saw what Rubio was printing on the forms: he was guaranteeing each act eighteen weeks' solid booking and wanted an immediate wire in reply addressed to him at the Hotel Martinack in Atlantic City.

"Hey, Rubio!" I said. "You'll go to jail for this! You'll go to the hospital. What's going to happen when all those people find out the whole thing's a dreamed-up fake from start to finish?"

He ignored me. He paid for the telegrams and then started out again. "Now we pick up Mary, pack and get going." he said.

You couldn't reason with him. "Mary isn't coming with the act," I said, half shouting at him. "She quit. She told you this morning."

"She didn't mean it. She just lost her temper. Everything'll be all right again when she finds out we've got the job."

"The job?" At first I didn't even know what he meant. "Rubio," I wailed out loud, "what job?"

WE WENT to the West Side rooming house Mary lived in but when we got there the landlady told us Mary wouldn't be home until late at night.

"She finally got some sense into her head," the woman told Rubio. She had always disapproved of him. "Mary found a job, a real job, in a beauty shop. Magic," she said. "Acting on a stage. You and your fluky talk." She closed the door on us.

"See, Mary really meant it," I said quickly. "Without her you can't put the act on. All right. The whole crazy idea is finished."

"No," he said. If he was in any way stumped, he certainly didn't show it. "She'll be in Atlantic City tomorrow. She'll come."

I began arguing again but twenty minutes later we were on the bus bound for Atlantic City and with us we had the two chests full of locks and chains and the collapsible cages.

The Hotel Martinack turned out to be a pretty, five-story wooden building, some blocks off the boardwalk. It was run by a worried-looking little man named Frisbee who began to fret the minute he saw Rubio and his cape.

"No offense intended," the hotel man said. "But in this business you have to deal with all sorts of people. They come and go and once they're gone, they're gone, you see." He wanted payment in advance, he was telling us.

Rubio drew himself up to his full height. He took a card out of his pocket and threw it on the desk top. "I am outraged," he said. "I have never been

treated like this before in my life."

Blinking his eyes, Frisbee read the name on the card and promptly started apologizing. He reached behind him and brought out the five return wires. "For you, Mr. Rubio," he said. "Naturally I didn't know who you were. I didn't realize. Now, please, no offense. We must be careful. The convention and all. . . ." He was expecting trouble. The prospect of the next few days had him all upset. Rubio took the telegrams out of his hand, snapped out that he'd be needing fourteen rooms for his company the next day and turned to go up.

"The boxes," the hotel man called after him. He meant the stage properties. "You don't have to bother with them. Let me keep them down in the storeroom for you."

He insisted and Rubio was anxious to read those wires. We went up to the two-room suite Frisbee had given us and, once inside, Rubio let out a whoop as he saw that each of the acts had accepted and would be down in time.

"We're all set," he said. "Abner's managing us. I've got a company of twenty-seven and I'm booked solid for eighteen weeks!"

"What?" I said. "Oh, gee whiz. Oh, gee whiz." I said it over and over again. That was the way he was. First he made it all up out of his own imagination, then he believed it himself!

THE acts started coming in the next afternoon but Mary Byron didn't appear. Rubio had me check the performers into their rooms and then take them down to Convention Hall to wait for him and get ready for the rehearsal. We were sitting on a barrel of dynamite. That was how I felt and any minute I expected it to explode on us, but Rubio wouldn't leave his room as he waited for Mary. I had to keep making trips between the hotel and the auditorium, and as I ran, a kind of panic began to grow in me.

"Look," I said to Rubio when it was past four o'clock. "We got fourteen rooms to pay for. The actors are waiting. Abner's coming down tonight to see the tryout, and without Mary you can't even put the act on!"

"She'll come," Rubio said.

"When? How? She—"

I had to stop. The door had opened and I saw Mary herself standing there. She took one look at Rubio and then her face went suddenly tired and hopeless.

"I should have known it was just another crazy lie," she said. "I should have known you weren't sick and that no doctor had sent you to an Atlantic City sanitarium. All day I told myself it was a lie but it worried me and worried me until I had to come, like a fool. . . ." She turned on me. "Why did you send that telegram? Why did you tell me to meet you here? If it hadn't been you, I'd have never believed it at all."

"Me?" I said. "I sent you a—"

I stopped but it was too late. She sat down in a chair and held her head in her hand as she realized Rubio had faked the wire.

"You're making me lose my job," she said to him, almost crying. "It's not just a harmless story."

"You don't need a job," Rubio said. "We're opening tomorrow night. We're all set."

"Lies," she said. She didn't even look at him. "Dumb, ridiculous lies. Do you think I'll always believe them? I'm going right back to New York."

He rose slowly. He moved around the room like a broken man and stopped to rest a moment on every chair he passed.

"So I am a liar," he said, "a dreamer, a fellow who can't tell the truth, whose whole life is full of fake and fraud. All right, Mary. Go back to New York. Leave me."

"Oh, go ahead and be tragic," she said. "Put on an act all over the place. It won't work."

He bit his lip and started all over again: "I've trained you for months. I've worked day and night until our act's the best in its class, and now," he said, "now, when everything lies stretched out at last before us, you decide to leave. Mary, J. J. Abner's booked us solid for six months!"

"You're booked for six months?" she said, not believing a word of it. "J. J. Abner's managing you . . ."

"I don't tell lies all the time," he said. "Abner called me in yesterday. He needs me. He sent me out to head the bill he's opening here. Listen to reason, Mary. That's the only thing that brings me out here. What else could there be?"

He went close to her and held her face up to him, and right then I knew she'd stay. I knew it and Rubio knew it, and I think Mary knew it herself even while she held out against him. She'd stay along at least once more. She liked him too much, and I was too relieved to wait until he finished persuading her. I still had to call a cab and get the two boxes of props down to the hall for the run-through performance that night. I went down to see Frisbee about the keys to the storeroom but two minutes later I was back.

Sooner or later I knew the whole lunatic thing would blow up and now it had happened. I opened the door and yelled, "Hey, Rubio!" but he stopped me fast.

"Tell Abner to wait," he barked out to me. "I'll see him when I'm ready."

"It's not Abner—"

"Well, if he can wait, the others certainly can, can't they? Let them go ahead without me."

"It's not them. It's not that—"

He grabbed me to make me shut up and then turned to Mary. "You see," he pleaded. "I'm holding them all up. I'm late . . ." He waited.

"All right," she said finally. "I'm crazy. I'll stay but you're not fooling me. If they held a gun to your head, Rubio, you know you couldn't tell a straight story."

He pushed me outside and then I told him: "Frisbee wasn't doing you any favor when he stored the boxes of junk in the cellar for you. He's holding them for security. He won't give me the keys unless you pay something in advance."

Rubio rushed down to the hotel man and for the next half-hour I watched him talk. He threatened, argued and begged, but the trouble was Frisbee wasn't Mary, and besides it was hard to talk with Henriette growling away at him. That dog cramped Rubio's style, and finally he had to give it up.

"Well, what about J. J. Abner?" I said. "He's coming tonight."

"I'll hold him off," Rubio said, and went into the telephone booth.

HE CALLED the broker long distance and started protesting indignantly that the lighting equipment at the hall had broken down. The stage wouldn't be available until the next morning and it was an outrage. He was impatient. All his artists were impatient.

"Hah!" Abner chortled over the phone. "You're not fooling me! Your little scheme won't work!" I could hear his cracked voice distinctly from where I stood: "Stall. Take your time. You won't rush me into taking on your bunch just because it's the last minute or anything. I got a combination in Philadelphia I can switch into the hall at three hours' notice." He chuckled away and said he was perfectly willing to postpone the tryout until eleven o'clock the next morning. He was coming down on the ten-thirty train. Rubio hung up.

We still had the actors to handle and as soon as we reached the hall I saw there'd be trouble. Everyone was muttering and getting blacker and more suspicious by the minute.

"Listen," I told Rubio. "They don't know you. You stay out of this."

"No," he said.

"Let me talk to them. They look terrible. They'll kill you."

"No," he said, but I pushed him back and went into the thick of them. I told them the run-through performance was postponed, but they were all on top of me before I got the words out of my mouth. They started asking questions and they wanted answers. One of them, a bruiser with a beard on him an inch thick, picked me off the floor with one hand on my collar and started ba
me around with the other.

I didn't know how it was going t
until suddenly I found the floor u
my feet again. Rubio had come
He was smiling coldly, calmly.

"Why argue with him?" he
meaning me. "He's only carryin
his employer's instructions, isn't he

They all fell silent to look at him

"Well, where's his employer?"
bruiser said, getting his wind back a
"Let's see him. Who the hell is the
around here anyway?"

Rubio took a moment. "I," he
coolly.

"You? A runt like you? A kid

Everyone started buzzing and m
funny little noises of excitement.
didn't know what to make of hi
could see they couldn't decide wh
to let him have it right away or w
while. Standing in the middle of
Rubio was majestically poised. '
one can leave the company at any
he likes," he said. "I want to mak
clear so that we can avoid all po
future unpleasantness."

"Now, wait a minute, bud,'
bruiser said, backing down. "A
wanted to know is when do w
started? When do we rehearse?"

Rubio wouldn't honor him by an
ing him but instead spoke to the
bunch of them. "Good people," h
gan. "Dear friends." He made a sp
He smiled at them, grew friendly
told them all about his European
Sailing from Sweden, his ship had s
a mine. His equipment, valued a
thousand dollars, had gone to the
tom of the sea, and the craftsmen c
to duplicate his junk had been del

He had them all goggle-eyed, l
ing to him and believing him.

"A specially chartered airpla
standing by," he told them. "My
phernalia will be flown down th
ment the workers are finished. I
and gentlemen, we rehearse witho
tomorrow morning . . ."

"Rubio," I said as we left the h
gether, "the morning! What abo
morning?"

"Don't worry," he said. "I'll g
chests. I don't know how, but I
them."

WHEN I woke up, Rubio's be
empty and I wondered where h
gone. This was the day the conv
began. I could hear the happy
already going on all around me.
side, when I went looking for Ru
saw the streets full of men wh
and racing around. A gang of the
formed a snake dance and went
ing over the sidewalk, knocking
everything in the way. Traffic w
broken up. One visitor had ta
cop's stand and was directing traff
a soda siphon, squirting seltzer
passing drivers. Another man, l
on the side of his head, had ope
camp stool in the middle of the
paying no attention to the cars
read a paper.

This was a reckless, holiday
out for a good time and I didn't
they'd stop at anything to get
ducked a couple of men who tr
bean me with paper bags of wate
the windows, and went back in
hotel. Poor Frisbee was going wil
threw firecrackers even in the lo
else they dropped lighted match
wastepaper baskets. Frisbee ran
clucking frantically as he put o
little bonfire after the other.

"Please!" he begged. "Gentl
This building's made out of wood
tlemen!"

Everyone was having a good ti
Frisbee and me. I didn't know w
do. I stood there till somebody g
my elbow and then I saw Rubio

(Continued on page 38)



"He's fifteen minutes fast!" FRITZ WILKINSON



Shortly After Dusk

By Frank Condon

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HARDIE GRAMATKY

YOU might as well be out in the street when dusk came upon the city. It was as safe as indoors, so Mr. and Mrs. Shipton were walking. He was a little, plump, fussy man and wore a cap. He came up to his wife's shoulder, and they sauntered, their manner showing neither alarm, excitement nor any great interest.

"I don't hear any planes," she remarked. "Time for them, if they're coming."

"Don't worry. They're coming," he grunted. "Ain't dusk yet. You wait till seven o'clock and you'll have your big parade."

They came to the fringe of a street crowd and paused to look about. The street lights were off and the crowd had a shadowy look. It was coming toward seven and the Shiptons knew what that meant, having been through it often. Dusk and seven arrived together and soon the planes would be overhead.

"You know," said Shipton, as though nothing were going on or about to go on, "I sort of fixed in my mind to have a bit of beefsteak for breakfast. Beefsteak and toast, with some jam and tea. Tired of eggs."

"Well, you won't," she replied. "You'll have your eggs as usual."

They were in the crowd now, part of it, slowly pushing through, glancing at the faces, some eager, some stolid, some excited, and taking care not to slide off the curb in the dim light. Sometimes the people stood perfectly still and then the police moved in and chivvied them along.

The greater number paused in front of a rambling building that might have been a storehouse, with great doors mounted to slide back and forth, but the building was inky dark, with never a sign of life. It was a story and a half in height and seemed to glower down at the populace. Mrs. Shipton glanced upward and said:

"They're sort of beautiful, ain't they?"

She referred to the searchlights, which were already roving back and forth across a murky sky, sweeping long pencils of light and sometimes pausing overhead. There were twenty or thirty of the huge lamps, operated by men long familiar with the job. These men worked languidly, like men waiting for their task to begin.

"There they come," Shipton said casually. "I told you. Seven o'clock."

SURE enough, they could now hear the distant growling of planes, flying far to the north, the murmur fading out while they listened.

"I hear machine guns," Mrs. Shipton said.

"You do not. They're building a plane factory over yonder, three shifts. What you hear is riveters."

Next time, the planes were nearer and the rumblings louder, but again they faded into silence, as though the hour had not yet struck. It was almost seven and the police renewed their efforts to hustle the citizens along, but they preferred to idle on the broad sidewalk before the building with the great dark doors.

"You know," said Shipton, "it's sort of silly for us to be jammed in here. They step on your feet. We ought to move down the road."

"I think it's interesting. Some of these people look pretty excited. See that man. He'll fall off the curb in a minute."

The man, who had his neck strained and his head tipped back at a painful angle, was examining the sky. A policeman nudged him before he could get a crick and he moved silently away. A little boy began yelling and was hushed.

"Seven o'clock," said Shipton. "On the second. They're going to be late."

Presently the sky was filled with planes, some of them enormous bombers with four motors, others smaller and faster, and the men at the searchlights moved into more vigorous action. The searchlights danced briskly now. As the noise overhead increased in volume, the citizens seemed to feel a quickening of interest.

They paid no attention to the police, but stood still and gawked. Not a single bomb had as yet fallen.

There was no noise of explosion, either at a distance or near at hand. All about the crowd lay a great, expectant silence, but the uproar overhead was deafening.

The queer part was that nobody sought shelter or seemed afraid.

"Let's go down farther," Shipton said. "We can see better."

"I can count twenty of them," she said. "Which are the bombers?"

"Dunno. They got a good night for it. Clear as a bell."

SOME of the younger ones were laughing and pointing excitedly to the planes, which were flying unusually low, and then all of a sudden, with a clangor that turned the crowd about, an enormous gong began to bang away and at the same time a bellowing whistle roared, increasing its power until it hurt the eardrums of the standing people. The police shouted vague commands. Citizens shoved one another aside and pushed forward, moving steadily toward the dark building with the high doors. You could hear men running about inside the structure, shouting at one another. Locks were noisily removed from the doors and they rolled slowly back in oiled grooves. The men pushing them seemed to be foreigners, and dark in their features, like Japanese.

Then the interior of the building was revealed, for ten thousand electric lamps lighted up, blinding the onlookers. They were all colors—red, green, blue, purple, orange, white and pink. The crowd began to cheer. On the roof of the structure, a neon sign lighted suddenly, a sign one hundred feet long, a hundred feet high. It was, indeed, a colorful and dramatic spectacle, and while the buzzing planes swooped lower than ever and blimps lighted up signs on their sides, the crowd yelled happily and rushed the great doors, carrying money in their hands, for it was just seven o'clock, hour appointed for the official and formal opening of the very newest food and meat bazaar, the Associated Farmers' & Butchers' No. 2 Store on Fairfax Avenue in Hollywood, California.

The smiling throng circulated, betraying curiosity, buying apples, celery, carrots, avocados, lemons, oranges, spinach, beets, veal cutlets, pork sausages, grapefruit, lettuce, hamburg, green onions, figs and all the lovely gifts of a gracious Nature.

"By George," said Shipton to his wife, "I'll just dash in and get beefsteak for breakfast."

"And I'll buy a Hubbard squash from Maine," said his wife and they hurried inside.

In the sky, the planes zoomed about aimlessly and at eight o'clock, they all went home, leaving the night to the searchlight men. The proprietors stood in the doorway, smiling at one another, for this was really a much larger crowd than at their No. 1 opening.

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

IN NEED of a rest, Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian detective goes to the Jolly Roger, a quiet old hotel on an English south-coast island. He finds the hotel well-managed; he likes the beach, to which one must climb from the old building; and he finds his fellow guests charming. But, observing those around him, he soon learns that all is not well at the Jolly Roger.

Among the guests whom the little Belgian meets are: Miss Emily Brewster, an amiable old maid; the Reverend Stephen Lane; two Americans—Mrs. Odell Gardener and her husband; Major Barry, a well-intentioned bore; Arlena Marshall; her husband, Kenneth ("Ken"); and Ken's daughter by a former marriage, Linda; Patrick ("Pat") Redfern and his wife, Christine; Rosamund Darnley, a well-known London dressmaker; and Horace Blatt, an inveterate gossip.

Watching them, chatting with them, Poirot gathers that Arlena Marshall and Pat Redfern are having a none-too-secret "affair"; and that the other guests—notably Ken Marshall and Christine Redfern—disapprove strongly of the way they are meeting, slipping off together, at every opportunity.

Not far from the hotel—and, according to legend, connected with it by secret passages—is a cavern. Known as "Pixy's Cave," it is supposed—again according to legend—to be guarded by pixies, "moor spirits." Few know where its entrance is to be found. . . .

One warm August morning, Christine Redfern, accompanied by Linda Marshall, goes to near-by Gull Cove, where Christine plans to do some sketching. . . . Wanting to be alone, Arlena Marshall paddles away from the beach on a small "float." Some time later, Pat Redfern and Miss Brewster, out for a jaunt in a rowboat, reach Pixy Cove. Seeing a woman lying on the beach, and feeling sure that she is Arlena, they row in to her. She does not move when Pat approaches her, kneels down beside her. *She is dead!*

Leaving Pat with the body, Miss Brewster rows back to the hotel. And soon Inspector Colgate, a physician, a police surgeon, Chief Constable—Colonel Weston, and Poirot arrive on the scene, examine the corpse. The verdict is: *Strangled to death by someone with powerful hands!* . . . Poirot tells Weston all that he knows about Arlena and Redfern. "But Marshall," the constable says, "did he know about it? What did he feel?" Poirot says: "He is a man who does not display his emotions." Weston hesitates. Then: "But he might have 'em, all the same." The detective nods. "Oh, yes," he replies, slowly, "he might have them."

IV

THE chief constable was being as tactful as it was in his nature to be with Mrs. Castle.

Mrs. Castle was the owner and proprietress of the Jolly Roger Hotel. She was a woman of forty-odd with a large bust, rather violent henna-red hair, and an almost offensively refined manner of speech. She was saying:

"That such a thing should happen in my hotel! Ay am sure it has always been the quayettest place imaginable! The people who come here are such naice people. No *rowdiness*—if you know what ay mean. Not like the big hotels in St. Loo."

"Quite so, Mrs. Castle," said Colonel Weston. "But accidents happen in the best-regulated—er households."

"Ay'm sure Inspector Colgate will bear me out," said Mrs. Castle, sending an appealing glance toward the inspector who was sitting looking very official. "As to the laycensing laws, ay am *most* particular. There has never been *any* irregularity!"

"Quite, quite," said Weston. "We're not blaming you in any way, Mrs. Castle."

"But it does so reflect upon my establishment," said Mrs. Castle, her large bust heaving. "When ay think of the noisy, gaping crowds. Of course, no one but hotel guests are allowed upon the island—but all the same they will no doubt come and *point* from the shore."

She shuddered.

Inspector Colgate saw his chance to turn the conversation to good account. He said:

"In regard to that point you've just raised—access to the island—how do you keep people off?"

"Ay am *most* particular about it."

"Yes, but what measures do you take? *What* keeps 'em off? Holiday crowds in summertime swarm everywhere like flies."

Mrs. Castle shuddered slightly again. "That is the fault of the charabancs. Ay have seen eighteen at one time parked by the quay at Leathercombe Bay."

"Just so. How do you stop them coming here?"

"There are notices. And then, of course, at high tide, we are cut off."

"Yes, but at low tide?"

MRS. CASTLE explained. At the island end of the causeway there was a gate. This said: Jolly Roger Hotel. Private. No entry except to Hotel. The rocks rose sheer out of the sea on either side there and could not be climbed.

"Anyone could take a boat, though, I suppose, and row around and land on one of the coves? You couldn't stop them doing that. There's a right of access to the foreshore. You can't stop people being on the beach between low and high watermark."

But this, it seemed, very seldom happened. Boats could be obtained at Leathercombe Bay harbor but from there it was a long row to the island and there was also a strong current just outside Leathercombe Bay harbor.

There were notices, too, on both Gull Cove and Pixy Cove by the ladder. She added that George or William was always on the lookout at the bathing beach proper which was the nearest to the mainland.

"Who are George and William?"

"George attends to the bathing beach. He sees to the costumes and the floats. William is the gardener. He keeps the paths and marks the tennis courts and all that."

Colonel Weston said impatiently, "Well, that seems clear enough. That's not to say that nobody could have come from outside, but anyone who did so took a risk—the risk of being noticed. We'll have a word with George and William presently."

Mrs. Castle said, "Ay do not care for trippers. A very noisy crowd and they frequently leave orange peels and cigarette boxes on the causeway and down by the rocks, but all the same ay never thought one of them would turn out to be a murderer. Oh, dear! It really is too terrible for words. A lady like Mrs. Marshall murdered and what's so horrible, actually—er—strangled. . . ."

Mrs. Castle could hardly bring herself to say the word. She brought it out with the utmost reluctance.

Inspector Colgate said soothingly, "Yes, it's a nasty business."

"And the newspapers. *My* hotel in the newspapers!"



"Listen, my friend! Last night I had been talking with Mrs. Redfern on Sunny Ledge. On my way down to the hotel I saw those two together —Mrs. Marshall and Patrick Redfern"

Colgate said, with a faint grin, "Oh, well, it's advertisement, in a way."

Mrs. Castle drew herself up. Her bust heaved and whalebone creaked. She said icily, "That is not the kind of advertisement ay care about, Mr. Colgate."

Colonel Weston broke in. He said, "Now then, Mrs. Castle, you've got a list of the guests staying here, as I asked you?"

"Yes, sir."

Colonel Weston pored over the hotel register. He looked over to Poirot, who made the fourth member of the group assembled in the manageress' office.

"This is where you'll probabl be able to help us presently."

He read down the names. " ia about servants?"

Mrs. Castle produced a seconc st "There are four chambermaids th head waiter and three under him nc Henry in the bar. William doe he boots and shoes. Then there's the ok and two under her."

"What about the waiters?"

"Well, sir, Albert, the Mater te came to me from the Vincent at F n- outh. He was there for some y rs The three under him have been he fo three years—one of them four. ey are very naice lads and most resp n-



Henry has been here since the hotel
ned. He is quite an institution."
Veston nodded. He said to Colgate,
ems all right. You'll check up on
m, of course. Thank you, Mrs.
tle."
That will be all you require?"
For the moment, yes."
Mrs. Castle creaked out of the room.
First thing to do is to talk with Cap-
n Marshall," Weston said.

ENNETH MARSHALL sat quietly answering the questions put to him. art from a slight hardening of his fea-es he was quite calm. Seen here, with sunlight falling on him from the window, you realized that he was a handsome man. Those straight features, the steady blue eyes, the firm mouth. His voice was low and pleasant.

Colonel Weston was saying: "I quite understand, Captain Marshall, what a terrible shock this must be to you. But you realize that I am anxious to get the fullest information as soon as possible."

Marshall nodded. He said, "I quite understand. Carry on."

"Mrs. Marshall was your second wife?"

"Yes."

"And you have been married, how long?"

"Just over four years."

"And her name before she was married?"

"Helen Stuart. Her acting name was Arlena Stuart."

"She was an actress?"

"She appeared in Revue and musical shows."

"Did she give up the stage on her marriage?"

"No. She continued to appear. She actually retired only about a year and a half ago."

"Was there any special reason for her retirement?"

Kenneth Marshall appeared to consider.

"No," he said. "She simply said that she was tired of it all."

"It was not—er—in obedience to your special wish?"

Marshall raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, no."

"You were quite content for her to continue acting after your marriage?"

Marshall smiled very faintly. "I should have preferred her to give it up—that, yes. But I made no fuss about it."

"It caused no point of dissension between you?"

"Certainly not. My wife was free to please herself."

"And—the marriage was a happy one?"

Kenneth Marshall said coldly, "Certainly."

Colonel Weston paused a minute. Then he said, "Captain Marshall, have you any idea who could possibly have killed your wife?"

The answer came without the least hesitation:

"None whatever."

"Had she any enemies?"

"Possibly."

"Ah?"

THE other went on quickly: "Don't misunderstand me, sir. My wife was an actress. She was also a very good-looking woman. In both capacities she aroused a certain amount of envy and jealousy. There were fusses over parts—there was rivalry from other women—there was a good deal, shall we say, of general envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness! But that is not to say that there was anyone who was capable of deliberating murdering her."

Hercule Poirot spoke for the first time. He said, "What you really mean, Monsieur, is that her enemies were mostly or entirely *women?*"

Kenneth Marshall looked across at him.

"Yes," he said. "That is so."

The chief constable said, "You know of no man who had a grudge against her?"

"No."

"Was she previously acquainted with anyone in this hotel?"

"I believe she had met Mr. Redfern before—at some cocktail party. Nobody else to my knowledge."

Weston paused. He seemed to deliberate as to whether to pursue the subject. Then he decided against that course.

"We now come to this morning," he said. "When was the last time you saw your wife?"

Marshall paused a minute, then he said, "I looked in on my way down to breakfast—"

"Excuse me, you occupied separate rooms?"

"Yes."

"And what time was that?"

"It must have been about nine o'clock."

"What was she doing?"

"She was opening her letters."

"Did she say anything?"

"Nothing of any particular interest. Just good morning—and that it was a nice day—that sort of thing."

"What was her manner? Unusual at all?"

"No, perfectly normal."

"She did not seem excited, or depressed, or upset in any way?"

"I certainly didn't notice it."

Hercule Poirot said: "Did she mention at all what were the contents of her letters?"

Again a faint smile appeared on Marshall's lips. "As far as I can remember, she said they were all bills."

"Your wife breakfasted in bed?"

"Yes."

"Did she always do that?"

"Invariably."

"What time did she usually come

(Continued on page 41)

How to Keep Football Stars in College

By William Bradford Huie



Jimmie Moss, star high-school tackle, entered U. of Alabama in 1929 on a football scholarship. Three months later he was home, for good, with a wrenched knee. Today he is a steel-fabricating helper, living near Decatur, Alabama. With him here are his wife and two daughters



A football scholarship brought Neil Rogers, above, to Alabama in He was varsity halfback from 1927 to 1929. Alabama finished ele in its conference in 1929 and Coach Wade moved to Duke next Rogers is today a WPA interviewer in Culbert County, Ala

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF



Don Campbell came to Alabama from a Cleveland high school. A buckled knee ended his career in football after he had made the varsity. He got his degree and now announces at a small radio station in Selma, Ala.

FOR fifteen years I've been a football fan-atic. Perhaps we've met somewhere. At the Rose Bowl? I've been there five times. Or at the Polo Grounds? Or in New Orleans? Or Birmingham? I'm the little guy with the cane who always wears that big red-and-white Alabama button and seems to be having such a hell-raising time.

If you've ever seen 'Bama's Crimson Tide surge into action you've either seen me or heard that Comanche war whoop of mine. That whoop is something to remember. It's a direct blood descendant of the Rebel Yell and never fails to leave me whispering hoarse for two days after a game. Except for a season when I was out of the country—and the Clippers weren't flying then—I haven't missed an Alabama game since New Year's Day, 1925, when Pooley Hubert and Johnny Mack Brown racked up our first Rose Bowl victory.

I'm strictly a one-team fan. Alabama's my alma mater—class of '29—and the Tide's my team. I've never seen a college game in which Alabama wasn't a contestant. No other team matters to me. Take Notre Dame. Sure, the Irish are okay. So are Stanford and Fordham and Texas A. & M. But you take them. I'll take Alabama year in and year out. And I'll bet you my standard wager—one dollar, no odds.

I've felt all the great thrills of the Tide's modern history. I used th whoop four times in '34 during th minutes it took Dixie Howell anc Hutson to score 24 points on the ford "vow" boys. And I wallow our deepest slough of despair whe California Golden Bears horse-co us with our only Bowl defeat in '

As a hobby it's been exciting fellows in the alumni association had a lot of fun. We've drunk a good corn whisky and told a lot of stories. Our haven't-missed-a-records have been as precious a politics. And, yes, you've guess We're guilty of all the sins in the We've recruited players from all of the compass. We can quote yo rent on-the-hoof prices for tack tailbacks. We've helped build a organization that's bigger than the York Yankee farm system, and fought our big-time competitors nation-wide front.

But now I'm quitting. I'm not at anybody. I'm just walking c good faith and good humor. Duri season just ended I've seen the play some great games. In the bes bama tradition they were fought final whistle. But I've seen m game. The fellows thought I was when I didn't show up at the last sn But I'm not. I've just quit.

The reasons? Well, maybe I'm soft. Maybe I'm getting old. M I'm developing a conscience. Or r I'm Hannibal looking back dow road to Rome and wondering if th tories were worth the price we've But I guess I'm just fed up. I gue tired ducking out the back door these All Americans I've recruited around looking for jobs. I guess I' up seeing a lot of fine kids waste best years on something that's p

Recruiting is only half the story. Here's the half you've never heard before, told by an insider who for 15 years labored to ease football material through his alma mater. It's the story of what football farms, ambitious coaches and obliging profs are doing to boys who think football and education can be mixed



Big John Miller, 'Bama's All-Southern guard who played against Washington in the Rose Bowl in 1931, is today doing better than most of the great stars. He's the best snuff salesman in four TVA counties in Alabama and above is taking snuff orders in a store



Back in 1920 Pug Deal was a big man on the Alabama campus, hailed as the toughest blocking back in the school's history. Pug stopped playing football, however, shortly after Alabama lost to Tennessee, and is now making his living as a farmer in Tuscaloosa County

That look in their eyes when they realize it's phony isn't pleasant. And I guess I'm trying to kid myself into believing there is more good than bad in the collegiate football system.

It's not a spur-of-the-moment decision. It's a cumulative decision which had its beginning back in 1927-30 when I worked as a tutor for the Alabama athletic department and watched the building of a football machine.

In those days Hank Crisp, the real genius behind all the Alabama teams, was building the far-flung organization that today has become the standard for all the big-time schools. High-school coaches and alumni, concentrated in Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas but scattered throughout the country, were the outposts, and between the outposts Crisp and his corps of scouts shuttled constantly.

Crisp occupied the same position in this system that Ed Barrow occupies in the Yankee baseball empire. He directed the task of producing two hundred prospective All Americans every year. Wallace Wade, who was head coach then, simply managed the varsity, as Joe McCarthy manages the Yankees. The same plan is in effect today except that Frank Thomas has replaced Wade in the line-up.

I was director of the brain-trust division for Crisp. The scholastic welfare of all the various squads was my responsibility. These squads included the Tuscaloosa High School squad, the freshman squad, the Red Shirt squad, the varsity squad and the postgrad squad.

Now don't tell me you've been under the naïve impression that the modern football organization has only two squads—the freshman and the varsity?

The Tuscaloosa High School squad was a most important incubator in the Tide hatchery. During the years I was at the university it was coached by Paul Burnum, who is noted for his thoroughness in teaching those twin fundamentals, blocking and tackling. It was generally understood that at least a part of his salary was paid by the university. He has since been promoted to freshman coach, and his rivals will tell you he is one of the cleverest recruiting agents in the business.

As proof of the esteem in which Burnum is held, he was selected to head the delegation that submitted Alabama's bid for Bill DeCorrevont, the much-publicized high-school halfback who finally chose Northwestern. Burnum returned empty-handed.

"Hell, we could have gotten him," Burnum still explains. "But we didn't want him. He would never have fitted into the Alabama system."

But Burnum couldn't take full credit for his great high-school squads which usually won the state championship. For he was assisted by other Alabama scouts. Suppose a scout found a good prospect who could play another year or two in high school. And suppose the prospect had a poor coach who didn't teach the Alabama system and who might try to recruit the prospect for a competitor. The scout simply picked up the prospect and brought him to Tusca-



Roy "The Ripper" White understudied Dixie Howell on the Alabama 1934 squad. He was dropped from football and from school after a knee injury. Today he is unemployed. His brother died as a result of football injuries



N. A. Nap Powell, above, joined up on a football scholarship at Alabama in 1930 as a promising tackle but was dropped out in 1931 after Coach Wade transferred to Duke. Nap now drives a soft-drink truck for a living in Selma, Ala. Below is Tony Holm, who was an All-America fullback in 1929, and who played six years of pro football after leaving Alabama. A knee injury ended his football career and he is now a furniture salesman in a Birmingham store. Note Collier's All-America football on his vest



loosa High School, where he could play on a championship team and where Burnum could start teaching him the Alabama system.

My task began with keeping these recruited players on Burnum's squad on speaking terms with their high-school teachers and getting them graduated so they could become college freshmen.

Hence this passing tip to Mr. Average Fan. Looking at your official program at the big game, you've probably wondered how the high school where your college is located happens to produce so many fine players. Don't be fooled any longer. Most of those players were transplanted from Podunk or Ishkooda during their high-school careers and are now calling the college town "home." If you are a Tennessee fan you may have noted that about ■ third of the 1940 varsity squad hails from Knoxville.

Cripple Courses are Safest

But back to the brain trust. The big push for us came in September when the freshmen brainless beef rolled in. Here were two hundred huskies who had been "eased through" high school on football and now we had to ease the best of them through college. In registering them we used our marked list of freshman professors. We placed the beef in classes where they would receive "sympathetic treatment" and steered them clear of those old sour apples who still insisted on flunking a guy just because he didn't know anything. But we had other limitations to consider, too. All science courses except the most elementary were out, for they would have long laboratory periods for which no beefer could find time. Courses leading to any form of higher mathematics were impossible. So commerce, law, medicine or any form of engineering were blacklisted from the start. This left us only the School of Arts and Sciences and the School of Education through which to route the beefers.

Our most successful plan was to enroll the beefer in the School of Education and point him toward a possible bachelor of science degree in physical education. One of the factors which may have caused us to prefer the education school was that Dr. James J. Doster, dean of this school, was a faculty adviser to the athletic department, and was usually selected to represent the faculty on the long football trips.

Accordingly, the typical course with which we loaded down the freshman beefer consisted of classes in Bible, Psychology I, Astronomy, and Music Appreciation. All were "cripples" of the purest ray. Bible was taught by a lovable old gentleman who delivered lofty lectures and never bothered his sleeping class with details like questions or examinations. I once heard of a beefer about to flunk this course who was given a special examination by the professor. The professor asked him two questions: Who created the world? and How long did it take? The beefer answered only the first question correctly for a grade of fifty, but the kindly professor gave him an additional ten points for having tried the second to bring his grade to the sixty necessary for passing.

Astronomy, Psychology I and Music Appreciation were all taught by "fellowship" students and not by regular professors, so we had little difficulty here.

After registering the frosh we turned to the progressively harder task of making class schedules for the Red Shirts, the varsity and the postgrads. After all, you do eventually run out of "crip" courses and hit ■ bottleneck guarded by some unfriendly prof.

The Red Shirts composed the "suspension" squad. They were the fifty or more prospects who had already served their time on the freshman squad but had not yet been chosen for the varsity. You see, under the five-year eligibility rule in the Southeastern Conference a boy can play a year on the freshma squad, a year on some intermediat squad, and still play out his full three year varsity career. Thus in the sprin the coaches look over the varsity an see what is needed to fill the holes re sulting from what the sports writers po litely call "graduation." They look ove the Red Shirts first since they are olde and better developed. Then they pic up a few from the freshman squad. Nex they consign the rest of the freshmen t the Red Shirt pool to grow and develo another year. The chaff portion of th Red Shirt squad is then fired off the pa roll, and the brain trust promptly al lows them to flunk and fall out of schoo This fate will already have caught u with more than a hundred freshmen be fore the end of the first semester.

Thus, because of the Red Shirt poo it often develops that a Tide "sopho more sensation" is some lad who ha already had four years of training unde the Alabama coaching staff—two year at Tuscaloosa High School, a year wit the frosh and a year with the Red Shirts

When you understand this, you ca perhaps more easily understand how th great senior squad of '30 could scor twenty-one points on Washington Stat in eight minutes, and how the next grea senior squad of '33 could score twenty four points on Stanford in six minutes Flash Suther, the halfback star of th '30 game, had been playing under th Alabama coaching staff for eight years and Hillman Holley, the sophomor sensation of the same game, had ha five years, counting their years at Tus caloosa High. Captain Foots Clement and others of the same team came fro the Arkansas farms which have pro duced fellows like Don Hutson, Sand Sanford and the Moseleys.

The squad of '37 lost to Californi when Thomas gambled with a sopho more tailback—Herky Moseley—wh had only had two years on one of th junior-college farms in Arkansas. Bu the team had reached the Bowl only be cause of two last-minute field goals fro Sandy Sanford's $100,000 toe. And sinc Sanford was from the same farm a Moseley, the farm's record did not suf fer.

Here's another tip. Watch the '41 edi tion go back to the Rose Bowl. Anothe great senior squad is in the making, an the sophomore sensations will be Do Hutson's twin brothers. Imagine, if yo can, twin Hutsons on the same field, on throwing and the other receiving passes

Great Heroes Deserve Degrees

But back to classes again. After w had found all the "crip" courses w could for the Red Shirts and the varsity men, we turned to our problem children These were the postgrads.

This squad was composed exclusively of Great Heroes—the fellows who ha played out all their years of eligibility and now had returned from the wars t rest on their laurels while we poor brain trusters sweated to get them some kin of degree. Hank Crisp, it seems, has sense of honor. He doesn't mind firin off the inept by the hundreds, but whe a guy has fought and bled for the alm mater for five or ten years, he not only deserves an all-something-or-other bu he also deserves a college degree. An Crisp was one to see that he got it. O rather Crisp was one to see that I sav that he got it.

We called these great heroes th postgrad squad for two reasons. First because the sports writers had already mournfully announced the Tide was los ing them through "graduation," and sec ond, there was the morale to think of, a Dr. Goebbels might say. After all, whe a worshipful freshman got inquisitive at the frat house, these great heroes had to have some explanation for thei continued presence around the campus

"Oh, I'm hanging around doing a little

(Continued on page 48)



Kid Tinsel

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE managing Eddie Gordon, a young middleweight fighter, old Pop Mallory dies in Birmingham, Alabama. Whereupon, Max Ellison, a well-known New York fight manager, sends Joe Barton (who is in love with Ellison's daughter "Babs") to Birmingham, to sign Eddie up.

A few days later, Barton, back in New York, reports to Ellison. He says that, because of a curious contract Gordon had signed, *he must work for a girl*: "Pat" Mallory, Pop's daughter! He does not refer to a murder he, Joe Barton, had committed near Birmingham, one night—and his flight from a possible witness, *Billie Gordon*, who had not seen his face in the darkness but who had gained possession of his revolver. . . .

Eddie Gordon goes to New York City. There, taking orders from Pat Mallory (who is secretly in love with him), he goes into training. He meets Max Ellison. He meets Ellison's young daughter, Babs. He fights his first fight, and wins. Babs, overjoyed, does not try to hide her admiration for him. And Billie has a bitter enemy: Joe Barton. Jealous of the fighter, Joe Barton orders Morrie Oakes, a professional killer, to "eliminate" the newcomer; but not until the missing revolver (which Eddie has given to Cliff Halliday, a sports writer, for safekeeping) has been recovered. The weapon, it appears, is registered in the name of Joseph Barton—Oakes must steal it, before he kills Eddie. . . .

Labeled "Kid Tinsel" by Halliday, Eddie wins a number of fights. Then, in poor condition because of Babs Ellison's gay, late parties, he is knocked out by Tommy Gateley. . . . The following day Pat receives a letter from a betting firm—a letter that makes it appear that she had won a large sum betting against Eddie! While she is wondering what the letter means, Ellison calls on her. He tells her, calmly, that she is to be accused of engaging in a crooked fight deal. Then, professing to be sorry for her, he offers to buy Eddie's contract for fifteen thousand dollars.

Pat asks for twenty-four hours, to think the matter over. Halliday "tells all" (omitting names) in his column; and Ellison drops his plan for tricking the girl into selling a fighter who, he feels sure, is a coming champion.

Eddie fights Gateley again, knocks him out. After which (while Oakes is trying, unsuccessfully, to find Barton's revolver), he steals away to the Adirondacks, for a much-needed rest.

VIII

TO THE left of the gravel road was an ancient stone gateway, but no gate. Propped against one of the columns was a simple sign, designed for effectiveness rather than beauty. It said simply:

TRAINING QUARTERS
EDDIE GORDON
NO ADMITTANCE

Leading in from the gateway was a narrow, curving dirt road bordered by lavish shade trees. The undergrowth was heavy and had once been well-tended and beautiful. There were the relics of flower gardens, and patches of green, velvety lawn.

Framed by birch and oak and elm and maple, a big, rambling building looked down upon what had once been a lovely lawn. It was a benign old house, mellow with age, valiantly withstanding years of abuse and neglect. Today it was spic and span, but sadly in need of paint and repair. To restore to this place any more than a semblance of its pristine loveliness was no simple job, and it had proved much too much for Patricia Mallory.

Set against a background of lush Jersey woodland, bordered by hedges, miles off the main highway and close to a mild little river, it was still a lovely spot. For years its new owners had waited patiently for a purchaser with money and an appreciation of sylvan beauty. But that purchaser had never come, and so the place was rented for brief periods to those who might have use for it. It had housed—briefly—gay summer parties seeking rest and seclusion, it had served as training camp for two famous champions, and it did duty now as headquarters for Eddie Gordon.

"You wouldn't by any chance be jealous, would you?" he asked. "Of course not," she said. Her cheeks flushed. "That's silly"

For all its lack of fresh paint, for all its obvious need of repair, the main building—which was referred to simply as "The House"—retained a mellow dignity. It was as though it had reconciled itself to the use that was being made of it, and therefore gave tolerant approval.

Out beyond the broad, spacious veranda was a shady grove, bordered by flowers that had survived years of neglect. In the middle of that grove some former pugilistic tenant had built a ring, which had been refurbished for Eddie.

It was a good ring, stanchly built, twenty-four feet square inside the ropes and covered today with new padded canvas. There were benches and chairs around the ring and a shiny new gong for whoever happened to be acting as timekeeper.

This afternoon a dozen men lounged about the ring in definitely informal attire. There was a burly heavyweight, two lithe middleweights and a speedy lightweight who were themselves training and also acting as sparring partners. Feets Johnson crouched in one corner, hand on the gong rope, his eyes alternately on the stop watch he held and on Eddie Gordon, who was sparring with a fast, rangy boy.

It would have been difficult for a casual acquaintance to have recognized Eddie in his training regalia. His pleasant, homely face was partially concealed by a padded leather contraption which covered forehead, nose and eyebrows as protection against the sudden, dangerous head contacts of the training routine. He wore a dingy-gray sweat shirt and black, full-length trunks. He moved warily about the ring, sparring easily and lightly—brown eyes intent behind the odd armor which protected him, knotty fists encased in twelve-ounce sparring gloves.

From the ringside you could hear the twittering of birds, the clucking of hens out somewhere behind the house, the chatter of trainers and sparring partners, and the steady crunch of fighting shoes on the resin-covered canvas and the thud of padded leather on human flesh. It was an incongruous picture against this gracious background. It didn't seem to fit—yet the unanimous verdict of the training retinue had been, "Gee! what a swell dump."

FEETS JOHNSON'S big black hand yanked the gong rope and it clanged out on the quiet afternoon air. The rangy youth with whom Eddie had been boxing waved with his right glove and climbed gratefully down out of the ring, his sparring chore completed. Eddie moved into a corner and leaned against the ropes, looking down at the canvas floor on which the sunlight—filtering through the leaves of the trees overhead—traced a delicate, lacy pattern.

Through the doorway of the house came a girl: a young and slender girl whose firm, young figure was revealed, rather than concealed, by slacks. Pat Mallory's eyes looked tired; her manner betrayed weariness and worry. There had been so infinitely many things to do—the daily tasks seemed never-ending. There were things to remember, details to be arranged, catering to be supervised, Eddie to be watched. . . .

She moved from the house toward the training ring. She conjured up a picture of this place as it must have been originally, and she sighed. She saw the loveliness which once had been, rather than the drabness to which it had fallen. By training-camp standards, it was beautiful; by artistic standards, its decay was heartbreaking.

But it was still lovely, still gentle, still relaxing. It was just the thing for Eddie. Nothing to divert his mind, nothing to worry or annoy him. A tranquil, routine, healthy existence. Daily road work along twisting, leafy paths, a bit of horseback riding, tennis on a scraggly court which had once been good, daily swims in the river, boxing in the reconditioned ring; plenty of good food at regular hours; early sleep and early rising. Yes, they all were enjoying themselves . . . all except Pat Mallory.

She banished the strained expression from her face as she approached the ring, and forced herself to smile as she looked up at Eddie. She asked, "How are things going?"

"About as usual."

"You seem to be drawn a little fine."

"I'm not overtrained."

"Well, don't be. It's no good. Now . . ." She beckoned to a keen-eyed young boxer who was slightly taller than Eddie. "Ready, Tim?" she asked.

"Yeah—I'm ready."

He came forward and joined her. Pat gave him a smile, but turned her attention to Eddie Gordon.

"Listen, Eddie—because this is important. I've been studying the movies of Dixie Grogan's recent fights. He's got the fastest straight left in the game. I want you and Tim to step three fast rounds. All you've got to do, Tim—is to keep throwing lefts at Eddie. And Eddie, I want you to keep your hands at your sides. Don't block a punch. Slip everything."

Eddie frowned. He said, "I can get away from a left, all right."

"Maybe. But you've never been up against one like Dixie Grogan's. I engaged Tim because he's got the next thing to it. If you can learn to avoid Tim's left with your hands down, you shouldn't have any trouble with Dixie." She turned toward the taller youth. "Go ahead, Tim."

Tim climbed into the ring and took the corner opposite Eddie. At a signal from Pat, Feets sounded the gong and they moved out to face each other.

THE boxers followed Pat's instructions. Tim's left was fast and accurate. During the first round Eddie experienced difficulty in avoiding it. Occasionally he shook his head and grunted with annoyance, but Pat held him to routine. "Take it easy. Eddie . . . watch his shoulder. . . ." She turned to Feets and asked, "What do you think?"

The big Negro beamed approval. "It's just what Pop would've done," he said. "You sho learnt plenty fum him."

In the second round Eddie had less difficulty in eluding Tim's rapierlike jabs. In the third round he did exceedingly well, although there were many that he did not succeed in evading. And then the third round ended, and Pat said, "That's enough for today, boys."

Eddie clambered down out of the ring and Feets slipped a robe around his shoulders. He was breathing evenly and his lean, lithe body was relaxed. Pat said, "That was pretty good, Eddie. Ten more days of that and you won't even have to think about a left."

Eddie looked doubtful and so Feets hastened to interject his opinion: "Miss Patricia sho is right, Mistuh Eddie. Faces wasn't created to stop no punches with."

Eddie turned away and Pat said, "Take a good rubdown and shower and rest for a while before dinner. . . ." He walked toward the house without answering and Feets looked down solicitously at the young girl. "It sho ain't fitten," he stated positively.



"Oh! Oh! I wouldn't care to be in the devil's shoes this morning!"

IRVING ROIR

"What isn't, Feets?"

"You havin' all this grief an' mis'ry an' wastin' yo'se'f aroun' a bunch of prize fighters."

She smiled wanly. "I don't enjoy it much, you know."

"Yassum, I know. Ten millium things goin' wrong all the time, an' nobody depreciatin' what you is doin'. Time Mistuh Eddie wins that title, we'll be takin' you off to a hawspital."

"It won't be long now. . . ." She looked up, seeking encouragement. "Eddie seems to be doing all right, doesn't he?"

"Yassum . . . on'y . . ."

"Only what?"

"On'y he's gittin' edgy. Like a thoroughbred hawss befo' a big race. Seems like you cain't tell just when he'll bust out."

"Not much chance here . . ." She smiled at Feets, and compelled herself to speak gaily: "Guess what we're having for dinner tonight."

Feets said, "It don't matter what it is, Miss Patricia—so long as it's eatments."

"What would you say to some re Southern fried chicken and a batch the lightest, flakiest biscuits you ev tasted?"

A reverent look came into his eye "I reckon I'd say Hot Dam!"

"Well, say it then. I got rid of t cook we had and hired a new one. Fre up from the South. You'll find her the kitchen. If you want some advan samples, you'd better hurry."

"Hurry?" Mr. Johnson turned aw eagerly. "Gimme just one feather each hand, Miss Patricia—an' I'll fly."

His countenance was a study in co centrated ecstasy as he circled the hou and approached the kitchen door. Re ginuwine fried chicken! Good ol' bi cuits! With lots of butter and fre honey. Mm-m-mmmmm! He flu open the door . . . and the smile va ished. In its place came an expressi of abysmal woe. He gulped, choked a wavered uncertainly. The voice of t new cook was sweet as saccharine. S said, "Good evenin', Mistuh Johnson

"Magenta!" It was more a groan th a greeting.

"Uh-huh. It's me—sho nuff. Ai you glad?"

His head shook slowly and aut matically. "Ise aghast," he declar miserably. "Absotively an' posolute aghast!" He leaned against the iceb and passed a shaking hand across a su denly perspiring forehead. "Miz Joh son," he inquired in bewilderment, "h come it that with all the woods in t United States you could git lost in—y had to find this heah place?"

"It wa'n't no accident," explain Magenta. "I searched it out."

"Nineteen forty is sho an unluc yeah fo' me."

"Miss Patricia figgered you'd s'prised . . ."

"Uh-huh. Ise s'prised, all right."

"Ain't you gwine exten' me no we come?"

"No ma'am." Feets was very positi on that point. "I ain't gwine extend y nothin'," he stated firmly. "Commenc right now."

HE TURNED his broad back to h and pushed through the screen do He was wallowing in the netherm depths of despair. "Fried chicken!" muttered miserably. "Hot Southern b cuits! Magenta! Tha's what I call hash

It was difficult for Mr. Johnson to re oncile himself to this latest and most u timate disaster. He helped Magenta s the table, and conducted himself wi frigid aloofness. He went out on the v randa, rang the dinner bell and watch the helpers and sparring partners tro in and seat themselves about the hu training table. He made ready to ser them, meanwhile maintaining an at tude of injured dignity.

Pat Mallory appeared in the dini room doorway. Somebody looked and whistled in admiration. Somebo else said, "Well, I'll be . . ."

Pat Mallory had given in to an ov powering urge to be feminine for o evening; to insulate herself against t grim masculine business of fighting.

The dress she had selected was t daintiest in the limited wardrobe s had brought with her. It was white a it was frilly and it was cut just a wee low at the throat. It made her feel b ter to wear that dress; made her feel l incongruous—less sexless. Feets said, he held her chair, "You sho look beau cious, Miss Patricia. . . ."

They all looked at her with approv For the briefest fraction of an insta she thought Eddie might join in t chorus of compliments . . . but afte brief scrutiny, he returned his attenti to his plate.

All through dinner Pat was unna rally gay. Her eyes were bright, l

(Continued on page 32)

The Secret Four

By William Hillman

CABLE FROM LONDON

Anyone can listen to Hitler's words, but here is a band of radio sleuths who can tell the British what he thinks. They predicted the time of Italy's war declaration and the recent peace feelers. We give you the first low-down on a brand-new weapon of military intelligence

AS YOU read this the Nazi Propaganda Ministry, from radio stations in Berlin and in German-conquered lands, is pouring out torrents of words—purposeful words.

The British government considers the word offensive of the Nazis as important as the war on land, at sea, in the skies. In some ways it believes it more important. A true analysis of the verbal TNT in the propaganda shells gives a good idea of what's being planned in actual combat.

Operating on this theory, the British have introduced a method of trapping the strategists behind this Nazi word offensive. They have put four brilliant psychologists on the job as propaganda analysts. Their official function is to analyze the enemy's word shells as scientifically as British munitions experts examine fragments of bombs dropped on London by enemy planes.

Great Britain's propaganda lab in which psychoanalysts determine the true chemistry of Hitler's verbal artillery fire has been kept a secret. It still is a secret to millions of Britons. I stumbled onto the fact of its existence. The matter had to be taken up with high government officials before I was allowed to write anything about them

When dictators bellow their threats into their radios, Miss Anne Outwaithe lends a knowing feminine ear and up pops the hidden motive. In short, diplomacy's herdish





Above is Sociologist Mark Abrams, one of the four official mind readers whose job is warning the British government—in advance—of any imminent enemy skulduggery

Only modern science, total war, and the use of radio as a weapon could have produced them. They believe that Hitler said a mouthful when he declared in Mein Kampf that "in war, words are acts." They consider this the key to the feuhrer's mental processes. Perhaps the only thing Hitler has ever said that they believe, it is the "theme song" of the psychiatric four.

They meet daily around a coffee table, they frame a weekly report which goes to the cabinet, the foreign office and the war, navy and air ministries. They scan the millions of words that pour from the microphones of Europe. Close to three hundred alert listeners and translators under supervision of the British Broadcasting Corporation take down the broadcasts of every radio station on the Continent day and night. The four study especially what is said on the ether waves from Berlin and Rome. Words are cigarette ashes, fingerprints, footsteps in the snow to these sleuths.

The broadcast words are their only clues. They refuse to listen to inside information. They won't look at secret reports. They study only the news stories and propaganda from German and Italian radio stations. For the first time in the history of military intelligence the methods of Professor Sigmund Freud are applied.

The secret four are not concerned about the truth or falsity of what is said; that is the job of the ministry of information. Words betray what is in the minds of those who speak. Words reveal intentions and plans. The text and not the facts is the important thing.

Why, for instance, does the German sender, after broadcasting comments in English, omit certain details when the same talks are made in Gaelic or Hindustani? Why are special items, presumably of general interest, stressed in news to the German public but omitted in talks to Russia or South America or to England? Why are Italian stations telling North America in Esperanto what is contradictory to broadcasts they make in Arabic or Magyar? What is the meaning of German and Italian and Russian broadcasters simultaneously touching on certain subjects in what seems to be the same language yet which on examination gives conflicting impressions?

The answers to these questions come close to letting the Axis cats out of the bag. Even when the *Deutsche Stimme* or the *Vox Romano* dissimulate they can't hide the truth from these astounding sleuths of the mike.

The secret four were the first to realize the Nazis were to launch their blitzkrieg against the Low Countries in May. They foresaw something like the magnetic mine. They predicted preparatory activity on the French coast for the invasion of Britain and certain activities in the Mediterranean. They had no doubt Italy was coming into the war. They warned of Hitler's intention regarding the French navy. They guessed the Germans would stage a peace offensive in July.

I can now reveal that the four psychologists did not believe the Nazis would invade Britain this past summer or fall. Their diagnosis—and they

(Continued on page 47)



MUSIC WITH A MESSAGE

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

The two loves of Prof Bennett. America's loudest player recovers his upbeat

ON a certain fall day Miss Lovey La Marr, the celebrated bubble dancer, sent off wires that resulted in some very odd characters suddenly appearing in Chicago. Lovey was well and favorably known as a very pretty lady buff who liked her bands hot and low-down, and the news that she had discovered a fifth column in the very heart of the swing industry was something to send the nation's outstanding jive masters scurrying to the Windy City.

On arrival the batons hurried to Miss La Marr's hotel. They were just going into session when Mr. Fats Harrison, the dean of hot trombones, came puffing into the scene. He was a large, portly party, fresh from Seattle, and had made the last lap by car, his plane having been forced down in Minneapolis.

He nodded to the assembled brethren and shook hands with Miss La Marr. Lovey had very nice red hair and Irish blue eyes and came equipped with those curves that lend so much charm to a bubble-dance recital. She was very much the artiste and, as such, she had that quiet dignity of a young lady who has always kept her art on a high plane. Today, however, she was greatly upset and Mr. Harrison dispensed with the formalities.

"What goes on?" he demanded. "What's this about our being with crisis?"

Lovey gazed at him one long moment and then went over and bolted the door. The boys exchanged apprehensive looks. Mr. Frosty Moore, that small and successful clarinet, who had come by cab from Detroit, glanced nervously over his shoulder.

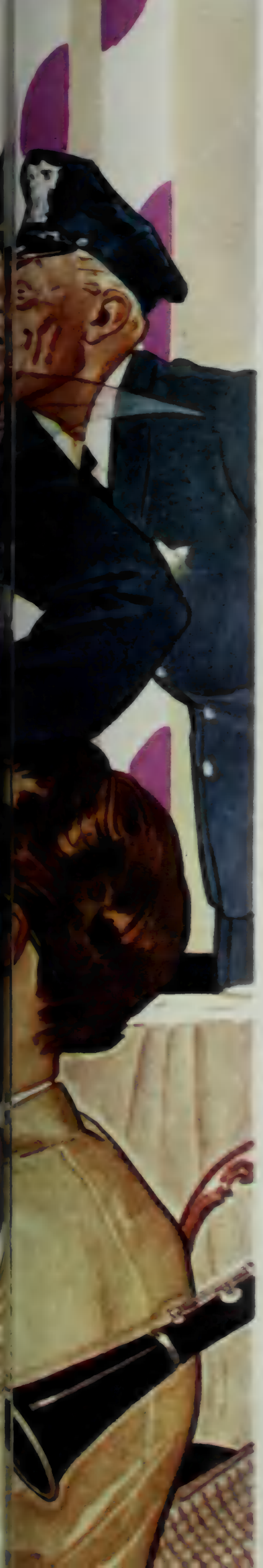
"Look, Lovey," he said fretfully, "let's skip this G-man stuff. I'm upset enough just being in Chicago. I once laid an egg here."

"You're upset already?" said Lovey. "Wait till you hear the lyrics!"

There was a very loud silence.

"It's Prof," she said finally. "He—he's getting married Saturday."

THE party mentioned, Mr. Prof Bennett, had long been a legend in the profession. His small, solid combo was a landmark in the swing business and Prof's horn-rimmed glasses framed a solemn, scholarly face that was greatly revered among the jitterbugs. He had such a hot lip that when he was really in the groove even his glasses steamed up. The trade's respect for his ability as a ride trumpet was only exceeded by its awe at his being with brains. He was always reading newspapers and things,



and he had that brooding look that comes of being ■ thinker.

Even so, the glances the boys exchanged were exceedingly cold.

"Look, baby," said Mr. Fats Harrison, "if you think I came all the way from Seattle just to hold your hand while Prof's getting married—"

Color flared in Lovey's cheeks. It was a well-known fact that for several seasons Miss La Marr and Prof Bennett had been right on the verge of taking that trip down the aisle themselves. Then something had happened and they were doing a single again. It had been remarked that some of Prof's heaviest thinking dated from that day. Where he had been content with just magazines before, he had taken to carrying large, ominous books dealing with capitalism and the sorry fate of the masses.

Lovey was every inch the lady. "I wouldn't have Prof on toast," she said quietly. "It's—it's just that I don't want to see him making a fool of himself. Not when he'll kill off the whole swing business at the same time!"

The boys stared at her, suddenly apprehensive. It was Frosty Moore who bespoke their growing uneasiness: "You mean Prof's taking ■ powder?"

"But good!" she said bitterly. "He's already given up his band. He's going in for that music-with-a-message stuff."

There was a stunned silence. Finally Fats Harrison shook his head. "That don't add up to me," he said slowly. "Not unless he has suddenly become ■ closet drinker."

IT WAS far worse than that, said Lovey. Since Prof had been back in Chi he had met up with an intellectual cello, a Miss Vera Block. Pretty soon he was engaged to her and meeting all her friends who took him to lectures and study groups and things. Anyone but ■ ride trumpet could have told they were strictly pink on first sight.

But not Prof. He had always been ■ soft touch for the uplift trade, and the first thing you knew he was breaking up his old band and forming a salon combo. He had become convinced that swing was on its way out. It seemed it didn't have any significance.

For a moment the boys were speechless. To find that Prof Bennett, the idol of the jitterbugs, was about to do a Benedict Arnold was just too much. If he were to start giving out to the press that you didn't have to swing because it didn't mean a thing—

"Why, he's ■ menace to the whole band business!" Mr. Fats Harrison said bitterly. "That kind of publicity would put us all out of work!"

"I know," said Lovey, trying to keep her voice very steady. "If he wasn't marrying this lady cello he might get over it, Fats. But as it is—"

Mr. Miff Dowdey, the prominent tenor-sax man, nodded. From bitter experience he knew that once ■ man succumbed to that Lohengrin lockstep he would remain ■ dead duck. "We had better check into this at once," he said. "Where do we find Prof?"

She listlessly indicated a newspaper on her bed. According to an item therein, Mr. Bennett and his charming bride-to-be were to be guested at a garden party given by the Musicians Cultural League the following afternoon. A feature of the party would be the unveiling of ■ new salon group, an event that the local musical world awaited with rapt interest.

Mr. Fats Harrison glanced at his colleagues. "This makes it very simple, boys," he said. "We will just happen by and see what gives."

The lieutenant gave one horrified look at Lovey's art, then bellowed: "You can't get away with that! Call out the wagon, boys!"

ONE of the long-hairs had donated the garden of his home as the setting for the prenuptial clam bake where the boys showed the next afternoon. There was an artistic party at the door who regarded these strange callers with their checked suits and derbies very coldly indeed.

"I'm afraid there's been some mistake," he said distantly. "This affair is by invitation only."

Mr. Fats Harrison shook his head. "Not for us, sweetheart," he said. "We're Mr. Bennett's ushers. Which way do we go?"

A sudden swell of music from the garden supplied their cue. It was strictly salon stuff and they finally recognized it as the Flight of the Bumble Bee. Then Prof's trumpet was in there, lightly and politely, and as one man they surged through the door.

A hallway led through the house to the sun porch and garden. One look at that crowd on the lawn and the boys knew that Lovey's darkest suspicions about Prof's new chums were only too true. The lawn was entirely overrun with that high-forehead trade that was always eager and willing to divide anything you might have. To have a prominent colleague fall into such low company was ■ blow from which the band business might never recover.

"I knew this would happen," Frosty Moore said glumly; "Prof ought to have known this deep thinking is strictly for oboe players."

Mr. Fats Harrison had spotted the combo and was already shouldering his way through the mob. In a moment they were beside the impromptu stand that had been erected under an arbor. Then, for the first time, they could actually see the depths to which Prof had fallen.

There were eighteen pieces in his new combo and not a familiar face among them. Instead, there were sundry bushy-haired parties giving out on flutes and things. There were six strings and a lady cello who would have to be Prof's intended. She was a small, dark girl with braided hair and a very intense look.

"Well," said Mr. Miff Dowdey, "All I can say is that she plays a very determined cello."

PROF was leading them into the last chorus. He was a tall, grave young man with neatly parted brown hair and serious blue eyes that he closed as he reached for the high ones. He was playing ■ fancy trumpet with occasional fluttering touches and it wasn't Prof Bennett at all. His glasses weren't steamed up and his lip was just another lip. Nothing gave.

"It's a good thing no Variety mug is here," Fats said morbidly. "If they ever caught this act Prof would already be minus ■ career."

And then, hitting that last high one, Prof's eyes opened. To his horror, he found himself staring into the grim faces of five of his closest friends and associates in the gut-bucket trade. He cracked completely, achieving ■ small *peep* that would have sounded much better emanating from a flute. His long-hairs floundered to a halt.

Prof wet his lips and finally managed a weak smile. "I—I didn't know you boys were in town," he said. "This—this is a real surprise, fellows."

"It sure is," said Frosty Moore, still darkly eying a harpist. "One more surprise like this and I'm going to quit drinking that stuff."

Mr. Bennett had never been slow on the uptake. He caught the melody and after a minute asked warily, "You just happened by?"

"Why, Prof," Fats said reproachfully, "you should know better than that. You didn't think your old pals would let you make that trip down the aisle all alone, did you?"

Mr. Bennett shook his head slowly. "No," he said, certain now that they were waltzing him, "no, I might have known better than that."

Fats was watching the music lovers clustered around the punch bowls. On close sight they were even more offensive. The women ran to faint mustaches and the men were either too dark and determined or too pale and languid.

"These are very strange jitterbugs," he said finally. "I guess they come with the music, hunh, Prof?"

Prof knew the chips were down then. "Wait a minute," he said soberly. "I wasn't trying to pull a fast one, Fats. I was only keeping this quiet until we get back from our honeymoon." Their carefully blank faces didn't help any, and his eyes were suddenly dark and troubled. "It's—it's just that I saw we weren't accomplishing anything with that old clam-bake stuff. You know what Vera says? What we lacked was significance!"

"Significance?" said Mr. Frosty Moore.

"Sure. Civilization crumbles and what do we do? We go on rug-cutting!"

The boys glanced at one another. "We get your idea," Fats said with quiet dignity. "But naturally, we were quite upset to hear you have decided swing was dying a dog's death. When Lovey—"

Mr. Bennett froze behind his glasses. "Lovey?" he said frigidly. "I doubt that Miss La Marr could understand the actual reasons for my decision. With us, there was never a meeting of minds."

"So we heard," said Mr. Miff Dowdey. "What gave, anyhow?"

"We had ■ misunderstanding. I did not like her continuing as ■ bubble dancer and she took it as a reflection on her work. She was under the impression I did not consider it ■ true art."

Mr. Bennett's fiancée had been watching his callers and, sensing possible recruits for the cause, she came up now and slipped her arm through the prominent trumpet's. "I haven't met your friends, Edgar," she said reprovingly, giving them what passed for a warm smile.

Prof hurriedly made the introductions. None of them had ever met a lady cello before and only Mr. Fats Harrison could come up with a little speech. "How do you do?" he said politely. "We are always happy to meet one of Prof's fiancées."

Vera gave him a very cold stare. Prof hurriedly picked up the chorus. The boys, he explained, had come all the way across the country just to witness his wedding. Perhaps once they had met her friends and understood how much a musician could do in these troubled times—

All was instantly forgiven. "They must meet Igor!" she exclaimed. "No one can explain our mission better than he!"

AFTER she had gone off to look for him Prof, somewhat embarrassed, glanced at the boys. "I know these people seem sort of strange at first," he said, "but once you know them—"

Mr. Frosty Moore shook his head. "We don't want any of this Moscow swing, Prof. We hear that over there they do it on lampposts."

Prof was hurt. "You've got them wrong," he said. "You can be a liberal and an advanced thinker without being ■ Red. I wouldn't have any part of those Communists!"

"We know," Fats said soothingly. "It's simply that after a long trip we're not up to meeting with these heavy thinkers."

The salon group was already drifting back to the stand and the boys pr[illegible]red

to blow. "We'll be seeing you, Prof," said Mr. Harrison. "As a matter of fact, we would like to toss you a little dinner the night before you get married."

Prof was obviously moved at this gesture that they were still chums. "That's mighty swell of you," he began, and then his face fell. "I'm afraid Vera—"

"Look, pal," Mr. Frosty Moore said coldly, "even a bridegroom's got some rights. We'll see you at the stag."

A faraway look crept into Prof's eyes. After all, it would be a farewell to all the things that had once been close and dear to him. Even his fiancée could understand that.

"I'll be there," he said. "That's a promise, fellows."

The boys were just making their escape when Vera bore down on them with a slender, tousle-haired party known as Igor. Igor, it seemed, was the head of the Musicians Cultural League. He immediately turned on so much charm that it spilled all over the lawn and in a moment was lapping around their ankles.

He was just getting well into his song-and-dance when Mr. Fats Harrison tapped him on the shoulder. "That's mighty fine, chum," he said, "and I am only sorry we will have to skip it right now. It just happens that we are en route to a heavy conference with a bubble dancer."

MISS LA MARR'S celebrated bubble dance took place thrice nightly at the Paradise Club, and it was after the second show there that she received the steering committee, the Messrs. Harrison and Moore, in her dressing room. The other boys, they explained, had been so upset by their contact with the intelligentsia that they had adjourned to various bars and things.

Lovey had slipped on a dressing robe and somehow her eyes seemed large and tired. She had always been on the upbeat side, five feet five with eyes of jive, and Fats found her present quietness very disturbing. It looked more and more as if Lovey was with torch.

"What did Prof say?" she asked.

Fats shrugged. "He said plenty but none of it made any sense. We didn't even make a dent, Lovey."

She nodded, trying to keep the disappointment from her face.

Frosty Moore was frowning. "For a bridegroom," he said, "he did not seem to have a lot of that old I-love-you-truly. This deep thinking has caused him to meet up with a lot of pinks, and this cello is just another one of the same. So there he is—right in the middle."

"But good!" said Fats. "This music today was only a warm-up. Before he gets hep they'll have him singing The Internationale."

"I know," said Lovey. "It's no good."

"Personally," said Frosty, "I think Prof getting married is a very sound idea but is being used with the wrong parties. Once a guy has a little lady around the house he has very little time for fretting. They are always wanting a new fur benny or something and there is more talk about that than the state of the nation."

Lovey's lip trembled and Mr. Harrison gave Frosty a cold look that said certain clarinets would do well to avoid such delicate subjects.

"All I can figure," he said, "is that Prof is a gone goose unless he should happen to backslide. If that lady cello were to learn he still liked to rip it out she would certainly take it the hard way."

"So?"

Fats shrugged his massive shoulders. "So we are giving Prof a little stag before he takes the veil. Maybe something will give."

Lovey stared at him. The stag was all very good but nothing would come of it unless it reached the ears of his intended. If, however, it should become the talk of the town. . . .

Fats noticed the slow-kindling light in her eyes.

AT NINE-THIRTY on the evening before Prof was to be raffled off, the distinguished ride-men and their guest of honor assembled in a private supper room of a Loop hotel. Facing one another across the banquet table, there was only a glum silence.

It wasn't until the dinner was finished and they were on their second lap of liquid refreshment that things brightened up a bit. It was then that with a suitable, inarticulate speech, Fats presented Prof with the boys' wedding gift. It was in a large black case, and after Mr. Bennett had opened it he was so choked up that he could not speak.

It was a beautiful silver trumpet, appropriately engraved with the names of the donors. The card accompanying it said simply, "Good luck, Gate."



"We won't be billed till February on him" GEORGE SHELLHASE

"Thanks a lot, fellas," Prof said finally. "It—it makes me feel like old times just to look at it."

Mr. Fats Harrison slipped the boys the look. He had promised Lovey that at least there would be one last groove session. The boys had sent over their instruments just in case of a tie and now Fats rose to the occasion.

"Well, Prof," he said sadly, "this is it. This is where we get off. Maybe we ought to take just one chorus for old times' sake."

Prof wavered, trying to fight off the nostalgic weakness that swept over him at the sight of their eager, wistful faces. Never again would such a ride-combo be assembled in one town at one time. For the moment, Vera was forgotten.

"Well," he said weakly, "I suppose we *could* take one crack at Bugle Call Rag."

In another ten seconds they were ready for action. Prof reverently lifted the new silver trumpet to his lips. He gave them the one-two and they were off, taking it lightly and politely until they got the feel of the acoustics. Past masters of the jive, they were sitting solid at the end of the first reading. Then, ready for the onslaught, they looked up.

Prof held up one finger, indicating Mr. Fats Harrison. That ample party was immediately on his feet, taking his chorus as it came to him. He played a strictly Texas trombone, each husky inflection a little more torrid than the last. Each note was fraught with the poignancy of final parting, a last salute to a departing great. The others, filled with the same surging emotion, were in there behind him, building it.

Finally spent, Fats shot-the-likker to Frosty Moore. That eminent licorice stick seized it on the upbeat and was away, riding it higher and higher. His bitterness at certain parties who were fifth-columning Prof right out of the swing business gave his reed a fine, wild cry that had never been heard before by any of those present.

One after another, all the boys were in there speaking their pieces loud and hot. After each had taken his chorus they paid tribute to the guest of honor, leaving him the last passage for his very own.

A faint mist already spreading over his glasses, Prof sent it away. Never had the Bugle Call Rag had such a powerhouse reading; never had it been sent so high and so far in so short a time. Prof could never stop when he was really in the groove and so he went right on into Ja Da. In another four bars they were all in there, beating it right down to the bricks.

TWENTY choruses later, his glasses completely steamed up and, conscious only that it was flowing full and fast within him, Prof's trumpet swept them into I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate. Completely out-of-the-world, achieving heights that all of them knew no trumpet would ever again attain, he tore it down. The boys were still trying for a tie when they became din aware that a mirage was taking place the room.

After a moment Mr. Fats Harris vaguely realized that this visitation w not a mirage after all but, instead, w a warm and undulating fact. A few cl ruses before a mysterious young wom wearing a dark veil and a full-len coat had slipped into the room. Hav discarded the disguise, she was now g ing her all.

Lovey, wrapped only in gossan chiffon, was giving out in the best La Fatima tradition. Her hands held fore her eyes, palms outward, she sli ered across the room. It was the fi time she had ever worked without bubble but no spectator would ha complained. Even in this pagan rout Lovey was an artiste to the last mus and kept her art on a high plane. S swirled about the room, giving w more and more abandon, the compl buff.

While even the boys regarded this a somewhat odd tribute to pay an love, it was still a most inspiring way say adieu to life's more tender emotio Touched by such delicate sentimer they strove to match her tribute.

Their increasing tempo finally reach such alarming proportions that P gradually became aware someth must be taking place. He was peering Lovey through his misty lenses, vai trying to reconcile his sight and his r soning, when the arrival of a riot squ brought the evening to a fitting clim

The beefy lieutenant gave one ho fied look at Lovey's art. And, then, professional sense of virtue outraged such goings-on, he bellowed: "You ca get away with that in Chicago! Call the wagon, boys! We'll take them down to the station!"

TO THEIR horror, the boys fou themselves with a public when t arrived at the bastille. Cameramen reporters were waiting at the desk at the sight of them Prof's darkest s picions were confirmed. When he recognized his erstwhile love be shoved into the wagon with them he given her one cold look and relapsed i grim silence. Lovey, wrapped in overcoat, had to fight back the tears.

With great glee the cameramen w into action at the sight of this ne worthy haul. Bulbs flashed, the da defendants were pushed this way that, and found themselves giving coherent statements to the press. that is, except Prof. He was cro examining a reporter.

"Isn't this a rather large recept committee?" he asked coldly.

"It sure is," the man said happ "The minute we got the tip we bea down here. Brother, you'll make all front pages! It's a swell tie-in with y wedding!"

It appeared that the police, too, received a tip on the proceedings. desk sergeant said dryly that some da had called in and reported that at m night some very strange happeni could be observed at a certain hotel. they were really interested in the pu morals, she said, they would do wel look into the matter.

Prof whirled on Lovey. "I knew he cried. "This was your idea of fix me up with Vera! Well, you'll find it won't make any difference to her! and your muscle art!"

Lovey froze at that. "Muscle a she raged. "Listen here, Prof Bennett

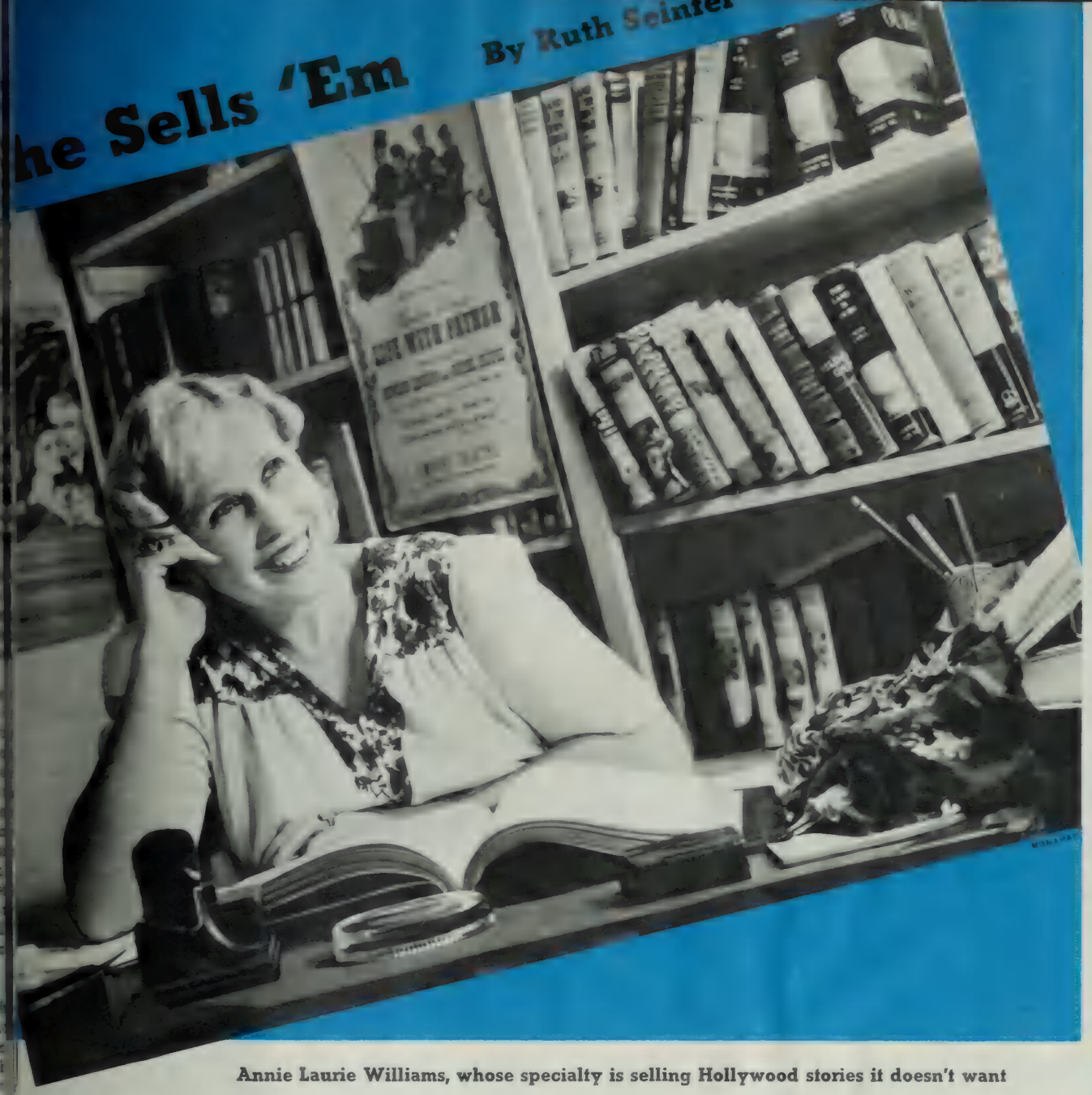
A matron hustled her away to her The boys, still vainly protesting at indignity of being tossed into the clin Chicago, of all places, were led tow the men's tank.

Only Fats Harrison maintained philosophic view on the matter. "L

(Continued on page 39)

he Sells 'Em

By Ruth Seinfe



Annie Laurie Williams, whose specialty is selling Hollywood stories it doesn't want

'exas-born Annie Laurie Williams is the bridge be-ween the book you read nd the movie you see

WHEN Annie Laurie Williams was a kid in pigtails on her father's Texas ranch she used to dream, etween roundups, of how some day he would see her name in lights on roadway. It was a dream that failed distinguish her in any way from housands of other kids in pigtails. Vhat makes Annie Laurie different is he way in which her dream came true. She hasn't yet seen her name in lights n Broadway, and probably she never ill. But she has had the thrill of walk-g down Broadway and seeing on the-ter marquees the names of plays and lms that might never have got into ghts except for her.

Perhaps you happened to be walking own Broadway not so very long ago, hopping for an evening's entertain-ent. On one side of the street a daz-ing sign invited you to enjoy the film, f Mice and Men. Farther up electric-ght bulbs announced The Grapes of rath. Almost directly across the reet a couple of acres of incandescence eclared that Gone With the Wind was urveying crinoline romance in two heaters simultaneously. And down-own, in one of the legitimate theaters, ou came upon Life With Father with s box office sold out two months ahead and the treasurers inside peacefully counting up stacks of dollar bills.

Annie Laurie, it is true, did not write any of these nor produce, direct or act in them. In only one of their programs was her name mentioned at all—the legitimate theater still sentimentally clings to tradition and gives credit where credit is due. In the house program of the stage comedy Miss Williams is down, along with the business manager, press representative and other useful folk, as the producer's "Literary Representative."

Another name for her, the one usually mentioned at penthouse cocktail parties, is "author's representative." In a knock-down and drag-out business conference with contracts on the table, she is that thorn in a producer's side, the agent, who knows more about the author's rights than the author does himself. But in terms that you and I understand, she is a plain and simple saleswoman.

Among the numerous ten-percenters who have their offices just east of Broadway in New York, she has probably sold Hollywood more stories Hollywood didn't think it wanted than any other agent. She has a weakness for the hard ones, and she is the only one who is not surprised when they turn out well, which they do a remarkable number of times.

She tackled Alice Hobart's Oil for the Lamps of China when her friends in the business shook their heads over its thrusts at the big oil companies; you remember the film, with Pat O'Brien. Once she picked up a novel written by a preacher and printed by a modest Chicago publisher of religious books, and it became The Magnificent Obsession. With The Green Light and other successes. Lloyd Douglas has been one of her most solvent authors, and the movies are at present angling for his newest book, Invitation to Live. She has just sold John Steinbeck's The Red Pony to Lewis Milestone, and his Flight has been bought by Pare Lorenz. In addition to these, she has sold Paramount a book by a comparative unknown, Nelson Hayes, from which Dildo Cay is being made.

You Can't Budge Annie

But her greatest achievement was convincing Hollywood that a story about the Civil War and another story about migratory workers in California would make box-office successes as movies. Both these projects were regarded as highly improbable, to say the least. But, since Annie Laurie was promoting them, the picture people listened carefully. Picture people look upon Annie Laurie with affection and respect. The respect becomes positive awe when it comes to talking price. You can't budge Annie Laurie on price.

Thus primed, you meet the Texas girl with the sentimental name—and the meeting is guaranteed to startle you out of a year's growth. There she stands, not very tall, pleasingly plump, golden-haired and blue-eyed. She doesn't call you honey chile or you-all—she paid good money to dramatic coaches to have all that ironed out of her speech when she came to New York. But she is wearing her favorite color, baby blue, and a baby-blue bonnet to match is demurely tied under her rounded chin. In this innocent array she is on her way, like as not, to close a deal for a hundred grand and not a penny less.

You might jump to the conclusion that the baby-blue effect is put on with a purpose. But Broadway and Hollywood know well that Annie Laurie is no babe in the mazda-lighted woods. And you wouldn't catch her wasting time on a role that deceived no one.

No, she wears her pretties because she likes them, just as she likes vegetables and doesn't like meat. She hasn't tasted meat since the age of eight, when Papa insisted she try a mouthful of Texas longhorn. Papa said she wouldn't grow strong on just vegetables. To which Annie Laurie retorted that the herd bull out in the pasture didn't care for meat either, and he was doing all right.

Papa gave up after that, and he wasn't the last man to bow to Annie Laurie. One picture executive confessed that bucking her was like bucking a stone wall with rambler roses sweetly twining. Nor are the roses without thorns, he said. Twentieth Century-Fox—not his own company, naturally—could back him up on that.

Texans Never Surrender

The Zanuck outfit is said to have nursed pricked fingers for quite a while after Annie Laurie sold them The Grapes of Wrath. The trade had already warned her she would never sell Steinbeck's novel—a warning which is practically a guarantee of success to Annie Laurie by now—and that if she did sell it it would never be the story Steinbeck wrote. She fixed that by knocking $5,000 off the asking price of $75,000 in return for a clause giving the author supervision over the filming, and she also asked for Nunnally Johnson to write the screen play and John Ford to direct it, and got them.

The ink on Zanuck's signature was barely dry when she was back in the Fox office. There was an unpleasant rumor, she murmured, that Zanuck never meant to produce this film which had the California farmers already embattled. It was being said that the bank that pays Zanuck's bills would never permit the money to be used for such a picture. Could such a thing be true? she asked, opening her eyes wide. No, no, a thousand times no, vowed the Fox office. The story went into production.

Throughout the filming she carried on her campaign of gentle but relentless heckling. She carried every rumor back to home base—it wouldn't be released, it would be released but not in California, and so on and on. If Mr. Zanuck ever suffered the doubts ascribed to him by gossip—and there is no sworn evidence that he did—Annie Laurie wasn't taking any chances on his succumbing to them. Texans didn't surrender the Alamo, either.

The whispers were that the picture wouldn't be a box-office success, anyway. So Annie Laurie made a little trip to the coast and found out what she wanted to know about grosses, including California. She nods with secretive complacency now when the subject of box office is mentioned.

The stone-wall-with-rambler-roses aspect of her character is one reason for her success, no doubt. But she isn't particularly conscious of that part of it, herself. It just comes naturally to a Texan. She has two rules, however, which could be as useful in selling cars and vacuum cleaners as literary creations.

Number One is: Sell only what you believe in. Number Two: Be careful how you brag about your salesmanship.

(Continued on page 45)



Mendenhall Glacier, near Juneau, Alaska, like most Alaskan glaciers is a nearly stagnant ice sheet. It is over a mile wide and 1,000 feet deep. It is a hangover from the Glacial Epoch, in which ice spread over most of the Northern Hemisphere approximately a million years ago. Its rate of recession is now about 40 feet per year. About 10,000 years ago it was a tidal glacier, emptying into Gastineau Bay, which is now 3 miles away. Growth of trees at the foot of the glacier indicates its recession, with young trees nearest the ice and older ones farther back. Mendenhall is heavily crevassed, but its surface is free of glacial debris



Uncle Sam's Icebox

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

The threatened invasion that Alaska fears most is a peaceful one. Well-meaning lawmakers want to colonize the territory with European refugees, and the Alaskans ask: "Who is going to feed them? Where are the jobs for them? Why raid the icebox?"

CHILKOOT SAM summed the whole thing up. He crumpled his copy of the Fairbanks News-Miner—it happened to contain a lengthy account of the proposed International Highway from The States to Alaska—and wadded it indignantly into a tight ball: "Highways! Farm colonies! Resettlement plans!" He stuffed the newspaper into the stove, and touched a match. "Trouble is," he grumbled, replacing the rusty stove lid with a bang, "people in The States got no more idea what Alaska's like than the back of their own neck. . . ."

It has taken the threat of a war with Japan to open our eyes to Alaska. After half a century of neglect—the late General Billy Mitchell warned that Alaska was "the Achilles' heel of American defense"—we have finally awakened to the danger that threatens this forgotten possession of ours in the Arctic, seventy miles from Russia and seven hundred from Japan. Day and night the Navy is rushing to complete new bases along the coast; the Army is constructing big airdromes and emergency landing fields in the interior; troops and planes are being sent north posthaste to augment Alaska's regular garrison of three hundred soldiers and one antique brass cannon, planted with geraniums. Today we are spending fifty million dollars to defend our most vulnerable territory, which experts say may be the springboard some day for an enemy invasion of our entire northwestern United States.

And yet, for all our sudden concern about Alaskan defense, not one American in a hundred could give a good description of the place to a policeman if he were ever lost. The popular conception of the territory, based on a hazy memory of grammar-school geographies, is of a land of perpetual ice and snow, populated by grinning Eskimos who live in geometrical igloos and hunt polar bears and walruses all night beneath the Midnight Sun. It is going on toward a century since we bought Alaska from Russia, and still the average American has only the vaguest idea of what we got for our money.

When Secretary Seward laid his $7,200,000 on the line, he acquired a vast Arctic empire some 600,000 square miles in area, one fifth the size of the whole United States. Alaska is a land so large that if it were superimposed on The States it would lap over into both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and extend from Mexico to Canada; so expansive that its coast line is actually several thousand miles longer than the coast line of the United States itself; so near that today, thanks to Pan American's new Alaska Clipper, you can dine in New York one night and in Juneau the next.

Despite the fact that almost a third of Alaska is north of the Arctic Circle, the bulk of it is very temperate. The southern panhandle enjoys a milder year-round climate than Oregon and Washington with a temperature rarely dropping to zero. Fairbanks, near the Circle, ranges in a year from summer readings of 100 degrees above, hotter than Chicago or New York, to winter temperatures as extreme as seventy degrees below. On the other hand, Alaska's northernmost settlement, Point Barrow, actually does not get as cold in winter as Butte, Montana. Incredible as it seems, the snowfall along the Arctic Ocean is not as heavy as that of Virginia.

Alaska has almost fabulous natural richness. In addition to fish and fur and timber and gold, its mineral resources include iron, oil, copper, tin, nickel, tungsten, zinc—most of the vital materials, as Tokyo is doubtless aware, to supply a nation at war. To date, the value of Alaska's exports has exceeded a billion and a quarter—a nice turnover on Mr. Seward's investment. And yet, for all its intrinsic wealth, it is still almost virgin territory; you fly from Whitehorse to Fairbanks, a distance of 560 miles, and you sight just one dwelling on the way. The entire population of Alaska, native and white, would not fill the Yale Bowl on a Saturday afternoon.

"Well," certain interests in Washington say promptly, "let's get some more people up there, quick. If Alaska can support seventy thousand, why not seventy million? Here's a territory as big as Finland and Sweden and Norway combined; it ought to have a population as big. Let's increase its residents, expand its industries, make use of its vast natural resources. Not only would public colonization of Alaska develop the country, but," they are always careful to add, "it is vital from the standpoint of defense."

You see, the word defense these days has become a sort of political armor. Just cross your fingers and holler "national emergency," and nobody will dare touch you. And so, using the convenient label of Alaskan Defense, private promoters and racial groups in Washington are taking advantage of our strained Far East relations to push forward a dozen pet schemes of their own—such projects as the King-Havenner Bill, for example, which would colonize Alaska overnight by admitting a million alien refugees from Europe, or the proposed International Highway from The States, which would throw Alaska open to all the itinerant Okies and Arkies without jobs at home.

How do Alaskans themselves feel about such plans? What do the businessmen of the territory think of those projects to develop Alaska by public colonization?

We talked with a lot of them this summer. We asked merchants in Fairbanks and Nome, traders along the Yukon and the Kuskokwim, trappers in the Kenai, commercial fishermen in Bristol Bay, storekeepers in Anchorage and Cordova and Juneau; and everywhere we heard the same answer: "The best way to develop Alaska is to let it



Matanuska Valley, above, is a good example of the difficulties of colonizing in Alaska. Founded in 1935 by the U. S. government and colonized by selected farmers, it is still far from being a success. Its produce cannot compete with that brought in by boat despite $8,000,000 in government subsidies. Of the original 146 farms only about 25 are actively operated, with many colonists working as laborers on the new Army air bases



Alaskans who know Alaska frown on colonization schemes like that of Joseph Hefter, center, former Austrian army officer shown here with some of the "tough young Jews" he is organizing in New York City as soldier-colonists

develop itself. Don't burden us with government farm colonies like Matanuska that will have no possible market for the stuff they raise. Don't mortgage our future by building an International Highway that will straddle us with a migrant population we can't possibly absorb.

"Don't unload a million aliens on us and upset our entire economic system, as well as create a fertile field for subversive activity that would threaten our very security in these troubled times. Alaska's future lies in a slow and normal growth from within. We'll develop naturally, prosperously, permanently, if they'll just give us time. Please, Mr. Ickes, leave Alaska alone."

As for defense, Chilkoot Sam was brief and to the point: "They say we ought to have as many people here as Finland and Sweden and Norway. They say it'll protect the country. Well, all I got to say," ramming another stick of wood into the stove, "look what happened to Finland and Sweden and Norway. . . ."

For, of all the popular misconceptions of Alaska, the most popular is this idea that the territory is a land of dreams come true, a paradise of milk and honey and slippered ease, an Eldorado where you can shoot moose and duck from your back porch and turn over solid-gold nuggets whenever you hoe your potatoes.

"In fact," says the Juneau Chamber of Commerce plaintively, "our most important problem in Alaska today is to find employment for some of the thousands of men and women who have been lured here from The States by just such publicity representing the territory as a land of easy wealth and ready for immediate settlement. Such publicity has been very harmful for them and for us."

Alaska Needs No Okies

The chambers of commerce in the territory, the businessmen, the residents want to develop Alaska, of course; but they know the dangers of planned colonization, the disastrous effect on the whole future of the territory should it ever become a mere public dumping ground. "We do not believe," warns the Juneau Chamber, "that any bona fide development can ever be accomplished by settlement of immigrants in advance of industry."

Already there is an unemployment problem in Alaska; there are more unskilled laborers in the territory right now than there are jobs; the situation will be worse as soon as the present air-base construction is finished.

"What will happen," Alaskans wonder, "if they build this International Highway and a whole migrant army starts arriving from The States in battered jaloppies, with mattresses tied on top and a sign on back: 'Alaska—AND Bust!' Who'll feed 'em when the cold weather sets in?"

Let's look at this much-ballyhooed highway a little closer for a moment. For some years one Donald MacDonald, a Fairbanks engineer, has constituted himself a sort of one-man lobby to boost this idea of building a 2,300-mile dirt road from The States to Alaska—five sixths of it over Canadian soil. The cost, he claims, would be only thirteen million dollars. Other and less enthusiastic Alaskan engineers disagree with this figure violently. They point out, for example, that the cost of a sin gle mile of road in the territory may ru as high as $50,000; that Mr. MacDon ald's highway would cross pretty diffi cult terrain; that trestles five miles lon might be needed to span some treacher ous glacial valleys. "The bridges alone, they told us, "would come to more tha his entire original estimate."

Recently, Washington sent forme Assistant Secretary of War Louis John son to make a tour of inspection of th proposed route; and as a result M Johnson reported to the President tha the cost of the highway would run to a least seventy-eight million dollars—si times Mr. MacDonald's figure, and ha again as much as the total current ap propriation for Alaskan defense.

Nor would the original cost alone b prohibitive. Landslides, spring freshet blizzards and ice would be perenni problems. Although the snowfall ov parts of the route is comparatively ligh drifts are so high elsewhere that th Richardson Highway (with which th proposed International Highway wou connect at Big Delta) can be kept ope only four months out of a year. Truck ing costs would be so steep that wat freight would automatically be chose Even the average tourist, contemplatin a vacation trip to Alaska, would thin twice before essaying a journey of 4,0 miles over a hazardous dirt road, wi gas running up to a dollar a gallon.

The Road Nobody Wants

Doubtless the whole project wou have died of natural causes and be dismissed long since as just another pr moter's pipe dream, had it not been f (cross your fingers) the war. Arm officials in Anchorage told us flatly th summer that such a highway from T States, open to traffic only a part of ea year but open the year round to possib sabotage, would come well down at t bottom of any list of defense requir ments. You can sink a boat witho destroying a waterway, they said, but single well-placed stick of dynam would put a mountain highway out commission for many months.

Even Canada, through which t lion's share of the highway would pa seemed curiously apathetic at the pro pect of receiving this handsome gi when we mentioned it in Ottawa th smiled and shrugged it off as a W Coast politicians' catnip mouse. T only military approval that we bea was voiced by the Air Corps, which to us that a number of much-needed em gency landing strips could be built intervals along its right of way; b they did not tell us why the same nu ber of emergency fields could not built without the highway, at a fracti of the cost.

Progressive businessmen in June have an alternate suggestion. "If mor is to be spent on Alaska roads," they urging Washington by letter and pe tion, "why not a good arterial system better highways in the interior, conne ing important settlements and milit bases not only with one another but w coastal ports?

"Why not a swap with Canada, off ing them a thirteen-mile right of w and dock site at Skagway, in excha for a right of way for ourselves from coastal port of Haines across Yuk Territory to the present Nebesna ext sion of the Richardson Highway? S a trunk line to Fairbanks, with its n work of connecting lines, would be m important to the territory than a do International Highways—and, with terminus in Alaska, we could deve our industries normally without hav our economic balance upset by a sud jobless migration from The States."

Not that Alaskans are inhospita

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"Tobacco's my bread and butter," says Connor Aycock, tobacco warehouse owner of Durham, N. C.

"I have to know good leaf – that's why I smoke Luckies!"

LUCKIES pay the price to get the better tobaccos . . . tobaccos that are worth the money because they're *milder.*

Independent tobacco experts like Connor Aycock will tell you that in buying tobacco, as in buying most things—you get what you pay for.

Before the auctions open, Lucky Strike analyzes tobacco samples—finds out just where and how much of this finer, naturally milder leaf is going up for sale—then pays the price to get it.

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With men who know tobacco best—It's Luckies 2 to 1

Kid Tinsel

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laughter frequent, her wit ready. She had them all laughing . . . all except Feets, who looked at her occasionally and shook his head as though he saw something that worried him.

Dinner ended. The men shoved back from the table and barged outside. In the twilight Pat could hear the clink of horseshoes as Eddie renewed the daily rivalry. She walked out on the veranda, unaware of Eddie's gaze as he looked after her.

He remained at the table for a while, then rose and started for the door. The veranda was empty when he reached it. The boys were having a fine time with their horseshoe-pitching. The evening was cool and pleasant. Somewhere from the back of the house came Feets' rich basso:

"Look down, look down
That lonesome road . . .
Befo' you travel on. . . ."

The mood of it seemed right. It sort of got under Eddie's skin: did things to him emotionally. His eyes quested into the distance and in the half-light of the woods he caught a glimpse of something moving. Something white moving slowly toward the river. Patricia's bravely gay little white dress.

He followed—not knowing why. The woods whispered to him and soothed him. In the gathering shadows they looked great and formidable, and Pat seemed infinitesimal. He walked faster . . . and found her standing by the river, looking down at the tranquil stream. Instinctively, he was gentle. He said, "What's the matter, kid?"

Pat dared not look at him. She dared not face his gentleness. She said, "Nothing. . . ."

"Don't give me that." Eddie was trying to snap her out of whatever was on her mind. "You've had the jitters for three days. Why?"

"Don't . . ." She choked the words back. She wanted to say, "Don't be nice to me, Eddie. I can't stand it." She forced herself to face him, compelled herself to smile. "You're crazy, Eddie," she said with simulated gaiety. "I'm not jittery. I'm not worried. I never felt better in my life. I'm happy and contented and . . ."

Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. She seemed tiny and helpless and utterly feminine at that moment. She didn't know that she swayed toward him, nor did she hear her own voice break as she said, "Oh, Eddie . . ."

In Eddie Gordon's eyes there was a light of uncertainty. Awkwardly he took one step toward her. Awkwardly he put his arms about her trembling body. And then her defenses crumbled completely. She clung to him . . . clung to him and sobbed.

"Eddie . . ." she said. "I—I need Pop so *terribly* much . . ."

For a moment he let her cry; unaware of the fact that he was holding her close against him; unaware of everything except that here was a girl who was hurt and frightened and utterly tired.

"Take it easy, kid," he counseled. "Take it easy. You're doing all right."

She pulled away a little and tried to control the quivering of her lips. "You couldn't understand, Eddie. It's being up here—alone, trying to do everything right . . . staying awake nights remembering how important it is . . . and every once in a while when things go wrong, I find myself thinking 'I'll ask Pop what to do . . .' and that's when I go to pieces."

Eddie was shaken. Here was a Pat he'd never seen before; a Pat he'd never suspected. He, too, felt all choked up inside. And so he put one big, powerful hand under her chin and compelled her to look up at him.

"Snap out of it!" he ordered in a voice which he thought was gruff. "Snap out of it, Pat." He groped for words with which to explain things. "You've got to," he pleaded. "This is the one thing in the world I'm not man enough to take."

JOE BARTON raged past the protesting secretary and shoved open the door of Max Ellison's private office. His hard young eyes bored into the kindly ones of the older man and he said sharply, "I want to talk to you."

Max ignored the metallic tone of the other's voice, and pointed with a pink finger to a chair next to the desk. "Sit down, Joe," he murmured. "Who put salt in your coffee this morning?"

Barton leaned across the desk and fired a question: "Where's Babs?"

"Don't *you* know?"

"Listen, Mr. Ellison—if I knew, would I be here asking you?" He made an angry gesture. "I've been getting the run-around for a week. Every time I call the house, they tell me she's out. Well, she ain't out all the time."

Max rubbed pudgy palms together. "It wasn't a run-around, Joe. Babs has been away."

"Where?"

"Some hotel in New Jersey called the Graymont. She's been there for a week."

"Graymont! That's right near Eddie Gordon's training camp."

"So I understand."

"Why the hell didn't somebody tell me that was there?"

"It didn't seem awful important, Joe."

"Important!" Barton said something very profane. "I'm gonna see that guy. I'm gonna talk to Babs . . ." He whirled and walked swiftly out of the room. Once on the street he called a taxi and gave the address of the garage where he kept his car. Twenty minutes later he was zigzagging through traffic, headed for the Holland Tunnel—and New Jersey. . . .

Meanwhile, at the training camp, Eddie had finished his daily grind and was seated on a bench under the trees. For ten minutes Feets Johnson hovered over him, suggesting that this was the right time for a rubdown and shower, but Eddie had sent him away so that he could devote his undivided attention to the girl at his side.



Babs was sitting very close to him. Her hand rested on his forearm, as though by accident and she said, "Every time I drift over, Eddie—the place looks prettier."

"Yeah. It's pretty enough."

Her eyes were intent. "I'm having a good time," she stated. "Even if I do look like poison ivy to some folks."

He glanced at her sharply. "What's eating on you?"

"It isn't me. I'm okay with myself. But your gal friend doesn't like me for little green apples."

"Pat?" He laughed shortly. "You're nuts."

"No, I'm not." Babs' hard, pretty little face was serious. "She thinks I'm bad for what ails you. She thinks I'm leading you down the primrose path."

"Primrose path!" Eddie was amused. "You!"

"She's been reading my mind," stat Miss Ellison. "I would if I could, y know."

"I don't know anything of the ki You talk a swell game, Babs—but think it's all breeze. If anybody mad pass at you, you'd jump over the t of that pine tree yonder."

"Try it," she invited. "I'm really a good jumper." She shook her he and smiled. "I'm asking you, Eddie am I better for you here or somewh else?"

"That's a goofy question."

"Not so screwy. We've been steppi out nights. You've been dancing at t Graymont four times in the last we That means late bedtime . . . bad little boys who want to fight. You meeting Grogan in exactly one week-

HE LOOKED at her steadily. ". right, Babs—you asked for it, a I'll hand it to you. Pat has been getti in my hair. She doesn't like you. what? I do. I take orders from l about my training. When I finish t daily grind, I'm my own boss."

"Spoken like a gent . . . or a foo Babs looked directly at him. "You're edge, Eddie. Maybe you don't know but you are."

"Everybody's on edge around he Snarling and growling—"

"You're doing your share."

"So I'm doing my share. I don't l being treated like a baby. I don't l someone watching every mouthful I e every step I take. I don't like Pat M lory telling me whether I can leave ca at night, or sitting up to see what ti I come in."

"I thought you and she were gett along pretty well."

"We did—for a while. I tried darnedest to be nice, and so did she but it didn't last."

"Why?"

"You know the answer to that one suppose she's all right in her own w and maybe I am too, but we simply do gee."

Babs said, "You're a dumb bun Eddie."

"Meaning what?"

"Nothing . . . Which brings us ba to where we came in. I have a hun that Miss Mallory is boiling inside a that the lid is going to blow off pre soon. When it does, what's my act? I scram—or stay?"

"You do whatever you prefer."

"Do you like having me around?"

"Sure I do." He smiled thinly. " a break . . . yeah, I like you around. Y aren't so bad."

She veiled her eyes so that he mi see neither the happiness nor the hur had caused. "Women aren't awfu popular with you, are they, Eddie?"

"I like 'em. When they act like males." He made a gesture of im tience. "I wish the fight was over. getting sick and tired of this gri Maybe I'm not in the best of shape. H could I be, with things eating on me l they're doing?" He took her arm a turned her so that she was looking him. "You stick where you are, Babs like having you around."

She asked, "Does that mean that y like me or that you are sore at Pat M lory?"

"Forget Pat. I don't pay any att tion to her, one way or the other. D that satisfy you?"

"It'll do," she said quietly. "U something better can be fixed up."

They looked up as a long, sleek c vertible ground to a stop just bey the entrance gate. A slim, wiry yo



A Metropolitan policyholder gets married.



There is a birth in the family of a policyholder.



A son begins to support himself.

When Circumstances Alter Cases

WHEN YOU BUY a life insurance policy, just as when you buy anything else, you want to spend your dollars in the wisest possible manner.

Metropolitan also wants you to do this. That is why agents are given continuous training in how to help you select the kind of life insurance that best fits your needs. Moreover, through the agent you have access to the counsel and advice of Home Office experts.

But the insurance program that fits your needs today may not fit your needs tomorrow. Changes in your income, or in your family obligations, make it advisable for you to review your life insurance program from time to time.

Suppose, for example, a policyholder gets married, or there is a birth in a policyholder's family. Each may call for a change of beneficiary in present policies, and perhaps the addition of new policies.

Or again, a policyholder gets an increase in salary. This may mean that he should expand his life insurance program.

Another policyholder's income may be reduced, due to unemployment, a business reversal, extended illness, or new and unexpected expenditures. In some cases, his insurance may be rearranged on a more modest basis. In other cases, it may be possible to help him keep his present insurance program by changing his premium payments to more convenient intervals.

Decreases in responsibilities sometimes suggest changes, too. Daughters marry, a beneficiary dies, a son begins to support himself, or an older policyholder decides to retire. In almost every case, it is advisable to review the manner in which the insurance money is to be paid.

These are only a few of the countless problems that develop in the families of Metropolitan's 29,000,000 policyholders.

As such problems arise, your Metropolitan agent is always ready to help you solve them, and to give you the benefit of special training and experience. In fact, Metropolitan maintains, at the Home Office, a number of departments especially equipped to assist the agent in keeping your insurance program fitted to your needs.

In just one of these departments, a group of experts is kept busy, day in and day out, considering more than 4,000 proposed changes each week in Ordinary policies alone. In another department, more than 4,200 proposals affecting Industrial policies are considered each week. Metropolitan makes more than 11,000 changes of beneficiary each week, and more than 75,000 so-called transfers, occasioned by changes of address and other causes.

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1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

So he's promised to love, honor... and throw away his flute!



1. I no sooner rented a room to this handsome young fellow than he turned out to be a flute player! About midnight he started tooting a big silver flute, and the other tenants started banging on the water pipes!

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2. He had paid in advance, so I couldn't throw him out. But after two hours of torment, the other tenants served notice that it was him or them! So I made an effort to reason with this flute addict before calling the cops.



3. "Nobody can sleep!" I pointed out. "Neither can I!" he replied. "I drank coffee at dinner! I seldom touch it—it keeps me awake! But tonight I couldn't resist—so I can't sleep. Playing the flute quiets my nerves!"



4. "Drink Sanka Coffee!" I told him. "Delicious coffee... but it's 97% caffein-free and can't keep you awake!" "You're a pretty wakin, and I like you," he replied, "but I know that any coffee will keep *me* awake!"



5. "Try Sanka!" I said. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'" "I *might* try it," he said, "for *you*."



6. We didn't hear the flute the next night. The following morning he came downstairs, crying: "It worked! I switched to Sanka and I slept fine." (P. S.—Now he's proposing to me! How you going to figure these flute players, anyway?)



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRIP IT AND SLEEP

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"... laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—*Columbia* network—see your local paper for time and station.

man leaped out and strode into the grounds and Babs said, "This is all we needed . . ."

Joe Barton strode up to them and spoke to Babs without giving so much as a nod to Eddie.

"What's the idea of giving me the brush-off?" he asked furiously.

She looked up at him with infuriating indifference. She said, "Quite a dramatic entrance, Joe."

"I've taken all I'm gonna take. You fixed it so I wouldn't know where you were. I've been burning for a week . . ."

Eddie Gordon rose and looked down on the pallid face of the smaller man. He said quietly, "Why all the excitement, Joe?"

BARTON was too angry to be cautious. He snapped. "That's none of your damned business."

Eddie shrugged. "If you want to get nasty . . ."

Babs had risen, too, and there was disgust in her voice. "Don't pay any attention, Eddie. He's a runt with a big-man complex. Let's go."

But Eddie did not move away. He said, "Joe doesn't bother me. I simply can't figure where I get in on this."

Barton looked at Babs and then at Eddie. He was silent for a moment and then said surlily, "I'm sorry I popped off, Eddie."

The young fighter smiled. "Okay, Joe. Forget it."

Barton turned his attention once more to Babs. "I suppose," he said caustically, "that you've been helping Eddie train."

"I've done my best . . ."

A figure appeared from behind a hedge and moved forward. None of the trio noticed Pat Mallory until her quiet, pleasant voice broke in on the harshness of the scene. Pat said, "Hello. What goes on?"

Babs said, "The little fellow's been putting on a mad act."

"Lay off, Babs," growled Eddie. "That sort of stuff's not going to get you anywhere."

But Pat was not listening. She had moved into the circle and was gazing intently at the cold, angry face of the newcomer.

She said, "Aren't you Joe Barton?"

Barton looked up. A red light of warning flashed in his brain. He became cold, cautious, on guard. He said, "Yes."

Eddie glanced from Pat to Joe Barton and back to Pat again. "You two know each other?"

Pat smiled and nodded. "Slightly. Mr. Barton paid me a visit in Birmingham."

Barton said carefully, "I just happened to be driving through . . ."

But now Eddie was showing interest. He was staring at Barton as though trying to piece things together in his own mind. He asked, "When were you in Birmingham, Joe?"

Barton shrugged. "Hell—I don't remember."

Pat broke in. "I do," she said. "It was the day after Pop's funeral."

"Hmmm!" Eddie was still wrestling with an idea. "Maybe *that* explains it."

"Explains what?" asked Barton.

"This funny feeling I've had that I'd seen you somewhere. Maybe it was in Birmingham."

"That's nuts." Barton dared not look straight at the other man. He felt tight and cold inside. He said, "You didn't see me in Birmingham."

But Eddie wasn't convinced. "I'm not so sure about that, Joe. Somewhere in the back of my mind is a picture of you. I can't quite groove it. . . ."

"What difference does it make?" Barton turned away and spoke to Babs: "Can you spare me a half-hour?"

She said, "It all depends on whether you try to act like a sane person."

"I will. Come along."

They walked off together, and Pat sai to Eddie, "There's something about Bar ton that I don't like."

Eddie shrugged. "Just a terrier tryin to bark like a Great Dane."

"Maybe. But his eyes . . ." She trie to smile. "I didn't know I was steppin into something. I've been wanting t speak to you for a half-hour."

"What prevented?"

"I figured it wouldn't be awfully smar to break in on your scene with Mis Ellison. When Barton showed up—tha seemed to be my entrance cue."

Eddie was instantly on the defensive "What about Babs?"

"Nothing about her. But you shoul have gone in long ago for your rubdown Cooling off out here . . . that's not s good."

"I can take care of myself."

He turned abruptly and walked t ward the entrance gate, his fighting sho scuffing up little clouds of dust with eac step.

He stood leaning against the ancie stone pillar. Barton and Babs we climbing into Joe's car. And then, for moment, Eddie forgot Pat Mallory, fo got his own edginess, forgot the figh that was just one week away.

Once again a thought—a picture—w trying to force itself into his consciou ness. He had the feeling that he'd se that car somewhere. He couldn't pla it, but somehow . . . that car . . . Joe Ba ton . . .

The car whirled off in a cloud of du Babs turned to the young man at h side.

"Funny," she commented.

"What's funny?"

"The way Eddie Gordon was stari at your car. He seemed fascinated it."

But Joe Barton did not answer. I kept his hard, gray eyes focused on t road ahead.

Joe Barton was thinking. He w thinking, "Something's got to happen that guy—and soon."

IT WAS pleasant there in the hamm under the big oak. Pat relaxed phy cally and tried to relax mentally, but h efforts were only partially successful.

The hammock swayed gently and t day itself was gentle, but Pat's thoug were not. Nor, for that matter, w they coherent. They went off at cra angles, and they'd been doing that days . . . which was why she had te phoned Cliff Halliday and why she w alert to the sound of every passing m tor.

Feets Johnson appeared from the n of the house and hovered uncertai in the vicinity of the hammock. Th was genuine affection reflected in dark face as he looked down at Pa half-closed eyes. Once or twice he sho his head, and then he spoke in a vo scarcely above a whisper. He ask "Is you wakin' or sleepin', Miss Pa cia?"

She stirred, opened her eyes smiled. "I'm wide awake—and waitin

"Yassum. Fo' which?"

"Mr. Halliday is due here any m ute."

Feets smiled with approval. "H quality folks, Miss Patricia. He s nuff is."

She sat up straight and asked question he had known she would a "How's Eddie?"

Feets hesitated. "Not so good an' so bad," he stated doubtfully. "Ise k of worried, Miss Patricia. Mistuh Ed should be in real fust-class shape that fight—an' tha's somethin' he air

She said, "That's the very thing I w to discuss with Mr. Halliday."

"Yassum. He's the good-adviser gemmun I know."

"And you?" Pat made an effort

change the subject: "You aren't lookin' so fit yourself, Feets."

"No'm. What I got is misery."

"Why?"

"Me an' Magenta has acquired too dawggone much proximity."

"Was I wrong to hire her?"

"No'm, Miss Patricia, not if you was cravin' a good cook. But as a wife . . ." Feets' woebegone expression brought a smile to her lips. "An' somewhere she's been hearin' 'bout Marvel Geech which wuks fo' Miss Barbara. Magenta has been snoopin', an' when she snoops I git ready to flee."

Pat said, "But she *is* a grand cook . . ." A car whirled in from the road. "Here's Cliff," she said. "Be seeing you later, Feets."

"Yassum." Feets waved at Cliff Halliday and ambled off, his brain filled with acute personal problems.

CLIFF took both of Pat's hands in his and smiled down at her. "Not so good," he commented.

"Who's not?"

"You. You look peaky, Miss Mallory. Definitely on the nervous-strain side. Shall we sit together in the hammock or would that be too delightfully intimate?"

"We shall sit."

It *was* intimate. He was keenly aware of her body pressing against his. He said lightly, "You sent fo' me, an' I come a-runnin'. I diagnose an acute case of things on your mind. So, in my best highfalutin vernacular. Spill it, kid."

Pat hesitated. Then she met his eyes squarely and said, "Babs Ellison."

"I might have guessed. What's she been doing?"

"I wouldn't be knowing the whole answer to that one," Pat conceded. "But whatever it is, she's been playing hob with Eddie."

Cliff laughed, but without mirth. "Not so good—with Eddie stepping fifteen rounds for the title next week."

Pat said, "I've done my best. I've tried to be tactful. But there's an element in this thing . . ."

"What sort of an element?"

She spoke swiftly: "You know the answers, Cliff. You know how a fighter is—*any* good fighter—when he's training for an important fight. When he's just right, he's nervous. He can't help it. High-strung, jumpy—hard to handle. Well, Eddie's that way. Up to a certain point it's understandable, and I was all set for it. Only he's more so. Maybe Babs has a lot to do with it and maybe she hasn't. I think Yes. But whatever the cause, Eddie's taking it out on me and making my job twice as hard. He resents everything I do, and bites my head off every time I say anything."

"I see . . . and so we come back to where we started. Babs Ellison has been getting in your hair."

"Not *my* hair," she corrected. "In Eddie's."

"You wouldn't by any chance be jealous, would you?"

"Of course not." Her cheeks flushed. "That's a silly remark."

"Yeah . . ." He was looking straight at her. "I see it is."

She turned to him defensively. Her eyes were bright—too bright—and her words came fast: "I don't care what happens after this fight. But I want Eddie to win. I'll do anything in the world to help him win. And he's going to need everything he's got. He mustn't be upset. He mustn't be worried. He mustn't be . . ."

". . . under the spell of a siren. Is that what you're driving at?"

"Yes." Some of the tension left her eyes and a brief smile appeared. "Maybe I didn't really want your advice, after all, Cliff. What I *really* wanted was your endorsement."

"A cinch." He grinned at her and struck a pose. "To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have tried Miss Patricia Mallory and found her satisfactory in every respect inclusive . . ."

Pat said, "Thanks for keeping it light, Cliff. So I will promptly change the tone. It isn't easy to diagram what Babs has been doing to Eddie. It doesn't even sound important. He goes dancing with her until one or two o'clock every morning—which wouldn't mean a thing under normal circumstances. But as matters are—it takes his edge off. Makes him nervous and irritable. He's not boxing well—and he can't see what he's doing to himself. So here's what I've decided to do unless you think it's a bad idea. I've made up my mind to bar Babs Ellison from the training camp."

Halliday said, "Wow! That's a hot one."

"You're telling me. It'll be lots of no fun, Cliff. If it's a dumb play—say so, and save me a nasty few hours."

He considered the matter and then nodded. "I'm afraid it's the only answer, Pat. Dixie Grogan is nobody's setup. So, with the blessing of Uncle Cliff, go strut your stuff. And may somebody have mercy on your soul."

"They won't." She was worried, uncertain, unhappy . . . and more than a trifle afraid. "Run on inside, Cliff. You've earned a shower."

"What'll you be doing?"

"Training for Babs. She usually shows up about this time."

"Where's Eddie?"

"Went for a swim in the river. I'll waylay her before he gets back."

Cliff rose and looked down at her. "You're splendid, Miss Mallory—"

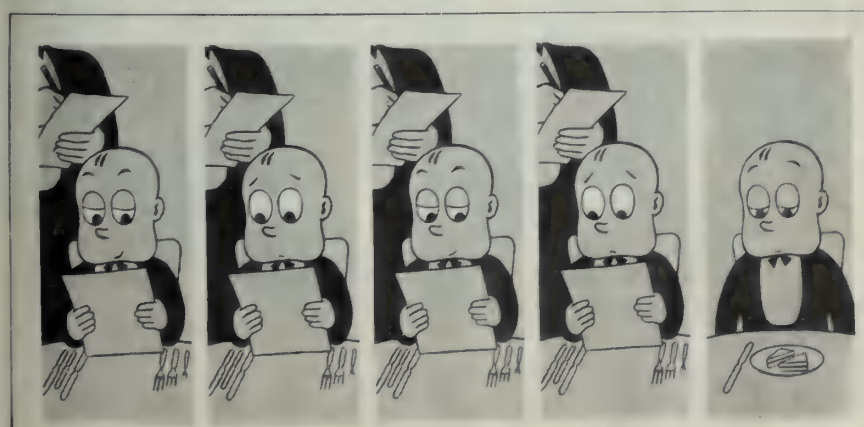
"—and mighty punch-drunk."

"I was about to offer to take this job off your hands."

"No-o." She shook her head. "It's one of those things, Cliff. All the coward in me yells for me to accept your offer. The common-sense side of Pat Mallory says No Soap."

"So that's the way it is." Cliff started toward the house. He looked back once and waved. "I'll be seein' you," he called. "With your shield or on it."

(To be continued next week)



Entree—Price

CROCKETT JOHNSON

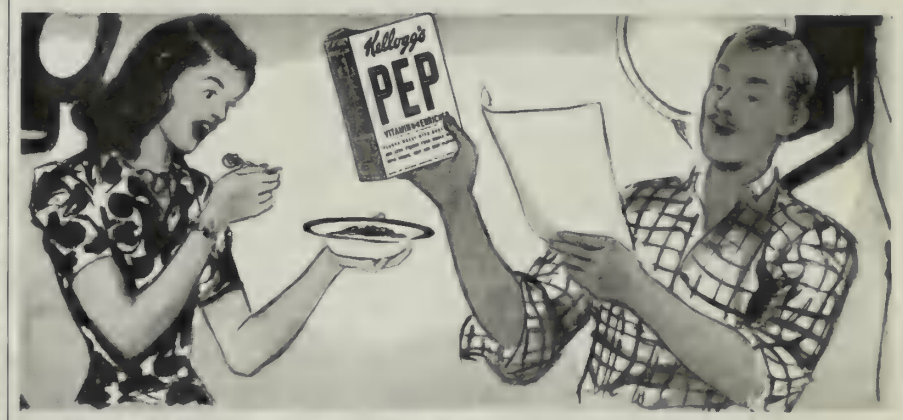
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy



The photographer: Say! You'll never do for a PEP ad. Where's that old "oomph"? You know—that *pep appeal!*



The photographer: There! There! It's nothing personal. Maybe you just haven't been *feeling* right lately. And—that reminds me. Why don't we *try* a little KELLOGG'S PEP?



The photographer: It says in the ad here: "None of us can have pep unless we get all our vitamins. And right in this crisp nut-sweet cereal—KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the *most important* vitamins, B_1 and D."

The model: *Wait a minute!* This is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted.



The model: If getting started on vitamins can be *this* much fun, just watch me become the "pep appeal" girl of 1941!

The photographer: Hold it, baby, hold it! There's a picture that will really tell America what we want to say.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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Last Race

Continued from page 11

after a while, "that you'll have to go back to the dorm early?"

"Saturday," he said. "we run. Probably for the last time. I have to beat them, beat Louis Cobett, beat them all." He realized he was standing and that his head was just the least bit light.

"You know," she said, looking at him, "what you need is applause. You need it bad. Even if only once."

John looked at her, wanting to smile, but not quite able to. "Childish, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," she said, "but some things we have to have before we can reject them. . . ."

"Don't go profound on me," he said. "I've never thought of you that way."

"You'd better get some sleep," she said. "I've heard of distance runners going punchy like fighters. I'm almost ready to believe it."

HANRAHAN worked them lightly on Wednesday, and Thursday not at all. Friday they went into Chicago.

John slept well, an unusual thing the night before a race. In the morning he felt better than ever in his life. Eating the usual breakfast steak, he refrained carefully from looking at the sports pages. A manager brought him a letter from Jane. It read:

"This is the last time to get that applause. And I'm hoping you get it today. If you like, I'll meet you after the race. JANE."

Something about the note annoyed him obscurely; set working in him the subtle ferment of irritation he had known all this week. He was old enough to know better, not to have to depend on applause for any happiness or wholeness. He was old enough for this, he realized, but he still needed the applause. This knowledge was in him, recognized but not admitted. Well, it was good of her to remind him of it. And he did want to see her after the meet; perhaps to see her for a long time afterward. . . .

A manager said Hanrahan wanted to see John.

"What for?"

"I wouldn't know. He's in his room—316."

Hanrahan was alone, pacing the floor. "What are you worried about?" John said. "You'd think you were going to do the work today." With the end so near, John could be flippant.

"Sit down." Hanrahan said. John deliberately sat in a chair with his back to the window.

"I was figuring," Hanrahan said. "Maybe we win this meet. But we got to have the mile."

"Then what are you worrying about?"

"This: You know what this Finn, this Leto, runs to win that big Coast meet. He runs 4:09.3. That's a full second better than Louis Cobett runs any time this year. And this Wishy Gordon when he wins the IC-4A in the East he runs 4:11. Hell, a 4:12 mile isn't anything any more. When I was running it was the record."

"It was pretty good when I was a boy, myself," John said.

Hanrahan didn't notice the crack. "Now, don't think for a minute," he went on, "that I don't think Louis can't beat these guys. I just want to be sure he does." Hanrahan was being very devious over something, John knew, and it was not Hanrahan's way.

"If I see any of them catching him in the stretch," John said, "I'll throw a block into them. Can't let good old Louis lose."

Finally, Hanrahan noticed. "You're in great shape, aren't you? What's bothering you?"

"Not a thing. Just on edge."

"I think I might have brought you down a little too fine," Hanrahan said. "I'm sorry, but I'm not sure you can stand a long drive starting on the backstretch—and all these guys are finishers. If I even thought you were sure of finishing in the first five, I wouldn't worry so much about Louis Cobett winning. If he even could get second and you fourth. But I don't figure that. I figure Louis has to win. You passed your edge."

"Glad to know it," John said. "Is that why you brought me to Chicago?"

"What I want you to do is this," Hanrahan said, taking a deep breath. "It'll help the school and you'll be remembered for it."

"The good old school," John said.

"What I'd like you to do is to go out this afternoon, and set a pace that'll kill Leto and Gordon off and anyone else that'll follow. Louis has never been a strong finisher. If we can kill these other birds off with a fast early pace, they'll come right back to Louis and he won't have any trouble with them in the stretch."

"Let our motto be, then: 'No trouble for Louis in the stretch,'" John said.

He saw that Hanrahan was uncomfortable. He thought of a lot of cracks he could make if he prolonged the conversation and how uncomfortable he could make Hanrahan feel. He thought, too, of how Hanrahan had gotten him a scholarship in a school where it was hard to get anyone but football players scholarships. . . .

John got up. His head felt light as it had a few days before. The anger kept coming up in him and he wouldn't let it out.

"Okay, Jiggs," he said. He was surprised at the softness in his voice. "I'll do it."

IN THE locker room beneath the concrete stands of Soldier Field, John took a long time dressing. People spoke to him as he went out but he didn't answer. He heard someone say they had an early lead and that both sprinters had qualified for the finals. That was the way Hanrahan had figured it. Hanrahan was a great coach; John had seen him figure a meet score to within a point. This thought gave him some consolation.

He warmed up on the grass along the backstretch. Between events, he swept once around the track to finish his warm-up. Moving smoothly down the homestretch, he felt good, felt the even flow of strength in his body. He could wonder briefly if Hanrahan were right about his having passed his peak. At the end of the homestretch, going into the turn again, he slowed down. Someone was calling his name. He looked up to see Jane in a box at the end of the stands with some people he didn't know. He didn't answer her wave, but turned away and went toward the dressing room. He couldn't go to her now; not now with the knowledge of what he had to do sick in him.

He lay on the slanted rubbing table and let a rubber work lightly on his calves. Then he lay on a bench, the heavy sweat clothes on him again and tried not to think. . . .

SOMEONE was calling: "First call for the mile. All starters on the track." John put on the new chamois pushers, the soft leather feeling good under the spiked shoes of kangaroo, mustard-yellow on the inside.

On the track, the great milers had begun to gather, champions or near-champions all of them. Wishy Gordon, a tall, rawboned man with a shock of red hair and the H of Harvard on his crimson jersey. Eddie Leto, a stocky blond Finn, his face homely and expressionless, his chest like a barrel. Geffing from Illinois, powerful and heavy, more like a boxer than a runner. And Louis Cobett, slender, arrogant, assured; split high and with square shoulders. Built more like a runner but lacking the powerful finish of the others.

When John looked at Cobett, he turned away. It was a small triumph and John felt better. They drew for



"'Should auld acquaintance be forgot . . .'" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

sition and John got second from the le, a lanky Texan on the pole. Leto the No. 3 position on John's right. The arter gave his instructions but no one ard him. . . . The tight ball of nerves at had been in their bellies all that y had now become unbearable. It as hard to breathe. They leaned forard. John and some of the others ouching in a sprinter's start. He had get out in front. . . .

OHN broke like a sprinter and was first at the turn. He moved easily, like animal or bird. On the backstretch, e smooth, gray track seemed to fly ckward under his reaching feet. Going to the far turn he risked a half-glance er his shoulder. He had fifteen yards the nearest runners, a bunch of three four jockeying for position as they oved into the turn.

John thought he'd maybe gone out too st and made the others suspicious. He sed off the pace a little coming into e homestretch of the first lap but he ard someone yell: "60 flat" as he assed the start. It had been a good st quarter, he thought.

They were at his heels as he turned to the backstretch. His strategy had orked in letting them come up to himlf. Once having reconciled himself doing this thing, he could lend all his ilities to it. Someone—the edge of hn's eyes thought it was Leto—came en with him, and then John piled on e pace again, not in an energy-taking sh, but smoothly, a mere lengthening the stride. He heard their breathing de as he leaned into the far turn.

That turn was the last part of the race go by without effort. Coming down e stretch of the second lap, John be- n to feel it in his lungs but his legs and ms were still fine. Someone yelled: :03" and he thought that anyhow they ould have something to remember him . Those that finished would know ey had followed one hell of a pace.

It began in the third quarter, always e tough one in a fast mile. You have consciousness that the race is nearly er, as you have on the fourth lap: nd the pain has begun. John gave em no rest. When the pace did acken, none of them knew it, not even hn. He could hear them, but none of em were coming up to challenge. The easure that gave him was a sardonic ne.

The lungs were better going into the r turn, but the pain had begun to me in his body, subtle at the joints, st a hint of it in the long muscles of g and arm.

They were coming down to the start gain for the end of the third quarter nd there was a note of agony in their eathing. None of them heard someone yell: "3:07" as John went past, least f all himself.

He had picked up the pace, whether r Louis Cobett to win, or for reasons ore obscure, he might never know. He ought one more time that he was oing to pull their corks for them, to reak their hearts. He could do it to e middle of the backstretch and then e knew he'd be finished and Louis uld have his race.

It was bad as he turned into the backtretch. There was a slaver of foam on is lower lip. His throat was raw, his ungs touched with a rhythmic fire. Curiously, the pain that was coming in is legs held off from his arms.

Whether he had slowed down purposely or not, he didn't know. But he eard, finally, the sound of feet overaking him, one man's feet, others following it. It had to be Louis Cobett, John knew. He, John, had set the perect pace for Cobett to win the race: breaking the hearts of the others so that hey couldn't sprint, letting Cobett with his long stride come up at the end, moving smoothly while the others floundered back to him.

John kept his bargain all the way. He even swung wide, so that Cobett wouldn't have to go around him to pass. . . . They were almost to the turn when the feet caught him . . . and they weren't Cobett's. It was Leto on the inside, his face a contorted mask, his form flawless, though; and Wishy Gordon was passing on the outside, his form sloppy as ever, but his great power bringing him up and along.

Now the anger in John was solid and choking. To give all that you had to give and then to have the person you gave it for fail to come through. He thought, too, a little of Hanrahan and the championship Hanrahan wanted—Hanrahan whose whole life had been given to the game . . . and somehow Leto had not passed John . . . and the three of them, Leto and John and Gordon, were coming into the far turn like a team.

Then, just before they hit the turn, Wishy Gordon broke. John heard a curse choke in the big man's throat. Leto had the pole but John couldn't drop back to save ground. He was afraid that if he eased off even a little he could never come up again.

The anger was in him and he wanted to win. He lost only a yard on the turn and then they were in the homestretch and arms, legs and lungs were a long pain. It seemed to him that his arms and not his legs pulled him up to Leto . . . but he couldn't pass the little man. Something that might have been his consciousness was slipping away from John Morgan but anger bore him on. He could hear the sound of their feet coming behind him and he sensed, because he could not see, Leto at his side.

The thing he had promised to do for Hanrahan, and the long memory of the defeats . . . made the anger a rage. He leaned forward, so that his head wouldn't come up, so that he could get all the pull of his arms. In the mist gathering at the edges of his sight he could see only the thin, white tape. That the last ten yards were a long stumble none of them knew, but as he fell, John Morgan knew only that the thinness of the tape across his chest had been taut and not slack. . . . And lying on the cinders he felt the weight of one body fall across his legs and the sound of others dropping near him.

THEY were picking him up and the tide of sound was almost tangible. They wanted to walk him, as for centuries now they had walked runners after a hard race. On rubber legs John braced himself slowly and fought them until finally they turned him toward the stand and held him up, facing the stands. And John stood there and listened to them yell. . . . It came down on him like rain, and what rain would have been to his body right then, the sound was to his spirit . . . so that he was a little frightened and could wonder, looking into a future that had once been possible, that the lack of this thing could have been so important. It had not perhaps been a good thing for that need to have become so important; but anyway the need was taken care of now. . . .

Finally, John could hear Hanrahan, near him but until now unnoticed. "If this was the way it had to be," Hanrahan was saying, "I'm glad it was you."

John nodded, not looking at Hanrahan. He would see Jiggs later and there would be some kidding. . . .

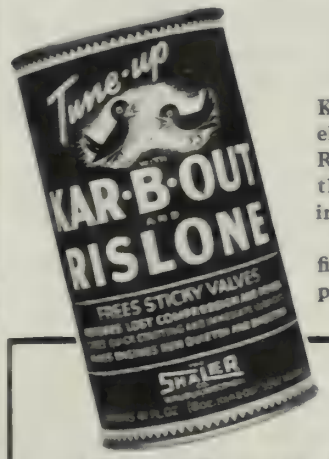
Right now, now that he could walk again, there was someone else to see. Now, in this moment. He moved free of the managers holding him and, alone and slowly, the applause still around him like a kind of glory, moved toward the end box.



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KARBOUT AND RISLONE

The Fabulous Rubio

Continued from page 14

"What about the boxes of junk?" I said.

"They're all right," he said. He was out of breath and panting hard. "They're down at the hall."

"How—?" I began, but he cut me short impatiently.

"Never mind the boxes now. Go down to the railroad station and catch Abner when he gets off the train. I don't want him to see any of the actors and talk until the tryout's over. Get going or you will miss him!"

He shoved me out into the bright sunshine and I rushed down to the depot. I was there in time when the train came in but I didn't see Abner. Men kept piling out for the convention and the broker could have slipped past me in that mob even though I hunted for him carefully. I waited on as the station grew empty and I hoped Rubio had him at the hall, but ten minutes later Rubio himself came up.

"He didn't come?"

"No!" I said. "Holy smoke!"

Rubio stood there thinking, a blank look on his face, and for the first time it occurred to me that maybe Abner hadn't meant to come at all. Maybe this had just been his way of getting rid of us. I said as much to Rubio. "No use waiting any more," I said.

"No," he said, still refusing to give up. "Let's go back to the hotel and see what's happening there."

But as we walked back through the crowds, I noticed that the old bounce had gone out of him. He was down to earth.

Two or three blocks from the hotel, he suddenly stopped.

"All right," he said. "I told my lies. I put up my wacky front. Now what? What the devil did I want to go and do all those dopey things for anyway?" He was talking to himself, not to me.

"This is a fine time to wake up," I said.

"No," he said and began to get really unhappy. "It was one thing when I was a kid but I'm not a kid any more. It's not funny or cute. It's not harmless."

"This is a fine time!" I said.

"I never stopped to think. I just—"

HE DIDN'T finish. I looked up and saw Mary standing there, her suitcase in her hand.

"What?" Rubio said, but it took one glance to see that it was all over now. She had tears in her eyes.

"You and your lies," she said. "So J. J. Abner wants you to head his bill. You have a company of your own. You're booked solid for eighteen weeks, six months, a year!" She paused. "Abner took an earlier train," she said. She blurted it all out now. "It didn't work out the way you thought, you see. He didn't find you at the hall, so he came up to the hotel to look for you. He told us everything. He's wiring a Philadelphia combination to come down tonight. He told everybody to go home!"

Rubio's skinny body seemed to droop. He didn't speak. Far off, I heard the sirens of fire engines and I wondered for a moment what the convention boys had done now.

"I ought to go back to the hotel," Rubio said dully. "You were right in everything you ever said about me, Mary. I ought to go back and take what's coming to me—"

"You go back there," she broke in, "and you'll get killed. I'd have been gone long ago but I wanted to find you and warn you. Don't try to put on another act with them. You won't fool them this time."

"No, no," he said. He was miserable. "It's no act now. I'm not acting any more . . ."

He stopped. The smell of smoke had become thick. Men were rushing past us and when we looked up the street, we saw it was the Hotel Martinack that was on fire. Rubio shook himself wide awake. His eyes opened big. He was alert, quick, bubbling all over again.

"I've got to get up there!" he cried and he started running even as he spoke. "Mary, I've got to!"

Helplessly, she watched him go, unwilling to let herself be taken in by him again. "He's faking again," she said. "I know him. It's just another act."

"Sure," I said, "but there's no telling what he'll do." Somebody had to look after him and when I started up the street, Mary, of course, was alongside of me.

AT THE hotel the sidewalks were packed with people watching the fire. We went around looking for Rubio until we heard him arguing fiercely with the cop in the center of the line. It was right in front of the hotel entrance and that idiot was trying to go in. Frisbee was there too. The cop held Rubio off with one hand and at the same time had to struggle with the hotel man. Frisbee was crying about Henriette. Tears rolled down his cheeks. The dog was trapped inside the building and was going to be burned to death.

"That's just it," Rubio begged the cop. "See, I can get the dog out—"

"Get out!" the policeman shouted. "You're out of your head. That dog's locked up in the cellar, and Frisbee couldn't find the key."

"But I can open that lock! I can do it. I'm the only one who can get inside that door!"

I felt like bawling as I heard him. It was the old Rubio, full of himself, eager and sure, willing to try anything just to make a sensation.

"You fool!" Mary yelled.

He had torn away from her and dodged past the cop and now he went running for the hotel entrance. "Wait," Mary wept. "This is no stage lock. It's a real door, not a prop. You're not a magician now!" The crowd let out a heavy roar when they saw him go up the lawn by himself, his black cape flying out behind him. Two firemen came racing to cut him off, but he sprinted and reached the door ahead of them. He plunged inside and the crowd grew hushed.

"Oh, the poor little nut," the cop near us said. He spoke in a whisper. He couldn't understand it. "There's smoke in there to poison him. He'll be a goner before he works on that lock five minutes."

Mary was crying brokenheartedly. That had always been the trouble with Rubio. He told lies but no matter how wild or ridiculous they were, both of us knew he had always been the first to believe them. When he went into the building, we knew he actually believed that he could open the door, hopeless as it seemed.

I kept staring at the hotel entrance as though that might be enough to pull him out. And then a sharp, shrill cry went up. It was unbelievable. We saw Henriette come bouncing through the smoke and flames, looking almost indignant as she trotted across the lawn into Frisbee's arms. A few moments later Rubio himself came out, choking and blinded, and everybody was too excited to do anything but yell his head off.

I couldn't figure it out, but Mary didn't stop to wonder about it. As she saw men beginning to cluster around Rubio, a cold wave of rage seemed to go through her.

"I don't care what he did or how he did it," she said grimly. "All I know is that he pulled another one of his stunts and managed to get away with it. I'm through with him forever."

"Now, wait a while," I said, but even as Rubio tried to get away from the crowd to her, she turned and hurried down the street again.

I pried Rubio loose, and we reached the bus station just as she was ready to buy her ticket for New York.

"Oh, go away from me," she cried. "You're no marvel to me. You're no brave hero. You're just a faker, a liar and you'll never change."

"No, Mary, believe me," he began but she wouldn't listen to him.

"You'll say anything. You'll do anything. There's something in you that's always pushing you on. You'll ever run into a burning building and risk your life just to give them something to talk about . . ."

"No, I didn't do it for that." He forced her to listen. "You're right. I've told lies. I was crazy. But this was no fake. This was real."

He told her about the chests of prop down in the cellar, and I began to understand then how he had worked the lock.

"I went down early this morning to get the stuff out," he said. "Frisbee was too upset to know what was happening, but that dog went after me and kept following me from the minute I swiped the keys off the desk. I had a cab driver all ready and waiting at the service entrance in the back, and the only way I could get those boxes to him was to lock the dog up in the storeroom. I still had the key. Mary, I had to go back into the hotel and get her out. It's about the only decent, honest thing I've done in months. I—"

HE HAD to stop. J. J. Abner had finally come up, wheezing hard, and was pulling on his sleeve.

"All right," Rubio said. "I'll go with you. I'll face them. You can do anything you want with me."

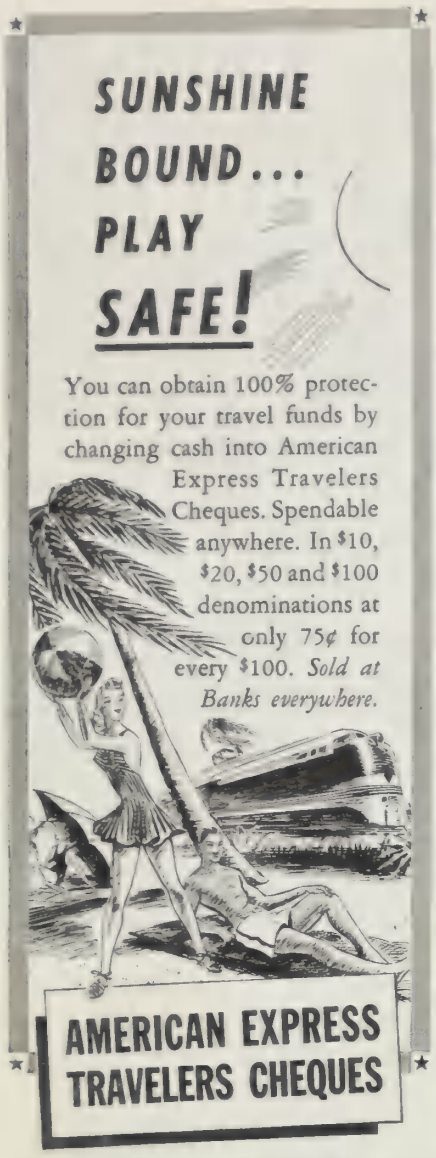
"Do?" the broker gasped. "I'll do everything in the book for you. I'll sew you out for a half year's solid booking. They'll all want you—every theater, night spot, club and hotel . . .". Rubio looked at him while he struggled to get his breath. "Everybody in town's talking about you. It's going out on the A. P. wire. You'll be plastered on the front page!"

"What?" Rubio said. "Hey, listen, what is this?"

"Just think of it!" Abner cried, carried away by the wonder of it. "It's a physical impossibility and yet hundreds of real people witnessed it. A real magician, a genuine escape artist, a guy who runs into a burning building, gets through a bona fide door with a bona fide lock on it and saves a dog—man, what a sensation!"

Rubio looked dazed. His eyes were wide and blank. He couldn't believe this was happening to him. I think it was the first time in his life he had trouble believing anything about himself, but when he looked at Mary and saw her happy smile, his own dark putty face creased into a broad, joyful grin. It was true. I was smiling too. The only one of us who wasn't was J. J. Abner. He looked helpless.

"Confidentially," the broker said, "between you and me, Rubio, did you really do it? Can you actually get through locked doors?"





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Music with a Message

Continued from page 26

lof," he said reprovingly, "you oughtta
l proud a little lady like Lovey thought
ough of you to get tossed in the can
th us. You never heard of Lovey La
arr being arrested for anybody else,
d you?"

"What's that got to do with it?" Prof
manded bitterly. "Just when—"

"Pipe down," said the turnkey.

They had halted before the last tank.
e dimmed lights revealed a number
shadowy figures already occupying
e cell. "Just some Communists," the
ler said cheerfully. "They were stag-
g demonstrations all over town to-
ght. Hope you don't catch any lice,
ys."

The door slammed behind them. The
ures in the cell stirred and one of
em, a slender, tousle-haired party,
ddenly stepped forward, peering at
lof. Then he seized his hand and
ung it with violent enthusiasm. "So
ey got you, too!" he cried. "Welcome,
mrade!"

Prof stared at him. Then, slowly
rdling inside, he saw that it was that
minent thinker, Igor, who was wringing
hand. Other comrades were pressing
around him, warmly congratulating
n on his martyrdom for the cause.
ere were three members of his new
on combo and most of the others were
ominent in the Musicians Cultural
ague. All of them were among Vera's
arest friends and master thinkers.

Mr. Bennett's colleagues had also
cognized their cellmates. "So?"
osty began indignantly and then Fats
g a warning thumb in his ribs. He had
ticed the mist that was creeping over
lof's glasses.

"Listen, Igor," Prof said coldly, "I
nt you to understand—"

Igor was still pumping his hand.
"Nothing will please Vera more!" he
bbled. "There were times when she
rried whether you would make the
rifices the party requires. Congratu-
lions, Comrade!"

Prof was suddenly numb from the
s down. This was the final blow. On
wedding eve he was not only jailed
t had to learn that his betrothed was
other of the revolt-and-rule trade.
ra, whom he had so often told exactly
at he thought of the Reds. . . .

A pale youth was saying eagerly,
"What demonstration were you in? We
re passing out our pamphlets when
me rowdies came along and—"

By then Mr. Bennett was slowly com-
g out of the fog. "It seems I have
ade a slight mistake here and there,"
said. "I think I had better make a few
ngs clear to these parties."

"Let me!" Frosty Moore said eagerly.
Bistling, he turned on the assembled
mrades. "*We*," he announced, "got
ched for having a little jam session
th a lady dancer. Don't count us in
that Moscow stuff!"

"That's right!" said Prof, his glasses
mpletely steamed up. "You and that
pony uplift stuff!" His voice was rising
w. "And, comes the revolution, Igor,
let you in on a secret: I want you
mine!"

Igor recoiled. "Reactionary!" he
issed.

"Vulgarians!" said the pale youth.
"ories!"

THERE was a capacity house when the
defendants appeared for their hearing
the morning. Outsized matrons whose
petites had been whetted by the news-
per accounts struggled for seats with
val jitterbugs who were there to see
at justice was done. Only Miss Vera
ock was conspicuously absent. She had coldly informed the press that the wedding would take place as soon as Prof was released on bail.

Lovey was already before the bar when her codefendants were led into court. When Prof had caught onto the lyrics the night before, she had known, once and for all, that she had dropped the decision. But even in defeat her profile was as haughty as ever.

She gave Mr. Bennett one cold look and then her face whitened. Prof's hand was bandaged and there was a cut on his nose. All the boys were taped here and there and Mr. Frosty Moore was peeping at His Honor through a magnificent shiner.

The judge, a large, white-haired man, held a whispered consultation with the bailiff as the charges were read off. His face was so grim that the most optimistic buffs were convinced that their idols would be very fortunate to get off with anything less than ninety days.

"Why, this is outrageous!" said His Honor. "I have never heard of such things taking place in Cook County!"

The boys glanced helplessly at Prof, whom they had agreed upon as their legal mind. Mr. Bennett was no help whatsoever. He had passed a very bad night and this morning could think of nothing but Lovey. Too late had he found out she was right all around. Now there was nothing they could do but go to jail together.

"Speak up, Prof!" Frosty implored. "Don't just stand there!"

It was evident, however, that the judge was not yet finished. He had, it seemed, just been informed of certain incidents that had transpired in their cell last night. There were no words to express his horror, his shock. The boys grew more and more upset, visualizing themselves giving out in striped uniforms.

THE judge's bushy brows were contracted. "To learn," he thundered, "that you poor boys were set upon by Communists is not only outrageous but terrifying!" The poor boys stared at one another and the judge prompted them gruffly: "You *were* set upon, weren't you? Outnumbered and attacked from all sides?"

Lovey's eyes widened at this startling information and, for that matter, so did the defendants'. There was a murmur in the court, and the bailiff rapped sharply for order. Only Prof was equal to the emergency.

"That's right, Your Honor," he said. "They sprang at us from behind."

The judge shook his head. "Just as I surmised," he said darkly. He was looking at Mr. Harrison's taped forehead. "What did they do to you?"

Fats was no fool. "Me?" he said. "I was lying on the floor when one of them kicked me. When I rolled over, he kicked me again. Hard."

"To have this happen to American citizens is horrifying!" said the judge. "I cannot believe—"

Mr. Frosty Moore sought to reassure him. "It's all right, Your Honor," he said. "They had to take *them* to the receiving hospital!"

The judge coughed hurriedly, ignoring Mr. Moore's contribution. He was there, he said, only to see that justice was rendered. That was the sole purpose of the courts.

The young lady standing before him, he said, had already been punished by some most unfortunate publicity.

He looked down into their eager faces. "I have little choice left to me," he said gravely. "Under the circumstances, I feel that all of you have already suffered enough. I have no alternative but to dismiss the charges!"

There was a wild burst of applause. Impromptu rug-cutting immediately broke out in the aisles.

The law was still striving to cope with it as the joyous defendants clustered around Prof and Lovey. She was staring at him.

"Communists?" she said faintly. "Communists, Prof?"

"We met up with some of Vera's chums from the uplift circles," he said gravely. There was a look in his eyes that hurriedly brought the color to her face. "And—and, Lovey, I found out I was wrong in more ways than one. I was thinking that after I got my old band back together I could use a bubble dancer in the act."

Her lip quivered. "It's too late now, Prof," she said brokenly. "After all this publicity I could never face a public again. I—I'm going to retire."

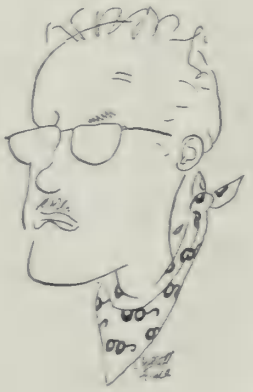
Mr. Bennett showed then that a deep thinker is always quick on the uptake. He stared at her, suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her, then turned and sped up the aisle. Frosty Moore stared after him.

"Where's he going?" he demanded.

"Offhand," said Mr. Fats Harrison, "I would say he is about to call a certain lady cello and tell her that she would do well to find herself a new bridegroom. It seems he has other plans."

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 20



When he was a year old Garrett Price and family left Kansas City, Kansas, to travel between western trading posts where Dr. Price doctored mangled cowboys until Garrett was old enough to attend the University of Wyoming. After two years of college our subject headed for Chicago, attended the Art Institute, worked on the Tribune and eventually reached New York where he now turns out cartoons (see page 40) and advertising illustrations. His sketching trips to Alaska, Europe and Mexico have been extremely unenjoyable, he says, but he likes to talk about them. Headquarters: Mystic, Conn.



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Uncle Sam's Icebox

Continued from page 30

Their vigorous opposition to bringing an army of indigents into the territory, whether European refugees or homeless wanderers from our own stricken dust bowls, is not because they fail to sympathize with these unfortunates; it is because they know it would be safer and cheaper, as well as kinder to the refugees themselves, to care for them in a less severe and exacting country.

For Alaska is tough; you have to be tough to make the grade up there. The average Alaskan you meet is an individual, self-sufficient, independent, proud; he made it the hard way and he made it without help. He is one out of a thousand who tried to stick it out—the final color remaining at the bottom of the pan after the dirt is washed away. No wonder that he looks askance at governmental economic planning, at subsidized farm colonies like the painful experiment at Matanuska. No wonder that he shudders at the current suggestion of wasting more millions in a similar effort to colonize the Kenai Peninsula and the whole Tanana Valley.

You have heard of these Matanuska colonists, of course. Five years ago, you remember, they set forth to settle in America's last frontier, amid bands playing "Oh, Susannah" and overwrought references in the daily press to covered wagons and the pioneer spirit of our forefathers. Well, today these same hardy pioneers are into an indulgent government for some eight million dollars, of which Uncle Sam can hope to get back perhaps twenty per cent if he's lucky. Last spring the colony borrowed another $300,000 from the Farm Security Administration on a three-year loan at three per cent; already they have spent over two thirds of this latest handout, and since three per cent means $9,000 a year, and in its best year—1938—the colony yielded only $8,000, the prospect of collecting even the interest seems a little dim. And the prospect of a successful farm colony in Alaska seems even dimmer.

Matanuska Can't Make It

Out of the hundred and forty-six farms in the Valley, we found, only about twenty-five were in active operation; all the rest of the farmers had gone into town to get jobs on the new air base. Those that remained were disillusioned and dispirited. Lack of any market in Alaska, they said, was ruinous.

The Alaska railroad's high freight rates didn't help much, either. Good soil in the Valley was spotty and subject to rapid erosion, and the growing season was so short that last fall they harvested their grain in two feet of snow. "Potatoes freeze before they can mature," one farmer told us, "and get watery. Corn doesn't grow an average of more'n two feet tall. Cutworms and root borers spoil our root crops."

Furthermore, despite the government subsidy, Matanuska cannot yet meet the landed prices of produce shipped fifteen hundred miles from The States. This summer in Anchorage, fifty miles from Matanuska, Seattle potatoes were selling for three and one fourth cents a pound as against four cents for Valley potatoes, Seattle peas for seven as against eight cents, Seattle eggs for thirty-five as against forty cents. Even the Army, the colony's best hope for a customer, was growing disgusted. "Either the colony meets existing competition," said Army officials sternly, "or we will have to conclude that it is a total failure."

Most devastating of all, the experimental station men the Department of Agriculture has maintained at Matanuska for five years told us that in their opinion the future of the colony did not lie in farming at all. "The best hope for Matanuska," they said, "would be its development as a dairy community."

But of all the screwball schemes which are being foisted on Alaska under the smoke screen of defense, the one that Alaskans dread and detest most is the proposed large-scale colonization of the territory by European refugees. Fantastic as it sounds, the idea nevertheless has gained considerable foothold in The States; and powerful racial groups are seeking to rescind our immigration laws and allow European aliens to reside in Alaska for five years—after which time, it is assumed, it would be too late to do anything about it.

Private capital is being raised to transplant these aliens to Alaska, should the King-Havenner Bill become a law, and private citizens are volunteering to finance a so-called "Alaska Development Corporation" to pick out jobs for them—inevitably in competition with the residents of the territory.

Chilkoot Sam shakes his head glumly. "After the gov'ment gets through bringing them European refugees up here," he says, "they'll have to solve the problem of taking care of all us refugee Americans that will be driven out."

For the moment, of course, the plan is being urged as a military necessity. Its sponsors claim that an unpopulated country is more liable to capture by an enemy (evidently ignoring the evidence to the contrary in Europe today), and a subsidiary organization, calling itself "The Great West Colonization Company," has actually started enlisting "tough young Jews" (we quote from its prospectus) to form an American Jewish border regiment to protect Alaska.

One Joseph Hefter, a former Austrian army officer who is acting head of this organization, has gone so far as to publish a blue-bound brochure illustrated with pictures of these tough young Jewish boys and girls, dressed in khaki riding pants with red bandannas around their necks, looking for all the world like Sunday-afternoon hikers along the Palisades. He has even started drilling them each night in his apartment on West 46th Street, New York, to get them ready for the Kenai. This winter, he says, he is going to take them up to suburban Livingston Manor to practice maneuvers in the snow.

Unsavory Restrictions

It is the "alien" part of the King-Havenner Bill that burns Alaskans most. Not that they oppose any settlement of aliens in Alaska merely because they are aliens. What they resent is the creation in Alaska of a class restricted to residence in the territory, their occupations prescribed by law, their residence in The States forbidden. Alaskans feel rightly that such discrimination would set the territory off from the rest of the United States, and thus work irreparable harm.



"Beaver Fork went Democratic 9 to 7. I guess it's in the bag"

GARRETT PRICE

As for its value to territorial defense, American Legionnaires in Alaska grow purple and inarticulate at the very thought of populating our most vulnerable frontier with an army of European aliens, impossible to keep in check and almost certain to include agitators and Communist sympathizers, a potential fifth column that would be a grave peril in the event of war in the Pacific.

"It is in the guise of refugees," says Colonel John Taylor of the American Legion, "that secret agents of the dictators have been sent into England, France, the Scandinavian countries and the Balkans. In view of world conditions, it would seem of the utmost strategic importance to our national defense that all aliens should be kept out of Alaska at the present time."

But the businessmen in the territory have the one irrefutable argument. What would the aliens do if they got to Alaska? they ask. What industries would be able to support them? How could they make a living?

Farming, for example? Alaskans point to the failure of Matanuska as expe sive proof that Alaska as a whole is n an agricultural country. "We know no single instance," says the Chamb of Commerce in Juneau, "where a man has ever been able to make a livi from farming in the extensive coas region which contains most of the pr ent population."

Fishing, then? Already Alaska fish has had to be drastically curtailed order to conserve the diminishing s mon run; only a third of the canner were operating this season in Bris Bay. Territorial Tax Collector Gre states that twenty per cent too ma people are trying to make a living fr fisheries in Alaska today.

Trapping? Already it has been nec sary to prohibit trapping of certain sp cies in southeastern Alaska, in order give the dwindling fur bearers a cha to recover. The Kenai is likewise c tailed for an extended period. Sta the Alaska Game Commission: "Pres regulations require that newcom must reside in the territory three ye before they can buy a resident trapp license." Generally speaking, Alask fur catch has remained at the two-m lion-dollar mark for twenty years.

Fur farming? Even in the Arctic, farms are losing money today; here in The States, it has never shown a r profit at any time. Charles Goldste leading Juneau fur dealer and a resid of Alaska for fifty-five years, says: this country, the inexperienced farmer hasn't got a chance."

It's Just Mistaken Kindness

Timber? Perhaps some day an ext sive papermaking industry may be tablished in the coastal regions; that day is still far off. Says Fra Heintzelman, chief of the Forestry Se ice in Alaska: "Our forests, prima valuable for pulp and paper, are so from any big markets that their ope tion would require enormous inve ments, far too great to be financed individual groups interested in refu projects."

Reindeer? Efforts to raise these co mercially have proven costly failu

Mining? Here, if anywhere, exp sion and growth may be expected time; but at present the great need is experienced prospectors, trained en neers, geologists—not the unskilled bor of the average refugee. No lon is there a chance for the individual pr pector to "strike it rich"; mining Alaska today is on a big scale, involv an outlay of millions of dollars.

"The whole refugee plan," conclu Ex-Governor John Troy, one of the m widely respected and beloved men the territory, "is an example of mista kindness, and if attempted it would the worst possible thing for the re gees themselves. Inevitably it wo work untold hardships not only on th but also on the residents of the te tory, who would be forced to sacri in order to take care of these suffe aliens dumped on them over their t tests. Living in Alaska is not chi play, even today. A man must be pe iarly adapted to this kind of life order to make good up here. The sp sors of this plan are letting their he run away with their heads."

Alaska has been called Uncle Sa Icebox. It is rich in resources for the ture. Keep it rich, Alaskans plead. velop it gradually. Don't exploit it artificial colonization. Don't ruin overnight, on a pretext of National fense. Don't raid the Icebox.

Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 17

ownstairs?" Hercule Poirot asked.

"Oh! between ten and eleven—usually nearer eleven."

Poirot went on: "If she were to escend at ten o'clock exactly, that ould be rather surprising?"

"Yes. She wasn't often down as early s that."

"But she was this morning. Why do ou think that was, Captain Marshall?"

Marshall said unemotionally, Haven't the least idea. Might have een the weather—extra-fine day and ll that."

"You missed her?"

Kenneth Marshall shifted a little in is chair. He said, "Looked in on her gain after breakfast. Room was empty. was a bit surprised."

"And then you came down on the each and asked me if I had seen her?"

"Er—yes." He added with a faint mphasis in his voice: "And you said ou hadn't. . . ."

The innocent eyes of Hercule Poirot id not falter. Gently, he caressed his arge and flamboyant mustache.

Weston asked, "Had you any special eason for wanting to find your wife this norning?"

MARSHALL shifted his glance amiably to the chief constable. "No, just ondered where she was, that's all," he eplied.

Weston paused. He moved his chair lightly. His voice fell into a different ey:

"Just now, Captain Marshall, you nentioned that your wife had a previus acquaintance with Mr. Patrick Redern. How well did your wife know Mr. Redfern?"

"Mind if I smoke?" Kenneth Marshall sked. He felt through his pockets. Dash! I've mislaid my pipe somehere."

Poirot offered him a cigarette which e accepted. "You were asking about Redfern. My wife told me she had come across him at some cocktail party or ther."

"He was, then, just a casual acquaintnce?"

"I believe so."

"Since then—" the chief constable aused. "I understand that that cquaintanceship had ripened into omething rather closer."

Marshall said sharply, "You understand that, do you? Who told you so?"

"It is the common gossip of the hoel."

For a moment Marshall's eyes went o Hercule Poirot. They dwelt on him vith a kind of cold anger.

"Hotel gossip is usually a tissue of ies!"

"Possibly. But I gather that Mr. Redern and your wife gave some grounds or the gossip."

"What grounds?"

"They were constantly in each other's ompany."

"Is that all?"

"You do not deny that that was so?"

"May have been. I really didn't noice."

"You did not—excuse me, Captain Marshall—object to your wife's friendhip with Mr. Redfern?"

"I wasn't in the habit of criticizing my wife's conduct."

"You did not protest or object in any vay?"

"Certainly not."

"Not even though it was becoming a ubject of scandal and an estrangement vas growing up between Mr. Redfern nd his wife?"

Kenneth Marshall said, "I mind my own business and I expect other people to mind theirs. I don't listen to gossip and tittle-tattle."

"You won't deny that Mr. Redfern admired your wife?"

"He probably did. Most men did. She was a very beautiful woman."

"But you yourself were persuaded that there was nothing serious in the affair?"

"I never thought about it, I tell you."

"And suppose we have a witness who can testify that they were on terms of the greatest intimacy?"

Again those blue eyes went to Hercule Poirot. Again an expression of dislike showed on that usually impassive face.

"If you want to listen to these tales, listen to 'em," Marshall said. "My wife's dead and can't defend herself."

"You mean that you, personally, don't believe them?"

For the first time a faint dew of sweat was observable on Marshall's brow. He said, "I don't propose to believe anything of the kind." He went on: "Aren't you getting a good way from the essentials of this business? What I believe or don't believe is surely not relevant to the plain fact of murder."

Hercule Poirot answered before either of the others could speak:

"You do not comprehend, Captain Marshall. There is no such thing as a plain fact of murder. Murder springs, nine times out of ten, out of the character and circumstances of the murdered person. *Because* the victim was the kind of person he or she was, *therefore* was he or she murdered! Until we can understand fully and completely *exactly what kind of a person Arlena Marshall was,* we shall not be able to see clearly exactly *the kind of person who murdered her.* From that springs the necessity of our questions."

Marshall turned to the chief constable: "That your view, too?"

Weston boggled a little: "Well, up to a point—that is to say—"

Marshall gave a short laugh. "Thought you wouldn't agree. This character stuff is M. Poirot's specialty, I believe."

Poirot said, smiling, "You can at least congratulate yourself on having done nothing to assist me!"

"What do you mean?"

"What have you told us about your wife? Exactly nothing at all. You have told us only what everyone could see for themselves. That she was beautiful and admired. Nothing more."

Kenneth Marshall shrugged his shoulders. He said, simply, "You're crazy."

He looked toward the chief constable and said with emphasis:



"Anything else, sir, that *you'd* like me to tell you?"

"Yes, Captain Marshall, your own movements this morning, please."

Kenneth Marshall nodded. He had clearly expected this. "I breakfasted downstairs about nine o'clock as usual and read the paper. As I told you I went up to my wife's room afterward and found she had gone out. I came down to the beach, saw M. Poirot and asked if he had seen her. Then I had a quick bathe and went up to the hotel again. It was then, let me see, about twenty to eleven—yes, just about that. I saw the clock in the lounge. It was just after twenty minutes to. I went up to my room, but the chambermaid hadn't quite finished it. I asked her to finish as quickly as she could. I had some letters to type which I wanted to get off by the post. I went downstairs again and had a word or two with Henry in the bar. I went up again to my room at ten minutes to eleven. There I typed my letters. I typed until ten minutes to twelve. I then changed into tennis kit as I had a date to play tennis at twelve. We'd booked the court the day before."

"Who was we?"

"Mrs. Redfern, Miss Darnley, Mr. Gardener and myself. I came down at twelve o'clock and went up to the court. Miss Darnley was there and Mr. Gardener. Mrs. Redfern arrived a few minutes later. We played tennis for an hour. Just as we came into the hotel afterward I—I—got the news."

"Thank you, Captain Marshall. Just as a matter of form, is there anyone who can corroborate the fact that you were typing in your room between—er—ten minutes to eleven and ten minutes to twelve?"

MARSHALL said, with a faint smile, "Have you got some idea that I killed my own wife? Let me see now. The chambermaid was about doing the rooms. She must have heard the typewriter going. And then there are the letters themselves. With all this upset I haven't posted them. I should imagine they are as good evidence as anything."

He took three letters from his pocket. They were addressed, but not stamped.

"Their contents, by the way, are strictly confidential. But when it's a case of murder, one is forced to trust in the discretion of the police. They contain lists of figures and various financial statements. I think you will find that if you put one of your men on to type them out, he won't do it in much under an hour."

He paused. "Satisfied, I hope?"

Weston said smoothly, "It is no question of suspicion. Everyone on the island will be asked to account for his or her movements between a quarter to eleven and twenty minutes to twelve this morning."

"Quite."

"One more thing, Captain Marshall. Do you know anything about the way your wife was likely to have disposed of any property she had?"

"You mean ■ will? I don't think she ever made a will."

"But you are not sure?"

"Her solicitors are Barkett, Markett & Applegood, Bedford Square. They saw to all her contracts, etc. But I'm fairly certain she never made a will. She said once that doing a thing like that would give her the shivers."

"In that case, if she has died intestate, you, as her husband, succeed to her property."

"Yes, I suppose I do."

"Had she any near relatives?"



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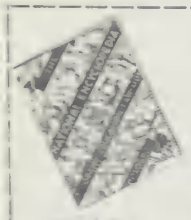
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"I don't think so. If she had, she never mentioned them. I know that her father and mother died when she was a child and she had no brothers or sisters."

"In any case, I suppose, she had nothing very much to leave?"

"On the contrary. Only two years ago, Sir Robert Erskine, who was an old friend of hers, died and left her a good deal of his fortune. It amounted, I think, to about fifty thousand pounds."

Inspector Colgate looked up. An alertness came into his glance. Up to now he had been silent. Now he asked, "Then actually, Captain Marshall, your wife was a rich woman?"

Kenneth Marshall shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose she was really."

"And you still say she did not make a will?"

"You can ask her solicitors. But I'm pretty certain she didn't. As I tell you, she thought it unlucky."

There was a pause, then Marshall asked, "Is there anything further?"

WESTON shook his head. "Don't think so—eh, Colgate? No. Once more, Captain Marshall, let me offer you all my sympathy in your loss."

Marshall blinked. He said jerkily, "Oh—thanks."

He went out.

The three men looked at one another.

"Cool customer," Weston said. "Not giving anything away, is he? What do you make of him, Colgate?"

The inspector shook his head: "It's difficult to tell. He's not the kind that shows anything. That sort makes a bad impression in the witness box, and yet it's a bit unfair on them really. Sometimes they're as cut up as anything and yet can't show it. That kind of manner made the jury bring in a verdict of guilty against Wallace. It wasn't the evidence. They just couldn't believe that a man could lose his wife and talk and act so coolly about it."

Weston turned to Poirot: "What do you think, Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot raised his hands.

"What can one say? He is the closed box—the fastened oyster. He has chosen his role. He has heard nothing, he has seen nothing, he knows nothing!"

"We've got a choice of motives," said Colgate. "There's jealousy and there's the money motive. Of course, in a way, a husband's the obvious suspect. One naturally thinks of him first. If he knew his missus was carrying on with the other chap—"

Poirot interrupted:

"I think he knew that."

"Why do you say so?"

"Listen, my friend. Last night I had been talking with Mrs. Redfern on Sunny Ledge. I came down from there to the hotel and on my way I saw those two together—Mrs. Marshall and Patrick Redfern. And a moment or two after, I met Captain Marshall. His face was very stiff. It says nothing—but nothing at all! It is almost *too* blank, if you understand me. Oh! he knew all right."

Colgate grunted doubtfully. "Oh well, if you think so—"

"I am sure of it! But even then, what does that tell us? What did Kenneth Marshall *feel* about his wife?"

"Takes her death coolly enough," Colonel Weston said.

Poirot shook his head in a dissatisfied manner.

Inspector Colgate said, "Sometimes these quiet ones are the most violent underneath, so to speak. It's all bottled up. He may have been madly fond of her—and madly jealous. But he's not the kind to show it."

"That is possible—yes. He is a very interesting character this Captain Marshall. I interest myself in him greatly. And in his *alibi*."

"Alibi by typewriter," said Weston with a short bark of a laugh. "What have you got to say about that, Colgate?"

Inspector Colgate screwed up his eyes. "Well, you know, sir, I rather fancy that alibi. It's not too good, if you know what I mean. It's—well, it's *natural*. And if we find the chambermaid was about, and did hear the typewriter going, well, then, it seems to me that it's all right and that we'll have to look elsewhere."

"H'm," said Colonel Weston. "Where are you going to look?"

FOR a minute or two the three men pondered the question. Inspector Colgate spoke first: "It boils down to this—was it an outsider, or a guest at the hotel? I'm not eliminating the servants entirely, mind, but I don't expect for a minute that we'll find any of them had a hand in it. No, it's a hotel guest, or it's someone from right outside. We've got to look at it this



"So Papa doesn't like fish for dinner!" WILLIAM STEIG

First of all—motive. There's gain. only person to gain by her death the lady's husband, it seems. What r motives are there? First and fore- t—jealousy. It seems to me—just ing at it—that if ever you've got a *e passionel*"—he bowed to Poirot— is one."

oirot murmured, as he looked up at ceiling, "There are so many pas- s."

spector Colgate went on: "Her hus- l wouldn't allow that she had any nies—real enemies, that is, but I t believe for a minute that that's I should say that a lady like her ld—well, would make some pretty enemies—eh, sir, what do you "

oirot responded: "*Mais oui,* that is Arlena Marshall would make ene- s. But in my opinion, the enemy ry is not tenable, for you see, In- tor, Arlena Marshall's enemies ld, I think, as I said just now, always *omen.*"

olonel Weston grunted: "Something at. It's the women who've got their e into her here all right."

oirot went on: "It seems to be hardly ible that this crime was committed a woman. What does the medical ence say?"

'eston grunted again. "Neasdon's ty confident that she was strangled a man. Big hands—powerful grip. just possible, of course, that an un- ally athletic woman might have e it—but it's very unlikely."

oirot nodded. "Exactly. Arsenic in p of tea—a box of poisoned choco- s—a knife—even a pistol—but ngulation—no! It is a man we have ook for."

Colonel Weston was poring over the hotel register.

He read aloud:

"Major and Mrs. Cowan, Miss Pamela Cowan, Master Robert Cowan, Master Evan Cowan, Rydal's Mount, Leatherhead. Mr. and Mrs. Masterman, Mr. Edward Masterman, Miss Jennifer Masterman, Mr. Roy Masterman, Master Frederick Masterman, 5 Marlborough Avenue, London, N. W. Mr. and Mrs. Gardener, New York. Mr. and Mrs. Redfern, Crossgates, Seldon, Princes Risborough. Major Barry, 18 Cardon Street, St. James, London, S. W. 1. Mr. Horace Blatt, 5 Pickersgill Street, London, E. C. 2. M. Hercule Poirot, Whitehaven Mansions, London, W. 1. Miss Rosamund Darnley, 8 Cardigan Court, W. 1. Miss Emily Brewster, Southgates, Sunbury-on-Thames. Rev. Stephen Lane, London. Captain and Mrs. Marshall, Miss Linda Marshall, 73 Upcott Mansions, London, S. W. 7."

He stopped.

"I think, sir," Inspector Colgate said, "that we can wash out the first two entries. Mrs. Castle tells me that the Mastermans and the Cowans come here regularly every summer with their children. This morning they went off on an all-day excursion sailing, taking lunch with them. They left just after nine o'clock. A man called Andrew Baston took them. We can check up from him, but I think we can put them right out of it."

WESTON nodded. "I agree. Let's eliminate everyone we can. Can you give us a pointer on any of the rest of them, Poirot?"

"Superficially, that is easy. The Gardeners are a middle-aged married couple, pleasant, traveled. All the talking is done by the lady. The husband is acquiescent. He plays tennis and golf and has a form of dry humor that is attractive when one gets him to oneself."

"Sounds quite okay."

"Next—the Redferns. Mr. Redfern is young, attractive to women, a magnificent swimmer, a good tennis player and accomplished dancer. His wife I have already spoken of to you. She is quiet, pretty in a washed-out way. She is, I think, devoted to her husband. She has something that Arlena Marshall did not have."

"What is that?"

"Brains."

Inspector Colgate sighed. "Brains don't count for much when it comes to an infatuation, sir."

"Perhaps not. And yet I do truly believe that in spite of his infatuation for Mrs. Marshall, Patrick Redfern really cares for his wife."

"That may be, sir. It wouldn't be the first time that's happened."

"That is the pity of it!" Poirot murmured. "It is always the thing women find it hardest to believe. Major Barry," he went on, "retired Indian army. An admirer of women. A teller of long and boring stories."

Inspector Colgate sighed. "You needn't go on. I've met a few, sir."

"Mr. Horace Blatt. He is, apparently, a rich man. He talks a good deal—about Mr. Blatt. He wants to be everybody's friend. It is sad. For nobody likes him very much. And there is something else. Mr. Blatt last night asked me a good many questions. Mr. Blatt was uneasy *Yes, there is something not quite right about Mr. Blatt.*"

(To be continued next week)

The King's Woman

Continued from page 10

stead of being dictated to by Maniu, ol finds himself in a position to dic- . Maniu thought he had it all worked beautifully beforehand. Not until ol had denounced his tie with "that man," not until he had remarried len, not until he had given ample of that he was going to be a good, elheaded, balanced, trustworthy and stitutional chap forever after, was he e proclaimed king.

ut now that Carol is back, and the wds are yelling themselves hoarse, ol can and does demand immediate unconditional proclamation as king, Maniu, tied up in his own propa- da, has to give in.

ihai steps down from the throne becomes heir to his father.

he regency is dismissed with half (registers resentment), Carol is in- ed with the royal regalia and things perfectly wonderful from the out- e.

ut a couple of days later Maniu dis- ers that "that woman" has come k again at Carol's command, and been installed in a villa just a stone's ow away from the royal palace.

hite with fury at being thus double- sed, Maniu goes into retirement, the king thenceforth does his own ng, having decided to be sweeper in- d of broom.

irst of all he sweeps out Stirbey, s that gentleman's face and pulls n the wall the telephone which pri- ely connects the prince with Maria, ol's mother.

laria gets terribly upset and goes a huff, languidly gazes upon the k Sea from Balcic, the castle so far oved from the turmoil of a bad, un- eful world, and in her leisure mo- ts writes witty memoirs.

Carol informs her that she has acquired a new daughter-in-law, and Maria, who always has been most particular about all her in-laws, never gets over the shock. The secret is well hidden, for she would never dare talk to anybody about her boy's "disgrace."

All this, I suppose, Will, is background, just background, for the hero, or villain, for the victim of your play is going to be Mihai, the boy.

IT IS he around whom the plot centers, he who faces the "tragic conflict."

In the days when he is king, and his grandmother does the ruling, he is not an attractive kid. She loves and adores him to the extent of a cream cake a day and as many Rolls-Royces as he can possibly use.

She is too busy with her private life to do much beyond just loving him, and it is cringing, tightly corseted aides-de-camp who are his constant companions in that hothouse atmosphere of his grandmother's court. Good old Uncle Stirbey occasionally slips him a Romanian penny and pats him on the cheek. To all the others it's "His Majesty this" and "His Majesty that," until the seven-year-old really thinks he's something special.

No draft ever gets anywhere near him and it's a disgustingly pampered, soft and flabby little creature that goes by the name of king.

All this changes when Carol comes back. He is furious when he sees what they've done to his boy, and gets right down to making a man of him. No more Rolls-Royces and aides-de-camp!

Hefty peasant boys are gathered from all over the country to be his companions, boys that bully him and make him fight to hold his own.

Soldiers' rations take the place of cream cakes when he is sent out to share the hardships and the joys of Romania's Carpathian troops.

For months he lives in Boy Scout camps, for months he treks the country and roasts his potatoes with the rest of them.

Skiing, riding and photography become his hobbies and an endless stream of tutors cram all the languages of Romania into his head, besides the English, German and French which it is nowadays every king's duty to speak.

By the time he is sixteen, he has become quite a fellow, good-looking, keen as mustard, tough as leather (you'll find better similes than those, I hope, Will), and the idol of Romanian youth —just the sort of fellow they would adore to have as king.

Being the idol of your country is rather a dangerous thing when the chap in power turns out to be a disappointment, and Carol just has. Although he has done his best to pull the country together and put through many helpful reforms, there is still a lot that is bad, a great deal that is rotten, and all of it blamed on him and "that woman" of his.

She, in fact, turns out to be quite a stone around his neck, for whenever anything goes wrong it is she the people blame, it is she the people hate and it is she the people want to be rid of. And as he won't give her up, he has to stick out his chin and take it.

The world marvels at what he will take on the chin for that mistress of his. That mistress, though, is his wife, one of the unhappiest women, probably, that ever lived. She is intelligent enough to know what a stone around Carol's neck she is. She knows that Carol could immeasurably strengthen his hand if he

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broke with her—yet on the other hand she knows that Carol will never let her go. Time and again she offers to go. Time and again even Carol, when things become too hot, accepts that offer and lets her go. But after short weeks his cry goes out to her to come back, for she will always remain the woman without whom he cannot live.

In the dark hours of her tribulations she flees into the comfort of her fathers' faith. A golden torah roll, which Carol gives her, accompanies her wherever she goes, out of the country, and back into it again, and yet even that consolation turns out to be another reason for hate to pile up at her door. Jews are becoming more and more unpopular in that part of Europe, and to stick to one's Jewish faith openly is almost like courting suicide.

JUST then Fascism begins to rise up all around the country. (It's just a newfangled word for the old "or-else" doctrine of governing people, so don't trouble to look it up in any dictionary.)

Dictators spring up to the right and left of Romania, and all the discontented people pin their hope on the revolution that Fascism dangles before their noses.

Romania is no exception, for there are a great number of discontents about, and Mihai suddenly—with little of his own doing—finds himself the hero of a movement which is his father's deadliest enemy.

You can believe that Mihai doesn't like being idolized at his dad's expense, for he has grown very fond of his father, who put him through such a hard time of training, and a real fellowship has grown up between the two of them, and they have become perfect pals who glory in each other and whose greatest pleasure is their companionship.

That is another aspect which I cannot tackle.

It was hard work at first for Carol to win over Mihai, the boy who is so devoted to his mother, who resents his father's behavior toward her, who hates Lupescu—that woman who came between his parents, that woman who prevents him from enjoying his mother's love and his father's companionship at the same time.

But Helen has gone to Florence, and Mihai sees her only once or twice a year, and slowly but steadily Carol draws the boy toward him.

As Mihai grows up, he becomes less resentful about "that woman" and eventually he even meets Lupescu, and they get on extremely well together.

BUT meanwhile, the unrest in the country grows.

Dictators need that oil, that wheat and those Black Sea ports. Carol repeatedly tells them that he isn't going to let them have them, in fact, he dares scream back when screamed at by Europe's up-and-coming dictator.

Now that seems to be just about the worst thing one can do. If dictators slash back at you for it, your people will accuse you of having provoked them. If dictators sit back and are intimidated, everyone will believe that they didn't have any designs in the first place, and yours will never be the glory if things go well, yours will be only the blame if things go wrong.

But Carol does not see it that way, he is sure he is a match for any of those dictators.

As ruthless as they, as determined as they, he hits back with all the might he has at his disposal.

The Iron Guard, Romania's Fascist movement, supplied with funds, ammunition and propaganda from abroad, is violently suppressed.

The streets of Bucharest are littered with corpses of the insurgents.

But no suppression is of any avail. Every step taken against them only makes new, more violent fanatics, every move to appease them is taken as a sign of weakness, and makes them howl for total victory.

Disunity is at its height when Russia steps in and grabs the province which, twenty years earlier, Maria had gained with her smiles and wiles at the green tables of Versailles.

Prodded by the dictator, others follow suit, and the hungry Hungarians snatch up provinces which they lost two decades ago, and Bulgaria bulges out into a few square miles of Romanian soil, which include Balcic, the castle—that love nest of Maria, the queen, and the silver urn which contains that disillusioned queen's heart.

Instead of being angry with themselves for having stirred up all the unrest that made the grabs so easy, the Iron Guards turn all their fury on Carol and "that woman" who, they pretend to feel, ought to have prevented the country's humiliation.

NOW that the fat is thus in the fire, there is nothing to be done but to appease the great dictator, and the only way to do that is to put a government in power willing to take its orders from "Him," and the Iron Guard stands ready to take over—the Iron Guard to which most of the peasant youth of Romania belongs, that peasant youth that saw Maria and Stirbey succeeded by Carol and Lupescu, that peasant youth whose idol and hope is Mihai, clean-living, straightforward, one-of-their-own, Mihai.

For days and weeks Carol hangs on by the skin of his teeth, and not until a howling crowd sweeps down the Calea Victorie to the palace, and not before stones come crashing through the French windows and roll before his feet, does Carol realize that his time is really up.

At four o'clock in the morning, after a twenty-eight-hour conference with Antonescu, Iron Guard leader and the dictator's deputy, Carol slowly walks across to his boy's bedroom, shakes him out of his sleep and tells him that once again—for the second time in his life—he is to be king.

Half awake, Mihai accepts his father's homage, sleepy-eyed, his throat dry as parchment, he bids his best pal goodby.

Shivering in the early dawn, he takes the oath upon a new constitution which has just been drawn up and which he has never read.

Five hours later, while his father's train—the train that contains Magda Lupescu too, wild-eyed and tearful, clutching the golden roll to her heart, that golden roll which was a love token from her husband and which contained the consolation of centuries—while his father's train is riddled by vengeful Guard bullets as it speeds across frontier, Mihai walks down the str of Bucharest through cheering cro pressing hands right and left, those s hands that threw the stones that rolled at his father's feet.

A month later the dictator's arm columns pour into Romania to se that oil, to get that wheat, to occ those Black Sea ports.

Foreign airplanes drone over town, and the dictator's officers lean the windows of their headquarter the Hotel Athenee Palace just acros street from the home of Mihai, the k King in name only, as once before, only to do a dictator's bidding or to low his father into exile.

PRINCESS HELEN is back agai Bucharest, having skipped b queen to be queen-mother again share with her son the burden which been put on his broad young shoul

Scapegoats are the most impo props in a dictator's outfit, and ' woman" is an ideal scapegoat if t ever was one. The dictator's pr ganda builds her up into the evil p behind the throne, the string-pu Jewess who has ensnared the sim minded king, the redheaded witch ought to go to the stake. But she s out of reach.

Out of reach of the Iron Guard, haps, but not of the great dictator has her and "her man" arrested in S and who orders Romania to ask fo extradition so that she may be trie corruption and for the murder o those "martyred heroes" of the Guard.

Carol is free to go, but "that wom his mistress, must stay to face the geance of the dictators. She is t thrown to the wolves, she is to be r the scapegoat.

It is now that Carol springs the prise upon the world, that "that wo is his legal wife, that they belon gether, for better or for worse. As were in good times, so they will re in bad—inseparable.

THERE'S your story, Will. If only you can handle it, there's a bit of drama in it somewhere, I

There are those two, sitting in S clinging to each other, ready to anything together, nothing apart.

There is Helen, the queen-mo who hates "that woman" with all heart, who believes that she was th and only cause of her husband's d fall and who still jealously loves fellow who once was a husband of

And then there is Mihai, who have to sign whatever sentence ma pronounced—sentence imposed his father and pal as well as sent upon the woman his father mar He's the center of our story, I sup and here's his tragic conflict:

Will he surrender his heritage, t away everything his father brought up to preserve? Or will he hang or condemn his father's wife, his f even, or at least his father's mem

There is really quite a wonderful there, rightly handled.

Maybe you don't care to tackle all, Will. I know it's all so fresh, real, and unnatural.

I suppose those kingly tragedies got to grow old and musty first, acquire the patina of centuries b they look beautiful on the stage.

Don't trouble to let me know if can't do anything with the idea, wouldn't know anyone else who c

I hope I haven't bored you, b seemed to me that there was a plo that you were just the chap to something of it.

Yours sincerely,
ARCHDUKE FRANZ JO

The Winner!

COLLIER'S CAR CARTOON GAG CONTEST

Heartiest congratulations to Catherine A. Edmonston of 4306 North Pershing Drive, Arlington, Virginia, winner of Collier's car cartoon gag contest! Here's the caption for which she receives a certificate worth $500 to apply against the purchase price of any 1941-model automobile sold by the dealer named in her entry:

"We was going to seed in that bloomin' flowerpot."

A total of 20,738 contestants submitted 35,800 gags—an average of nearly two apiece. Some of the most frequently submitted captions were: "Gee, Sarge," "Well?" and the idea, in various words, that times like these might make it necessary to "scuttle" the car (about 500 of these). A jury of Collier's editors judged the entries. To contestants, Collier's says, "Thanks—and better luck next time!"

She Sells 'Em

Continued from page 27

'h first part is not hard to follow
en you have a choice. Annie Laurie
a ays insisted on taking her choice.
: e has steadily believed that the
e an picture audience has an appe-
: stronger stuff than it has been
w d to enjoy, by and large. Not one
th big hits has been of the sugar-
te variety—even that long-winded
n e of the Old South relied for its
e terest on a pair of characters un-
e ned except for the fact that Miss
g and Mr. Gable played them.
'h second rule betrays a feminine
n ess about human nature, espe-
ly in the male department. A pro-
e who has struck an unexpected hit
o thinking he had a little some-
n o do with picking it. And if he
flop on his hands he won't thank
p ty who lets it get around that he
sucker for a slick salesman.
o he shrewd head inside the baby-
e onnet recommends tact both be-
e nd after signing on the dotted
e. But she is proud of one selling
th l strictly her own. That is her
e tation."
M t agents follow about the same
c ure in offering a book or play to
fi ns. The Eastern story editors of
fi n companies go to all the plays,
t ey receive the first copies off the
ss of any books with picture possi-
ti , which they send on to the coast
h heir recommendations.
A e Laurie adds to the package
t ning a new book a batch of closely
e itten sheets, under a heading
t uaintly recalls compositions you
d o hand in, with a fine tremor in
l ees, to your English teacher in
o "Why I Think One and One Are
T Would Make a Good Motion Pic-
e the title reads.
I n there on, you can bet your boots
in Laurie tells them. She spades up
r angle of the film possibilities of
s ory, including the philosophical,
t gh her discussion never soars into
h h-brow. She figures out striking
a and camera shots, and even dips
i e matter of incidental music. By
t ne she has finished, the field is
r ghly plowed and a lively seed
k of ideas for the production has
n planted. Even picture people ad-
m at a fair number of her notions
w come to flower on the screen.
n Laurie coyly doesn't tell. She is
in on Rule Number Two.

It Pays to Be a Texan

B g a Texan, Annie Laurie believes
fo owing rules, but only if they're
o n. Papa Williams came to Den-
ve from Mississippi, and Mother
fr Idaho, combining the South and
s into the something special that
s utes a Texas family.
'h Williams family had a lot of pride
l money. It also had seven daugh-
s. Of the seven, Annie Laurie seems
h e had most of the Texas gump-
a ight from the start. She wasn't
f the prospect of sitting on Papa's
v ry large and not very prosperous
lo until a local swain married her.
S arried a Texan in the end anyway
M rice Crain, the writer—but she
t im at the Texas Club in New
Yk

Sh didn't know anything about the
a r except from books, but the
eg girl graduate snatched her high-
o diploma on the wing and made
fo amatic school in Dallas. From
fr to New York, while Papa fretted
ov the impropriety of a young girl
al in the big city. She yielded to him on one point and lived at the circumspect Three Arts Club for aspiring young ladies while she made the rounds of the producers' offices looking for a part.

Her patience wore out along with the soles of her shoes. Her love for the theater couldn't survive that humiliating daily pilgrimage, and she took a temporary job in the advertising office of the Morning Telegraph. She still thinks the stage lost a fine actress that day. At the end of six years she was reviewing movies for the paper, at the time one of the lowest-paid assignments, and that's when her ideas about books and pictures began to take form.

She quit the newspaper and opened a literary office with Mavis McIntosh. But before the firm of Mac-Williams had fairly opened for business she was off on her own again, with desk space and telephone in a book-publishing firm, studying her source of supply and living on whatever ten-per-cent tidbits she could gather in.

Miss McIntosh and her present partner, a red-haired Vassar girl named Otis, are now the literary link in Annie Laurie's chain from manuscript to movie, an independent but corresponding firm. Elizabeth Otis, indeed, is still the girl who signs John Steinbeck's name to the contracts.

Mr. Steinbeck Learns

The way Of Mice and Men was made into a play is a story Annie Laurie likes to remember. When she read the short novel her instinct for the theater, long dormant, raised its eager head. She thought it fell into play form almost naturally, and she got Sam Harris and his particular wizard, George S. Kaufman, to read it. Kaufman agreed that Steinbeck ought to write the script, and Annie Laurie wrote the suggestions of this supercraftsman in full to Steinbeck out on his Los Gatos ranch.

Weeks later Steinbeck and his wife turned up in New York en route to a vacation in Scandinavia. Where, asked Annie Laurie, was the play? Steinbeck hung his head.

"I didn't write it," he confessed hollowly. "I don't know how."

It turned out that he was almost completely innocent of the theater, didn't know stage right from stage door. There were four days until the boat sailed, and Annie Laurie packed both the Steinbecks up to her stone house in the Litchfield hills of Connecticut, dusted off the typewriter, and plied the novelist with nourishing food, encouragement and stage mechanics for the ensuing ninety-six hours.

Then she handed the weary Steinbecks up the gangplank and jubilantly bounded off to Kaufman with the script.

When the Steinbecks came back she had the electric joy of bringing these two talented gentlemen together for the first time and watching them strike sparks off each other. Steinbeck went home to Los Gatos to embody Kaufman's recommendations in the final draft. The next season the play won the New York Critics' Circle award, more coveted by many theater people than the Pulitzer Prize.

When we said Annie Laurie doesn't budge on price, we neglected to mention a historic exception. She once cut her price exactly in half, from $100,000 to $50,000.

The story—you've guessed it—was Gone With the Wind. Very few people now remember that until Selznick bid for it there were no takers at any price. But Annie Laurie remembers.



Troubled Heart

Continued from page 9

happen that way, besides Carol's heart is big enough to care for both of us."

"In that case there would be no harm in letting things remain as they are for a year and judging, at the end of that time, whether you are right."

Conway's social graces gave place to an air of disturbing realism:

"At the end of a year I may be dead, we may both be dead. What the future holds nobody can say. That's why we've a right to live, and live fully, while we have the chance."

Mrs. Vellaby rose and went to the window and clutched at the curtains, what time she strove to marshal her faculties and press the fight. At long last she spoke in a low, tremulous voice:

"You will think, perhaps, I am a selfish old woman, but when you know the reason you may be less disposed to blame me. I admit that the thought of losing Carol is torture, but youth must have its fling even though age pays the price."

Conway said: "But is it such a high price? Marrying me won't prevent you seeing each other, and I've an idea you won't feel half so badly about it when you've said 'Yes.'"

"I do say 'Yes'—with all my heart—but, in return, there is something you must promise to do."

"Very well."

"You must tell Carol I have less than a year to live."

He stiffened, got up, and stared incredulously.

"I consulted a doctor some while ago—a Dr. Fergusson of Wimpole Street. He sentenced me to death."

He did not doubt her sincerity, for there was no mistaking the fear in her voice.

"I . . . I'm most terribly sorry."

"I hadn't the courage to tell Carol myself, for until now I was the only person she had to love. But I feel that before you take her away she has a right to know. For if, later on, she learned that you had kept the knowledge from her I doubt if she would ever forgive you."

His expression hardened.

"You know, of course, that when I've told her, she'll stay here?"

"That is something she must decide for herself."

He was not deaf to a hint of triumph in her voice. With it doubt stirred.

"Very well," he said, bowed and went out.

Through the half-open window she saw him hail a cruising taxi.

"Wimpole Street," he said.

Two blocks away he stopped the taxi at a telephone booth to look up the number of Dr. Fergusson's house.

THE manservant who answered the doorbell informed him that the doctor had given up private practice to serve with the navy. Turning away, frustrated, Conway saw on the poster of an evening paper the words "BRITISH AND FRENCH FLEETS MOBILIZE." In no other circumstances would he have regarded it as good news.

When he got home the Misses Pincent were in a flutter and the Girl Pat rushed off to have a huddle with Plum. Conway rang up to ask Carol to come around and help him pack.

Some buttons were missing from his shirts and while she was sewing them on he kept his promise to Mrs. Vellaby. Carol turned white but went on sewing. When he had finished, she said: "Her bravery in never speaking a word!" From the way she said it, he knew that she was dedicated.

Then she got up, put her arms around his neck, kissed him, and said: "Be careful, for our futures' sake."

She did not wait to see him off. That would have been more than she could bear.

"Besides, Mother will be expecting me."

He stood at his observation post watching her for what well might be the last time.

That evening Mrs. Vellaby, speaking through tears, made Carol promise that no one, not even Delia, should be told the truth. The promise given, she added: "My dearest, I didn't want you to sacrifice your happiness for me. I can only pray that it won't be for long."

After that she went upstairs and slept like a top.

CONWAY wrote that he had been given command of H.M.S. Mine-Sweeper Derring-do, based at an east-coast port, and missed her like the devil and all his demons.

The war went wearily on, and Mrs. Vellaby and Carol settled down to a pleasant jog trot that even the B.B.C. was powerless to upset.



"Porter, should there be a man in here playing a ukulele and cracking jokes?" RICHARD TAYLOR

It was Carol who had installed a radio and, overcoming her initial dislike for the thing, Mrs. Vellaby came to regard it as a soporific to which she was indebted for many an after-dinner nap. But one evening, just as she was dropping off, she heard a phrase which the times had turned to a cliché: "The secretary of the admiralty regrets to announce the loss of His Majesty's Mine-Sweeper Derring-do . . ."

She did not hear the name of her commander, her tonnage and complement, nor that it was feared that she had been lost with all hands, because Carol had sprung to her feet and, with hands pressed to her mouth, was making dreadful, strangled cries in her throat. Before Mrs. Vellaby could ask the reason, Carol ran from the room and out of the house. Not until then did she realize that the Derring-do was Conway's ship.

It would be vain to suppose that she reproached herself, nor was there any reason to do so. For what had happened she was innocent of blame. It was just one of those things that do happen in war. But while listening anxiously for Carol's return, she wondered how Conway's death would affect their future. She did not doubt that Carol would be prostrated with grief and a genuine desire to soften it was responsible for her sudden determination to emerge from the valley of death. It was an affair that would have to be handled with delicacy and timed in such a way as to do the most good. Carol's despair at the loss of her lover must be obliterated in the happy tidings that her beloved mother was to be spared for many years to come.

Mrs. Vellaby waited until nearly midnight before tiptoeing into Carol's room. A voice addressed her out of the dark: "Go to bed, Mummie, you ought to have been in bed ages ago."

Mrs. Vellaby crossed the room, sat down on the bed and found one of Carol's hands.

"I shall stay here until you're asleep."

"No, please. You'll only make yourself ill."

This was the cue she needed.

"I won't, dear. Out of your grief I seem to have found a new strength. After this *I* must look after *you*."

Carol said: "You're very sweet."

"I was thinking, dear, there's a specialist in Devonshire Place about whom everybody's talking. I shall try and make an appointment with him tomorrow. If he thinks I'm up to it, we might go to the Pyrenees for a little while and find a sun shining."

Carol did not answer at once and when she did it seemed that she had not been listening:

"If I could only have been his wife—even for a few days. Yes, Mummie? What were you saying?"

There was a letter from Conway next morning, written before he went to sea. Carol did not open it until after her mother had left the house, for Mrs. Vellaby would not hear of Carol's accompanying her to the doctor.

In the letter Conway wrote: "I suppose pretty well any thing at all is excusable when one loves a person. I know, if you were mine, I'd never let you go. I might even lie to keep you—as your mother did. By a sheer fluke, I knocked up against a Dr. Fergusson in port last night. He's acting as consultant at a naval hospital. I remembered the name as that of a doctor who tended your mother, and I asked if he remembered her. You know what doctors are when it comes to discussing a professional secret—but something in the way he grinned struck me as q

"I asked what was so funny and shrugged his shoulders. His manner my goat and perhaps I had had a or two, so I out and said that it did strike me as being a hundred per to laugh about somebody you've tenced to death. 'I *what?*' he 'You're raving. I haven't seen Vellaby for eighteen months and from a chronic tendency to hypoc dria she's as strong as a horse.' So you are, Carol, and I've no comm but you and I are getting marrie soon as I can lay hands on a license

Carol sat staring at the letter, a coldness she had never before ex enced gathered around her heart.

Meanwhile, at Devonshire Place, Vellaby was explaining to Doctor S that she was seeking his advice in absence on active service of her consultant.

"Who was that?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact I would r not say."

"Why?"

"Because I believe he frightene unnecessarily."

"Humph! What seems to be the ble?"

She searched her mind for a plau answer, and nature supplied it:

"I had been suffering from a ce amount of pain around the heart rheumatism in the left arm."

"And what did he tell you?"

"That I was dying."

"Let's have a look at you," sai

The examination was thorough. V he had finished she confidently a for the verdict.

"Well, I wouldn't say you were dy he said. "With luck and reasonable you may have several years before

Her hand flew to her heart and cried: "What do you mean?"

"It's angina pectoris."

She never knew how she got hom managed to struggle upstairs to C. room where she flung herself on th in a gale of weeping. Carol was st at a letter as if nobody were in room. Then, in broken words, Vellaby sobbed:

"Where are you? Come to me. frightened. The doctor . . . the d . . . he told me I was a dying wom

"Again?" said Carol, stonily. "Y wasting your tears, Mother."

She got up, dropped Conway's on the bed, picked up a hat and coa left the house.

THIS would have been a horrible but for the sequel, contained in a gram forwarded to Carol and give as she lay in bed at Delia's house a twin on either side of her. The gram said: "Picked up by a dest no flowers by request Trinity ch Lowestoft next Tuesday at two emma and don't be late Love Con

Resolved to be early rather than Carol got up and possessed hers the last of Delia's petrol coupon gether with a loan of the car. Five was striking when she located the where Conway was sleeping off th fects of prolonged immersion in North Sea. He was wakened su ingly by her arms slipping aroun neck and her mouth being press his and tears running down her onto his unshaven cheek.

The Secret Four

Continued from page 23

ned the British government—was Nazi invasion preparations were in t a trap to divert large-scale British al tonnage from convoy duty and to ten the collapse of the French colo- empire. Germany was broadcasting asion stories to Britain, the French nies and the outside world. Nazi io stations were saying little of inva- to the German people.

he four psychologists foresaw, too, pite friendly Russian comment on London could take it and how the F. was punishing the *Luftwaffe*, the Russian-German collaboration ld grow even closer.

low do these radio sleuths predict my action? Here is the story in the ds of Professor Ernst Kris as he told o me and as okayed by the British sor after I had secured official help eleasing the facts.

Kris, chief of the four, and for fifteen rs an associate of Freud, does his t talking while pacing up and down. ot many weeks before he took the nge it was still believed in high cir- here that Mussolini intended to p out of the war," said the ambula- prof, simultaneously getting under as a propaganda analyst and an in- ffice pedestrian.

The Italian people were too anti- man, and Italy was too vulnerable the Duce openly to risk joining Hitler onflict against the Allies, according he most accurate information avail- e. To us who had been hearing the ian broadcasts it was clear that if e Mussolini could convince the Ital- people that battleships were at the cy of airplanes, then he would dare them there was nothing to fear from British navy."

How Mussolini was Anticipated

he professor sat down for a second, emembered that he did his most effec- talking on his feet, jumped up and med as follows:

"At a crucial moment in Anglo-Italian tions, when Britain and Italy quar- d over stopping coal shipments from many to Italy and Allied naval re- rcements had arrived in the Medi- anean, the German wireless made a piciously opportune announcement: thirty-thousand-ton British battle- p,' German radio stations broadcast, s been sunk in just over thirty sec- ds by one bomb from a German bing plane.' The Rome radio seized this announcement and repeated it h enthusiastic embellishments. The tish navy, the official Italian station mated, was as good as finished.

"That the German claim was pure ention was evident, apart from Brit- official denial. The battleship was er given a name, the pilot who ught off the feat was never named, h less feted and decorated in cus- mary Nazi style. The German radio tions remained completely silent on fabulous achievement following the t announcement. It seemed signifi- nt, therefore, that the Italian radio tions should continue to elaborate on sinking. Italian broadcasts to Tur- in particular emphasized the failure the British navy."

Broadcasts from Rome to Turkey and Arabia, Kris pointed out, began to stress what was termed "official" American re- ion to German bombings of the Brit- fleet. To these two Mediterranean as, as well as to the Italian people, was stated that the then "Ameri- Secretary of the Navy Edison has ised the American government to shelve further plans for construction of battleships and to concentrate on the construction of aircraft, because aircraft has proved superior to the warship."

"This misstatement of Edison's recommendation even went beyond the German broadcast versions of Edison's report," Kris explained. "The Germans claimed only that Edison had advised additional strengthening of battleship armor. We noted this difference and the Italian reiteration of the failure of the battleship began to assume the proportions of an intensified propaganda campaign. We realized this campaign had one purpose—to prepare the Italian people for Italy's entrance into the war. The conquest of the battleship was patently wish-fulfillment for the Italians who feared war unless they were certain the British fleet could be knocked out.

"We subjected all current Italian broadcasts to a special analysis, noting this strain of wish-fulfillment. There was no escaping the one conclusion. We drew up a concrete report. We stated Italy would soon declare war. It was now approaching the middle of May. Mussolini declared war June tenth."

Let's take another example: Let Mark Abrams, another of the secret four, explain: "During the first two or three days of July, Axis broadcasts, at least superficially, ran along routine lines," Abrams pointed out to me. "Britain was attacked as perfidious for crippling or seizing the French fleet. There were normal accounts of German and Italian successes in the air and at sea. Axis broadcasts in English, intended for British listeners, carried the usual general threats that 'the victorious German forces are ready for the final attack.'

"Over the week end, however, occasional nondescript radio items began to appear in German programs suggesting something else was in the air. There were two cautiously reported quotations from obscure news sources broadcast in Hungarian hinting that a political surprise was possible and that there were rumors of a Reichstag meeting to be summoned.

"Simultaneously a Rome broadcast in Italian suggested that even the English people might soon be casting aside their old statesmen and decadent principles of liberalism. There followed a German broadcast to North America surprisingly declaring destruction of the British empire was not a German war aim, and that such destruction was not necessary under certain conditions. Finally, one of the German stations broadcasting in English stated that the annihilation of Britain was not inevitable and there were hopes of a more sensible solution.

"Remember, these broadcasts were isolated amidst the usual attacks against Britain. Noting these few inconsistent items out of thousands running in a contrary sense, we began combing the world's daily radio output for further material. By the end of the first week of July there seemed to be sufficient evidence for us to conclude that ground was being prepared for a peace feeler. We reported to the cabinet ministers that a 'peace ultimatum is imminent.'

"During the next ten days hints of peace disappeared from all broadcasts from German or Italian stations. Radio propagandists and news bulletins stressed preparation and talk of the invasion of Britain and the certainty of annihilation. To quote Shakespeare, 'We thought the lady did protest too much.' We felt certain a peace ultimatum would be made. On July 19th came Hitler's speech and peace ultimatum."



Psyching the Air Waves

All detective stories in London begin with a fog.

Let me take you to a tobacco-fogged room. John Scarlett Alexander Salt, late of the Royal Engineers, stirs restlessly at his desk. Mark Abrams reaches for another cigar. Anne Outwaithe, an English version of Dorothy Thompson, studies again the large charts in front of her and makes some additional notes. All three watch the square-set, forward-tilting figure of Professor Kris pace and repace the floor.

"It is quite evident," he says, then pauses and asks Miss Outwaithe to check the charts again.

These charts are the exhibits from which deductions are made. They contain significant passages from broadcasts of the week selected at previous meetings as indicative of the trend of the enemies' thoughts.

"Yes, there can be no mistake," the professor continues, "the Nazis are feinting. We must look for action elsewhere. Their broadcasts in Portuguese to Brazil and the Italian broadcasts in Italian to the South Pacific are significant."

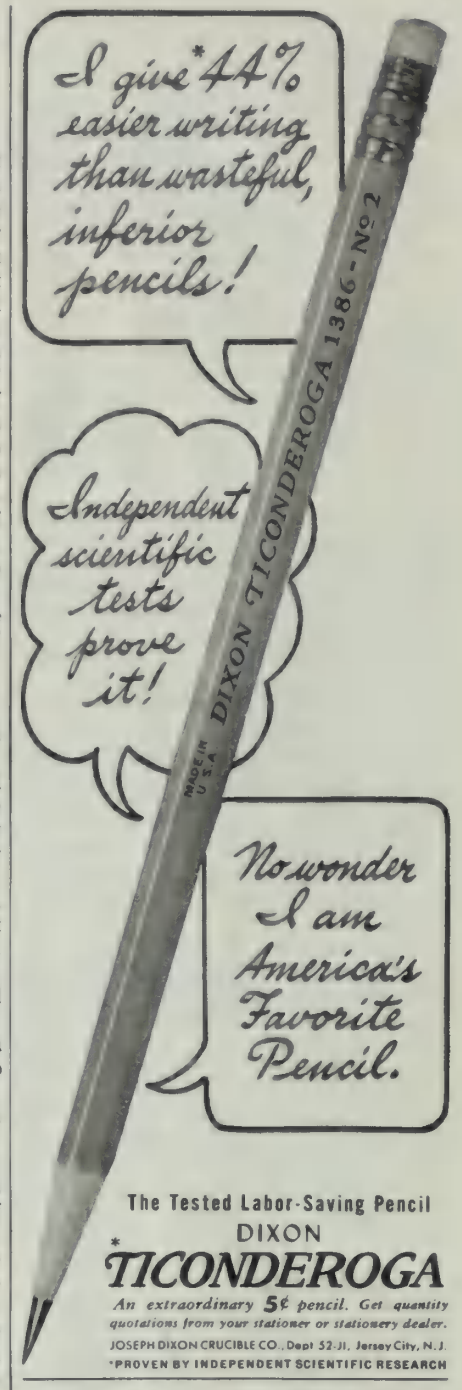
Discussion follows, conclusions are tabulated by the hard-working Miss Outwaithe, reconstruction of motives are rechecked by Doctor Abrams and the learned professor, and final instructions are issued by John Scarlett Alexander Salt.

It is Tuesday night. Wednesday morning a mimeographed report, slugged "secret" in minatory red-ink capitals, is circulated to the government. Since this is your first glimpse of these four who have hitherto remained anonymous and who are bound to become famous, let us take a closer look at them.

Salt, a tall, oval-faced, 34-year-old ex-lieutenant of the Royal Engineers, organized the secret four. A Yorkshireman, whose family dates back to the thirteenth century, he gave up a career in the army nine years after graduating from the Woolwich Military Academy to become a BBC program director.

Several weeks after the war started, he organized the Monitoring Service. The service keeps its eye and ear on radio broadcasts throughout the world for the information of official circles. Interesting comments by American broadcasters may grace a cabinet minister's desk several hours later.

Salt has installed for the BBC the Telediphone system. About 350 records of broadcast talks are made every twenty-four hours and three quarters of a million words are caught daily in wax and rubber. Somewhere in the heart of England there is a strange earphoned



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army of men living in huts. They know every language including Maltese and Kurdish. They translate as the broadcasts are taken down.

The vast report is turned over to an editorial staff of about seventy-five men and women who condense it to about forty thousand words. These represent an essential summary of what the wild, but not so impulsive, radio waves have been saying. They are mimeographed and distributed to all government departments.

But it was soon realized that it is still pretty much of a jigsaw puzzle to read with understanding even forty thousand words daily. The governments from whose controlled radio stations news and propaganda pour are striving toward objectives not always plainly indicated.

Certain definite patterns were apparent in the talks picked up. For example, there seemed to be some connection between what the Russians were telling the Rumanians and what the Germans were telling the Hungarians. The Russians were talking about Hungarian claims on Rumania. The Germans were telling Hungarians about Russia's interest in the Bessarabian area of Rumania. What were the Nazis and the Russians up to? Salt asked. It was evident that the Russians and Germans were preparing for a carve-up of Rumania.

Germany and Italy both broadcast in a dozen languages—but it is significant that the Germans do not broadcast in Russian.

Nazi propaganda is not air-fed to the Russian people. There is complete understanding between Berlin and Moscow on this score. If a clue were needed as to the co-operation between Nazi Germany and Bolshevik Russia, none more realistic could be cited.

Well, try putting all this on your phonograph and see if it gets you anywhere except a padded cell.

"Can't some sense be gotten out of all this?" asked Salt, and this is where Professor Kris came in.

The professor is an annoying fellow. Despite his mild looks he likes to probe minds. He suggested that a comparison and study and analysis of the different broadcasts might help not only to put the jigsaw together but reveal what the Continentals were aiming to do. Kris is going to teach in New York before long, having been granted temporary leave. But the professor has outlined the procedure for his colleagues to probe Nazi and Fascist minds and to guess their secrets.

Listen to what the erudite professor tells me:

"The basic assumption underlying our work is that radio propaganda, whether in the form of news bulletins or talks, is planned and purposive, either consciously or unconsciously.

"Where the planning is conscious, and certainly the Nazi broadcasts are deliberate, we start with Hitler's contention that in war words are acts. The speaker of propaganda is in action. Our job is to solve what his real objectives are.

"We have to unravel the real meaning of his words. It is like anagram-solving or a study of tactics. In addition to planned motives in propaganda there is also an unconscious purpose. It is this hidden motive and objective that it is the job of the psychologist to discover. We can often read the minds of propagandists in a way that would astonish them."

In other words, it isn't only what you say, but what you don't say that is going to get you into trouble. And the way you say it and the times you repeat certain details furnishes clues to Professor Kris.

Salt and Kris got to work to study German and Italian broadcasts. T called in two others to help.

The first was Mark Abrams, Ph 34-year-old graduate of the Lon School of Economics. Bespectac whimsical, soft-voiced sociologist, Abrams spent over a year at the Bro ings Institution in Washington, hav won an Eastman Fellowship. American experience and a spell in advertising business swept away a demic cobwebs. Like the professor little doctor is full of ideas about re ing the enemy's mind.

"In a certain sense," he says, Kris frequently points out, our worl like that done by the Institution of thropology on Magic. There is a cl parallel between the primitive tribal the anthropologists study and Gerr nationalism."

Now meet Miss Anne Outwaithe, last, but not least, of the four. Sh the daughter of a former Labor mem of Parliament. In 1918 she went to C many on relief work, then drifted writing. She joined an adverti agency connected with an Ameri bank especially anxious to loan g American dollars to German mur palities. You probably remember th days. For a number of years she hel edit a magazine, World Review.

Brilliant, studious, quietly dres tight-lipped. Miss Outwaithe knows byways and dead-end streets of E pean diplomacy. She has a special kr for putting ideas into coherent form that cabinet ministers may underst At first the ministers didn't pay any tention to what the secret four to say: now their weekly repor eagerly awaited. Very few people e in the BBC know of the work of th four.

When the war is over there wil books by and about the secret f In the meantime, I've told you all ab them as blandly as possible, witi being "too dramatic."



How to Keep Football Stars in College

Continued from page 20

postgrad work," they would remark loftily.

They couldn't afford to tell the frosh they still hadn't passed freshman English. It would have been bad for the morale.

For the most part these postgrads were the fellows who abused the privilege of being dumb. The most affable, probably without degrees, would have already left the campus to sell bonds or insurance. Those who had been given degrees would be teaching and coaching in high schools and developing new prospects for the machine.

I could give you many amusing stories of my labors with these boys. From the day they had left elementary school they had been passed through their classes because of football. Consequently, they had the formal education of the average kid in the sixth grade. Algebra was a required subject for a degree at Alabama. Can you picture one of these big fellows trying to solve the simplest algebraic equation? Or scanning a line from Browning? There was usually nothing for me to do but find the right prof and make a deal.

I remember in particular one great hero who was an All-America guard. He had been on the campus for seven years, and we had labored and dragged him through everything but elementary English. I would sit and read to him and point out and define the various parts of speech. "Here, Spike," I would say, "is a noun. And here is a verb."

He would nod his head, and I would read on. After six lines I would point back to the two words and ask him what they were. He would give me a blank stare, and the session would be ended.

I got Spike his pass in English, however, and the night he marched up and received his degree his professor and I sat in Tuscaloosa's most respectable bar and drank a toast to the great American system of public education.

A Triumph for Education

The classic story of the Alabama campus is the one about the football player in the history class. Having failed all his exams, the professor consented to give him one last special exam.

"I'm going to give you one question," he said. "If you can answer it, I will pass you. The question is: What is the capital of Alabama?"

The beefer studied for a long moment and answered: "Wetumpka."

"All right," replied the professor. "Had you answered 'Montgomery,' your grade would have been 100. Since Wetumpka is 18 miles from Montgomery, I'll subtract 18 from 100 and your grade will be 82 for the course. I congratulate you."

Seriously, however, most of the passing was done through the system of fellowship students at the university. These students teach some of the elementary classes, and they grade virtually all the examination papers. They know that the football team is an asset to the school, and they know what must be done to keep many of the players eligible. They are the ones who furnish most of the elastic consciences.

But the colossal injustice only begins when the great hero gets his degree. He now becomes a favored applicant for a coaching position in some high school. But high schools in the South can't afford full-time coaches. The coach has to be a member of the faculty and spend part of his time teaching history or math or chemistry. And I had to sell those great heroes to school boards as teachers as well as coaches.

When I think of some of the scenes that must have transpired in Alabama schoolrooms during the past ten years, I wonder if I can ever atone for the sins I have committed against the rising generation.

Having been connected with the machine, I naturally dropped into the ranks of "active alumni" when I left the university. I choked back my cynicism with all the usual arguments about the value of team play and high ideals and die-for-dear-old-Siwash. And think of those fellows who would never get an "education" if it weren't for football! Besides, I enjoyed the spectacle, the business rivalry, and, as one ambitious for my school, I couldn't deny that football was our most negotiable asset.

Alabama is now the largest state university in the South, and its growth parallels exactly the growth of its football team in national prestige. Its huge stadium was paid for out of the half-million derived from Rose Bowl games.

But as the Great Dane would here's the rub for me now. I know as my son grows up I'm going to do erything in my power to keep him being sucked into the football mi was saved myself by being too l Then how can I honestly go on rec ing other men's sons for a syste which I know the cards are sta against them?

Boys are Only Human

Take the average American boy t in first or second year high school. day he goes out and makes the foo squad he takes a dangerous step. he soon begins to neglect his classv He learns that he belongs to a fav group—that he doesn't have to stu that if he's good at football he's to be passed anyway. Human na being what it is, most of them tak easy way. From the day a boy s playing football until he falls out s where up the ladder, his chief inter going to be football. It has to be. system demands it. And the day he out—whether it's on the freshman s or whether he goes on to join the heroes—he is going to discover th knows how to do just one thing— football. He is going to find out during the years in which he might been fitting himself to earn a livin has been occupied with mouse and cross-bucks.

Some weeks ago, with Collier's eraman Hans Groenhoff, I examine

ds of a hundred or more products e Alabama machine. We traveled y miles and interviewed boys all the from the Tennessee Valley to the k Belt farms in southern Alabama. y of them were coaching and "teach- in small-town high schools—manu- uring new prospects for the Tide—at ies of $900 to $1,350 a year. The ranged from complete unemploy- t with "no prospect of work" up to John Miller, All-Southern guard in , who, as premier snuff salesman in TVA counties, seemed to be faring of all.

e found Roy "The Ripper" White g in the teacherage at a D.A.R. high ol on Sand Mountain. His wife es home economics at the school, The Ripper, unemployed, hunts rrels and helps around the house. A shed knee has given him a deep . His younger brother died a few s ago after lying paralyzed for a th as a result of injuries received in gh-school football scrimmage.

played two years of freshman and Shirt ball," The Ripper said, "and 33 I was third man behind Dixie ell at left half. I got in the Stan- game for two minutes. But in '34 hurt and crossed up with Thomas, they threw me to the 'automatics.' nsferred to a smaller school and l to carry on with my education, but as no use." (By being "thrown to automatics," The Ripper was refer- to the university rule which auto- cally expels any student who fails ass eight semester hours of work. n a football-scholarship player is ped from any of the various squads, automatics" usually catch him, e he no longer receives tutoring or ential aid.)

ny Holm, All-America fullback in played pro football for six seasons, when "five freight trains" hit him a kickoff in Pittsburgh, a knee led the wrong way and his playing s were over. He has worked as a cer in a gambling house outside ningham, a clerk in a state whisky e and now has a commission job in rmingham furniture store.

mmie Moss was playing with his two hren the night we called at his four- n farmhouse in Morgan County. mie and I were kids together. In entary school he was smart enough. in high school he learned he was a tackle. He went to Alabama the r I did, on a football scholarship.

remember the day he left the univer- . It was three months after he had ered. His knee had been wrenched first week out and he had had no nce to make himself seen among those es of striving freshmen. His scholar- o had soon played out. He was a pic- e of dejection. He was heading back he small town we came from, and re'd be no band to meet him.

"How can I go on?" he asked me. "If I studied in high school and planned education, I wouldn't mind working way through. There's nothing for me do now but go back home and try to a job."

Jimmie is now working as a helper in a Decatur steel-fabricating plant, try- at thirty-three to learn a trade he ght have learned in high school. I've n told that when the rest of his crew cocking their ears toward the foot- l broadcasts on Saturday afternoon, Jimie hammers doggedly on and dsn't bother to listen.

n 1928 Dwight "Pug" Deal, a sopho- re at the university, was hailed as t toughest blocking back in the ool's history, but he was fired off the uad by Coach Wade after Alabama t to Tennessee.

We found Deal working on a farm in Tuscaloosa County.

"It's been tough since those days," he said. "But I've gotten over my bitterness. Wade knew I wasn't any more guilty of taking a drink than the other fellows, but he had to make an example of somebody."

N. A. "Nap" Powell now drives a soft-drink truck in Selma, Alabama, after spending several years "taking in washing" for a laundry. Alumni from Thomasville, Alabama, recruited him from Selma for their high-school team, and then sent him to Alabama. He fell out of the Red Shirts.

Neil Rogers is a WPA interviewer in Florence. Don Campbell has fought back to become the announcer for a tiny radio station in Selma after buckling a knee with the Red Shirts.

Three thousand hopeful young men have entered the University of Alabama to play football during the fifteen years I have been close to that machine. Fifteen hundred fell out by the end of the first semester. All of these initial casualties had played football in high school and had learned little else. When the athletic department dropped them, what could they do? Even if their parents could afford to send them to classes, they were not prepared. They had come to college prepared only to play football. Had football not robbed them of their opportunities in high school some of them might have worked out successful college careers.

Yet the 1,500 who fell out first were more fortunate than most of those who stuck. They got their jolts sooner and have had more time to recover.

Why Football's Lost a Fan

Of all the 3,000 I don't know a single one today, outside coaching or professional football, who could be pointed out as an eminent success. I have known only one who was unusually intelligent. He was Freddie Sington, All-America tackle in 1930. Sington, a Phi Beta Kappa student, wanted to study law but found it impossible with his football activities. He played professional baseball for a while and is now selling automobiles in Decatur, Georgia.

We fellows who have helped make football what it is today may as well face the facts. We've come a cropper. In the name of sportsmanship we've built a rah-rah empire that's phony to its roots. We've taken a fine game and converted it into a monster which takes from a boy his formative years and leaves him nothing but a letter to wear on his chest, a spavined knee and a false sense of values.

What's happening at my alma mater is only typical of what is happening in all sections of the country. And I said *all* sections. We who have recruited Alabama's players know who our competitors have been. And we've offered no higher prices than were necessary to compete in the open market.

Millions of my fellow fanatics will have seen some great grid shows when this season with its bowl games is over. But I won't be there any more. I'm going to be down on my farm using the war whoop to call my hogs.

On those days when I'm riding around over the state, instead of recruiting a couple of blocking backs, I'm going to stop at the playgrounds and chat with the boys. They'll ask me about the Tide. And I'm going to say:

"Sure, the Tide's all right. But say, did you fellows ever play badminton. Now there's a real man's game."

I know. Next time I go around most of them will still be playing football. But ten years from now when they come to see me wearing those All-America pins, I won't have to duck out the back door or squirm guiltily in my chair. I can look them in the eye and say:

"Old friend, you remember I told you badminton was a swell game."



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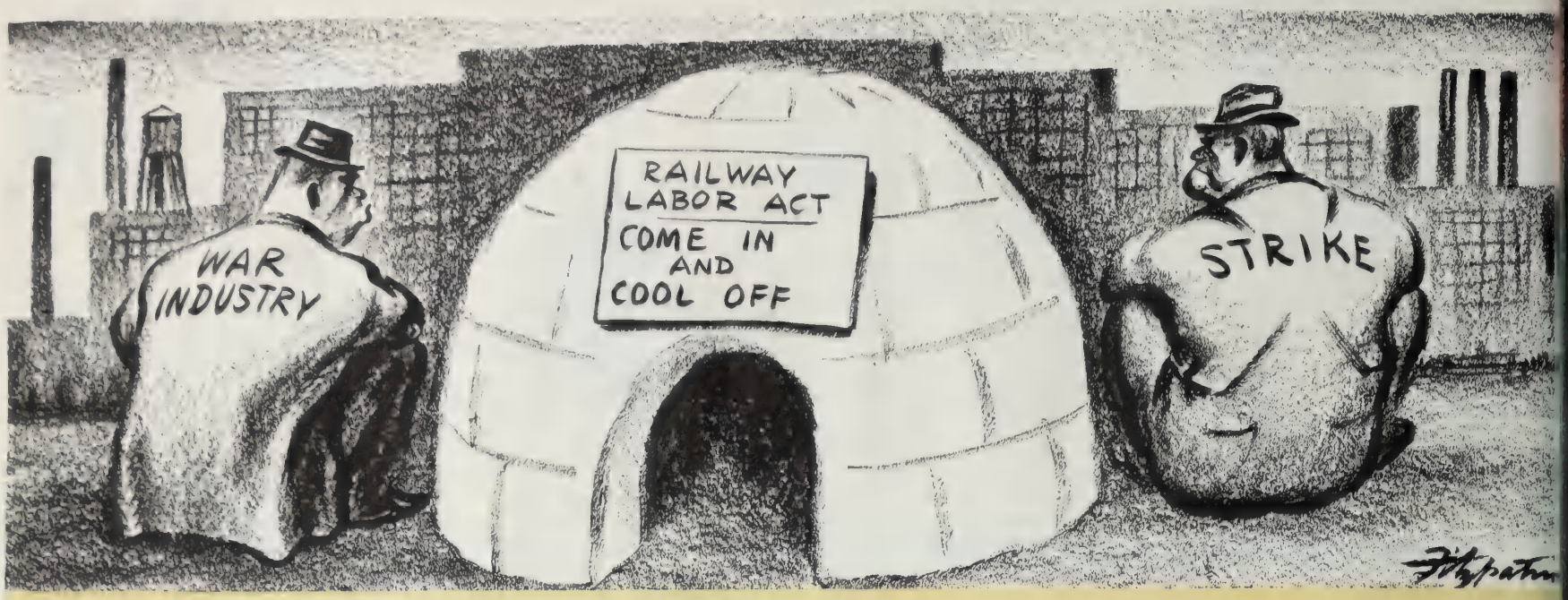
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Strikes in Wartime

WE USE the word "wartime" advisedly in the above title. The United States is putting forth a double-barreled war effort. We are building a huge and multiplex fighting machine for ourselves, and we are producing war supplies for embattled Britain as fast as we can.

If this effort is to succeed, we've got to produce, tremendously and steadily and with the least possible friction, for the duration of the hostilities.

Hence, one of the biggest questions now leering at us is: What to do about strikes in plants working on war orders? That question has to be solved, and solved right.

The Vultee airplane-factory strike in California touched off a lot of hair-trigger proposals. Tops in this line, so far as we know, is a suggestion that such strikes be made treason by Act of Congress. There is considerable talk about a compulsory arbitration law; some talk about some kind of flat *verboten* to be clapped on war-plant strikes. And so on.

We believe that in a democratic country any thou-shalt-not law aimed at strikes is a futile law, and one that will defeat itself.

France's Daladier government tried such a decree November 30, 1938. It broke the 24-hour general protest strike called for that day by putting the railroad workers under military orders and practically drafting other essential services. But the longer-range consequence of this Hitlerish act was that the French government lost the confidence of French labor. This was one big reason, as we read the record, why France came unglued so fast when Hitler tore into it.

We think the democratic and the workable solution for the United States is to be found by approaching the wartime strike problem from the democratic angle.

A working model for such a solution, indeed, already exists. We refer to the Railway Labor Act.

Under this law, a 60-day waiting period is required after a strike vote is taken by any railroad union or unions. During this period, there is all manner of time-killing, fact-finding, shilly-shallying and fooling around. The idea is (1) to adjust the trouble peaceably, and (2) to give passions and prejudices on both sides time to cool off.

Extremists on both sides hate the Railway Labor Act. There is always a lot of wild talk when its velvet-gloved fingers clamp down on tempers and old hates. But the net gain from the R.L.A. has been that railroads in this country have lost no operating time because of strikes since the act was first put into effect b in 1926.

Which is as it should be. Railroads, tho privately operated, are what the lawyers affected with a public interest—meaning the public's interest in their steady functio is paramount over the interests of either owners or the railway workers.

If the railroads are affected with public terest, then even more so, at a time like thi any industry or plant producing directly or directly for war purposes. The ultimate st in our defense effort, and perhaps in our l for Britain, is our very independence a nation. If that isn't a public interest we d know what a public interest means.

If the railroads, with the help of broad sioned, unhysterical legislation, have been to cut their strike problem to the bone, then problem can be cut to the bone in the arms dustries, too. And it can be done in the de cratic way, without recourse to iron-fist meth

We believe American labor will prove as ing to co-operate in this matter as any o part of the population. No group or class h monopoly on patriotism in this country. offer labor a fair method of detouring wart strikes, and we expect labor will break a speed records to accept it.

Repeal the Johnson Act

DURING the Johnson and Neutrality Act debates in Congress before the war began, it was often said that these were proposals to tie ourselves up for a future which nobody could foresee. That is a mistake, because the future has an ornery way of bringing to pass the lone eventuality that didn't occur to you when you were trying to outguess it.

The Johnson Act forbids loans in this country to nations in default to the United States. It sounded very righteous when it was passed.

Now, however, we find the great majority of Americans, according to all the indicators of public opinion, convinced that Great Britain is fighting the battle of democracy vs. dictatorship, and that it is our duty to rally around with every conceivable aid for Britain short of war.

Time has passed the Johnson Act by. All aid short of war includes credits or loans or outright gifts to Great Britain when it begins to have trouble paying cash for the war supplies we are selling to it.

As long as the Johnson Act stays on the books, we are unable to extend that class of aid to Britain. The dead hand of the past keeps us from doing something which the majority of us want to do and think we ought to do. (We use the phrase "dead hand" only figuratively, because Senator Hiram Johnson of Californ very much alive, and will probably put u wildcat fight to keep his law on the active l

Let's just repeal the Johnson Act. Also, portions of the Neutrality Act as hamper extension of aid to Britain in accord with wishes of the majority of us. Let's start again on the job of adjusting ourselves world which, wicked though it may be, sh no signs of abandoning war.

And hadn't Congress better give up t attempts to clamp dead hands on the fut When it becomes the present, the future ways breaks the dead hand's grip, anyway

January 1, 194[illegible]

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$2895 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	22
$2595 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	22
$1594 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	21
LOWEST-PRICED PLYMOUTH	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	(21)
LOWEST-PRICED CAR "2"	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	YES	NO	YES	(9)
LOWEST-PRICED CAR "3"	NO	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	(7)

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COVER VERNON GRANT

ANY WEEK

WE'VE just been visited by a Western politician who told us that this was his first trip East in fifteen years. "I've come in to tell you," said he, "that you're a ——" We became interested. "Ten years ago," he went on, "you came to my state and wrote a piece about a group of us who were trying to run the state. You said that we were thirteen crooks. When I read that I resolved that you were a —— and that I would tell you so as soon as I met you again. And now that I've called you a —— I hope you'll do me the honor of having a drink with me." It was while we were having the drink that he said: "About us thirteen being crooks. My dear sir, you were twelve-thirteenths right."



BUT it was in Washington, D. C., at lunch that the menu told us that we could have a General Hugh Johnson salad. We asked the waitress what it was. She said that it was just the chef's salad plus a couple of hard-boiled eggs. "Fresh?" we asked. "Well, what would you say?" demanded the waitress.

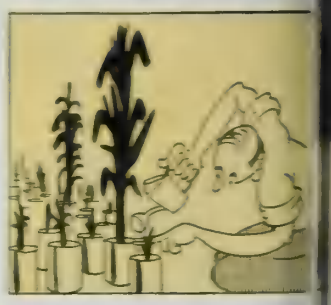
QUITE a number of our correspondents have worked up a warm interest in those military bases we're establishing on British land. They've become quite agitated, too, that our Navy is casting longing eyes at Martinique, which is still French. "Things are coming to a pass where it wouldn't surprise me," says Mr. Joshua Billneat of Eastport, Maine, "if we finally established a few bases in the United States." And Miss Cora Yote of Brunswick, Georgia, is a little apprehensive lest we run out of swapping material. She's a bit fearful that we'll wind up owning acreage in all parts of the British empire. "By that time we'll be all out of navy, planes and ships. We'll have all the bases and England will have all the navy. Then we'll either have to lease the bases back to Britain for money to build a new navy or lack a navy to defend the bases. Anyway, we'll wind up calling on the British empire to defend the bases we acquired for a navy we won't have." But Mr. John J. McAlarney of Toronto, Canada, has heard rumors that Eire, cold to England's longing for defense bases on her southwestern coast, will soon ask the United States to establish a few naval and air strong points on her land that, "should anything disconcerting happen to England, Ireland will be safe from Hitler." Mr. McAlarney has a letter from a member of Eire's parliament, the Dail. "It would be a great shame," writes this statesman, "for Eire to be saved from an irreparable calamity by the British crown. The true Irishman would never again be able to raise his head. Eire would be proud to defend her shores by permitting the United States, to whom we have ever been friendly, to guarantee our freedom."

HOWEVER, there are too many columns devoted to solving the world's major problems. Not that we're complaining. It leaves it to us, feeble fellow that we are, to wrestle with the small perplexities that are ignored by our betters. For example, we find in the Crisp County News, Cordele, Georgia, that one of that journal's editors would like someone to do something about our country's transportation situation. "We feel bad," writes he in his own columns. "Just completed a 150-mile trip in a day coach on a midnight train where we slept with eight strange women and two men and not one had a piece of cover."

ONE of America's largest corporations recently hired an expert in Human Relations. His job was to set up a system of Efficient Friendliness, a slogan of his own invention. He was horrified, a week later, by seeing a dozen employees gather at the desk of a fellow worker and sing Happy Birthday to You. But he put a stop to that. He made a list of impending birthdays and, at the first opportunity, handled it with Efficient Friendliness. The person whose anniversary was thus to become a model received the following on interdepartmental stationery: "Interoffice Correspondence Only. Form C-277-BG. From Department of Human Relations. To George W. Hix. Subject: Happy Birthday. May good health, loyalty, industry and happiness be yours for years to come. Reply within twelve hours to Human Relations—Desk A-1. Signed: Your Fellow Workers."

AND from our Number One agent in Hollywood, Richard English, we learn that the results of the Draft Act are not breeding the happiness its sponsors promised. For example, writes Mr. English, several of Hollywood's most talented musicians were told by a fellow, who they think should be investigated by the Dies Committee, that they'd be immune from the draft and permitted to continue their celluloid careers if they'd enlist in the Marine Band in San Pedro. Several of them did, including one of the best trumpets in the country. "So these guys laughed at all the others in the union who were worrying about being drafted," reports Mr. English. "So what happens? The band leaves for Panama with the rest of the Marines for a two-year stretch. And trumpet is petitioning Washi a discharge from the service, was lured in under false prete I wouldn't have you think merely because he's now get dollars a month instead of dred and fifty a week. It's ciple of the thing."

AND, while we hadn't int make this a Hollywood col cumstances seem to have got of us. From the New Packa Mr. M. M. Dukehart, Jr., of City, sends us a clipping caption Another Use for T "On the first of April, the manager of Metro-Goldw phoned Mr. Jacobs of the Hardware Company for ten of our good No. 2 Plain C Sanitary Cans. They were but Mr. Jacobs was curious what use a movie studio ha cans. Mr. Jacobs investig found that M-G-M planted c cans and after it had grow ficient size would use it for filr fields. They would use the in one area in the morning fer the field to another ar afternoon." We did a bit of tion on our own hook and go tion from an assistant movie who added to the general in with: "And that, my fine dope, is how we get corny."



WE have a complaint from Nebel of Wilkes-Barre, Pen As far as Miss Nebel has be find out the entire country of bottlenecks and crossr doesn't like it. Our troubl come to believe, is that ought either to fight its wa bottlenecks or stand perple crossroads but shouldn't try at the same time. It is not can way of life. We agree Nebel, a woman of action sent the Defense Commiss framed slogan. The printing ing cost her $3.60. It rea Necking and Let's Go to T

AND another from Mr. Fleider of Trenton, New have just read your magazi accept my resignation."

BUT he'll be back. . . .

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Across his path, recent years have placed many obstacles—depression, unemployment, floods, droughts, disasters, and now, the shadow of wars abroad.

And yet, inspired by his unrestricted right and burning desire to provide for his family's welfare to the utmost limits of his ability, *he has conquered every hardship.*

His home, with its modern Heating and Plumbing, has been a vital source of comfort and strength to him—an object of envy to the rest of the world. Heating safeguards against dampness and cold upon which illness thrives. Plumbing supplies the fresh, pure water so essential to well-being and carries away waste so dangerous to health.

And we are proud of the part we have played, through Heating and Plumbing Contractors, in providing this comfort and health protection for millions of Americans in every walk of life.

Harry W. Reed.
CHAIRMAN

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SMOOTH but saving, too!

. . . so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings!

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Best in new cars! Best in old cars!

ROBERT O REID



KEEP UP WITH THE WOR

By Freling Foster

In the oases of the northern Sahara Desert, many women still wear long sweeping capes, which drag on the sand for more than two yards, in order to obliterate their footprints and foil the devil who might trail and tempt them.—*By Frances Doherty, New York, New York.*

Up to the 19th century, the faces of playing cards carried ■ wide variety of printed matter, including songs, plays, proverbs and fables, and lessons in geography, logic, mythology, history and housekeeping, such as the deck called "The Mode of Carving at Table," which gave instructions on how to carve fifty-two different cuts of meat.—*By David Hoyt, Chicago, Illinois.*

One ceremony in the ordination of a Chinese Buddhist priest consists of the burning of nine pieces of incense on his closely shaved head to test his fortitude. Not only does he suffer extreme pain from these burns, but his hair never grows again over the scars.

Japan, which owns one third of the world's fishing vessels and employs one half of the world's fishermen, sends them greater distances than any other country. They cross the Pacific to fish off the coasts of the United States and Central America, and go down under Cape Horn to cast their nets in the Atlantic off Argentina, which is nearly halfway around the earth.

The light of the noctiluca, a minute marine animal, is so strong that one part of its luminous gland in two billion parts of water will produce a visible glow in the liquid. If a parachutist possessed such a light, he would be able to illuminate an area equivalent to that of a dozen large airports.

The United States Naval Observatory in Washington, in determining standard time, which must be accurate to within three one-thousandths of a second, uses seventy-two "clock stars" during the course of ■ year, only eighteen of which are employed at any one time as the star map changes from season to season.

Despite its high mounta great ocean depths, the su the earth is relatively smoo instance, if the earth were to a sphere about ■ foot in d it would be smoother than t age bowling ball.—*By Th Mederos, Jr., Princeton, N sey.*

A youth may obtain a scholarship at Harvard U if he was once a Boston n if he is of Greek birth or age, if his family name ha be Baxendale or Murphy, comes from the territory s the Chicago, Burlington & Railroad in Iowa.

There are breeds of cats hairless, many kinds of produce musical sounds an species of butterflies tha delicate perfumes.

While traveling in the Alaska in 1911, the office ship Explorer recorded on greatest "long-distance" m history. In it they could se Fairweather, which was 3 away and at least 10,000 fe the horizon.

The hobby of racing which cost from 25 cents apiece, is pursued by abo fanciers, who support mately a thousand clubs magazines. The record flown is more than 7,000 m the record sustained fligh seventeen hours and eight utes.—*By Elizabeth Tin Columbus, Ohio.*

A recent religious surv among a considerable nu lawyers, scientists, writers and other businessmen Who's Who in America, that, in each category, the immortality was more than the belief in the exi God.

Five dollars will be paid for each or unusual fact accepted for t Contributions must be accompan factory proof. Address Keep U World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenu City. This column is copyrighted The National Weekly. None of th be reproduced without express pe the publisher



A GENERAL MOTORS MASTERPIECE



Streamliner "Torpedo" Six Sedan Coupe $923★ (white sidewall tires optional at extra cost.)

"BOY WAS I EVER SMART to lay a few extra dollars on the line—and get this Pontiac. Never got such a kick out of a car in my life. The admiring looks people give it when I pull up beside 'em at a stop light. The surprise on their faces when I snap out ahead on the 'green.' Yes, and the relief of having a fresh, rested family at the end of an all-day drive instead of a bunch of bad tempers. Me, I'm bragging—I made a wonderful buy.



"LOOK AT HER TAKE THIS STRETCH OF ROAD. Straight as an arrow with never a swerve. No sidesway, no bumps—nothing but smooth, whispering speed. And here I sit with nothing to do but rest my foot on the accelerator and my finger tips on the wheel.



ND AM I SAVING MONEY! You'd think this Pontiac d a grudge against gas stations, it's that close-fisted with l and oil. And with repairs, too, they tell me. It's just lt to go on and on. Sure, I was smart to pick a Pontiac nd you'd be smart to buy one too. It will cost you only w more dollars than one of the lowest-priced cars. And 'll get it all back before you're through."

PONTIAC PRICES BEGIN AT **$828** FOR THE DE LUXE "TORPEDO" SIX BUSINESS COUPE

★*Delivered at Pontiac, Michigan. State tax, optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

THE FINE CAR

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WITH THE LOW PRICE

Only $25 more for an Eight in any model!

Instead of THIS . . . DO THIS!

No matter what you "douse" it with, "dousing" your hair leaves it plastered down instead of natural looking . . . Instead of "dousing," use the "comb-it-in" method with a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb . . . and see how naturally good-looking your hair becomes!



HANDSOME HAIR IS REWARD WHEN YOU CHECK DRY SCALP!

WHEN "dousing" or too frequent shampooing washes away the natural scalp oils Dry Scalp often results... a condition frequently followed by falling dandruff and abnormal loss of hair.

To keep hair handsome, combat Dry Scalp these two ways. *First*, instead of "dousing" your hair to keep it in place, use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb. *Second*, before each shampoo massage your scalp with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic not only helps protect the natural oils of the scalp, but actually supplements them. Within a week you will see an astonishing improvement in the good looks of your hair!



A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.

EVERY MORNING shake on a few drops when you comb your hair.

EVERY WEEK before shampooing give your scalp a generous 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage for extra protection against dryness.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. Copr. 1940, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

Wing Talk

OF COURSE there are others—but pursuits and bombers are the war planes you hear most about in news from the Battle of Britain and from the Battle of Washington.

There's something about a bomber—a naïve tangibility, a big-dog forthrightness, a ham actor bass-voice and posturing that keeps it from scaring you (after you are raid-broken, as the Chinese say) as much as it really should.

But the pursuit is no show-off. It is the snake of the clouds. One American builder recognizes this characteristic by naming his ship after the reptile that means lurking sudden death to the natives of India—cobra. A young flugjaeger, or flying hunter as the Germans call a pursuit skipper, who had been to the University of Chicago and remembered Midway levity, told me: "I think my pursuit is like an accident hurrying someplace to happen—to someone else."

The pursuit is boiled down and skinned to the last fraction of an ounce for deadly efficiency. A lot of motor, a little body: a lot of brainy guts, a little gasoline. It is lean, pure killer: pound for pound the slickest one man has yet devised. Perhaps you never realized what a precise instrument it is. So take this X-ray look at the confidential (to United States citizens only) figures of a typical American pursuit:

The whole ship weighs little more than a single naval torpedo. And the engine with its adjuncts weighs practically as much as the plane itself: 2,300 pounds more or less for each. Odds and ends such as instruments and controls add 630 for a total "empty" weight of about 5,200 pounds. This includes 60 pounds for the 70,000 or so rivets you can find in the ship; a partial answer to why planes can't be ground out as fast as automobiles.

To reach the gross or fighting weight you add 2,000 pounds of "useful" load. Here you come upon a heart-wrenching reminder that the pursuit, modern war's outstanding defensive weapon, is a slim and young lad's vehicle—in the coldly poignant calculation of only 160 pounds for pilot and parachute. The parachute alone comes to 20 pounds. Machine guns and cannon, plus ammunition, make up 850 pounds; the gun sights, 8. Brimful gas and oil, about 700 pounds. Armor plate and bulletproof glass, 155. The balance of the useful pounds includes radio and oxygen apparatus.

When you put "business paint," o camouflage, on this pursuit you add 1 pounds and spoil its complexion, whic becomes minutely pebbled, so tha about 8 miles per hour is knocked off th speed at which the original eel-slee body could fly through the air. Camou flage nowadays is mostly flat black fo the undersides, green and olive dra above. The paint used by our Air Corp was developed over years of research a Wright Field and I hope the F.B.I. won' be sore if I whisper you could buy th makin's for a few pennies at your corne store. It can be sprayed on in a jiffy b portable means right at the field; whic is a good thing, because the pain washes off if the pursuit gets caught i rain or passes through a wet cloud.

Compute everything, you find jus over 7,000 pounds. American pursuit cost from $65,000 to $100,000, ready t go. The propeller will cost $3,000 t $5,000 of this; the engine, $12,000 to per haps $18,000. The pilot's flight trainin and subsequent experience cost the gov ernment about $40,000. His parent probably shelled out $5,000 or more fc his college education. Altogether there an actual dollar investment of aroun $17 per fighting pound, which, based o latest European reckonings, might la a minimum of 2 minutes or a maximu of 5 weeks on a blitzed front.

Not counting the gasoline, insuranc —or pension.

THOMAS R. MARSHALL, who calle himself Woodrow Wilson's only vic would have to find another adjective he were alive to repeat in this fligh minded day his famous crack that "wha this country needs is a good five-cen cigar!" You have been puzzled by th rule that permits only cigarette smokin in air liners. It's because cigars ar pipes are dangerous—not to the safet of the plane, but to the stability of you fellow travelers' stomachs.

THE plane introduces a new possibi ity into sports: truly "nationa leagues. Major baseball structures gre on railroad netting of important popu lation centers, each no farther than on night's journey from any other. Citi mushrooming on the Pacific Coast we cut by distances from the National an American leagues. Now the air lin fetches the entire continental Unite

(Continued on page 46)

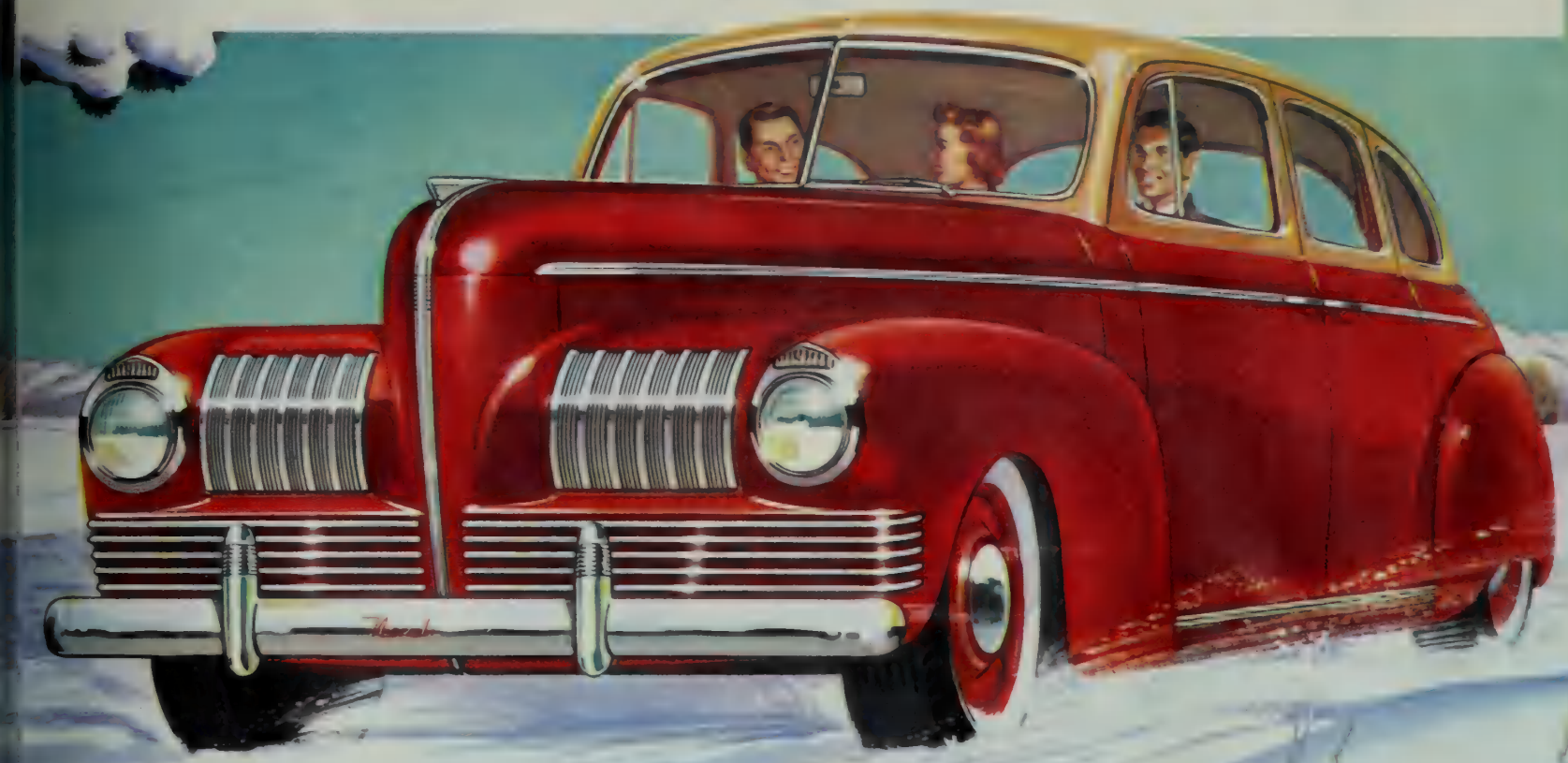
FOR THOM



The "Flying Braniffs"—see Page 46

Wink Your Weather Eye at Winter

IN THIS NEW KIND OF LOW-PRICE CAR



CHECK NASH AGAINST THE LOWEST-PRICE FIELD

- ★ **BETTER ECONOMY**—25 to 30 Miles on a Gallon of Gasoline.
- ★ **SMOOTHER RIDE**—Only low-price car with Coil Springs on *All Four Wheels.*
- ★ **EASIER STEERING**—Two-way Roller Steering.
- ★ **ROOMIER**—Greater Seating Width.
- ★ **SAFER**—Welded Body-and-Frame Construction . . . made rattle-proof, twist-proof.

o-listen to that wind! Know where u ught to be today? Riding in a 1941 were you simply wink a "Weather t winter cold!

ay, all you do is twirl a little dial—es', it turns into a balmy May day.



The mercury can skitter to 10° below—but the fresh, conditioned air will never change, the windshield will never fog.

t's Weather Eye magic, gauging and ssing changes in weather!

greatest health, comfort and safety mo- feture of the last twenty years—and s ours as an optional extra, even in a *price* Nash.

y rs—in a beautiful, big, roomy Nash n eliver 25 to 30 miles a gallon—over ile on a tankful—with good driving.

Nash powered to whisk you from 15 MH in 12 seconds, in *high* gear!

seek beauty is built on aircraft principles—of welding body and frame into one solid rattle-proof unit of amazing strength. So roomy—there's even a Convertible Bed.

And for the first time in the lowest-price field—a car with soft coil springs on *all four wheels* . . . It rides like a dream—steers with such utter ease that all-day driving is no chore at all.



Soft and Silent as a Kitten's Tread—that's Nash Travel!

It's a new kind of car. You've never driven one like it.

Instead of keeping your old car garaged 'til Spring—why not trade now?



Modern Magic: Over 500 Miles to a Tankful!

You'll gain three months of driving fun . . . start saving as much as $70 to $100 each year. Why not go for a Weather Eye ride today?

Nash Builds Better "6s" and "8s" in the Three Major Price Fields—
Prices Now $70 to $159 Lower

The Nash Ambassador "600". America's new low-priced car. 6-cylinder Manifold-Sealed Engine. 195 inches over all. Six models.

The Aeropowered Nash Ambassador Six—105 HP . . . 6-cylinder Twin Ignition Valve-in-Head Engine. Six models.

The Aeropowered Nash Ambassador Eight—115 HP . . . 8-cylinder Twin Ignition Valve-in-Head Engine. Five models.

Go NASH

AND SAVE MONEY EVERY MILE



SAID THE ELECTRICAL MOUTH TO THE ELECTRICAL EAR...

. . . "*Joe took father's shoe bench out. . . . She was waiting at my lawn.*"

If you were passing through the Bell Telephone Laboratories today you might hear an electrical mouth speaking this odd talk, or whistling a series of musical notes, to a telephone transmitter.

This mouth can be made to repeat these sounds without variation. Every new telephone transmitter is tested by this mouth before it receives a laboratory or manufacturing O.K. for your use.

This is only one of the many tests to which telephone equipment is subjected in the Bell Telephone Laboratories. And there is a reason for the selection of those particular words.

It happens that the sentence, "Joe took father's shoe bench out," and its more lyrical companion, "She was waiting at my lawn," contain all the fundamental sounds of the English language that contribute to the intensity of sound in speech.

Busily at work in the interest of every one who uses the telephone is one of the largest research laboratories in the world. T standing development of the telephone country is proof of the value of this re In times like these, the work of the Be phone Laboratories becomes incre important and necessary.

BELL TELEPHONE SYST

The Bell System Is Doing Its Part in the Country's Program of National Defense

ollier's
NATIONAL WEEKLY
JANUARY 11, 1941

lently
he
onquered

Hamlen Hunt
ATED BY GEORGE HOWE

e conqueror, power—and oom of endless loneliness

HEN the curfew sounds at night in Warsaw and Paris and Rotterdam and Copenhagen, people go silently. The only sound left in ce life-filled streets is the loud, arching of police who hear their ootsteps resound along prome- with unfamiliar names. Some- ne greets another in triumphant hat ring hollowly on the silent, air. "Good evening, Herr Lieu- All is well?" "All is well, Herr hant. Everything is quiet."

use, of course, there is no longer olt left anywhere: it has all been out of the people who happen to in that country. Sometimes one han, talking to another over his cheeses and beer, or his ver- cassis (what bilge these people A degenerate race!) says, "They orn to be slaves! Look at them eaten to the ground!"

g Captain Roth Klemperer was could find nothing to complain in the behavior of the quiet It would have been hard for him ere been rioting and trouble be- e had such happy memories of aceful country. He knew many well, especially one family Haunstrup. They had a big, ht farm an hour or two out of agen, and Roth had often spent rs there since first he had come mark in 1915, as a war refugee. Haunstrups had taken him in then. n he arrived at the farm in sum- nton, strong as a young tree, rush out to greet him, and they nstantly begin to make plans for d talk about the farm prospects. was interested in scientific farm- l Roth was interested in science. greet him was Aunt Mathea, the and gentle mother who was so ul that everyone loved her. She ught school until her eyesight and after that she was still able age the household and give it

come, Roth," she would say,

had no right!" she said, and icksilver behind her eyes had l black. "I had!" he shouted

kissing him on both cheeks. "You are taller again, I see."

He would say, "Just half an inch," and think that her face felt like rose petals.

Margreta, the shy youngest of the family—three other sons and daughters were working in America—would one day be as beautiful as her mother. Quicksilver shone behind her eyes and made it impossible for her ever to be quite motionless. She always had boys clustering around her, as if, her brother told her, she were no more than a lump of honey on a plate. She would wrinkle her nose and say, "They think I'm sweet until I sting them—like this!" She laughed and flicked him sharply with her fingernails. One of these boys was Holger Lunoe, who lived on the next farm. He was tall and dark-eyed with a hidden streak of wild energy and humor that pleased Margreta. Holger and Anton used to discuss farmers' co-operatives until Roth and Margreta were bored and wandered away from them.

There was so much to do in occupied Copenhagen that Roth hadn't yet been able to get out to the Haunstrups' farm. He would not admit to himself that he hesitated to go there in his new role.

He remembered Margreta as he had last seen her three summers before. He had appeared, in his new uniform, at the gate of the thatched white house with a pear tree trained to grow flat against the sunny wall, and a tall, beautiful girl had met him. Her eyes were as gray as the harbor at dusk and there was a gracefulness in her movements.

"Margreta?" he said, astonished. "Why, you've grown up and got beautiful!"

She laughed aloud. "Or is it that your eyes have merely learned to see?" she asked mockingly, turning to Holger who was pruning a small tree on the lawn. "Holger thought I was beautiful even when I didn't have my front teeth."

Roth bowed stiffly from the waist. "You were," he said, and felt himself flush to the roots of his sand-colored hair, cut in the military way this summer. He looked at Holger, in faded corduroys, and felt quite scornful until that dark, mocking face turned to him and that deep voice said, "Hello, Boy Scout." Roth recovered his dignity slowly.

"Hello," he said. "When I left last fall you were fixing up trees, too."

Holger looked at him calmly. "It's not a bad thing to do."

THAT was almost the only exchange of civilities between them that whole summer, for they had both changed as much as Margreta, and she stood between them. Holger was stubborn and adult, the respected head of a local co-operative. Older farmers, even such successful ones as her father, respected Holger's judgment.

Sometimes Roth wondered if there was an understanding between Margreta and Holger. There was a way they had of looking at each other. But he would not think there was because he wanted Margreta himself.

"So you're going to be a soldier," she said. "I thought you wanted to be a chemist once."

"Once," he said impatiently. "When I was an unambitious boy."

Margreta said, "Here we leave the army to those who want fine uniforms. The rest of us have too much to do building Denmark's future to dream of conquest. We are a small country and content to stay that way."

Roth said earnestly, "Some day there will be no small states in Europe. It is uneconomic. There will be one or two big states instead."

Margreta raised her eyebrows. "Gobble, gobble, like a Strasbourg goose," she said irreverently. "Perhaps instead there will be many small states all in one federation, such as Holger dreams of."

Roth grew angry and shouted, "That's nonsense, I tell you! You are co-operation-mad in this country! You *will* not realize that one country must rule the rest!"

Margreta looked at him and suddenly she was so remote and yet so desirable that he rushed at her and held her against the trunk of the tree that Holger had kept alive. He was full of an angry passion, determined to make her respond. At last she did and then she wrenched herself away.

"You had no right!" she said, and the quicksilver behind her eyes had turned black.

"I had!" he shouted. "I am a man and you a woman, that's all the right I need!"

And then he kissed her again and she flung her head sideways so hard it cracked against the tree trunk.

"I choose my own man," she "Let me go!"

"No!" he said.

Holger's voice was very dee quiet. "Margreta wishes to go," h and knocked Roth flat with one sw his enormous hand. Roth glared as he instantly sprang to his feet.

"You wish to duel?" he asked, ing out the words between his tee

Holger laughed aloud, throwi head back.

"Oh, for God's sake, Roth," h "You're not the Student Princ know. You were bothering Ma that was all." He slouched off t Anton, who was going around the with the cattle inspector. The strups bred prize cattle.

THERE was a feeling of strain b Margreta and Roth during the remaining weeks of summer; som she could not seem to meet his ey sometimes when he looked up sud he knew she had been watchin thinking about him. The troubl he didn't know what she was thi until the last evening.

"Roth," she said, and she had p hand gently in his. "You are so s compared to the quiet boy who u come here—maybe it is the un maybe something else. I am att to you—I would not deny that. have a feeling of distrust about yo and I always feel those things toge I cannot seem to separate them. telling you this so you will kno things are with me."

Roth said, "Let us leave thing way. I will come back during the —Anton and I are going skiing i way at Christmas time—and perh then you will know whether you l or not." He had thought then ho erous he was to give her time, w could force her to his will if he to. He went on with words tha prised him: "You are all the t may never have again if you w love me."

There was silence before Ma said in a muffled voice, "I hope love you, then, but I must be sure. you come in winter I will know."

HE HADN'T gone back that He was sent into Austria an that into Czechoslovakia. He be a captain, known for his devo the ideals of state and leader an he thought of Margreta it was wonderingly. Now that he was Copenhagen, he could not stop t of her.

Sometimes Roth wondered wh ple thought when they looked Raadhus and saw the swastika f over it. Naturally they did not s

"It's a different city," Lieu Herring said enthusiastically to perior, reporting progress. "It wi be all in order."

"No doubt," Roth answered for it had suddenly come to him these few months the old Cope had put on a disguise. This Cope was much like Vienna occupi Prague, or even Paris, and he had den dizzy feeling that if all the were the same, if all custom turne man, and all conversation beca polite, submissive talk of beaten it would not be pleasant.

He looked out of the windo saw many things that he remer from an old dream—flower-t

(Continued on page 47)



Roth supposed he spoke so on cause he had known him so lo am glad to see you again," h

Lighted Windows

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

Two beacons in the life of a lonely man—the girl he had intended to win, and the girl who won him

TOM BURDOCK left the group of men around Earl Stone's bunk and the talk of the New Year's Eve under they planned in town that night. They were kids, most of them, and talked big. He didn't laugh at them, for his ideas were not strangers to theirs. There was just this difference: He found no need to shout about it.

Burdock went to the door of the bunkhouse and stood there looking out across the winter-still valley toward town. There was a girl who lived in that town on Maple Street in a neat white house. She belonged to one of the respectable families there whose lives were so far removed from his. He had seen her last two years ago. Each time since then that he had come near that town as the work in the woods shifted, he had thought of going to see her, but each time things turned out differently.

From where he stood in the door he could see the woods road dropping down through the timbered section, paralleling the frozen river, then striking straight over the snow-covered barrens to the first of the remote homes on the edge of the wilderness. A light was already on in this first house—or it might have been the reflection of the early setting winter sun. Burdock looked a long time until he saw that it was a light. That house and the people in it were strangers to him—but the warmth and the security they represented to a man without a home were deep. Seeing him standing there, a big, slow-moving man, muscle heavy and scarred from work and what he called good times, those behind him in the bunkhouse would never have guessed his thoughts—so strong is a man's reputation, his outward way of living. And even to the man, himself, certain wants lay fallow until a seed grows. The lamp in that unknown window brought stirring life to this seed. The growing hurt.

Burdock walked back into the hot room. There was a way of soothing this hurt, and he knew the formula well. He went to his bunk, kicked off the wool slippers, and put on the high oiled-leather boots he wore into town. He dressed without hurry, but there was little care in his choice of clothes. His dark, deep-set eyes moved over his things indifferently.

He saw Earl Stone, Chet Loving and Cort Gregory watching him.

Stone said in a quiet, instructive voice, "Now there, boys, is the only gent in this camp who knows *all* the ways of raising hell."

Burdock regarded Stone soberly.

"You know this town, Tom?" Chet Loving asked. "Didn't you drive logs on this river before?"

"I was here two years ago."

"Town's open, isn't she?"

"Wide open."

"Attaboy!" Stone said. He rubbed his hands together. A gleam brought light into his eyes.

Cort Gregory left the group and strolled over to Burdock's bunk. He sat down on the bench beside Burdock and lit a cigarette. He looked at Burdock through the mist of smoke. He, of all the men in the bunkhouse, knew Burdock best. Burdock had found him in a free-for-all brawl in a saloon in Eastport, and had saved him from a serious beating. They had peeled pulpwood together three summers ago near Westerly on the Air Line road, and had been in the big drive on the Machias last spring. But Burdock knew that even Gregory never guessed the thoughts that stirred his mind.

Gregory said, "The boys are going to be hard to handle tonight."

"Don't try," Burdock said, "this is New Year's Eve."

HE SAT on the outside of the company truck's cab seat—his right arm against the wall of zero air. Across the roar of the engine, and the talk of the crew in the body of the truck, Burdock let his mind play with the memory of this road leading to town—of the town—of the girl in the town.

The thought came to him then that he could go to see her, that there was nothing to keep him from going but himself. If she wasn't home he would go down to Water Street. If she was home . . . ? His mind stopped there. "I'll get the boys started at Lunk's," he said to himself. "Then I'll go out to Maple Street. I won't even have a drink until I get back later. . . ."

The men were feeling good with company checks warm in their hip pockets.

"Which way do we go, Tom?" the driver asked.

Burdock saw the divided road ahead in the white of the truck lights and said, "Go left." This road led to the East side—to the mills, the row of saloons on Water Street. The other road led to the neat white houses on Walnut and Maple—to the homes of the people of the town.

He looked down the darkness of that road and saw in the distance the faint glow of the lights and saw in his mind's eye the last house on Maple Street. He said, "It's two more miles, boys—to Lunk's."

The driver was fussy about parking; he wanted the truck headed right—facing the road out of town—with nothing to hinder him when he got behind the wheel to start back for camp. Earl Stone kidded him. Tom Burdock stood on the snow-packed sidewalk, his back to the truck, his eyes on the bar inside

(Continued on page 51)



She beat her fists against the wood and shouted: "Cowards! You ought to be ashamed. Five against two! Get out of here"



Key to our defensive sewing-up of the Caribbean is France's Martinique, with its excellent harbor at Fort-de-France (see inset map) which would make an ideal base for the U. S. Navy. Air-line distances to Panama Canal from San Juan and projected Trinidad bases are indicated

Our Designs on Martinique

By Frank Gervasi

A stinking pearl on our doorstep, Martinique has the best harbor in the Lesser Antilles. We need that harbor to complete our Caribbean defense line, says the Navy. The rest of the island is sheer liability. Collier's rushed Frank Gervasi there by air. Here is his report on this disheartened fragment of the French empire; its ships, its planes and its bewildered inhabitants

MARTINIQUE, which until June 13th last, the day France fell, was merely a smelly stopover on a Caribbean cruise where you could buy Rue de la Paix perfumes at Woolworth prices, has become an international bombshell with a slow-burning fuse. It is an island of bewildered men, of lies, propaganda and censorship, and that's not all. Lies, propaganda and censorship are the flora and fauna of a correspondent's habitat. On Martinique he encounters something new, incredible—unless he knows France and the pride of Frenchmen and their shame and hurt in defeat.

Confusion begins, for the correspondent, the moment he sets his feet onto the mucky dock of Fort-de-France. Right under the noses of censors, customs inspectors and policemen, a stringy individual with a mouthful of secondhand gold teeth and a coffee-cream complexion wobbles up and gives the correspondent the low-down.

The island, he tells you, is 90 per cent American. The natives in the hills, who are now Frenchmen, want to change their citizenship right away. For further details please see Monsieur So and So and at that point Coffee-Cream's voice drops to an indecipherable series of sibilants.

You arrive at the shuttered warren they call a hotel and, after a shower and a change from the gluey clothes that became soaked in perspiration while listening to Coffee-Cream on the sun-soaked dock, you go and sit down in a spavined chair in the Bar Normandie of the Hotel de la Paix. You order a rum punch and listen to the rain. It descends with the sound and weight of surf.

The Harbor's the Thing

The water gorges the gutters—there are no sewers in Fort-de-France—and the filth of a city of some 50,000 blacks and 3,000 whites and quasiwhites slices through the narrow street, past the sidewalk-level door of the bar, to foul the Caribbean a few hundred yards away. Fort-de-France was built on a swamp. As you watch the rain turn stately palms into bedraggled harridans with unkempt hair and as you listen to it you wonder more than ever why anybody would want Martinique.

Then the sun; again its light is pale yellow, almost white. The city steams. The air is thick in the nostrils and heavy with a thousand stenches. You have a walk around. First, the harbor.

The harbor of Fort-de-France, which was Fort Royal when the ships of the line of Admiral de Grasse were bosomed there, is deep, wide, long. It is sheltered from the tireless trade winds by high, green hills. It is, even a layman can see, the best harbor in the Lesser Antilles, from Port-of-Spain to San Juan.

Gold-braided men of the American Navy, hard-boiled men who think in terms of 16-inch guns and national security instead of in political terms, told me candidly that the United States ought to have that harbor. We don't, they added, want to own the island, or own any Frenchmen, nor inherit their rum-and-ruin economics. We merely want that harbor as a base, as another tooth in Uncle Sam's Caribbean denture. Right now there's an ugly gap in it between Puerto Rico and Trinidad.

Martinique would make the best base in the Lower Antilles. Dynamite and steam shovels and millions couldn't improve very much the naval and flying-boat base nature made at Fort-de-France. There's little dredging t done, for one thing. Dredging, s costly business—and the multimill dollar machines that do the dred will have to be brought down from United States—will account for muc the time and money to be spent on West Indies defense system.

We talked about the island with men who fly the PBY patrol boats on neutrality vigil that extends from N foundland to Georgetown and the c of Venezuela. Two hundred miles to sea they fly, and they cover Caribbean, night and day, with a ometry of intersecting routes. T are the guardians of America's M Nostrum, of the Panama Canal, Suez of our Mediterranean.

They like Martinique. There ar

ROLF KLEP



WIDE WORLD

United States' man-on-the-s watching the "Martinique Cri is American Consul V. H. Bloc

eacherous currents in the
rt-de-France. That's im-
em when they're laying ■
ls of dollars worth of air-
n the water. That's just as
it is to a warship to have
ns under her keel. The
an lay their ships down on
ort-de-France as easily as
roke a basin of water with

e, geographically, lies
way between San Juan and
, Trinidad. It is the ex-
end of a diagonal drawn from the Panama Canal, 1,330 flying miles away. From San Juan or Port-of-Spain it's about three and ■ half flying hours to Fort-de-France.

Critics are shocked by what they consider an expression of American imperialism in murmuring covetous words about Martinique. We've got bases in the English islands, they say. We acquired those bases from the British in exchange for 50 destroyers. To this the hard-boiled Navy man replies:

"No, Citizen Jones. We haven't any bases in the English islands. What we acquired was the right to build bases on land leased for a period of 99 years. Those bases must yet be built. This will take at least 18 months and many millions of dollars of the money you pay in taxes. In most cases the work has not yet begun. And anything may happen in Europe before they are finished."

If the world were organized as it was in the days when the New World was an imperial grab bag, the problem of Martinique would be simple. The United States would pre-empt the island in self-defense. That's the way the French got it in 1635. They just grabbed it when England, France and Spain fought a succession of wars for control of the Caribbean and their New World possessions.

Things aren't done that way now except by the Axis powers, and America must seek ■ diplomatic and political solution of the Martinique question. That's why President Franklin Roosevelt appointed as ambassador to Vichy Admiral William Daniel Leahy, governor of Puerto Rico, former chief of naval operations and ■ sailor who knows the Caribbean as you know the geography of your bathtub.

Out there in the harbor, asleep on her irons, is the clumsy French aircraft carrier Bearn. The flag of France droops at her stern pole. Alongside lies the "auxiliary cruiser" Quercy. Much has been made of the menace of these converted merchantmen. The Quercy was being stripped of her guns by the winches of the Bearn. She'll go back to the banana business after being refitted with refrigerating machinery at Casablanca.

Tied up at a dock were the banana boats Esterel and Barfleur. These too figured in the "Martinique Crisis" generated back home. Both have been disarmed, their guns deposited in the arsenal. Some of these guns, four-inch affairs, will be mounted on the island.

At another dock on the inner curve of the harbor lay the light cruiser Emile Bertin. Three small freighters boxed her in, bows to sea as though in case of alarm they could swing around and protect the cruiser. Martinique fears attack, maybe German, maybe American.

The funnels of all ships were dead. Only on the warships was there ■ stir of life. The sailors' washing hung on lines, and half-naked men scrubbed decks, polished brass. Life stopped in the harbor of Fort-de-France on June 13.

It is sad to see the warships of ■ defeated nation when that nation is a

(Continued on page 41)



WIDE WORLD

American planes, en route to France on the aircraft carrier Bearn, were unloaded at Fort-de-France when France collapsed. The Bearn, with the light cruiser Emile Bertin (below) provide Martinique with its only real defense

BLACK STAR

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



The Story Thus Far:

HERCULE POIROT, brilliant Belgian criminal investigator, is enjoying a vacation at the Jolly Roger, an unpretentious hotel on an English south-coast island, when it dawns on him that everyone around him is nervous, apprehensive. And presently he learns what is wrong:

Two of the guests—Kenneth Marshall's wife, Arlena (a man hunter) and Christine Redfern's handsome husband, Patrick—are deep in a none-too-secret "affair"; and the other guests are in a dither for fear that, sooner or later, there will be serious trouble, perhaps even a shocking tragedy of some sort.

Poirot sees much of the Marshalls and the Redferns. He meets the other guests, among them: Miss Emily Brewster, an amiable old maid; the Reverend Stephen Lane; two Americans—Mrs. Odell Gardener and her husband; Major Barry, a bore from India; Rosamund Darnley, a well-known London dressmaker; and Horace Blatt, a man of means—and many words.

It is Blatt who tells Poirot of "Pixy's Cave," a near-by cavern which, according to legend, is connected with the hotel by secret passages and guarded by pixies ("moor spirits"). . . . One warm August morning, Arlena Marshall goes to the little beach below the Jolly Roger. She climbs on a small "float" and paddles away. Some time later, "Pat" Redfern and Miss Brewster, out for a jaunt in a rowboat, find her body on the beach at Pixy Cove—she has been murdered, strangled to death!

The tragedy jerks Poirot out of his restful mood; and, with Inspector Colgate and Chief Constable Weston, he goes to work—searching for clues, interviewing everyone who may contribute some item of value.

Kenneth Marshall is, naturally, the most obvious suspect. But he could not have killed his wife—at the time of the murder he had been in his room, busily engaged in typing letters. Who, then, killed Arlena Marshall? *Some man*—because Arlena had been strangled *by someone with powerful hands*. But what man?

Colgate, Weston and Poirot have no theories—yet. Minds open, they inspect the hotel's register. They make a list of the men whom they should interrogate. They come to the name of Horace Blatt. Poirot makes a rapid analysis of Blatt's personality. Then—while Colgate and Weston listen: "*There is something not quite right about Mr. Blatt,*" he says slowly.

V

POIROT paused and went on, with a change of voice:

"Next comes Miss Rosamund Darnley. Her business name is Rose Mond Ltd. She is a celebrated dressmaker. What can I say of her? She has brains and charm and chic. She is very pleasing to look at." He paused and added: "And she is a very old friend of Captain Marshall's."

Weston sat up in his chair.

"Oh, she is, is she?"

"Yes. They had not met for some years."

"Did she know he was going to be down here?"

"She says not."

Poirot paused and then went on: "Who comes next? Miss Brewster. I find her just a little alarming." He shook his head. "She has a voice like a man's. She is gruff and what you call hearty. She rows boats and has a handicap of four at golf." He paused. "I think, though, that she has a good heart."

"That leaves only the Reverend Stephen Lane," Weston said. "Who's the Reverend Stephen Lane?"

"I can only tell you one thing: He is a man who is in a condition of great nervous tension. Also he is, I think, a fanatic."

"Oh, that kind of person," Inspector Colgate said.

"And that's the lot!" said Weston. He looked at Poirot. "You seem very lost in thought, my friend?"

"Yes," Poirot said. "Because, you see, when Mrs. Marshall went off this morning and asked me not to tell anyone I had seen her, I jumped at once in my own mind to a certain conclusion. I thought that her friendship with Patrick Redfern had made trouble between her and her husband. I thought that she was going to meet Patrick Redfern somewhere and that she did not want her husband to know where she was."

POIROT paused. "But that, you see, was where I was wrong. Because, although her husband appeared almost immediately on the beach and asked if I had seen her, Patrick Redfern arrived also—and was most patently and obviously looking for her! And therefore, my friends, I am asking myself, *who was it that Arlena Marshall went off to meet?*"

"That fits in with *my* idea," Inspector Colgate said. "A man from London or somewhere."

Hercule Poirot shook his head. "But, my friend, according to your theory, Arlena Marshall had broken with mythical man. Why, then, should take such trouble and pains to him?"

"Who do *you* think it was?" Inspector Colgate asked.

"That is just what I cannot im: We have just read through the l hotel guests. They are all middle —dull. Which of them would A Marshall prefer to Patrick Rec No, that is impossible. And yet, a same, she *did* go to meet some and that someone was not Patrick fern."

Weston murmured, "You don't she just went off by herself?"

Poirot shook his head posit



…lled myself and sun-bathed and Mrs. …dfern sketched. Then, a little bit …r, I went into the sea for a swim"

…lon cher," he said. "It is very evi… that you never met the dead …an. Somebody once wrote a learned …ise on the difference that solitary …nement would mean to Beau …mel or to a man like Newton. Ar… Marshall, my dear friend, would …ically not exist in solitude. She …l lived in the light of a man's ad…ition. No, Arlena Marshall went …eet *someone* that morning. *Who …a it?*"

COLONEL WESTON sighed, shook …is head and said: "Well, we can go …theories later. Got to get through …interviews now. Got to get it down …lack and white where everyone was. I suppose we'd better see the Marshall girl now. She might be able to tell us something useful."

Linda Marshall came into the room clumsily, knocking against the doorpost. She was breathing quickly and the pupils of her eyes were dilated. She looked like a startled young colt. Colonel Weston felt a kindly impulse toward her.

"Poor kid," he thought, "she's nothing but a kid after all. This must have been a pretty bad shock to her."

He drew up a chair and said, in a reassuring voice, "Sorry to put you through this, Miss—Linda, isn't it?"

"Yes, Linda."

Her voice had that indrawn, breathy quality that is often characteristic of schoolgirls. Her hands rested helplessly on the table in front of him—pathetic hands, big and red, with large bones and long wrists. "A kid oughtn't to be mixed up in this sort of thing," Weston thought.

He said reassuringly:

"There's nothing very alarming about all this. We just want you to tell us anything you know that might be useful, that's all."

"You mean—about Arlena?" she asked.

"Yes. Did you see her this morning at all?"

The girl shook her head. "No. Arlena always gets down rather late. She has breakfast in bed."

Hercule Poirot said, "And you, Mademoiselle?"

"Oh, I get up. Breakfast in bed's so *stuffy*."

"Will you tell us just what you did this morning?" Weston asked.

"Well, I had a bath first and then breakfast and then I went with Mrs. Redfern to Gull Cove."

"What time did you and Mrs. Redfern start?" Weston asked.

"She said she'd be waiting for me in the hall at half past ten. I was afraid I was going to be late, but it was all right. We started off at about three minutes to the half-hour."

"And what did you do at Gull Cove?" Poirot asked.

"Oh, I oiled myself and sun-bathed and Mrs. Redfern sketched. Then, a little bit later, I went into the sea for a swim and Christine went back to the hotel to get changed for tennis."

WESTON said, keeping his voice quite casual, "Do you remember what time that was?"

"When Mrs. Redfern went back to the hotel? Quarter to twelve."

"Sure of that time—quarter to twelve?"

Linda, opening her eyes wide, said, "Oh, *yes*. I looked at my watch."

"The watch you have on now?"

Linda glanced down at her wrist.

"Yes."

"Mind if I see?"

She held out her wrist. He compared the watch with his own and with the hotel clock on the wall.

"Correct to a second," he said, smiling. "And after that you bathed?"

"Yes."

"And you got back to the hotel—when?"

"Just about one o'clock. And—and then—I heard—about Arlena. . . ."

Her voice changed.

"Did you—er—get on with your stepmother all right?" Weston asked.

She looked at him for a minute without replying. Then she said, "Oh, yes."

"Did you like her, Mademoiselle?" Poirot asked.

"Oh, yes. Arlena was quite kind to me."

Weston said, with rather uneasy facetiousness, "Not the cruel stepmother, eh?"

Linda shook her head without smiling.

"That's good," remarked Weston. "That's good. Sometimes, you know, there's a bit of difficulty in families—jealousy—all that. Girl and her father great pals and then she resents it a bit when he's all wrapped up in the new wife. You didn't feel like that, eh?"

Linda stared at him. She said, with obvious sincerity, "Oh, no."

"I suppose your father was—er—very wrapped up in her?"

Linda said, simply, "I don't know."

Weston went on: "All sorts of difficulties, as I say, arise in families. Quarrels—rows—that sort of thing. If husband and wife get ratty with each other, that's a bit awkward for a daughter, too. Anything of that sort?"

"Do you mean, did Father and Arlena quarrel?"

"Well—yes."

"Rotten business, questioning a child about her father," Weston thought to himself. "Why is one a policeman? Damn it all, it's got to be done, though."

Linda said positively, "Oh, no." She added: "Father doesn't quarrel with people. He's not like that at all."

"Now, Miss Linda, I want you to think very carefully. Have you any idea at all who might have killed your stepmother?"

Linda was silent a moment. She seemed to be giving the question a serious, unhurried consideration.

"No, I don't know who could [illegible]

wanted to kill Arlena" She added: "Except, of course, Mrs. Redfern."

"You think Mrs. Redfern wanted to kill her? Why?"

"Because her husband was in love with Arlena. But I don't think she would really want to *kill* her. I mean she'd just feel that she wished she was dead—and that isn't the same thing at all, is it?"

Poirot said gently, "No, it is not at all the same."

Linda nodded. A queer sort of spasm passed across her face. She said, "And anyway, Mrs. Redfern could never do a thing like that—kill anybody. She isn't—she isn't *violent*, if you know what I mean."

Weston and Poirot nodded. The latter said, "I know exactly what you mean, my child, and I agree with you. Mrs. Redfern is not of those who, as your saying goes, 'sees red.' She would not be—" he leaned back, half closing his eyes, picking his words with care—"shaken by a storm of feeling—seeing life narrowing in front of her—seeing a hated face—a hated white neck—feeling her hands clench—longing to feel them press into flesh—"

Linda moved jerkily back from the table. She said, in a trembling voice, "Can I go now? Is that all?"

"Yes, yes, that's all. Thank you, Miss Linda."

Weston got up to open the door for her. Then he came back to the table and lit a cigarette.

"Well," he said, "I suppose we'd better see the Redferns next. I expect he's recovered a bit from the shock now."

PATRICK REDFERN had recovered full composure by now. He looked pale and haggard and suddenly very young, but his manner was quite composed.

"You are Mr. Patrick Redfern of Crossgates, Seldon, Princess Risborough?"

"Yes."

"How long had you known Mrs. Marshall?"

Patrick Redfern hesitated, then said, "Three months."

Weston went on: "Captain Marshall has told us that you and she met casually at a cocktail party. Is that right?"

"Yes, that's how it came about."

"Captain Marshall has implied that until you both met down here you did not know each other well. Is that the truth, Mr. Redfern?"

Again Patrick Redfern hesitated a minute. "Well—not exactly. As a matter of fact I saw a fair amount of her one way and another."

"Without Captain Marshall's knowledge?"

Redfern flushed slightly. "I don't know whether he knew about it or not."

Hercule Poirot murmured, "And was it also without your wife's knowledge, M. Redfern?"

"I believe I mentioned to my wife that I had met the famous Arlena Stuart."

Poirot persisted: "But she did not know how often you were seeing her?"

"Well, perhaps not."

"Did you and Mrs. Marshall arrange to meet down here?" Weston asked.

Redfern was silent a minute or two. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well," he said, "I suppose it's bound to come out now. It's no good my fencing with you. I was crazy about the woman—mad—infatuated—anything you like. She wanted me to come down here. I demurred a bit and then I agreed. I—I—well, I would have agreed to do any mortal thing she liked. She had that kind of effect on people."

Hercule Poirot murmured, "You paint a very clear picture of her. She was the eternal Circe. Just that!"

Patrick Redfern said, bitter. "She turned men into swine all right!" He went on: "I'm being frank with you, gentlemen. I'm not going to hide anything. What's the use? As I say, I was infatuated with her. Whether she cared for me or not, I don't know. She pretended to, but I think she was one of those women who lose interest in a man once they've got him body and soul. She knew she'd got me all right. This morning, when I found her there on the beach, dead, it was as though—" he paused—"as though something had hit me straight between the eyes. I was dazed—knocked out!"

Poirot leaned forward.

"And now?"

Patrick Redfern met his eyes squarely.

"I've told you the truth," he said. "What I want to ask is this—*how much of it has got to be made public?* It's not as though it could have any bearing on her death. And if it all comes out, it's going to be pretty rough on my wife.

"Oh, I know," he went on quickly. "You think I haven't thought much about her up to now? Perhaps that's true. But, though I may sound the worst kind of hypocrite, the real truth is that I care for my wife—care for her very deeply. The other—" he twitched his shoulders— "it was a madness—the kind of idiotic fool thing men do—but Christine is different. She's *real*. Badly as I've treated her, I've known all along, deep down, that she was the person who really counted." He paused—sighed—and said rather pathetically: "I wish I could make you believe that."

Hercule Poirot leaned forward. He said, "But I do believe it. Yes, yes, I do believe it!"

Patrick Redfern looked at him gratefully. "Thank you," he replied.

Colonel Weston cleared his throat. "You may take it, Mr. Redfern, that we shall not go into irrelevancies. If your infatuation for Mrs. Marshall played no part in the murder then there will be no point in dragging it into the case. But what you don't seem to realize is that that—er—intimacy—may have a very direct bearing on the murder. It might establish, you understand, a *motive* for the crime."

"Motive?" Redfern asked.

"Yes, Mr. Redfern, *motive!* Captain Marshall, perhaps, was unaware of the affair. Suppose that he suddenly found out."

Redfern said, "You mean he got wise and—and killed her?"

The chief constable spoke rather dryly: "That solution had not occurred to you?"

REDFERN shook his head. "No—funny. I never thought of it. You see, Marshall's such a quiet chap. I—oh, it doesn't seem likely."

"What was Mrs. Marshall's attitude to her husband in all this? Was she—well, uneasy—in case it should come to his ears? Or was she indifferent?"

"She was—a bit nervous. She didn't want him to suspect anything."

"Did she seem afraid of him?"

"Afraid? No, I wouldn't say that."

"Excuse me, M. Redfern," Poirot murmured. "There was not, at any time, the question of a divorce?"

Patrick Redfern shook his head decisively.

"Oh, no, there was no question of anything like that. There was Christine, you see. And Arlena, I am sure, never thought of such a thing. She was perfectly satisfied married to Marshall. He's—well, rather a big bug in his way." He smiled suddenly. "County—all that sort of thing, and quite well off. She never thought of me as a possible *husband*. No, I was just one of a succession of poor mutts—just something to pass the time with. I knew that all along, and yet, queerly enough, it didn't alter my feelings toward her. . . ."

His voice trailed off. He sat there thinking.

Weston recalled him to the needs of the moment:

"Now, Mr. Redfern, had you any particular appointment with Mrs. Marshall this morning?"

Patrick Redfern looked slightly puzzled. "Not a particular appointment, no. We usually met every morning on the beach. We used to paddle about on floats."



"That's his conscription card. It says to carry it with you at all times"

ROBERT DAY

"Were you surprised not to find Marshall there this morning?"

"Yes, I was. Very surprised. I coul understand it at all."

"What did you think?"

"Well, I didn't know what to thin mean, all the time I thought she w be coming."

"If she were keeping an appointn elsewhere you had no idea with w that appointment might be?"

Patrick Redfern merely stared shook his head.

"When you had a rendezvous Mrs. Marshall, where did you me

"Well, sometimes I'd meet her in afternoon down at Gull Cove. You the sun is off Gull Cove in the after and so there aren't usually many pe there. We met there once or twice.

"Never on the other cove? Cove?"

"No. You see Pixy Cove faces and people go around there in boat on floats in the afternoon. We n tried to meet in the morning. It w have been too noticeable. In the a noon people go and have a slee mooch around and nobody knows n where anyone else is."

Weston nodded.

Patrick Redfern went on:

"After dinner, of course, on fine nights, we used to go off for a s together to different parts of island."

HERCULE POIROT murmured, yes!" and Patrick Redfern shot an inquiring glance.

Weston went on: "Then you can us no help whatsoever as to the c that took Mrs. Marshall to Pixy this morning?"

Patrick Redfern shook his head said, and his voice sounded honestly wildered:

"I haven't the faintest idea! It w *like* Arlena."

"Had she any friends down here s ing in the neighborhood?"

"Not that I know of. Oh, I'm she hadn't."

"Now, Mr. Redfern, I want yo think very carefully. You knew Marshall in London. You mus acquainted with various members o circle. Is there anyone you know of could have had a grudge against Someone, for instance, whom you have supplanted in her fancy?"

Patrick Redfern thought for minutes. Then he shook his head.

"Honestly," he said, "I can't thi anyone."

Colonel Weston drummed wit fingers on the table.

"Well, that's that. We seem to b with three possibilities. That of a known killer—some monomaniac—happened to be in the neighborhc and that's a pretty tall order—"

Redfern said, interrupting, "And surely, it's by far the most likely planation."

Weston shook his head.

"This isn't one of the 'lonely c murders. This cove place was p inaccessible. Either the man would to come up from the causeway pas hotel, over the top of the island down by that ladder contraption, o he came there by boat. Either w unlikely for a casual killing."

"You said there were three poss ties," Patrick Redfern said.

"Um—yes," said the chief const "That's to say, there were two p on this island who had a motiv killing her. Her husband, for one your wife for another."

Redfern stared at him. He lo dumfounded. "My wife? Chris D'you mean that *Christine* had any to do with this?"

He got up and stood there stam

(Continued on page 49)



"Yeah." Eddie's fury was mounting. "Well, I'll tell you what your reason is. It's me. To you I'm prime beef on the hoof. If I win the title, you clean up"

Kid Tinsel

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

WITH orders from Max Ellison, a prominent New York fight manager, to sign up Eddie Gordon, a young middleweight whose manager, Pop Mallory, has just died, Joe Barton motors to Birmingham, Alabama. A few days later, back in New York, he reports to Ellison—tells him that, because of a curious contract Gordon had signed, he must work for a girl: "Pat" Mallory, Pop's daughter! He does not refer to a murder that he, Joe Barton, had committed near Birmingham, late one night—and his flight from a possible witness, *Eddie Gordon*, who had not seen his face in the darkness but who had gained possession of his revolver!

Gordon goes to New York City. There he meets Max Ellison, and his gay young daughter "Babs" (who soon falls for the young fighter). And there, managed by Pat Mallory (whom he has never understood or liked), he wins a series of fights.

Labeled "the Tinsel Kid" by Cliff Halliday, sports writer, he is generally regarded as a coming champion.

Unfortunately, he has an enemy: Joe Barton. Barton loves Babs Ellison. Jealous of the fighter, he plans to "eliminate" him—have him murdered by Morrie Oakes, a professional killer. But first he must regain possession of his revolver, which happens to be registered in the name of Joseph Barton! . . .

After gadding about with Babs Ellison almost every night, Eddie fights Tommy Gateley—and is knocked out. By this time, Max Ellison feels sure that the boy from Birmingham is a great fighter—greater than his own Dixie Grogan, world's champion middleweight. So, to prevent the two from ever meeting in the ring, he tries to force Pat Mallory, by trickery, to sell him Eddie's contract. But, outsmarted by Cliff Halliday (who threatens to expose him in the newspapers), he admits that he is beaten. And, after Eddie has knocked out Gateley in a return fight, he signs articles for a fight between the great Grogan and Eddie Gordon. . . .

In training at an attractive "camp" near New York, Eddie receives two callers: Babs Ellison and Joe Barton. When they leave, Eddie watches them as they drive away—in Barton's car. The car seems vaguely familiar—*he wonders where he has seen it before!* Joe Barton notes the expression on the fighter's face. Guessing its meaning, he realizes that he must act—get rid of Gordon—as soon as possible.

IX

PAT tried to relax; tried to console herself with the thought that she was absolutely right in what she was about to do.

She knew what she was stepping into: more bickering, more quarreling, more misunderstanding, more unhappiness . . . all widening the already well-nigh unbridgeable gap between herself and Eddie. It was all so very silly; so wrong. Something which had started with a silly cartoon before they'd ever met—a cartoon they'd both practically forgotten. Things had piled up . . . clash had built on clash until cause was forgotten under the daily impact of effect. Well, there was one more week to go: one more week during which she had to stick her chin out and let them pound it. She heard Babs' car coming up the road and she was standing outside the gate as it came to a quivering halt. Babs jammed on the emergency, snapped off the ignition and stepped out of the car with what seemed to be almost a single motion. She said, indifferently, "Oh, hello . . ."

"Good evening . . ."

Pat was slender, yet beside her, Babs looked thin. Pat was pretty and feminine; Babs was vivid. Pat was gentle; Babs was hard and on the defensive. She was young, but her instincts were keen. She sensed that this was no accidental meeting.

Pat said, "I'd like to have a little chat with you."

"That can be arranged."

"It isn't going to be easy . . ." The older girl was feeling her way. "I hope you won't misunderstand. It's about Eddie."

Babs surveyed her insolently. "You're not telling me anything I didn't know when I saw you waiting."

Pat kept her voice steady: "Next week, Miss Ellison—Eddie is fighting the world's champion. It's the most important moment in his career. He isn't in the shape he ought to be—either mentally or physically. I know you have his interests at heart just as much as I have. . . ."

Babs said coldly, "Listen, Mallory—suppose you pitch all your fine phrases into the bushes. We've got each other sized up, so there's no sense sparring. You think I'm poison to Eddie and you want me out—is that it?"

Pat hesitated, then met Babs on her own ground: "That's it. Though I wouldn't have put it so brutally."

"Of course you wouldn't. Your trouble is that you're a chronic lady. Well, I'm not—and I don't want to be. This



sort of thing has got to be talked straight."

"I'm talking straight."

"Like heck you are." Babs' voice was contemptuous. "If you were honest, you'd say that you're in love with Eddie and jealous of me."

"No-o . . ." Pat shook her head. "You're wrong on both counts."

"Oh yeah? Well, I don't think so. So you can go peddle your tomatoes somewhere else."

Babs started toward the gate, but Pat barred her way. Her voice now matched that of the younger girl, and her eyes looked squarely into Babs'. Pat said, "You're making me do this the hard way, Miss Ellison."

"You aren't doing anything. I'll see Eddie whenever I want, and no dizzy dame is going to stop me."

"We'll see . . ." Pat fought back her own anger and compelled herself to talk more gently. "Let's don't play this way, Miss Ellison. Try to believe me. I'm not jealous of you, and—so far as I'm concerned—you and Eddie can do what you please when you please after next week. But right now you're bad medicine for him, and I'm changing his prescription."

"And what will he say?"

"Plenty. None of it nice. But it's still going to be that way."

"Suppose I walk in anyway . . ."

"I'm renting this place. For the time being, it's mine. If you walk in, I'll have you taken out."

Babs put thin hands on narrow hips. "Tough gal, huh?"

"I can be—if I must. But I don't like it. Why not be reasonable. What's a week more or less? Go on back to New York. Lay off Eddie until after the fight. That's not much to ask."

"It's a heap more than I'm going to do."

Pat sighed and shook her head. "You're forcing my hand."

BABS looked down the path leading from the river and turned back to Pat. "Here comes Eddie," she said. "Seems like the stage is all set for a lovely battle royal."

Pat waited. She was tense and white with anger. This was worse than she had anticipated, and she suspected that what lay immediately ahead would be even less pleasant. But there wasn't any running out now. She saw Eddie come toward them, saw that he observed Babs' hot, angry eyes; saw his inquiring gaze turn from Babs to her, heard him say as he joined them, "What gives? Who did what to whom and why?"

Babs was silent, and so Pat spoke. She said, "It's something you'll neither understand nor like, Eddie."

"That's no novelty. Let's have it."

Pat didn't evade: "I've asked Miss Ellison not to see you again until after the fight."

She saw his cheeks flush . . . but before he could say anything, Babs spoke. "That's a nifty," she said caustically. "She didn't *ask* me anything. She said if I came around this camp again she'd have me pitched out on my ear."

"Is that true?" Eddie was grim as he turned to Pat.

"It's true."

"Well, I'll tell you what I—"

Pat cut him off: "Don't bother to say it, Eddie. In the first place, I know exactly what you're thinking. In the second place, it won't make any difference. My reasons—"

"Yeah." Eddie's fury was mounting. "Your reasons! Well, I'll tell you what your reason is. It's me. To you I'm one hundred and sixty pounds of prime beef on the hoof. If I win the title, you clean up."

Babs interrupted: "There's more, Eddie. She's also jealous of me."

"That's a laugh," he snapped. "Pat isn't jealous of anything except the dough I might make for her."

"So . . . ?" Babs was amused and there was a wise, mature look in her young eyes. "You're a nice lad, Eddie—but awful blind."

"What do you mean: Blind?"

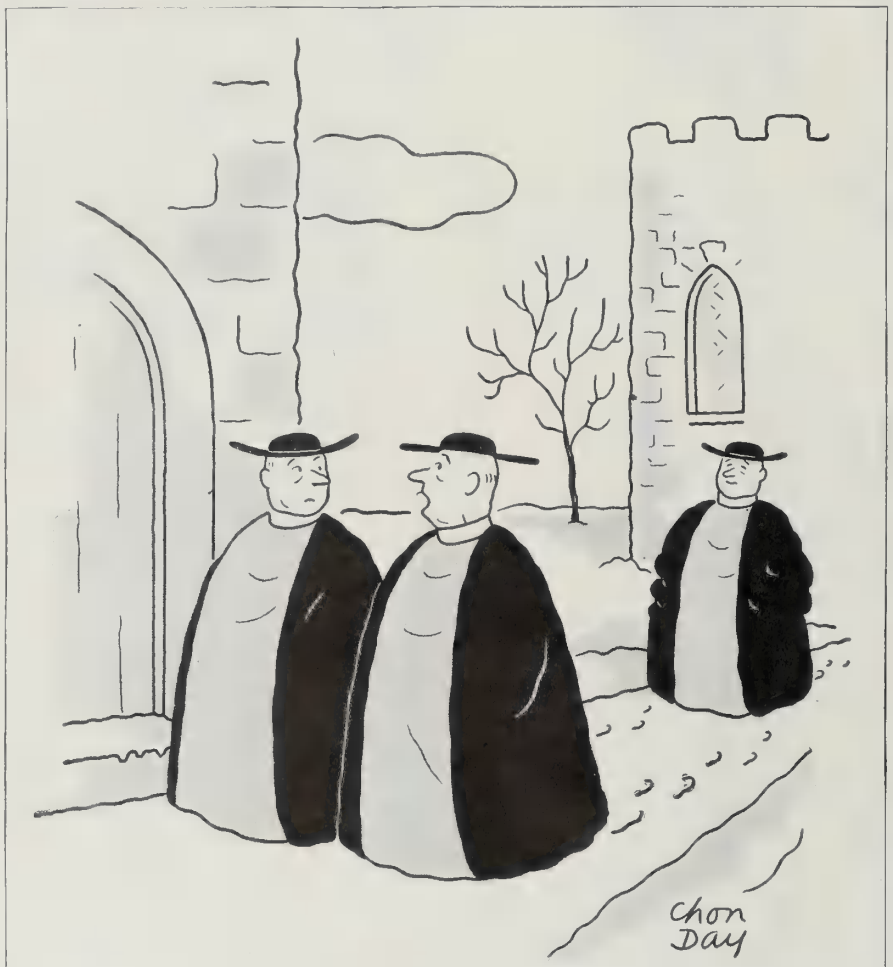
Babs said tauntingly, "You tell him, Mallory."

Pat held herself in with an effort. "I'll tell you both only one thing," she said quietly. "So far as I can control things, Eddie's stepping into that ring next week in first-class shape. I can't stop him from seeing you, Miss Ellison . . . but I can stop you from visiting this camp—and I shall."

Pat Mallory turned away. She walked toward the house. A certain dignity walked with her, and Eddie looked after her uncertainly. Then he turned his attention to Babs. He said, "You're not going to pay any attention to her, are you, Babs?"

She looked up at him. There was an odd light in her eyes; a light of unwilling admiration.

"I believe I am, Eddie," she said slowly. "There are two things you don't know about that girl," she said. "*One* of them is that she isn't fooling."



"Keep an eye on him—I think he's got a frock full of snowballs"

CHON DAY

MORRIE OAKES paced the sitting room of Joe Barton's impressively ornate apartment. Two or three times he opened his lips to speak and closed them again without saying anything.

Young Mr. Barton, elegantly encased in a flowered silk lounging robe, lay back in a huge club chair and eyed his stalwart companion through half-closed eyes. His slim, young figure was momentarily relaxed, but the eyes were not. Those agate eyes of Joe's never seemed to relax. And he waited for Morrie to speak.

The big man whirled suddenly and said, "Jeez—don't stare at me like that. It gives me the creeps."

Barton smiled thinly. "I'm waiting to hear what you've got to say."

Morrie shook his head. "You're too deep for me, Joe. You tell me to go out and pick you a guy who can do card tricks. So I done it. So I still don't know what it means."

"Who did you get?"

"Jimmy Watson. And I'm telling you, the guy is good. He can change the spots right in front of your eyes."

"Can he keep his mouth shut?"

"He's a sphinx." Morrie seated himself heavily. "What I don't get is where Cliff Halliday rates in this setup."

Joe Barton spoke softly, more to himself than to Morrie. "I still don't like Gordon," he said, "and I don't dare to touch him till I get the gun. He hasn't got it, and it isn't in Pat Mallory's joint. The way I've got it pegged is that Gordon turned it over to her, told her it was important—and that she put it in her bank box. The job is to get it out of there."

"Which ain't no cinch."

"Maybe . . ." Barton paused long enough to light a cigarette. "I've been watching. This Mallory cluck and Cliff Halliday are nuts about each other. So if he asked her a little favor, she'd do it."

"I'm beginning to get it."

"Sure. Even you, Morrie. Now, just suppose Halliday was to tell Mallory that he was in a jam, and asked her for the gun she's got in her bank box. I figure Gordon never told her what that gun spells . . . and if I'm right, there'd be no reason for not turning it over to him. Then the minute I got it—"

Morrie nodded and snapped his fingers. "Goomby Gordon," he said. "Just like that." Another idea commenced to penetrate the brain of the slow-thinking Mr. Oakes. "But Halliday ain't *in* no jam," he said.

"He will be. That's where Jimmy Watson fits. Cliff Halliday is a pushover for stud poker and he hasn't got a dime in the world. His salary is spent two weeks before he gets it, but he still thinks he can push cards around, which is one of the reasons. So I want Watson to nick him for every cent the traffic will bear . . . and on credit. Let him tickle Halliday along. Wha right now is his IOU for a write."

Morrie shook his head. "Y doin' this the hard way, Joe. A it's all for nothin', anyhow. E don ain't spotted anything, or cracked."

Joe's eyes bored into Mo ain't paying you to think," coldly. "I'm telling you wh When do you see Watson aga

"Right now. He's waitin'."

"Then get going. And keep with me."

Mr. Oakes walked out of t ment. He sought and found Jim son and repeated his previous instructions. Mr. Watson was the point of exasperation. Yeah Halliday; yeah, he'd played him before lotsa times; yeah, ready fixed things up for ther this evening. Then he'd repor

Morrie sighed with relief an out. It was up to Jimmy now had a hunch Jimmy was the Dapper and shrewd, and he h with him. All during the afterno rie gave an occasional thoug Watson, and he telephoned t tleman at seven o'clock. Wat port was brief but satisfactory. "It's on."

"Goin' okay?"

"Yeah."

AND it did go okay. Cliff Hal an excellent stud player, b the definite handicap of bein Of course he knew that Jimmy lived by his wits, but it never to even so sophisticated a p Cliff that he'd be cheated in friendly game like this.

Cliff lost with magnificent co Jimmy Watson feigned sor ribbed Cliff into playing on c did a good job of it, too, unt Mr. Halliday shoved back fro ble and said, "That's all the can take, Jimmy."

"Aw, come on. Your luck's change."

"It might get worse."

Watson gave as good an im a smile as he could. "You're of luck."

"Nope." Halliday made a v fort to conceal his very genui "You're the one who's out o told you from the beginning credit isn't worth a dime to t I can't figure anything more use those IOU's you've got. Thr sand, isn't it?"

"Yeah."

"Well, if your grandchildre it, you'll be fortunate."

"So what? I'm not yelling. me all that before we starte you?"

"That doesn't make me feel ter." Cliff smiled at the other n I lousy, Jimmy—or are yo good?"

"I make a living at it. But news to you, either."

"Right." Cliff was embarra feel pretty crummy . . ."

"Forget it. Maybe some d get some dough, and if you you're the sort of mugg who'll

They said goodby and part Halliday drifted downtown ar solitary misery. He didn't sus he had been trimmed, he s nothing except that he was s kinds of an idiot. He made debts outwardly, but inside, t ried him. Even a debt of this carried his worry to bed with didn't fall asleep until early and he was still sleeping when sounded on the door of his He said, "Come in," and s

(Continued on page 38



Now, here's a real man. He has no gift for gab but little Susan very definitely goes for this guy

Loved I Not Honor More

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

WELL, here I am—little Susan Jones, gone patriotic all of a sudden. Chris should see me now. It would hand him a laugh, me attending the organization meeting of the Women's Auxiliary Air Corps. Chris is going to see me pretty soon. I'm to meet him at the Cock and Bull for luncheon. Cock and Bull . . . ha! He might at least have picked a restaurant named the Stars and Stripes. A man ought to make it look good, when he tries to dodge the draft by proposing immediate marriage. He ought to—

"Susan Jones!"

"Oh . . . I'm here—"

"How many flying hours, Miss Jones?"

"Two hundred and fifty."

"Private pilot's license, of course?"

"Oh, yes."

"Any experience as a mechanic?"

"No-o, not much. But I'm willing to train for it."

"Good. Thank you, Miss Jones. Next—Mildred Bailey—"

I've been all wrong about Chris Hartwell. The stupid ones bore you, but the bright ones fool you. It's quite all right to be able to earn thirty thousand a year as an advertising-agency executive. A pat on the back, Chris. You are a clever lad, but, my dear, you can't put *this* over on dumb little Susan Jones. Almost, but not quite. There are too many gags in the newspapers and magazines about young men of draft age who decide to marry suddenly. Oh, Chris, how could you expect a gal, even when she is madly in love, not to bump her nose against the obvious? All her best friends will tell her, darling. Only just now, Mildred Bailey said—

"We are honored to have with us this morning Major O'Donnell of the United States Army Air Corps!"

Now, here's a real man, Chris. He has no gift of gab and he's just told that corny I-want-to-be-hostess-in-an-Army-bomber joke, but little Susan very definitely goes for this guy. There comes a time when the witty chatter palls, Chris. It begins to date you, my cynical, amusing pal. This nice, dull major goes up in the sky and says it with bombs and machine guns. Maybe that's the way we're going to have to say it—

". . . This is a new kind of warfare. The world has reached a dreadful democracy of battle. Civilians, men, women and children, are soldiers now. There is no more 'front' in the old definition of the term—"

You see, Chris? He's right. It's no good sitting around night-club tables and making jokes about politicians. There was plenty to be said, of course, and you did say it well. I laughed, didn't I? A good audience, little Susan. And we'd read all the old war books, hadn't we? The whole debunking lot of them from Three Soldiers to All Quiet. War is hell and a fool's game and civilized people have sworn off forever. Not again, never any more. What do you want to be when you grow up, my little man? Alive. Oh, sure. Let someone else fight this one, if it comes. "I think I'll sit this one out!" you said. I'm sorry, Chris. I clapped hands for that. But—"The Women's Auxiliary Air Corps is a mighty long name. They've got one in England. They call 'em the Me-Toos. I like that better. You see—"

I HAVEN'T dared tell you that I sneaked off and joined this outfit. I was afraid of your sardonic grin. We are funny, Chris, but we're in earnest. We won't get anywhere, much. They may let us ferry training ships, if there's a war. Probably we'll just get some dirty kitchenry work to do. Like mopping up grease around the hangars. But they can't keep us gals home knitting socks this time. We're Me-Toos. This would be everybody's war—

"Well, that's about all I have to say—except that, like any professional soldier, I am hoping we can get tough fast enough not to have to fight. We'll hope for the best—and good luck, young ladies."

And good luck to *you*, Flier! How I wish I could take you with me to see Chris. He'll probably want to argue. And you can't argue this. You either feel it or you don't. Oh, Chris, if you were only a conscientious objector! I might—but you're just a cynic, my dear. The only thing you're afraid of is being called a sucker. They oversold us all on that sucker argument. The Yanks Are Not Coming—that's the Communist slogan. The one catch in it is that maybe some pretty tough boys will be coming to get the Yanks. And so we sit this one out in a nice, fat advertising job, eh, Chris? We yell "Hi-yah, Sucker!" and—

"Susie!"

"Hunh . . . oh . . . yes, Mildred?"

"Does Chris know you've joined up?"

"No . . . not yet, darling."

"It'll hand him a laugh!"

"Yes?"

"After the way you used to talk—he'll *die*."

"Oh, yes, indeedy—but he won't die permanently. That's one thing Chris is going to be very careful about!"

"Why, Susie!"

Well, here I go to the Cock and Bull. If I wanted to make this good and corny I would dress up in my W.A.A.C. uniform and carry a little white feather to pin on the boy. But, for auld lang syne, I will try to be subtle, Chris. Never by word or deed shall I indicate my nasty suspicion. I shall merely say that I do not think we understand each other well enough for marriage. That will baffle him. But, after all, a gal can't come right out and say: "Why all the hurry, Chris? Afraid you'll catch a cold—in the draft?" Oh, Chris, I could never say such a thing to you. I do love you . . . or I did . . . no, maybe I still . . .

"Uh . . . hello, Susie!"

"I beg your pardon . . . hunh . . . *you*? Oh, Chris—"

"Now, let me explain—"

"*What are you doing in that uniform?*"

"Please don't cry . . . don't get sore . . . you don't have to marry me. . . . I know you think I'm nuts . . . that I'm trying to run out on you—"

"Oh, Chris, dear—"

"Shhhh . . . everybody's staring . . . let's go outside . . . you can denounce me—"

"You enlisted . . . as a *private* . . . oh, Chris—"

PARTLY PRIMITIVE

By Luther Davis and John Cleveland

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Katherine Dunham, "the Marian Anderson of the dance," goes direct to voodoo headquarters in the Haitian jungles for her material. The resulting ballets have the critics hunting new adjectives



KATHERINE DUNHAM was e
when she gave her first danc
cital. She organized a dozen
small colored girls into a troupe
they performed one Sunday at the
tist Church in Joliet, Illinois—proc
to the Christian Endeavor. "It w
hideous affair," Katherine says t
"and all the little girls' brassières
off."

Sixteen years later Chicago's Cen
of Progress Exposition hired Kath
to direct a hundred and fifty y
Negroes in a production at So
Field. "It was terrible," Katherine
reminiscently; "eight of my little
lost their brassières."

There's something about Miss
ham's style of dance—"primitive
ing" she likes to call it—that re
in nudity. Even today her choregr
has a wild abandon, and it is or
complicated series of ingenious h
zippers and pins (patent No. 1
K. Dunham) that keeps her girls
losing their shirts nightly.

The Katherine Dunham Dan
hand-picked and hand-pinned by K
erine herself, are a company of se
teen—fifteen whirlers, a pianist a
drum beater. They are to be seen nig
except Sunday, spinning and leapi
New York's Martin Beck Theater w
they form the nucleus of the all-N
musical-comedy hit, Cabin in the
Sunday is their free day—except fo
hearsals in the afternoon and rep
highly profitable concerts in the eve

An anthropologist of note, Miss
ham carries a degree from the Un
sity of Chicago, and can boast a
spent in the West Indies as a res
fellow of the Rosenwald Found
She is the author of a great many
cles on primitive dancing and it has
said of her by such thoughtful ind
uals as Herman de Vries, music cri
the Chicago Herald-American, "K

**Here's Katherine Dunham dancin
the title role of one of her ori
ballets in the musical show Cab
the Sky. She's Temptress Cleo**





A West Indian number with Dunham and four of the members of her company. Right, the Negro choregrapher as a singing, dancing Georgia Brown

re Dunham is to the dance what Marian Anderson is to song."

She appears on stage regularly with her troupe and is acclaimed as a solo performer, but is rather proud that she doesn't dance exceptionally well. She airily shrugs her smooth, brown shoulders at those "misguided souls" who, infatuated by her slim grace, don't notice that her footwork is unremarkable. One young Harlemite who wanted to get into the troupe made the mistake of trying to flatter her by saying, "If I could dance like you, Miss Dunham, I wouldn't care about doing anything else in the world—not even eating."

Katherine stared him out of her dressing room. "If you danced the way I do," she said, "you couldn't afford to eat."

Among the "misguided" who think her distinguished dancer are Richard Watts of the New York Herald-Tribune ("Miss Dunham is both an exciting young woman and a provocative dancer"), John Mason Brown of the New York Evening Post ("Katherine Dunham is unquestionably an excellent dancer"), John Martin of the New York Times ("As a dancer she is not only lovely to look at, but has style and authority"). When she reads notices like these, Katherine smiles her wonderfully understanding, relaxed smile. "How nice of them," she says. But let someone praise her choregraphy—her real love and true pride—and she is as coy flattered as a Victorian maiden receiving her first proposal. When Dance Magazine said that she had "a true genius for theater choregraphy" she kissed on air for weeks.

The Katherine Dunham Dancers, Inc., are a great success and much in demand, earning well over $2,000 weekly. New York is at Katherine's feet, but she is too happily busy to notice it. "I'd love to come," she told an imploring hostess recently, "but I'm at work on a dance about puberty rites among primitive peoples—and I don't think I'd be very good company."

In 1937, when she was twenty-seven, Katherine resorted to psychoanalysis. Each week she went to a young psychologist in the graduate school at the University of Chicago who had finally succeeded in tearing down her psychoses and complexes and was almost ready to begin the task of putting her back together again. She was in the midst of her tenth treatment when the doctor abruptly asked to be excused. He went into the next room and shot himself.

"I still worry about it," says a now rehabilitated Katherine. "I'm afraid I must have said something wrong."

In the case of an intelligent, sensitive Negro forced to live in our prejudiced society, one doesn't have to look far for the need for psychoanalysis, but Katherine had still another cause for complaint—when she was a child her father made her play The Wedding of the Winds on the piano.

A kindly man whose family romantically stems from Madagascar, via Tennessee, Mr. Dunham had—and still has—a strange and improbable attachment for the mandolin and guitar. During the day he runs a cleaning-and-dyeing establishment in Joliet, but at night he becomes a fiend for music of a peculiarly sentimental variety.

Why Pop Plays Alone

He made Katherine learn piano, and her brother Albert was pressed into service as second mandolin. The trio played nightly with Katherine's mother and the family doctor for audience—until one night when Katherine was seven. Suddenly she stormed from the room, tears in her eyes and anger in her heart, screaming in childish treble, "I won't ever play—no I won't ever *listen* to that windy marriage again!"

The grateful doctor happily prescribed an end to Katherine's piano playing, but Mr. Dunham insisted that Albert play on—louder. Albert stood it a while longer and then fled to the quiet of the University of Chicago where he became one of the most brilliant students in its history. He won scholarship after scholarship, got his bachelor's and later his Ph.D. there. He took his master's at Harvard and now teaches at Howard University, where there is an unwritten rule that no student play, whistle or hum The Wedding of the Winds.

With Albert gone, the Dunham household settled into a silence interrupted only by an occasional ping as Mr. Dunham plucked a reminiscent chord. He hinted around sometimes, and Katherine might have relented and accompanied him, if she hadn't been so very busy right through high school and junior college. There was her regular school work, her literary pursuits as class poet and occasional paid contributor to Child Life Magazine, and her activities with the Terpsichorean Club. This last was an "interpretative dance group" and Katherine soon became its star and renegade. Subtly she perverted its warm-milkish dances to her own ends, and by the time she was ready to follow Albert to the University of Chicago, members of even this staid group were beginning to drop an occasional brassière.

Before she left Joliet, Katherine knew that her mind worked best as a choregrapher; that her field must be group—not solo—dancing. So, still in her 'teens and still middie-bloused, she decided to form a dancing school to help her earn her tuition at college and, at the same time, provide her with a reservoir of dancers trained the Dunham way. She entered into a long correspondence with a real-estate agent in South Side Chicago, and, by mail, rented herself a studio which she was assured was "quite large enough for anything."

Her first evening in Chicago she went directly to her new property. She was delighted to find a big, beautiful, old house. Feeling like a squire, she hurriedly tried the key the agent had mailed her. It wouldn't fit. She noticed an old, dilapidated stable in the rear. The key fitted.

There were bugs in the stable, and there wasn't any water. The furnace burst at the first suggestion of cold weather, and Katherine was forced to ask the aid of a kind, faintly criminal friend who showed her how to tap a city gas main for free gas. The police hunted her down and threatened to jail her, and the gas company placed their most solemn curse upon her. "Never again, so long as you may live," pronounced the overzealous supervisor, "will you be permitted to buy gas from us." As a result Katherine had bronchitis most of the winter, and her few students who could afford to pay tuition caught cold and were yanked home by irate mothers. Only a few of the hardier souls remained and they hadn't a penny among them. However, Katherine somehow dragged herself to her university classes every day and did brilliantly.

Her college career was motivated by three itches: the itch to dance, the itch to travel, and the itch to get warm. They were all scratched simultaneously in the board room of the Rosenwald Foundation one day in 1933. The professors and pince-nezed ladies and gentlemen of the board called her into their presence at the behest of Mrs. Alfred Rosenwald Stern, who had been impressed by one of Katherine's dance recitals in an abandoned loft. A committeeman asked politely what study Miss Dunham would like them to finance for her.

The Committee Catches On

"It's a bit difficult to describe exactly," she said. "Do you mind if I show you?" While the board members gasped, Katherine took off her jacket and skirt, and stood revealed in her rehearsal tights and blouse. "This," she said, "is the only kind of dancing you can learn in Chicago." She did some meaningless pirouttes, an arabesque, and personified a lovesick faun. "Now," she continued, "what I want to learn is something more native—more vital; something that will help me teach people about Negroes." She did a short tribal war dance. "I want to go somewhere where they dance like that; find out why, how it started—and what influence it has had on the people."

"How about the West Indies?" the chairman asked, without bothering to take a vote.

During her year in the Caribbean she investigated Jamaica, Martinique, Trinidad, and many smaller islands, but her real love was Haiti. At the beginning of her stay there she had a difficult time because the upper-caste residents, both white and Negro, were suspicious of this strange young woman who

(Continued on page 46)

Miss Rear Admiral

By Jan Fortune

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The Higgins girl of Beaver City, Nebraska, joins the U. S. Navy, and takes Hollywood with the only weapon it doesn't understand—the simple, unvarnished truth



OULD have been all for the best
'd just turned off the alarm and
e back to bed with an ice bag and
adache I already had.
n I'd never have met the Spirit of
et Special when it pulled into Los
s that Sunday morning; and if I
met the special, I'd never have
myself mixed up with the worst
eadache I've ever had, bar none:
one Higgins of Beaver City, Ne-
.
when Manny Steinberg gets an
r an epic, it's not for an assistant
tion man to cavil on a Sunday-
g assignment, hang-over or no
ver. So I called my photographer,
, and took off for L. A.
Spirit of the Fleet Special was
in when we clattered into the
. You could spot the contest win-
sy, because each one wore a rib-
ross her chest, and the ribbons
ariously labeled: Miss Battle-
liss Sub Chaser, Miss Submarine,
Destroyer and so on for twelve
which covered various phases of
activities.
ce said somberly: "It pains me
sort of cheap promotion does,
d, "Well, this bunch isn't hard to
" and broke off, because I'd spied
golden-haired cutie, standing on
dbag, peering out over the heads
people. Across her chest was a
which read, "Miss Aircraft Carrier." A bunch of news guys were crowded around her, asking questions.

"Do your stuff with the cheesecake," I said to Horace. "The blonde seems to have something."

I barged over just in time to hear Otto McMann saying: "But where *is* Beaver City, Miss Higgins?"

"Nebraska," she said, not looking at him.

"And, of course, you are just too thrilled over coming to Hollywood, aren't you?" McMann probed.

She said, still not looking at him: "I can smell it from here."

THE news guys roared. McMann saw me and winked. "Smart dame," he said. "She can smell Hollywood from here."

The girl swung around to face McMann, her chin out. "I wasn't talking about Hollywood," she said firmly. "I meant I could smell the sea—the harbor—the place where the ships are—" Everybody roared again. "What's funny?" she demanded. "There *is* a harbor in Los Angeles, isn't there?"

"Sure." McMann winked at me again. "Battleships bumping the curb at Main and Market." I pushed through and took her arm.

"I'm Bob Henry from the Steinberg Studios, Miss Higgins," I said. "And the harbor's at Long Beach—thirty miles away." I gave McMann a glower. "Any of you smart guys want to ask any more questions, go ahead—I'll answer 'em."

McMann said, unabashed: "Let her talk, Bob. Maybe she doesn't want to be a movie star, either."

"I don't," Miss Higgins replied flatly.

McMann pushed in closer. "Then why did you enter this contest?"

"Because I wanted to see the Fleet," she said.

McMann made a soft, breath-sucking sound. "So I presume you're not at all interested in the chance of appearing in a Steinberg epic with Gable Taylor?"

"No," Miss Higgins retorted, "I'm not."

"You—you just wanted to come to the West Coast so you could see the Fleet?"

"Sure," Miss Higgins said. "I wanted to see it so bad that I didn't even mind being a contest winner!"

"Such patriotism is indeed touching," McMann said softly.

"What's touching about it?" the girl demanded. "I'm from a Navy family. My great grandfather was at Manila Bay with Dewey."

"And what was great grandfather's name?" McMann was looking at me, tapping his yellow teeth with his pencil.

"Thaddeus," she said, her chin out. "Thaddeus Ephraim Higgins!"

IT SOUNDED okay. It sounded like a swell blurb for Manny's Navy epic, only somehow a sort of sixth sense told me I'd better get Miss Higgins away from the press, and do it quick. Horace broke it up by calling for her to make a shot. When that was over, we herded the girls into cars. I took Zone with me—that sixth sense again, I told myself. We were scheduled to lunch at the studio commissary and tour the harbor afterward. But the next thing I knew, I was sitting at the lunch counter on the Navy landing, while Zone ate a ham sandwich and gazed out at the Fleet, enraptured.

"When I was ushering at the Bijou in Beaver City, I used to dream about doing this." She slapped more mustard on the ham. "Gosh, Mr. Henry, you don't know what it means to be the only girl in a Navy family. All my menfolks died in the service, except great grandfather, and he got pensioned off for what happened at Manila."

"Wounded in the battle?" I asked.

"No, in the engine room," Zone said. "Seems Admiral Dewey gave an order to back up right quick, and great grandfather was caught off balance. He backed into the firebox and burnt his—his—That's how come he was pensioned."

Whew! I thought. If McMann had heard that one!

"And Grandfather Higgins—" Zone took a swig of coffee, "he died in Havana right after the sinking of the Maine."

"In—a naval engagement, I suppose?"

"At a cockfight," she said. "My, he was the one! My grandmother said he could drink his whole ship's crew under any bar anywhere!"

"And your father?" I asked feebly. "Was he killed in a naval engagement?"

"No," Zone said. "He was on shore leave in Balboa, and a monkey dropped a coconut on his head. It was the week I was born. That's how come my mother named me Canal Zone—on account of father—but I dropped the Canal—"

THERE was a tremendous flutter and clatter outside. Horace and the other sweet young things had arrived. So had McMann and his photographer.

"Look, baby," I said to Zone, "promise me you won't talk to any newspapermen. Don't tell them anything about yourself or your father or your grandfather—or the coconut—or the monkey—or what your full name is, please, for the love of Pete and Manny Steinberg!"

"But I think it's patriotic," Zone said stubbornly. "I'm proud of it."

McMann had spotted us through the window and was heading our way. "Be a sweetheart," I said. "Scram—and meet me at the motor launch."

She had seen McMann, too. She scrammed.

He slid onto the stool beside me, grinning knowingly. "Well," he said out of the corner of his mouth, "is Beaver City *the* one?"

I snapped: "Look here, Manny doesn't pull that sort of stuff and you know it."

"No, but maybe the Navy does," he winked. "In exchange for certain favors—?"

Horace banged on the window and gestured toward the motor launch.

"Which admiral's cousin is she, anyway?" McMann persisted.

"You're all wet," I said, and got up.

"So's the Navy," McMann said. "But I'm patriotic. I'll string along. What say, Bob?"

"I say you go chase yourself," I told him, and walked out.

Zone went her own sweet way the minute she felt a new deck under her feet. Aboard the Tennessee, I located her in a gun turret, where a bunch of gobs were explaining battle stations to her; on the Maryland, I had to drag her away from six young aviators to have her picture made with a rear admiral; and when we made the flagship she just disappeared into the bowels of the ship. I finally found her in the engine room, regaling the crew with the story of Grandpa's wound at Manila Bay. I gave



Right there was where the jolly tars earned their salt. They lifted Zone onto their shoulders, formed a flying wedge, and leaped up on the stage

her a cold eye. I said: "I told you not to tell that yarn!"

"To newspapermen," Zone corrected me. "And I didn't. I waited till he went away." She sighed dreamily. "Mr. Henry what do you think? I've been invited to three Navy hops! I can't wait."

"I can't either," I said sarcastically.

WHEN we got back to the studio that night, Horace said: "Bob, I don't think it was fair of you to tip off Beaver City."

"I didn't tip her off to anything!"

"Of course not!" Horace said. "It was just coincidence today the way she left the admirals flat."

"Zone prefers enlisted men, that's all."

"Don't try to stall a pal," Horace said. "Admirals are all very well—but you and I know it's the enlisted men who are going to choose the Spirit of the Fleet."

"Horace, on my word of honor—I didn't tell her!"

"Well, let's go have a drink, anyway," Horace said sadly. So we did.

When we emerged from the bar at midnight, the morning papers were on the streets, and I bought one. McMann had his whole page taken up with a layout of the pictures he'd snooped of Zone that afternoon. The caption underneath read: "Granddaughter of late Rear Admiral Higgins snoots Navy biggies to fraternize with enlisted men." Underneath was a whole column about the late Rear Admiral Higgins at Manila Bay.

With the smug paternal air inherent in all Hollywood commentators, McMann said that Manny Steinberg's nation-wide search for a girl epitomizing the Spirit of the Fleet had ended. Miss Zone Higgins (whose unassuming charm and naïveté had already swept blasé Hollywood off its feet) was IT.

"Well," I said to Horace sadly, "that ends her."

"Yep," Horace agreed. "Whenever McMann picks a winner, they never even place. Little Zone is phft!"

We went home.

NEXT morning when I got to the studio, my boss, Walter Doran, was screaming his lungs out. "Big shots all over the place," he yelled at me. "And you have to shoot her with a bunch of sailors. A hell of a way to handle an admiral's daughter."

"He wasn't an admiral," I said, "and it was her own idea, and besides—"

"Don't quibble!" the old man shouted. "She's connected with the Navy, and—"

"Look, chief," I said. "Just because this baby happened to have Navy menfolks doesn't mean we've got to do nip-ups—"

"But the enlisted men are doing the voting!" the old man wailed. "And they'll vote for the admiral's daughter. They'll have to or lose their jobs!"

"The Navy personnel works under a little different setup from a motion-picture studio," I pointed out dryly. "An admiral isn't a producer, and the jolly tars, believe it or not, can vote for whomever they please, and still keep their jobs. Besides, the Spirit of the Fleet hasn't been chosen yet, and when she is, I'll wager my last plugged nickel it won't be this Higgins!"

"You're darn tootin' it won't!" I swung around. Zone was barging through the door. I slid off the desk.

"This," I said, "is Miss Zone Higgins!" She went right past me, straight up to the old man and stuck the newspaper under his nose. "Are you the boss of this business?" she demanded. "Well, listen, I don't stand for having my great grandfather poked fun at—not even for a Steinberg Navy epic!"

"A most regrettable mistake," the old man soothed. "We'll see that you get some really good stories—"

"You just see that I'm not mentioned at all, and it'll suit me fine!" Zone raged. She spread the page on the old man's desk and pointed to the McMann caption. "So I fraternized with the enlisted men, did I?" she raged. "Well, what of it! Where'd we all be if the Navy didn't have enlisted men, and somebody jumped on us? We'd be in a mess, that's what! We'd be pushed right off the ocean, that's what!"

"You're absolutely right, Miss Higgins," the old man began, but she slammed the paper down on his desk. "Count me out of your silly contest," she said. "I won't be a party to anything that's as phony as this!" She went out the same way she'd come in.

The old man took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow.

"You get a rough idea," I said.

"Well, what are you standing there for?" he yelled. "Go after her!"

"But she said she wouldn't—"

"Hell's bells!" he roared. "We can't offend the Navy—not when we're facing a shooting date! Besides, what she said is good stuff—it makes sense—it's a darn' swell story!" He started pushing buttons. "And as for you—you go get Miss Zone Higgins to change her mind about this contest or you're not working here any more. Whether she's our winner or not, remember, she's still an admiral's daughter—"

I started to tell him again, and then I thought: "What the hell! Hollywood's been done in before!"

I went looking for Zone instead.

She was standing on the corner waiting for the bus. I said: "Hello."

She said: "Don't you hello me! If you'd let me tell that long-nosed guy the truth yesterday—"

"Look, honey," I said. "If you'd told McMann what you told me about the Higginses, you'd be crucified on the highest hill in Hollywood this morning. Let's get a ham sandwich."

"No siree!" she set her heels stubbornly. "They can have their money back! I'm through!"

"Okay," I said. "Then I'm through, too. And jobs are scarcer than hens' teeth right now."

"Every now and then you sound an awful lot like Beaver City," she said. "Where were you born?"

"Del Rio," I told her. "It's a little town in Texas—and the folks there still think the harbor is in Los Angeles." All at once we were laughing together.

"I'll take that ham sandwich," she said. "And I'll do what you want me to about the contest, Mr. Henry."

"I want you to go right on being Zone Higgins," I said. "Do as you please, say what you think, and no matter what happens, don't let 'em push you around."

"Can I go to the Navy hops?"

"By all means," I said. "Don't miss *any* Navy hops!"

She didn't. When the votes came rolling in, it was a landslide for Beaver City.

WHEN I walked on Stage Five, at nine o'clock Monday, the script girl said Zone was still over at make-up. Just then she barged in through the door, followed by the hairdresser, and marched up to me, eyes blazing.

"Will you look at me?" she demanded.



"See, Ming? That's us!" RICHARD TAYLOR

"I feel like a silly cow peering through a fence, with these false eyelashes banging my cheeks—"

I said: "Honey, you look wonderful!"

She said: "I look like every other girl I've seen in Hollywood—"

I shoved her sides at her. "Here, read your lines and cool off, glamor girl."

She started reading, her little red mouth moving with the words. Suddenly, she looked up at me.

"None of this makes sense!"

"That's just your cues," I explained.

"I know all about cues," Zone cut in. "We used to have high-school plays back in Beaver City." She started across the stage. "Which one is the director?"

I hurried after her in a panic. "Look here, Zone, you can't do this—"

"You told me not to let 'em push me around," she said over her shoulder. She walked right up to the great Garson Moyle. "I'm Zone Higgins," she said.

"The Spirit of the Fleet," I put in feebly. "You remember—?"

Moyle said: "Oh, yes—well, we're not quite ready for you yet, Miss—Spirit—"

Zone said: "I don't like an about this whole thing—terribly

Moyle's eyes bugged in his fat little. He said: "What in par don't you like terribly, Miss Higg

"This make-up, for one thing,' reached up and yanked her eye off. "Nobody really has lashes a long—at least, not where I came And these silly little curls! A pla who has to work for a living can't to keep her hair fussy like thi Moyle. A plain girl's hair would look this way."

She gave her blond curls an u swish with both hands.

I heard a low moan as the hair collapsed in a vacant chair.

Zone was going on: "And th this girl talks—she makes me sick

Moyle was smiling his nastiest which I knew meant trouble. He to Sidney.

"Miss Higgins—this is Mr. S Sidney, the author of our story. pose you tell Mr. Sidney what he to improve it."

"You're kidding me," Zone said I'll do it anyway. What can I lose

"Exactly," Moyle purred.

I backed up and sat down in a beside the hairdresser, who was ing through his hands.

I patted his shoulder sympathet "I know, pal," I said.

"Look," Zone was saying to the Sidney, "this girl is a plain gir me, isn't she? Or like I'm suppo be. And yet you've written h goggled-eyed because the boy fr an ensign, and got her fussed Annapolis, and stuff like that. why don't you have her a girl really Navy—Navy from down and darn' proud of it? Not ensig admirals' and rear admirals' Nav the enlisted men's Navy? Becau the enlisted men who make up th —and it's their womenfolks wh pride in them and keep them at the enlisted men are the importa ple—don't—don't you see? Or you?"

There was an awful silence. drew a long breath, and got up. on, baby." I took her arm gently.

"Wait a minute," Sidney "You've got something, darling— thing we've all missed. You've real Spirit of the Fleet!" He arm around Zone's shoulders. over to my office, baby—and k talking!"

I went along, but nobody notic They sat Zone down in an easy they offered her a drink—which fused—and Sidney said: "Nov ling, tell us some more about t who's Navy from down under."

"Well—" Zone said. "Well pose she had—say, a—a great gr ther who was with Dewey at —only he wasn't an admiral, or rear admiral! He was just a firer

The little minx gave that who gins routine, and they ate it up. told her she was wonderful—th she had imagination. They didn the half of it!

AFTER that, I didn't see Z quite a while, but I follow doings in the gossip columns. Ac to them, she was "twosing" at th spots with Moyle or Sidney and even with Gable Taylor.

Finally I ran into her one day lot at noontime. "Hi, glamor said. "How's to buy you a han wich?"

"Don't you ham-sandwich m Henry!" she said briefly.

"Oh, gone Hollywood, I see," I

"If you'd minded your own b I wouldn't be mixed up in this m

"What's your beef?" I laugh

(Continued on page 50)

Soose
o Goose

y Bob Considine

y Soose has the skill and ce that make champions. can take a terrific beating, how it hurts his manager!



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

ORE respects than one the most re- table young fist fighter in the coun- oday is good-looking William Stephen called Billy, college-bred son of a Hun- steel worker.

se has beaten both claimants of the l's middleweight championship without ing the title. He has had extreme success professional since leaving Penn State, but income was so unsatisfactory that he ught of retiring from the ring at twenty- o. He is one of those rare fighters who kes care of his manager, instead of vicious ersa, for Soose's manager is a sensitive, good- atured Hollywood scenarist who has been known to faint dead away at the sight of Soose taking a punch on the jaw.

Soose says things like, "I dare say my right hand is completely over its tenosinivitis trou- ble . . ." without blinking an eye. He'd like to go back to school, to complete the medical, legal or physical-education courses he started. He has a year and a semester left, but from the looks of things he'll have to postpone that for a long time, for he seems about to embark on a career as a world's champion and after that he wants to take a crack at Hollywood as an actor.

Don't get the idea that Soose is a goose. He is sensible far beyond his twenty-three years, and though he is quiet, rangy and photogenic, he is a two-fisted fighting man, full of the necessary pitilessness. He is just plain un- conventional for the ring game. To light- heavyweight champion Billy Conn's honest amazement, Soose can fight "even if he did go to college." That is Conn's and the fight game's highest compliment.

Madison Square Garden and the top-notch fight writers were eagerly awaiting Billy's New York debut in his fight scheduled with tough young Tami Mauriello, a Bronx middle- weight who has been unbeaten in 25 fights. Mauriello can take it as well as dish it out. The experts figured that it would be a torrid test for Billy. But they knew too that no pain he would absorb would be as keen as the sympathetic aches and imaginary cuts en- dured by his manager.

Soose's relationship with his manager, Paul Moss, has created downright alarm in the beak-breaking business. It is revolutionary in that there is no master-servant aspect to it. Moss, a rugged-looking, quick-witted home- townsman of Soose's, rarely goes into Soose's corner any more. Makes Moss nervous. To pour additional salt into the wounds of the Managers Guild, Moss demands, "What good could *I* do, Billy?"

But Soose is not looking for a Jack Kearns or a counterpart of the late great Joe Jacobs to pilot him. Moss arranged for Billy's edu- cation, started him on his pro career, got him centered in the public eye by announcing that Dick Powell, the actor, was Billy's manager, steered him into a fight with Ken Overlin, world's middleweight champion of New York, and, even more astutely, got Soose into the ring with Tony Zale, world's middleweight champion of the National Boxing Association.

Soose did the rest with a clean, crackling right-hand punch, a busy, nagging, hooking left and some of the most classic footwork this side of a Currier and Ives print. He was (and is) counseled by one of the greatest trainers and seconds in the game, Ray Arcel, who owns a "piece" of him. At Penn State he fought under the guidance of Leo Houck, the coach who also developed Steve Hamas at the same school. But Billy was his own first in- structor. For he was only fifteen when he made his formal ring debut, and weighed ninety-eight pounds. The main terror of his first ten fights was that his mother would find out and give him a licking.

No Fights, No Soose

Billy Soose became the greatest college fighter of all time. At least no other learned leather-thrower equaled his record. He fought fourteen freshman and varsity matches from the time he entered college until he left in his junior year. He knocked out all fourteen opponents, some of whom outweighed him twenty pounds, and did it with those heavy mittens the collegians use.

One day the school's dean of men called him into his office and showed him letters from the University of Wisconsin and from the Uni- versity of North Carolina threatening to drop Penn State from their schedules if Soose re- mained on the team. At the same time the Eastern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, after investigating Soose's active amateur ca- reer, put through a ruling specifically aimed at him. It barred thereafter from conference- teams all former winners of Golden Gloves tournaments. And Soose had won Golden Gloves titles from 112 to 145 pounds. Soose quit school.

That led to his becoming a pro, and to the formation of the novel team of Soose and Moss. Moss is a Farrell, Pennsylvania, boy who made good. After graduating from Penn State he engaged in radio and publicity work in New York, then went to Hollywood where he helped to write the first Big Broadcast and other pictures. He returned to Farrell for a vacation and saw Soose, then finishing Farrell High, fight several of his 184 amateur battles. Soose had offers to go to the University of Pittsburgh and to Washington & Jefferson. Pitt even offered to send a special tutor to Farrell to coach him over certain entrance hurdles. But in that region of Pennsylvania the sun of learning rises and sets on State Col- lege, and Moss rendered what was hailed as a great public service to Farrell when he fixed it for Soose to become a Nittany Lion. Moss went back to Hollywood, became Powell's praise agent, and forgot Soose.

To help support himself at school, the young man waited on tables, worked as an usher and assisted the trainer of the football

team. At first his ambition was to become a doctor, then he decided that the law was his forte, and when he was flung more and more to the physical side of the school he decided to specialize in physical education. What the school's athletic department wanted him to specialize in, of course, was fighting—for it was soon apparent that he was extraordinarily gifted in mayhem.

He was like a man fighting boys. Long before he was out of high school, and as young as he was, he knew from bitter experience how to feint, and weave, and slip punches, and counter and pace himself. The rival collegians he met were excellent college fighters, because Penn State's schedule is always tough. But he handled them just as a good pro would handle a barroom fighter.

When Billy turned pro in April of 1938 a group of his Farrell supporters immediately thought of Moss. They wired him and suggested that Moss send for him and become his manager. Moss' knowledge of the ring game was limited to an uncertain conviction that there was a difference between feint and faint. But he wired Soose the train fare to California and agreed to become a fight manager, a decision that promises him an early but exciting grave. Looking back on the decision Moss believes that he acted primarily in self-defense. He was afraid that if he said No to the Farrell demand the citizens of the village would boycott his family's furniture store. He had also had trouble getting masculine-gender publicity spread around the country on Powell, and he thought Soose might be a temporary solution.

Soose arrived, and Powell, the so-called manager, was pictured with a towel around his shoulder, attending to the corner needs of a battler who looked more like an active customer's man. On the strength of the Powell tie-up, Moss talked the promoters of the Henry Armstrong-Baby Arizmendi fight into using Soose in the semiwindup. Thus he made his debut pretentiously, on March 13, 1938, at the Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles.

Fighter Manages Manager

Moss and Powell shook visibly while a tough sailor named Johnny Dean waded enthusiastically into the stringy, black-browed ex-collegian. And they lost all vestiges of managerial restraint when Soose knocked out his man in the third round. Before that, Soose had his hands full with them in his corner, especially Moss. "Take it easy, Paul," the panting fighter soothed the manager between rounds. "I'll get him soon."

Soose knocked out four of his next five opponents on the coast, but never made more than $50 in a fight. The combine went deeply into the red when Soose needed a tonsilectomy. Both Soose and Moss were losing all their illusions about the dough in the pro game when Moss got a wire from a Pittsburgh promoter offering Soose one thousand dollars to box Al Quaill at Forbes Field.

Now Moss numbered among his friends some of the most incorrigible ribbers in Hollywood, and for a full day he was convinced that this was a phony wire. It took Joan Blondell, Mrs. Powell, to convince Moss that it wasn't a phony. The right-hand punch that Soose hit Quaill with in the first round of their Pittsburgh fight was no phony, either, nor was the fighter's realization that he had done some woeful harm to the fist.

He finished out the fight against Quaill using his left almost exclusively, and won it with a fine exhibition of boxing skill, though Quaill was a ten-to-three favorite. Soose won a few fights after that, too, but it was plain that his hand wasn't right.

Moss ordered a long rest in the hope that the hand would improve. When it remained weak he got Billy a job in the Mercer Tube works, a Farrell steel plant, in hope that the handling of hundred-pound ingots would strengthen the hand, keep Billy as tough as those ingots. But the hand remained weak.

A Jolt for Mr. Jacobs

Moss then sent him to New York to go under the wing of Ray Arcel. At the same time, with disarming naïveté, Moss wrote to a bewildered, head-scratching Mike Jacobs that "It is not my intent to bore you with words about this boy's fighting ability. Such a description would have to be secondhand if it were to carry any weight, since my experience in the boxing game is limited to what I've gathered around the country during the last six months, the sum total of which has convinced me that I know little or nothing. So I must rely on boxing men like Harry Keck, Arcel, Nate Lewis, and trust that they are at least partly correct when they say he is the most outstanding fighting prospect in the ring today."

Mike said, "Phew!" and sent the letter out to his publicity department, for translation. Simultaneously, Soose's hand seemed to respond to Arcel's treatments. He was able to beat Johnny Duca in February, 1939, at Youngstown. It was a satisfying victory in that Duca had won a bad decision over him in Lancaster the year before. But after the excitement of the fight wore off, his hand was an angry lump of pain.

Moss borrowed money to retain Dr. Jerome G. Finder, a celebrated Chicago surgeon. Finder practically rebuilt Soose's hand, put sheathing, tendons and muscles back in place and scraped out scar tissue—working through a one-inch incision which now shows only faintly on the back of Soose's hard fist. Soose was sent off to the Maine woods, and Moss wouldn't schedule another fight for him until September, 1939. But when Soose did fight, against one Joe Fedz in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, Billy won by a quick kayo. The ersatz fist withstood the hammering, and there was joy unrestrained in this cultured clouting combine.

In 1940 Soose started out with a decision over Vince Pimpinella and followed that one with a three-round knockout of Jimmy Clark. The clever Georgie Abrams outpointed him for the second time in his career, but Soose came back to belt out Enzo Iannozzi and former champion Babe Risko. Coincidentally, Ken Overlin won the New York end of the middleweight crown from Ceferino Garcia and, gay soul that he is, found himself broke two days later. Looking around for somebody safe with whom he could draw money, Overlin, and his manager, Chris Dundee, selected Soose as the victim, assuming naturally enough that Soose, who couldn't beat Overlin's lesser stable mate, Abrams, certainly wouldn't bother the champ. The match was made at over-the-weight terms, obviating any chance that Overlin would lose his title.

It seemed an absurd precaution at the time. Overlin was three-to-one even in hostile Scranton, scene of the fight. But at the start of the fight Soose sank his right into Overlin's middle and took charge of the match, at least to the satisfaction of the two judges. Referee Jack Walton voted four rounds for Soose, five for Overlin and one even. The New York writers who bore witness generally condemned the verdict, stated that Overlin deserved at least a draw, and for the most part overlooked the fact that a fellow with only a semilocal reputation had put up a whale of a fight against a champion.

Moss smartly used the unfavorable publicity as a wedge to get into Chicago. He conned Art Winch and Sam Pian, astute former managers of Barney Ross, into believing that Soose was Zale's natural opponent. They agreed that a quick victory for Zale, a ferocious knockout specialist, over the man who held a decision over Overlin would strengthen Zale's claim to the title and proportionately cheapen Overlin's. The over-the-weight match was staged within a month after Soose's July victory over Overlin. And to the discomfiture of his hecklers, Soose was terrific. The referee and both judges agreed that he won eight of the ten rounds. The crowd, whistling for a knockout after Zale hit Soose with everything except the arena's mortgage in the first two rounds, swung over to Soose and rooted him home.

The only thing certain about Soose's future, futures in the ring game being even more uncertain during these conscripting days, is that they'll never have to run a benefit for him. He loves to fight, but he could get along without it. He suspected not long before the Overlin fight that there was more gore than gold in the game, and he thought of retiring to become boxing coach at Cornell. The Overlin and Zale fights boosted his three-year professional earnings to $12,250 and put him in line for important money. If all goes well this winter he should become Penn State's best paid ex-student of recent and near-recent vintage. Also, and wholly without vanity, he sees a future for himself in Hollywood if he becomes champion. And, that failing, he will be content to go back to school, get his degree and go to work.

One thing Moss has never learned. He has never absorbed the "They Can't Hurt Us" philosophy of managers. He can't look at Soose getting hit without a surge of sympathetic reaction. In the trying moments of the Overlin fight he roamed off into the night, white-faced and shaken, forcing himself to go back into the ball-yard arena just in time to see Soose's hand raised in victory. He was ill after Soose, peering through a film of blood, beat Frankie Nelson into a mass of wounds.

A Manager Takes the Count

But Moss' peak for sympathy was reached on the night of December 11, 1939, in Cleveland. Billy was in there against tough old Paul Pirrone. Moss was in Billy's corner with Arcel. Pirrone came glaring out of his corner, let a Soose jab slide back across his thick head and countered with a beaut of a right to Soose's jaw. All six feet of Soose came tumbling down in an insensate heap from the effect of the shocking punch, while Moss watched in horror.

Arcel was screaming some instruction to Soose's dead ears, but as the count of the referee reached three the trainer heard a heavy thump next to him. And, turning, he saw Moss on the floor in a glassy-eyed swoon. It was one hell of a problem for Arcel, what with both Soose and Moss down and out. But he kept bellowing advice to the stricken fighter, while with a free hand he broke one of those ammonia capsules and held it under Moss' nose.

Moss began to come around. In a minute he knew where he was and when the full horror of what he had seen happen to Soose struck him again he gasped, weakly, "My God . . . was Billy hurt bad?"

Arcel busily pointed at the ring, and when Moss' eyes cleared there was Billy, very much alive, pounding Pirrone from rope to rope with a furious counterattack. He had gotten up at the count of nine, but a referee could have counted 109 over his manager. Soose won the fight, but Moss hasn't been quite the same since.



Out o

By Jim M

Careful—don't
soldier floating
the clouds. It n
cousin Hector
the U. S. Parac
ion last month
progress report
my's doughboy



Army parachute jumpers line up for inspection before a practice jump. Equipment includes emergency 'chute in front, regulation 'chute on back, pistol strapped to leg and special shoes, some with ankle supports. Equipment is not yet standardized: note two men at right wearing helmets designed to keep pilot's mouth from falling open when pulling out of power dive

GENERAL NATHAN BEDFORD ORREST had been a Bostonian instead of a Tennessean he might today e known as the Pappy of the Parachutists. He had the main idea. The hitch was that the Confederate armies had no air service. The Unionists had, but they didn't have much imagination about it. This shows you the necessity for coming things and imagination if you want to get anywhere.

You'll remember old General Forrest. He was the gallant Southern commander whose simple rule for winning a battle was to "git thar fustest with the mostest." He was a swooper of the most persistent type and gets credit in Army lore as the inventor of the idea of shooting infantrymen on horses. After he'd got them aboard and told them to ride on, he'd send them swooping around the Union flanks, hell for leather, to blow up supply dumps, tear up railroad and generally raise Cain.

This sort of unorthodox warfare tried Union patience sorely and for months the boys in Blue marched with their chins on their shoulders listening for the hoofbeats of Forrest's mounted infantry in their rear. If Forrest had had the Union's air-service balloons it's a cinch he'd have had his raiders swooping down from the sky on parachutes instead of across hill and dale on horses.

But General Forrest didn't have any air transport and the Union didn't have any novel ideas, and so it wasn't until 1940 that parachute troops began trying to "git thar fustest with the mostest" during the German attack on Holland. And it wasn't until six months later that our own Army had a parachute outfit organized and ready for action. We'll go down to Georgia and have a look at it in a minute—but first let's get some background, as the saying is.

The basic war problem is, and always has been, the same. It is to get a doughboy—fed, watered, happy and in good working order—from here to there with a minimum of delay. That was Hannibal's problem and Genghis Khan's and Napoleon's and Pershing's. Today it is General Marshall's. The problem has been tackled, through the centuries, by putting soldiers aboard transport, taxicabs, busses, battleships, mules, horses, elephants, camels, trucks and planes. Hitching them to parachutes is merely the latest device for the same old purpose.

Since our Army started to organize parachute troops, civilians are always asking how 'chutists could be used by a nation on the defensive. We have been sold the word "defense" so thoroughly that the idea of our Army's attacking an enemy seems unreal. The truth is, as Army men point out, that you can't win a war on the defensive. To win, you have to attack. A "defensive" army—or navy—is just a political catchword. Any force organized merely to defend a country would be beaten before it started.

You may get some idea how our parachute battalions might be used by imagining the Germ—well, an enemy, had landed in Labrador, set up an air base and started to bomb our "Vital Triangle." That's the territory enclosed by a line running from Boston to Washington to Chicago to Boston. Put that triangle out of business and it's curtains—most of our industry is concentrated there. Well, suppose the enemy has this Labrador base.

We'd try to bomb this base and then capture it. In the old days we'd have tried to get troops there afoot, or in trucks or on horses. Now, the idea is to get them there via parachute. This would be about the only way to get them onto the enemy base. Our planes couldn't land them, to start with. But with reasonable luck—and, oh, boy! the luck we've had in our wars!—a couple of parachute battalions might get five hundred fighting men onto the base, to capture and hold it long enough for our troop-transport planes to set down reinforcements and bring in artillery, small tanks and armored cars, all of which have been carried experimentally by plane.

This sounds, for the 'chutists, like a suicide detail, but as a matter of fact a man coming down on a 'chute isn't so

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

vulnerable as you might think. In the old Western phrase, he's comin' asmokin' with his .44 and maybe some hand grenades. The enemy on the ground is actually at some disadvantage.

In the World War, for another example, parachute troops might have been sent to reinforce the famous "Lost Battalion." In the next war they'll undoubtedly be used to rescue cut-off detachments, as well as to operate, if possible, behind the enemy lines.

The birthplace of parachute fighting in our country wasn't at an Army post or air-service field, but near the little town of Winthrop in the high Cascade Range of northern Washington State, and later in the Bitter Roots near Missoula, Montana. The man who started it wasn't a flier or a soldier: he was David P. Godwin, assistant chief of the Division of Fire Control of the U. S. Forest Service. Godwin wasn't after new methods of attacking human enemies; he was after forest fires.

The Russians had been experimenting with parachute troops, and so had the Germans. The Forest Service lads had discussed it for years and had been parachuting food, water and tools down to fire fighters for a long time.

Godwin got reports from both countries and had them translated. The Russian dope wasn't very useful and the German was full of baloney, obviously intended to mislead—or frighten. So, late in 1939, Godwin went out to the Pacific Northwest and started to work out the thing from the ground up—and down.

The service started dropping smoke chasers into fire areas in October, 1939. The first jumps were made by professionals, but the local boys soon caught onto the idea—and that gave Godwin a basic principle: It's much simpler to make a parachutist out of a fire fighter than vice versa. The Army has adopted the principle and is making jumpers out of infantrymen, instead of the other way around. If you're a professional 'chute jumper, but a civilian, you're out of luck trying to get into a parachute battalion.

Godwin and his men developed special clothing and braces for jumpers, to protect them in landings in rough country and treetops. One danger was the tendency of 'chutes to oscillate, which might mean maiming or killing a man by swinging him against a tree or rocks. So a nonoscillating 'chute was worked out. To drop cargo, the rangers made 'chutes of burlap at a cost of $1.50 that would carry down anything from a crate of eggs to a radio set for the use of fire fighters in rough country.

The end of the fire season and the coming of winter stopped work that year, but it started again early in 1940, this time with the Missoula district as a base. The service worked out a technique. When a lookout reported a fire, smoke chasers got into their protective suits, climbed into the plane and streaked for the blaze, which was usually just a small one. The plane first circled and dropped a test 'chute with a sandbag. Watching where this landed gave the pilot the wind direction. On the next circle he knew just where he must drop his fire fighters to land them near the blaze. It had to be close, because in that mountain country ground travel is slow.

When the plane was in the right spot, the pilot gave the word to go, and the smoke chasers bailed out. The ship then made a third circle and dropped cargo 'chutes carrying rations, maps, flash-



Shroud lines in hand, and legs spread for the impact, this U. S. Army Parachute Corps man floats down to a perfect landing at Fort Benning, Georgia



te inspections are frequent and rigorous. Here members of the
s hang up a 'chute to look for dirt, moisture and grasshoppers



Air Corporal James Wallace, expert rigger, demonstrates the all-important job of packing the 'chute. Jumpers must learn to pack their own 'chutes

rachutist's big moment: the 'chute begins to blossom. Jumper
ne rip cord; a 12-foot "static rope" attached to plane opens it

Suspended in harness, recruits learn how to break landing impact by a quick overhead tug on the lines, a trick that requires perfect timing





water, tools and a compass. The
s themselves carried down a five-
half-pound radio telephone set.
s, fire fighters were talking with
ne eight-and-a-half minutes after
g. This usually meant, too, the
ken to climb down out of the tree
h the 'chute caught, sometimes ■
ay from the ground.

service worked out the thing to
nt where, if a fire was reported
iles from the plane's base, smoke
could be dressed up, flown to the
ropped and be at work on the fire
thirty minutes. To get them to
by truck and afoot might have
day in that country, and by that
ne fire might have been out of
nd blazing through miles of tim-
. The 'chutes were just a new
for "gittin' thar fustest."

t be impatient at all this back-
We're getting around to the
Early in the summer of 1940
met General Henry H. Arnold
Army Air Force in Washington and they got to talking about parachute troops. Godwin told the general what the Forest Service had been doing out in the timber country, and Arnold asked if he could send out some observers. Godwin said sure. Arnold sent out Lieutenant Colonel E. A. Smith, of the infantry, and Captain Reuben Kyle, Jr., of the Air Service. They flew to Missoula, found out all they could, borrowed samples of the equipment invented by the forest boys, flew back east and started the organization of a parachute corps.

The outfit was created at Fort Benning, where the Army's infantry school is located, in the pine and cotton country of western Georgia, ten miles from the textile-mill town of Columbus. Here, on a 152-square-mile reservation, are concentrated infantry, tanks, mechanized units. Here, too, is the Air Service's Lawson Field.

The first jumpers came from the Twenty-ninth Infantry and were all volunteers. Every officer in the outfit volunteered, too. From the available men, the organizers took the athletes—basketball and football and volleyball champs, track men and boxers. Parachute battalions in the future are going to win all the athletic events, it seems, because they'll be composed of the pick of the Army's sports experts.

To command the 501st, which is the official designation of the battalion, the general staff chose Major William M. Miley. Soft-spoken, hard as nails, Miley is a Californian and one of the Army's top gymnasts. He is ■ swordsman and an acrobatic tumbler and before he started parachuting was athletic director at Benning.

Under the major in the early stages of development were Captain Bill Ryder and Lieutenant Jim Bassett. Like their C. O.—and all the rest of the outfit—they were intensely interested in 'chuting, working twenty-four hours ■ day, experimenting, writing manuals and reports, working out tactics, inventing new gadgets—doing ■ swell job. There were less than fifty of them, to start with, living in pyramidal tents out on the prairie because there were no barracks for them.

Now let's go out to Lawson Field and watch the boys jump. They pile out of trucks and hunch into their 'chutes, helping one another, looking one another over for flaws. Captain Ryder is togged out like everyone else.

"It's a rule," he says, "that the men never are asked to do anything the officers don't do. It isn't that way in some armies. . . ."

The boys file into the big ship, standing with motors idling. It roars away, gains altitude, circles the field. The noise lessens as the ship is throttled down. Then suddenly ■ man appears at the doorway and steps out. Seconds later his 'chute is opening, billowing above him like half a grapefruit shell. Another man, and another. You time them. Twelve men out in ten seconds.

The men are coming down now at about ten miles an hour, you figure.

(Continued on page 36)

Down with Shoulders

By Aimee Larki

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLO

There's a definite fashion tren to follow in selecting a 19 wardrobe. Here are the clu



Shoulders are the big news for 1941. From sports to evening clothes, in coats and dresses, shoulders have gone natural. There is only enough shoulder padding to make hips look slim

We are getting smooth hips by wearing a pull-over, a sarong or a longer bodice with fullness placed at the hip line or below. How far down your overblouse comes depends on your figure

Your skirts will still be short, but they'll be only short enough to flatter your figure. Let the right length be decided by your legs. Even when skirts look slim they give you room for action

DRESS BY LORD AND TAYLOR

HAT BY DOBBS

IT'S gotten so you can't buy a dress or a hat or pair of shoes without running smack into a lot ballyhoo about American designers. You see th names on the tags, and their pictures in the pape and you read about them in the ads. If Paris had fallen, most of them would never have gotten to fi base with the publicity boys and girls. They wou still be working behind the scenes, while the depa ment stores, the wholesale manufacturers and mos Paris would have kept right on getting the credit.

It's a fact America has some top-flight designe A couple of good big handfuls of them. They ha been functioning in New York and California years. Their names were familiar to you before t ballyhoo began. They are truly great designers, w have earned their fame by the excellence and ori nality of their work. But when designers are cro ping up by the tens and dozens all along Fifth Aven and you can't look at anything in any store witho having its parent rise up and haunt you, it's ti to get out your popgun. Important designers are developed overnight.

American mass production doesn't work that w It has to its credit the fact that American women a the best dressed in the world. They can get goo looking clothes at any price they want to pay an where in the country. They can get them from mail-order house if there isn't a store handy to t ranch. They are the envy of all the other women of t world, for nowhere else is it possible to get such go materials, so well styled and well cut, at a price fit every pocketbook. America can well be proud this industry.

But because he has a big investment involved, t manufacturer isn't keen to jump on every new ide designer may conjure up. He'd rather give you som thing similar to that dress you liked and bought such quantities last year—he feels sure of that. J enough changes, he'll say to his designer, to make this year. A runner, he calls it. Some manufactur would rather watch what their nearest rivals are ing, which is the reason design-piracy is one of t evils of the trade. Of course, most of them fran adapted and copied from Paris models. None these things is conducive to creative design. Th will have to be some changes in the American set and some money invested in design that doesn't ha to beat sales figures before the latent talent here really blossom.

But, meanwhile, there's that dress to buy, and t hat and those shoes. . . . Where is the clue to y 1941 wardrobe? What's the trend to watch, so th out of all you see, you will buy clothes that are their way into the fashion picture, not on the way o

Never doubt it. There are plenty of fashion tric here today and old stuff tomorrow. But underne is a slow-moving trend—changes in fashion beca you like change in everything; slow changes beca you are not going to launch a brand-new wardr every year. The present trend was evident in P two years ago. It is here today in full force.

It spotlights normal shoulders and slim hips.

The accent has been taken from extremes of fa ion and put on simplicity and naturalness. Should are padded only enough to flatter your hips into lo ing slimmer.

Skirts hang straighter. They are short; but o to a shortness that is becoming. The actual brev in inches is up to you. Pleats, a subtle shirring fullness or a sarong give you graceful motion plenty of walking room.

Waistlines are normal. Some bodices are blou Some are the casual easy-fitting pull-over, due popularity day and night; continuing down over hipbone it gives a long, slim-torso look that is e nently becoming.

Your whole wardrobe will be fined down in way. Fewer tricks, simpler lines, more emphasis the basic suit, coat and *(Continued on page*



She dropped back into the berth, picturing to herself Henry's tanned face and his dark almond eyes

Over Night

By Nancy Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY THOMAS

ng pains of a girl
was too young to
at being a woman

elt funny, standing there in the
ment, now that everything was
er and she was going home to
She thought suddenly of a
d she and Curly had spent on
land last summer, when the peo-
taken them over to one of those
theaters to see a rehearsal. It
Sunday, and the play for the
efore was over, but the scenery
been used for it was still up.
actors rehearsed the new play
a background that was done
at didn't have anything to do
wat they were acting. It had been
tting to see actors rehearse and
eeing behind the scenes. They
od about watching, and one of
e people had said, too loud,
t the solid-gold babies set with
ackets from Westbury." There
en she and Curly and Babs
gh and Lefty Vandercliff and
no girl. Maybe that was when
rted getting this terrific sneaker
Fenno girl.
ay, something about this mo-
ade her think of that. She was
in a place that had been home for four years and that now suddenly wasn't any place at all, just an apartment on Sutton Place with a lot of furniture in it, a lot of wedding presents that didn't have any significance any longer. She didn't belong to it any more; she had already started a new life; it was already the past, this apartment, a place she would remember, maybe: when I was married to Curly Mayson we lived in an apartment on Sutton Place.

Maybe she would remember that night right after they came home from the honeymoon and sat in front of the fire in the living room in their bare feet; maybe she would remember coming home from the hospital after Funny-face was born, how funny it had felt to them both that there was a baby in the place that belonged to them; maybe she would remember all the good parties, people barging in after the theater, the Negro from Harlem they used to get in to play the piano, the night she drank too much champagne and did a dance in the middle of the floor.

And maybe she wouldn't remember at all. Already the four years were sort of a blank, unreal. Maybe she would be having such a wonderful new life that she wouldn't remember the one with Curly because she wouldn't have time. This moment was set like a wall between the two lives, the end of one, the beginning of the other. The end of Mrs. Charles Mayson, the beginning of Mrs. Mallory Mayson. The Fenno girl would be Mrs. Charles Mayson soon. It was funny having three different names in your life before you were twenty-three. First Janet Mallory, then Mrs. Charles Mayson, now Mrs. Mallory Mayson. . . .

Her mother-in-law moved about the living room in a distracted sort of way. She had come in from Long Island to see Jan off and to start the work of having all this stuff put into storage. It was nice of her to see to that; Jan was glad she didn't have to fool with it. She never knew how to cope with that kind of business; she felt about twelve when she tried. Mrs. Mayson was dead set against the Fenno girl; she thought she had lured Curly away. But it was all right with Jan. Curly couldn't help it if he got this terrific sneaker, and the Fenno girl was divine, all right. You couldn't help falling in love with people. Maybe she would fall in love with somebody herself. She was beginning a brand-new life in which anything could happen.

"I STILL can't believe this awful thing is happening, Jan dear," Mrs. Mayson said. She sank down on the big sofa and lit a cigarette. "You and Curly were so perfect together. It's so heartbreaking to have it break up now, before you'd hardly got started. You're being so brave, Jan."

"No, I'm not. . . ." She really wasn't. There wasn't anything to be brave about. She and Curly had had a divine time ever since the night she met him at the Hasty Pudding dance up in Cambridge. They'd had everything they wanted: got married two months later with a swell big wedding and millions of parties and scads of bridesmaids and ushers; had a honeymoon in Honolulu and done simply everything marvelous; come back to this apartment and had a big time in it, parties and going out to Long Island for long week ends; had Funny-face dumped in their lap like a prize package, terribly cute and sort of surprising. Now Curly was mad for the Fenno girl and wanted to marry her. It was all right; it had been fine.

"Curly doesn't realize what he's throwing away," Mrs. Mayson said. "If he was a little older maybe he'd have more sense and realize that you are the girl he really loves. Or ought to. I just hate to have you get hurt, darling. I feel as if you were my own child. It's odd for me to say it, but you mustn't feel your life's over. You'll meet dozens of other men and fall in love with someone and marry him."

"I feel okay," Jan said. Mrs. Mayson thought her heart was broken, but it wasn't. She just felt through with something, and ready for what came next. She had loved Curly, she still did. But after all when you were eighteen you didn't know anything. You just knew how to have fun. She felt about Curly the way you would about a brother, maybe. Of course they'd been married and had Funny-face. But all that hadn't

sunk in, exactly. It was all just gay and fun, not important. It certainly wasn't anything you called passion. Things like that, real grown-up love, lay ahead of her in this new life. That was what made it so exciting. She moved restlessly around the room and ran her hand over her pale blond, shoulder-length hair.

"It's absolutely fair for Curly to have to be the one to go to Reno," his mother said. "He broke it up. I know he wants to go, to be near that girl while she gets hers, but anyway I'm glad you don't have to go out there. It's an absolutely savage place. Horrible women. You oughtn't to be exposed to anything like that, darling. Don't tell me. I know."

Jan didn't answer. Curly wanted to go to Reno, and she didn't care. It might have been fun to see what it was like, but it was going to be fun this summer up on the North Shore too. It didn't matter who got the divorce. It was all cooked up anyway. Mental cruelty. Her being mentally cruel to Curly. How would you be mentally cruel to anyone?

At last Nana was coming in with Funny-face. Jan put on her red straw hat in front of the mantel mirror. It looked nice, with her red-and-white foulard print. Funny-face looked sweet in his lavender romper, running around the room holding on to Nana's hand. Jan looked at him with the curiosity she always felt: how funny that that fat little tootsie was her child! She never really felt that he was, more as if he was a baby brother. It hadn't bothered her any while he was coming; they used to go dancing right up to near the end. . . .

MRS. MAYSON was kissing the baby. "I'll miss little Charles horribly," she said. "It's been divine for me, having a grandson at my age. I can't wait till he comes back for our six months of him. Gran's baby, yes, oh, you darling! I hope it won't be too awful for you giving him up part of the year, Jan. But I promise you I'll see he's well taken care of. I won't let that girl neglect him as I'm sure she would. I'll keep my eye on things. And Nana will be right on deck, I'm sure, won't you, Nana?"

The big-boned, horse-faced Irish nurse smiled back at Mrs. Mayson.

"I know it'll be all right," Jan said. She put on her white gloves and picked up her red purse from the coffee table. "Well," she said.

Mrs. Mayson got up and put her arms around Jan.

"Goodby, Jan darling," she said. "I could kill Curly for acting like such a dummy, even if he is my own child. You're a sweet, darling little girl, and it makes me sick. Remember I'm terribly fond of you and I'll always be. I'm absolutely on your side and I wish you could come and stay with me, although I suppose you won't."

Jan kissed her. "You're an angel to attend to all this," she said, waving her hand around the room.

"It's the least I can do. And it would be so heartbreaking for you to have to send away all your lovely wedding presents. It seems yesterday that we had such fun fixing up the apartment. Oh, dear," she kissed Jan again.

She saw them off from the door of the apartment, standing there while they waited for the lift, the three of them. Then it came, and they got in, and the door slammed, and that was the last time Jan would ever go down from the apartment. She felt fresh, as if her face had just been washed, and ready for what was to come next.

Fifty-seventh Street was bright and hot and beautiful in the afternoon sun. The heat put a sort of hush over the East River where tugs floated languidly on the grayish oily water; people strolled slowly down the street; the cart loaded with flowers in pots crept along the curb, and Jan waved to the man driving it as she got into the taxi after Nana and Funny-face. She would probably never see him again. This early June heat made her feel expectant; it was the kind of afternoon when you left to drive out on Long Island for a big week end; it was the kind of afternoon that made you look forward to smelling the salt sea, and playing tennis, and having fun with lots of people. The whole summer lay before her, mysterious and unimaginable.

The taxi stopped and went, stopped and went, through the hot city over to the West Side, toward the dock where they would take the boat for Boston. They passed pier after pier, going far downtown.

They got out of the taxi and Jan paid the driver and gave him a fifty-cent tip and they walked slowly along the pier, slowly on account of Funny-face's short fat legs, and onto the Boston boat. They had two large staterooms side by side. Their bags were carried in and Jan tipped the porter. Then with Nana and the baby she went up on deck and stood against the rail looking down at the swirling, dirty water. A lovely fresh smell came from the sea down beyond the harbor. They would sail in a minute now. Lots of people crowded the deck and hung over the rail.

"It's time Charlie had his supper," Nana said. "I wonder if I shall be able to order the proper things."

"Oh, sure," Jan said. "Take him down into the dining room, I guess. They can get you everything."

Nana took Funny-face away by the hand. Jan watched them go. Then she looked back at the water. They were nearly around the Battery and steaming up the East River. Pretty soon they would pass the end of Fifty-seventh Street. She must remember to look up and see the apartment house once more.

Barges and tugs passed, the wash from them spreading out fantails in the dark and oily water. They were going up to Boston, to a new life. Curly was all gone; not part of her life any more; somebody she'd see sometimes and be glad to see and feel fine friends with. He had been her husband. But it had always felt kind of silly to know that she had a husband. The word sounded so much more important than any way she felt. Curly kept on being a boy, a beau, somebody to have fun with. And then there was Funny-face, the only thing that would live on as an actual proof that she had been married, and had a child.

She leaned over the rail and scowled gravely at the New York buildings sweeping by. She wondered if she was horrid, the un-motherly way she felt about Funny-face. But she didn't see how she could help it. She simply didn't feel maternal or whatever you felt. Funny-face had popped out at her from nowhere as a big surprise and he might as well have said boo. He didn't need her, with an expert like Nana, and Jan didn't feel any need for him. She adored him. But she didn't yearn toward him or any of those things. He was just a funny little thing she had picked up somewhere who was, incredibly, part of her life just as her mother and her father were part of her life. But she didn't feel like a mother, she never had.

She hadn't been ready to be a mother, that was it. A sort of quick clarity invaded Jan's mind and she felt she had an explanation. Because she still had the feeling she had had in school, that some day it would be wonderful to have babies, to be married. She still felt that anticipatory way in spite of the fact that she had been married and had a baby. She hadn't been ready to be married, either; it had just come along and overtaken her. A whole lot of things had happened to her prematurely, as if she had dreamed them, and they hadn't taken hold of her because she simply wasn't ripe for them.



"You have just heard Major Fortescue's analysis of our overseas broadcast. This will be interpreted by our Washington expert, Mr. Greeley. Mr. Marshall, our networks expert, will then analyze Mr. Greeley's broadcast. You will then hear from our overseas correspondents again, who will analyze Mr. Marshall's talk"

JACK MARROW

SHE was still twenty-two and she felt that young, and at the beginning of things, ready and waiting for life to begin. It was as if she hadn't been to enough dances; hadn't met enough boys; was still waiting for the moment when she would fall in love with somebody and then would want to marry him and want to have a baby. It had all happened, but it hadn't happened to her inside; she was still twenty-two, waiting for everything.

Funny-face was like a tangible reminder of a forgotten dream she had had once.

They were way uptown now and she hadn't looked to see the apartment house. It didn't matter at all. The breeze from the Sound was battering at her straw hat and she started below. The crowds that filled the boat were an odd lot; not like on an ocean liner, not settling down, because they would land next morning; milling and laughing and acting crazy on the Boston night boat. Jan looked at them curiously, going down the stairway. Near the bottom she passed a young man who looked at her fixedly; his dark face was somehow familiar to her, but she could not r
ber where she had seen him befor
went on along the lower deck
staterooms. Funny-face was bei
to bed.

"Have you got everything you
she asked Nana, awkwardly.

"Yes, madam. I expect so. It's
say like a proper boat, is it? Mo
one of them excursion boats. I h
quite safe."

"Oh, yes, it's perfectly safe, ho
Why, you just go along the Sou
then through the Cape Cod Can
you're hardly ever in the actual

She bent over the pink child
bed and kissed him. He was slee
soft and his fair hair was damp
fat neck. He was a cunning bal
thought.

"I'll be glad when we reach Mr
lory's, madam. I'll feel so much
And I expect Mrs. Mallory will
to see her little grand-baby, y
will, won't she, Charlie?"

The baby smiled and said,
kiss." As Nana was kissing hi
went away. She went soberly d
dinner and ate a club sandwich, h
glasses of milk and a dish of ch
ice cream. As she came out of t
ing room it was beginning to ge
In the large hallway she came
face again with the dark youn
She looked at him and walked
then she heard his voice behind

"Aren't you Jan Mallory?"

SHE turned around. He was very dark and smooth, and he gray-tan gabardine suit. His h dark and his eyes were very d long, and he was smiling.

"I'm Henry Bolton. I met y ago at a dance."

"Oh . . . Bolton. Was your Jenk Bolton?"

"Yes. That's right."

"He could hit a target spitting his front teeth. I've never forgo

"He still can!"

She remembered this man no tle, at some dance in Boston, with her, and that he danced ve She remembered hearing his Henry Bolton, long ago, oh, school.

"You haven't been living Bean-town, have you?" he as

"No, you see. . . . I've been and living in New York. My Mayson now."

"Oh, yes," he said, as if he bered. "Sally Gray's cousin, your husband? Curly Mayson, thing?"

"Yes, only . . ." She realized s have to do this often now, exp might as well get used to it, tell ple in Boston, like this boy. vorced. I mean, getting a div

"Oh," he said, looking off "Getting it up in Massachuse

"No. Curly's out in Reno."

"Oh. Well. . . ."

"I'm going up to mother's. I the baby up."

"So?" he said, lifting his e He smiled at her with his lo "Well. Would you like to da a lousy orchestra but we could try."

"I'd love to."

They went along to the up where the orchestra was playi music. He did dance terribly felt gay and happy and excit sat down at a table and ordere ades and Henry took a flask o pocket and poured gin into t kept looking at her with those mond-shaped eyes, and she loo at him. This all felt so brand-n was on her own, back to being girl again, out dancing with a

They drank and danced so

(Continued on page 4

THE *New* INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS*



All-Truck Trucks *Better Than Ever!*

International Harvester is proud to present "The New Internationals."

Meet the kind of motor trucks you've always wanted to own . . . beautiful in appearance, powered beyond requirements, engineered for unbeatable economy . . . the *New K-Line Internationals.*

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Phone any International Dealer or Branch for a *New* International demonstration . . . And write for a catalog giving you all the details about the *new* International line.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

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Goldilocks was brightening up her smile with delicious Dentyne the day she found the home of the three bears. Of course she tried their chairs, their beds and their porridge—and you've never seen three madder bears.

But Goldilocks flashed her lovely smile and said "Anyway, porridge won't make your teeth shine."

"But it's nice porridge," wailed the big bear.

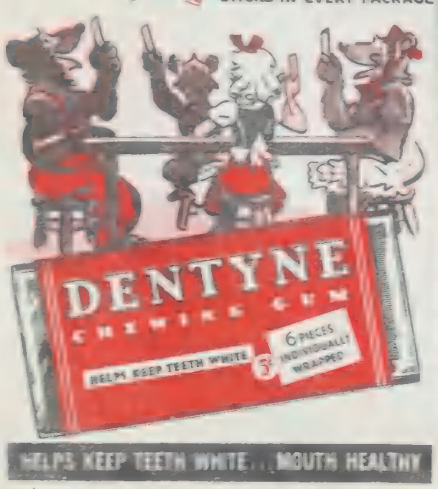
"And not chewy enough," said Goldilocks. "Now Dentyne has an extra firmness that helps polish teeth and makes them gleam. It strengthens jaw muscles—firms up your gums. Here try some."

"M-M-M," said the little bear. "It's delicious. That nice cinnamon taste is different—and *extra* good."

"Right-O," laughed Goldilocks, "and note the flat handy package. It slips neatly into purse or pocket. More smiles to you and brighter ones—with Dentyne."

Moral: Help your teeth stay lovely and sparkling by chewing Dentyne often. Get a flavortite package today.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



Out of the Blue

Continued from page 31

Their problem is to land in a group on a target about thirty feet square. The dangling bodies swing back and forth as the jumpers manipulate the steering flaps to counteract air currents. Two of them almost collide, but quick work saves them.

There is the crack of a shot from the sky and then a short volley. Captain Ryder is practicing marksmanship as he descends. Pretty good at it, too, considering this is only his tenth jump.

Less than a minute after they have left the plane the eleven men and the captain are grouped, hauling in their 'chutes, within the limits of the target. They have come down about 700 feet in fifty seconds. Just before each lands, you see him reach up with both hands, grip the lines and give himself a lift just as his toes touch earth. This trick, which calls for split-second timing, breaks the shock of collision. If you do it too soon, or too late, chances are you'll break a bone, probably an ankle.

One man is pulled over by a gust and tumbles, like an acrobat, as he hits. He's up in a second.

"You see why we need tumblers," grins the captain—and to the 'chuters: "Good work, men. Any bruises?"

There are none this time, it turns out.

The Army's not Copying Anyone

"We've had more than 300 jumps," says Ryder, "but only one fractured ankle. Plenty of bruises and a sprain or two, though."

He explains that it's vital, in battle, to get all your men down in perfect physical shape, because there won't be many of them, and each must be fit for his job at once. There mustn't be the slightest physical—or emotional—trouble.

"Don't get the idea we're just copying the Russians or Germans," says Captain Ryder, back in the orderly tent. "We're starting in where they leave off. Can't win a war by copying the other fellow—you have to outsmart him.

"You can't go much by what the Germans did in Holland or in Norway. Their parachutists came down in ideal conditions, with a lot of preparation done for them by spies and secret agents.

"By the way," he adds with a grin, "all our men are volunteers. Our information is that the Germans had to order their men into 'chutes and that they had a tough time getting good ones. We have hundreds of volunteers. Look here . . ."

He displays a file of letters, from all over, pleading for a chance to join the 501st—letters from civilians and kids and privates and sergeants and majors in the Army and Reserve and the National Guard. Most of them are man-to-man letters, from Private George Spelvin to Major Miley, in defiance of War Department red tape. But, horrified as they may be at this democratic way of running an army, the brass hats at Washington haven't done a thing to Private Spelvin—that sort of spirit is too good to discourage . . . Couldn't get away with it in any other army, though.

All the jumpers with whom I talked agreed that the surprise of the game is that the 'chutist has little or no sensation of falling. Most of them were afraid they would. It was the same story from the newest rookie to Captain E. Vern Stewart, of the Illinois National Guard, who has more than 400 jumps to his credit. The captain has jumped at 500 and at 22,000 feet. The long jump took thirty-six minutes and the main sensation was boredom.

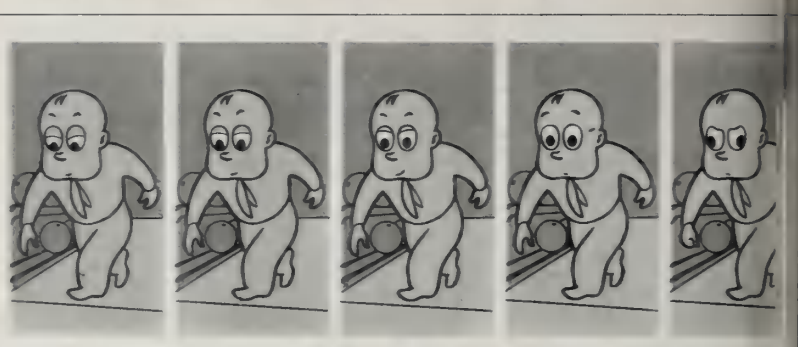
"If I ever jump that far again I'll take along a good book," grinned Stewart.

You'd think, if you stepped from a plane going nearly a hundred miles an hour and then were stopped by a parachute's opening, there'd be a mental or physical jolt. But there isn't. In the Army you don't even have to worry about pulling a rip cord.

"The way we've developed it," explained Captain Ryder, "each man has a twelve-foot 'static rope,' one end of which is attached lightly to the 'chute on his back. He holds the other end of the rope. When he is ready to jump he goes to the door of the plane, clicks his rope fast to a gadget, leans forward a little, half facing toward the ship's tail, and steps off, arms folded over his chest. The rope tightens, opens the 'chute and then snaps at the 'chute end. It's pulled back into the plane. The soldier by that time is dropping like a feather—more or less—guiding himself down."

Army 'chutes are made of silk and cost about $250 apiece. With care they last for at least 200 jumps. Experiments are being made with nylon, rayon and cotton. Some of the sharps think even tough, waterproof paper may be developed with strength enough for the shocks and strains.

Each Army jumper has his own 'chute, takes care of it and folds it after each jump. A 'chute *has* to be folded right—if it isn't, the next time you jump the War Department notifies your next of kin.



Split

CROCKETT JO

Some of the Army's early experimenting was done at Hightstown, New Jersey, from a 125-foot tower operated by a private concern. This was something like the famous parachute jump at the New York World's Fair, and was used to get the men accustomed to the idea. At Benning, the Army is building a 250-foot tower, for the same purpose. It will enable the men to learn each move slowly, and give officers a chance to correct mistakes before the actual jumping from planes is done.

In actual warfare, men will be 'chuted down from as low an altitude as possible, in order to shorten the length of time they're exposed to enemy fire. It's planned to have the boys jump from only 300 feet, which would give them less than twenty seconds in the air. Surprise is an important element in attack by parachute troops, and the sooner they can be grounded, the less chance there is of discovery.

The Army hasn't tried it yet, but landing in a dense forest is easier than on open ground—according to the veterans of the Forest Service. They call treetop stops "featherbed landings." Only trouble is, after a 'chute gets tangled up in the trees, to get it down. The smoke chasers want to recover the 'chute because it's expensive; the Army will want to because its presence would be a giveaway to enemy planes.

They haven't decided yet whe
send men down with guns and gre
or cargo-'chute these down sepa
The Germans claim to send their
down with machine guns, bomb
trenching tools and even bicycle
safe enough to chute down grena
case you're worrying. You ca
ball with them all day—unless y
the firing pin.

We're Underway Now

In 1917 and '18 General Billy M
of the Air Service tried to sell C
Pershing the idea of parachute
but Black Jack thought, as dic
others at the time, that the par
would never replace the horse . .
cidentally, there's an unofficial m
day to name our first 'chute ou
Mitchell Battalion.

Ten years after the war the
some more talk, by people called "
aries," about parachuters. Nothin
of that, either. It wasn't until Ge
made such a spectacular display
land that any real progress was
Then, as we've seen, it was
Forest Service that the Army w
help. Curiously, while the Russi
veloped 'chuting for war purpose
turned it to fighting forest fires la
mer in Siberia. We started out
fires and switched to war.

Not everyone can become a chutist. The experience of the so far is that if you pick your can to start with, you can expect ninety-five per cent of them to jumpers; taking the Army as a perhaps ten per cent would fai physically, some psychologically

The percentage of civilians wh can become jumpers is pretty That is why, in early days, com air lines resisted well-meanin paigns to make them supply 'ch each passenger. The lines knew the emotional grip of a fall, sor sengers would freeze in the door fuse to jump, and thus block pas who would; that other passenger jump and then forget to pull the to open the 'chute.

Late in 1940 we had only a cc score jumpers in our Army, b ones were being developed fast; time next year we'll have thousa parachute battalion includes 412 and men—and 379 of them, inclu the officers, are jumpers. We h one battalion getting under way many Germany and Russia ha definitely known. Not many,

Just as old General Forrest's n infantry was composed of Southe so is our new 'chute outfit. Y respondent asked Captain Ryde most of his flying doughboys we The captain grinned. "They're al ern boys," he said. "That is, all He's a No'the'n boy—from Ker



Something is happening in the cigarette business!



Look around—America.

Look in the Service. Look wherever you see young people. Something is happening in the cigarette business. A basic improvement in cigarette design is here.

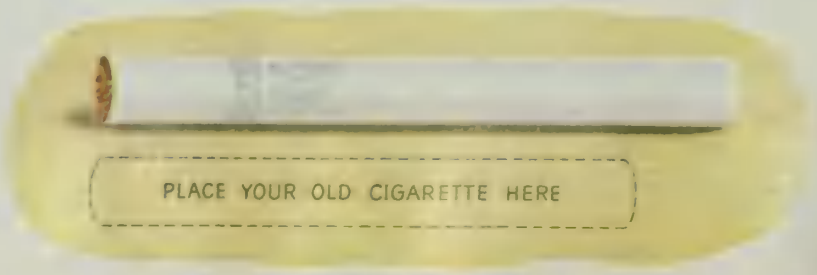
It's Pall Mall—modern, streamlined—over 20 per cent longer than your old cigarette,—designed for better smoking.

See what this step-forward in cigarette design does for you!

It is a scientific fact that tobacco is its own true filter. In Pall Mall the additional length travels the smoke further: giving you not alone a longer cigarette but a better cigarette—a definitely milder, a definitely cooler smoke.

Pall Mall is a smoother cigarette, too. BULKING—that natural process revived by Pall Mall—lets time do what machines can only approximate. BULKING causes the traditionally fine tobaccos of Pall Mall to mellow, softens all traces of harshness. As a result, Pall Mall is a really smoother smoke.

Prove it—yourself, try Pall Mall critically. See if you don't agree that something is happening in the cigarette business!



"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

1941 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.



...and on oil pumpers, too,



HALF DONE JOBS won't do!

ALWAYS CHECK ENGINE BEARINGS

Power-stealing, motor-fouling oil waste is often caused by worn connecting rod bearings. To correct it calls for new bearings as well as new piston rings, or the job is only HALF DONE—and the costly oil pumping continues.

If your car engine is sluggish, lacks pick-up, has smoky exhaust and "eats oil", remember that it costs little more to replace the connecting rod bearings, when the engine is opened up for service, and thus be sure of complete correction.

You can quickly find out if worn connecting rod bearings are causing oil pumping. Have your service man check the engine with the Federal-Mogul Oil Leak Detector—and see for yourself if engine bearings are the source of trouble. If so, replace in sets with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy!

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

WORN ENGINE BEARINGS CAUSE OIL PUMPING

AUTHORIZED FEDERAL Mogul ENGINE BEARING SERVICE

QUICK CHECK-UP AT THIS SIGN

Look for this sign of Expert Engine Bearing Service for a scientific diagnosis of engine condition while you wait!

REPLACE WITH GENUINE



Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 20

surprise as Jimmy Watson appeared.

Cliff rubbed the heaviness out of his eyes and said, "Sorry, Jimmy—but I'm still broke."

"Yeah. I figured."

Watson reached into his pocket and produced Cliff's three-thousand-dollar IOU. "Been worrying about this?" he inquired.

"That's one way of stating it."

"Want it back?"

Halliday had the grace to grin. He said, "Listen, Jimmy, a burnt dog gathers no moss. I'm off poker for life."

"That's smart for a sucker like you. But it wasn't what I came for." Watson's narrow face was expressionless, his voice flat. "If you want to do me a little favor—and ask no questions—you can have this."

HALLIDAY frowned. "That doesn't sound right sensible, Jimmy. What you've got in your hand says three thousand. There's nothing I could do would be worth that."

"It would to me." Watson seated himself by the side of the bed. "I'll give you the setup and you can say yes or no. There's no use asking questions, because I'm not talking."

"Go ahead . . ."

"You're pretty good friends with Miss Patricia Mallory," stated Watson, pretending not to notice the start of surprise which Halliday made. "She's got a bank box somewhere. In that box is a .32-caliber, pearl-handled, nickel-barreled revolver. It doesn't mean a thing to her, but it means plenty to me. Ask her for the rod, slip it to me—and I give you this IOU."

Cliff was sitting up straight, his manner grave, his eyes thoughtful. He asked, "What's the gimmick?"

"That's for me to know. There is one, sure—otherwise I wouldn't be offering three grand for a gun worth maybe twenty bucks. But I'm not telling, see. Now look: I'm not asking you to do anything that's under the table. You don't steal the gun. You go straight to her and ask her for it. Open, like th Tell her why if you want. Tell her n for—it don't make any difference to It's all on the up and up. She either d or she doesn't. What's it to you if I my own personal reasons for want it?"

Halliday smiled. "You make it sou plausible. But the thing seems scre Miss Mallory's got a gun that's wo three thousand dollars to you. Bu still doesn't mean anything to her. I figure that if I ask her for it, she'll h it over. It doesn't check."

Jimmy Watson shrugged. "Mayb don't check, Cliff—but you know w you can do if you want. What's the swer?"

"I don't know. . . ." Cliff looked at the other man. "I've got to think over, Jimmy. That all right with yo

"Yep. You know where you reach me."

He went as unceremoniously as had arrived. Cliff got out of bed put some coffee in the percolator few minutes later, with the first hot of the coffee, his brain began to d but the answers continued to elude h

He walked to his dresser and ope one of the drawers. Digging down neath a pile of shirts, he uncovere revolver and picked it up.

That was it, all right—.32-cali pearl handle, nickeled barrel.

The more Cliff considered the si tion, the crazier it seemed. Obvio the gun had been used in the commi sion of some crime—else Wa wouldn't want it. But he wond where Pat fitted in.

Cliff also wondered why Jimmy W son didn't think that Eddie Gordon the gun. "It's insane," he decided. got to carry it to the right spot."

He called long distance and asked Eddie's training camp. He got the r but there was a long wait before E came to the phone. He said, "I'm u ing up, Eddie. Got the day off. I to make palaver with you—alone

Eddie seemed enthusiastic, and a



"Now here is something nice—if you go in for home movies"

later Cliff was at the wheel of his car headed into the wilds of New ey. He'd already thought so much it the thing that he was only con- ng himself. There simply wasn't answer, and he hadn't invented one he reached the training camp three s later.

closeted himself with Eddie in the r's bedroom, and told the whole ing story from the beginning. "And s all I know about it, Eddie. It's gun. You gave it to me. And I ght it back to you."

die was thinking, too. He wasn't g much luck piecing things to- r, but he was remembering some- . He recalled the night when a ge man had frisked his room. There been a fight, and the intruder had ed. But nothing had been stolen. med clear now that whoever it was have been after that gun.

en that, however, didn't check, be- Cliff described Jimmy Watson as all, wiry man, and the person who nvaded Eddie's room was a husky idual. He heard Cliff saying, 's it worth three thousand dollars s guy Watson? Why did he think Mallory had it? And where did you ?"

die walked up and down the room. id quietly, "I'm in a fog, too, Cliff. ll you how I got that gun."

I TOLD the story of the collision nd subsequent assault on Shades ntain the night before he left Bir- am. Cliff nodded and said, "I fig- here was something violent behind right. Look, Eddie . . . how did ad shape up: the one who slugged

lon't know. He conked me before a look."

nd you didn't get even part of a r at him?"

ot really. He was small, as I re- er it—and certainly not very

at's a hell of a vague description," mented Cliff. "But what there is of uld fit Jimmy Watson. And pre- g he *did* kill a man with that gun 'd certainly want it back."

ah . . ." Eddie was staring at the "I don't know your little friend. he's been a naughty boy, that's siness. I'm a lot more interested ting you out of your jam."

H studied the revolver intently. s harmless enough looking; gay He carried it to a writing desk in rner, scrutinized it closely and of something on a piece of paper.

"hat happens?" inquired Cliff.

"I noting down the serial number," nd Eddie. "Just in case."

"hat a brain. . . ." Cliff touched his on the shoulder. "You happen pretty regular also, Mr. Gordon."

"Thanks." Eddie turned toward his drom door. "Mind waiting here a ment, Cliff?"

Eddie walked alone into the other om and closed the door behind him. iff relaxed in his chair. He gazed out rough the window at the late after- oon sun as it streamed through the lia- and bathed the training camp in ld- splendor. He knew that there is more to this thing than appeared on e surface. He fancied there might be more even than Eddie had told him.

He sat up suddenly, his figure rigid. He had heard the bark of a revolver: ll ut frightening.

Cl leaped toward the door of Ed- e Gordon's bedroom, his face white. Fo the merest fraction of a second, iff Halliday paused with his hand on e doorknob. Then he stepped inside. Ed e Gordon was standing near the ot the bed with the gun in his hand. om the barrel there came the faint ne brance of a wisp of smoke, and the room was pungent with the acrid smell of powder. Eddie looked at the gun in his hand, and then at Cliff.

"Nothing to get excited about," he said. "Just the same old story: Gun went off accidentally."

Halliday made an impatient gesture. "Don't give me that," he said. "What happened?"

"Okay." Eddie placed the gun on his dresser and walked to the bed. "Give a look."

He stripped off the bedclothes and started doing things with the mattress. He ripped it in the middle and inserted probing fingers. He wore an expression of concentration, and eventually he smiled. He withdrew his hand and held it out, palm up, toward Cliff.

"There's the answer," he explained.

Cliff looked down at a bullet, and then up at Eddie.

"Out of that gun?" he inquired.

"Sure. I thought I could muffle it completely."

"What's the idea?"

"Ballistics. Plus a hunch. I'm going to send this airmail and special delivery to the Birmingham police. They undoubtedly have the bullet which killed that poor lug at Buzzard Roost. They can test one against the other. It's as sure as fingerprints."

"And if you find out that he was killed with this gun—?"

"We can then discuss what to tell the cops—if anything."

Eddie seated himself at the desk, and started to write. Cliff watched him. Nice guy, this Gordon. Odd how Pat Mallory got in his hair. Seemed as though the two couldn't get together without scrapping. Eddie got up and handed him a sheet of paper. "Look it over," he suggested. "See if it's literate."

Police Department
Birmingham, Alabama

About eight months ago ■ man was killed somewhere near Buzzard Roost. I imagine you have kept the bullet which was taken from his body. If this killing has not been solved, may I suggest that you make a ballistics test of that bullet in connection with the one I am enclosing, to determine whether they might have been fired from the same gun. Please answer to my New York address which is . . .

Cliff nodded and smiled. "It ain't only literate," he compliments, "it's classic. You must have done more in college than play football."

"Maybe . . ." Eddie took Halliday's arm and propelled him toward the door. "Out you go, fella. You got some business to transact."

"Meaning you want to get this off right away?"

"Yowzah. Airmail, special delivery, registered, and from New York."

"Do I get to see Pat?"

"You do—but briefly." Eddie waved, turned away and walked toward the old barn which was doing temporary service as a gymnasium. Two battered pugilists were sitting in front of a rickety old table pushing checkers around, and Eddie beckoned to one of them.

"Listen, Happy," he asked, "didn't I hear you say you had a brother on the New York police force?"

Happy Madden nodded. "Sure you did, Boss. He ain't no ordinary flatfoot, either. He's—"

"Skip it. How'd you like to do me a favor, and to keep your mouth shut about it?"

"You call it."

EDDIE handed him a slip of paper. "That's the serial number of a gun," he explained. "Maybe it's a New York gun and maybe it isn't. If it is, I want to get whatever dope they have on it. You know, where it came from and who it belongs to."

Happy took the paper. "Can do," he grunted. "Easy."

"Can keep mum, too?"



"Can't you put a little mark on there or something so I can remember which end the luggage goes in?"

REAMER KELLER

"Like a clam."

"Then you're set. We're moving in to New York day after tomorrow. As soon as you get settled, start finding out."

Mr. Madden made a semicircular gesture in front of his battered countenance. "I gotcha, Boss. Time my brother gets through lookin' up this number, you'll know the gun's middle name."

Eddie thanked him and walked into an adjoining room where a solicitous Feets Johnson was waiting for him.

"You done pos'poned yo' rubdown again, Mistuh Eddie," reproved Feets. "'Tain't right."

"I had business."

"Yeah—you been havin' plenty business recent, Mistuh Eddie . . . but they ain't enough of it fightin' business."

Eddie doffed his clothes and stretched out on the rubbing table. "Maybe I ought to get mad at that, Feets—but I can't . . . quite."

"Hmph! 'Tain't no matter does you git mad or not. You been cuttin' up, Mistuh Eddie, an' somebody ought to had tell you about it."

"They have been . . . if you know who I mean."

"Yeah, I know. Trouble with you is you don't pay enough mind to Miss Patricia. She's a smart lady, Mistuh Eddie."

"Maybe."

"'Tain't no maybe 'bout it. Lookit what she done fo' you: Got you fightin' fo' the world's champeenship. Matchin' you up swiff an' easy. Ain't that what she done?"

Eddie's thoughts flashed to Max Ellison, whose co-operation had made the break-in possible. "She's done all right," he conceded. "But there are certain things you don't understand."

"'Tain't me that don't understan'." Feets' ministrations became more violent than he realized. "It's you, Mistuh Eddie. Honest, I never seen no man with so much brain an' so lil sense. If you knowed which side yo' bread was buttered on—"

"I probably wouldn't eat it." Eddie refused to let Feets disturb him. He said, "Did you know that Mr. Ellison is still trying to buy my contract?"

"Co'se I knowed it. But shuh! he ain't no good manager like Miss Patricia is. An' anyway, how come him to want it now? Fust off it was 'cause iffen he was handlin' bofe you an' Mistuh Grogan—he could keep you fum fightin' under the law. But now . . ."

"He figures me to win, and he'd like to be handling the champion."

"Well, Miss Patricia would like to handle you better. So she was right to say she wouldn't let you go."

"You're partisan, Feets."

"That ain't so, Mistuh Eddie. Ise an honest, decent man, an' you know it."

"I apologize." Eddie turned over on the table and pillowed his head on his arms. "You been having a bit of trouble yourself, haven't you, Feets?"

Mr. Johnson grimaced with distaste. "Ise gittin' awful fed up with the female gender," he confided. "Seems like they don't never want nothin' essept what they ain't got."

"Doesn't that go for you, too?"

"It wouldn't if I was rid of Magenta. That 'ooman . . ."

"Does she know about Marvel?"

MR. JOHNSON emitted a long, low, unhappy whistle: "Mistuh Eddie, she knows plenty—an' what she don't know, she makes up. Ise glad Miss Geech departed away fum this vicinity on account else they might have been an embarrassin' situation."

"What do you mean: Embarrassing?"

"I mean Magenta was threatenin' to commit mortality on Miss Geech." Feets shook his head and veered away from the subject. "Look, Mistuh Eddie—there ain't on'y a few days lef' befo' you fight Mistuh Grogan. How come you cain't git relaxed 'twix now an' then?"

"I'm relaxed."

"No, you ain't. You is skittish as a young colt when he's fust turned loose in a clover field. All the time fightin' with Miss Patricia; all the time gittin' grouchy . . . what it's doin' to you, Mistuh Eddie, ain't no good."

Eddie turned over and sat up. "I've been in better shape," he confessed. "But I'm still all right."

"I sho Lawd hope so. You is the best middleweight that ever was . . . but this Mistuh Grogan, he ain't no bum. Pop always used to say that a champeen had somethin' extra special, an' that when the goin' got bad, you'd find out plenty quick what it was that made him champeen. Well, tha's what Ise skeered of, Mistuh Eddie. You sort of got the idea that this is just another fight. You ain't trained right. You don't seem to give no hoots fo' nothin'."

"Maybe I don't."

"Tha's foolishment, Mistuh Eddie. Ev'ybody wants to be the best in the world at somethin'. Heah you is gittin' yo' one big chance, an' you're doin' yo'-se'f wrong. 'Tain't yo' muscles Ise worried about—it's up heah . . ." and Feets tapped his forehead. "You ain't got the correck psych—psych—what you call the way you is thinkin'. Tha's the thing you ain't got."

Eddie started to dress. Underwear, sneakers, soft flannel shirt and slacks. He ran a comb through his hair and

turned away from the mirror. "Maybe you've got something, Feets," he said at length. "I'll think it over."

He walked out of the house. Evening was at hand, and the camp was rich with the gold and purple of the setting sun. It was quiet and tranquil and soothing, and the coolness of the September night was settling about the woodland.

Eddie walked toward the river. He wanted to be alone; he wanted to think —undisturbed.

ORIGINALLY the placards stated that the event would be held Thursday. But early that morning billposters, and employees of ticket agencies, pasted red-lettered strips across the word, "Thursday," so that it read "TONIGHT."

Thursday morning's newspapers blazoned the tidings:

DIXIE GROGAN DEFENDS TITLE TONIGHT

Eddie Gordon Favored to Win Bout at Yankee Stadium

There were numerous photographs of Eddie and of Dixie Grogan; there were physical comparison tables which supplied the interested public with all essential details: age, height, weight, reach, chest (normal), chest (expanded), biceps, thighs. . . . There were prophecies, and analyses of records; there was a calm assurance that if the weather happened to be clear (which the forecaster promised) the Stadium would be jammed.

There were many mentions of Pat Mallory, and a couple of pictures of her culled from the files and reprinted.

But on this particular morning, Miss Mallory was having a very difficult time. The sun streamed into her apartment and marked out the lines of concentration in her face. She reached for another slip of note paper and made a fresh start:

"Dear Eddie:

"Tonight you are fighting for the championship of the world. Tonight is your big chance . . ."

Pat quit writing and gazed with distaste at the flat, colorless words on the paper before her. With a quick, nervous gesture, she crumpled the sheet into a tiny ball and tossed it into a wastebasket which was already more than half full of similar false starts.

There was so much she wanted to say that words seemed inadequate. He was going to need all the help she could give him, all the help anyone could give. The chips were down now—he was either in proper shape or he wasn't; what happened was in the laps of the gods and in Eddie's two hard fists . . . and in his mind and heart.

Her mind probed into the immediate future. She was thinking, "This time tomorrow morning I'll know the answer. So many things might happen. . . ."

She was afraid of Dixie Grogan. He didn't have the essentials of greatness that Eddie definitely had; but he was clever, shrewd, courageous and a hard hitter. He had more experience than Eddie. He knew all the tricks. He was a calm, methodical fighter who was at his best when the going got toughest. He was better and smarter than any other man Eddie had ever fought.

Eddie was going to need everything Pop had taught him, everything he'd learned from the other boys he had fought. He needed to be keen and alert, needed to carry into the ring with him a degree of concentration and determination exceeding any he'd ever needed before.

The buzzer sounded. Pat put down her pen and crossed the room, a slim, attractive girl in figured house coat and toeless mules.

She opened the door and arched her eyebrows in surprise.

Pat said mechanically, "Come in . . ." and stood back as Babs Ellison walked into the room. The very young, very wise, very spoiled daughter of Max Ellison seemed utterly sure of herself. She walked to the middle of the room, turned, smiled, and said in a voice that was rather pleasant, "Shall we shake?"

Pat controlled her bewilderment with an effort. She said, as matter-of-factly as she could, "Of course we shall."

Babs dropped her gay red-and-white bag on the sofa, selected a cigarette from the humidor, lighted it and inhaled gratefully. "Surprised, aren't you?" she asked.

"That's natural, isn't it?"

"Sure." Babs' wise young eyes were amused. "Why should we fight, anyway? Up at the training camp you went nuts and I got sore. I'm not popular with you, and maybe that goes double —but there's no sense acting like a couple of kids."

She looked around the compact little apartment and nodded with approval. "Cozy," she commented calmly. "Neat, rather than gaudy." And then, in the same tone, "How's Eddie?"

Pat met the young eyes levelly. She didn't know what this was all about, and she was waiting. She said, "Eddie's all right."

An impish grin appeared on the lips of Babs Ellison. "I expected you to say, 'Don't you know?' "

"That would have been pretty obvious."

"I've seen you that way. But we'll skip it. I suppose you're wondering what brought me here. And no matter what you might guess—you'd be wrong. My real reason is screwier than anything you could think up."

Pat smiled in spite of herself. There was something frank and honest and likable about this amazing child. "I'm listening," she said.

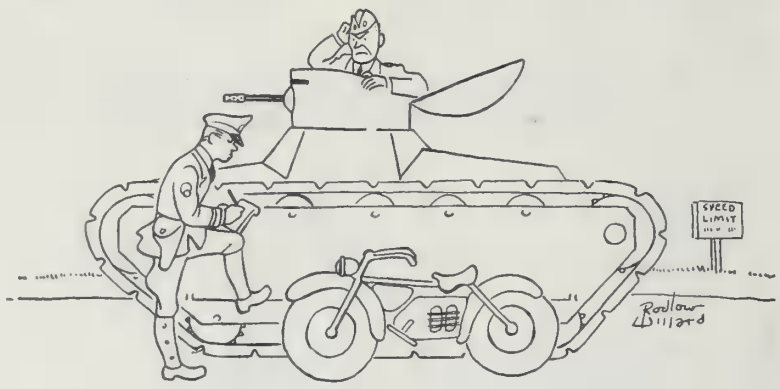
Babs said, "Eddie is due to cop the title tonight. We think it calls for a celebration."

"Who do you mean: We?"

"Joe Barton and I. It was his idea, really. He wants to fling a party at the Penguin Club right after the fight. You and Eddie and Joe and me. And Cliff Halliday, of course."

"Why 'Of course?' "

"Maybe Joe doped it out that you and Cliff would be lost without each other. He's never been right yet."



Pat said hesitantly, "It's a nice i tation, Miss Ellison—"

"Oh, for the luvva Pete—be your My name is Babs, and it isn't a invitation.' "

Pat laughed. "That's my story an stick to it. What I'm wonderin whether you haven't left something said."

The younger girl looked straight the eyes of the older one. "Still loo for the low blow, aren't you? Y figuring that maybe I'm building beautiful slap in the face for you. Y thinking that maybe Eddie and I n have something to announce, and t wanted to watch you take it on the Come clean: Weren't you thin something like that?"

"Perhaps . . ."

"Of course you were. Well, I' honest, too. I'd like it to be that I'm goofy about Eddie. But that how things are. Not yet." She s her head. "I'm still trying, though

PAT was thinking fast. There something so disarming about girl; something so grotesquely and i guingly unashamed. Pat said, "I give you a definite Yes or No."

"Why not?"

"It depends on Eddie. He a haven't been hitting it off so well that little episode up at camp."

"Forget it." Babs' voice was i tient. "Eddie's maybe trained dow fine. They tell me that's good. Let get through with Dixie Grogan and be in the mood to step high, wide handsome."

"I hope so." Pat was speaking ge "If it works out that way—and wants me—I'll string along."

"Why not make it definite?"

Pat shook her head. "No can she said lightly. "There's someth must attend to first."

They chatted briefly and then departed. For a long time after sh gone, Pat sat staring at the opp wall, trying to fit the pieces of th saw puzzle.

She dressed and went out. She to the west side hotel where Eddi taken a suite of parlor, bedroom bath. There was a definite absen warmth in the greeting he gave he his manner remained indifferent.

She finally said, "I came over t you something, Eddie . . ." and sh him of Babs' visit. "And that's th she put it, Eddie," Pat finished. "S asking you: Do I go or not?"

(To be continued next week)

Down with Shoulders

Continued from page 32

dress that will be good next season as well as this. More emphasis on quality. Your accessories and the perfection of your ensembling will count for more. This doesn't mean strictly classical clothes. But now that American-made clothes are to the fore, it does mean that the American way of selecting and wearing clothes will dominate the fashion scene. That means comfort—clothes easy to get into and easy to shed with the pull of a zipper.

The most talked about color is beige and that old favorite, Shantung, is due for a comeback.

You'll dress not only to suit your life and climate, but yourself. If the long torso line isn't becoming to your figure, the bloused one is pretty certain to be. Two-piece dresses give you a wide choice; you'll find a proportion of top to skirt that hits you in the right spots. If you've developed a bewitching pompadour, wear a pompadour hat on the back of your head to show it off; youngest is the felt derby. But if the forward-pitched hat is more suited to your beauty, there are plenty of them in the picture, too. They've lost their silly, doll-hat look and now fit the back of your head in a way that is infinitely more becoming and more practical. If you keep your hair perfectly groomed, be sure your hat shows it off. If it's difficult keeping your hair within bounds try one of the new turbans that will cover it entirely, even your ears, making you more sleek and trim than ever.

Now for the basic wardrobe which is fashion's theme song for 1941. Carefully selected, it carries over from season to season and breaks down those sharp distinctions between winter and spring. Then you have clothes that look well in any season of the year. A help when you travel from climate to climate. A boon when spring is delayed and you need the warmth of your heavy coat but hate its wintery look. Think of these things:

Your coat. Consider the boxy great-coats that can be worn over a suit.

If the color of your coat is an off shade, your ensembling problems can be more than half solved by ordering a half yard of the material for a matching hat. (Often your store can get it from the manufacturer. It's worth trying.)

Nothing will give you more return for your money than a collarless wool suit, to wear now under your fur coat or top-coat. It can be crisp and sporty with a shirt, extra warm with a sweater, and charming for evening with a chiffon or satin blouse and a few fresh flowers. Pick the color and fabric with spring *and* early fall in the back of your head, and the suit can carry you round the calendar. The skirt will be straighter-hanging, perhaps pleated, and the jacket a little longer than last year's.

With these simple clothes, accessories will count enormously. Pick shoes and bags of the same simplicity. Pumps are back as fashion favorites. Bags are bigger than ever and softer, fitted c hold your paraphernalia in neat But heft the bag of your choice fi make sure it isn't too heavy for a toting. Buy the best quality yo afford; your bag is a conspicuou important part of your costume. I and string bags are your best b ensembling different outfits.

Gloves are another important sory item that can make or break costume.

Try placing your very best je pin on your hat instead of your Or, for your only jewelry, wear mous colored stones as earring match them with even bigger sto the cuff links of your shirt sleeves.

There you have the fashion p for 1941. Wearable clothes, well in America, with your own indi stamp. For no matter who desig makes her clothes, the American w decides what she will wear. She's America's fashion dictator.

Our Designs on Martinique

Continued from page 15

riend. A warship at anchor in times of eace is a ship at rest. It retains its ride. In wartime it is an eager thing, adying for a fight. In defeat, an nchored warship with guns for which here is very little ammunition in the agazines is a sad thing. The Bearn nd the Bertin lay motionless on a otionless blue sea, blue as the Medi-rranean, so blue it defied the refuse 53,000 people.

On the docks, men sat and idled in e sun. The docks were littered with bbish, but there were no sacks of flour, barrels of gasoline, oil, paint. No cks of cement, no piles of lumber, none the paraphernalia of commerce. None the goods and the movement and the ises and the machinery that make a rt a vital part of people's lives. The achinery of the port was dead too.

In the grocery stores, there were pty boxes of macaroni and soap in e windows, and a flyspecked assort-nt of useless packaged goods in sun-ded containers that only foreigners or rists would require. There were no lging bags of rice inside, or of chick-as and beans. Bottles of old wines re on the shelves, but who wants wine the tropics? Most important of all, ere was no codfish. Salt fish is the ple of native diet. It's been so since ve days.

The Consul Isn't Talking

You drop in on the American consul, all, quiet gentleman from Texas. His me is V. H. Blocker. The "V" is for kler, which is an unusual name for st name, and you ask him about it and blushes and says, well, just call me k. In the consul's office you also et Commander Ernest Blankenship, o become Buck practically at once. was yanked from a peaceful almond ch in California and he talks with, we ught, a certain nostalgia for Paso bles. Get that in about Paso Robles ewhere in your story, he says.

Commander," we said, "while I was king at the harbor, I saw what looked me like an American flying boat, a Y-1 or maybe a PBY-3, drop down d then a boat went out to it and stand-g in the stern of the motorboat was u with a brief case under your arm."

he commander said something like k, Tsk, Tsk" and shook his head and oked at that guy from Texas and their es were as blank as though they had t filled inside straights. The daily rol boat taking reports from Marti-ue is a secret known to about 500,000 ple. We talked of other things.

here was, for instance, malaria on the island. The marshes were aboil with it. The town of Fort-de-France teemed with typhoid and the dobie itch. Try to cure dobie itch! Only white people try. Five hundred lepers were "con-fined"—that was the official word for it —to the hutches they call houses in Fort-de-France. There are at least 1,000 on the island, perhaps 1,500. And there are only 250,000 people on the whole island. There is no leprosarium and Frenchmen who rule the island admit leprosy is a "problem." There have been appropria-tions by the French Chamber of Deputies in Paris for a leprosarium, but these, like those for roads and other im-provements, vanished in graft, imported mistresses, cigarette smoke and rum.

Rum is the great prophylactic of the tropics and the indispensable anesthetic against the boredom of an inbred island, a cure for the abysmal weariness of sun and rain, heat and sweat. Rum makes the men forget why they came to the island, or why they married half-castes, why their children are sometimes black and sometimes the color of tea with milk. Women forget about en-larged pores, about the fidelity of hus-bands. They grow fat and either their bodies lump and sag or they become skeletal and they dream of France and know they'll never go back. All the women, with few exceptions, look like the rain-whipped palms.

Syphilis, in Martinique, is a house-hold word. Amoebic dysentery is known as a "congestion" of the intestines. Sooner or later it gets them all. Even the blacks boil their water and the whites and near-whites drink bottled water out of unsterile bottles.

Since ships stopped coming to Fort-de-France—in a normal year an aver-age of 600 came to take away the rum, sugar, molasses and bananas and leave flour, codfish, perfumes, meat, winter vegetables, clothing and medicines—the island has suffered. There have not been a dozen ships in the harbor since June 13.

The other day an American tanker arrived with a few tons of gasoline and another Yankee freighter with 8,220 sacks of flour. If the bakers don't argue too long and the flour doesn't rot in the sheds while they discuss who should get how much of it, Martinique's quarter-million people will eat for the next month. The arrival of the ships was an event.

Until some ether was obtained from a transient tramp steamer's lockers, there was none in the hospital for operations. There still is no catgut for sutures. The hospital needs cotton, bandages, every variety of medicine. It has about two years' supply of antimalarial serum, but none for typhoid. An epidemic would wipe out Martinique unless the typhoid serum arrived in time.

The sugar mills need machinery, parts for machinery, and coal to run the ma-chinery that's to grind the year's crop. They start cutting cane January 15. More than 30,000 cutters will swing the machetes—if the coal arrives to feed the locomotives that lug the cane cars from the fields to the factory and to feed the old steam engines of the mill, flat-bed single-cylinder affairs that went out with Dardanella.

Eggs are Important

There isn't a pair of shoes to be bought in all Martinique. The Czech, Bata, sold out long ago. Oh, there are a few pairs for the ladies who live in the bougainvillaea-shaded mansions on Di-dier Hill, 500 feet above the fevers and stinks of Fort-de-France. But none for the men and women who work in the city. A shoe is a sign of caste. It distin-guishes the European of island birth from the native.

An egg costs a franc, in Martinique. A franc is only about two and a half cents, but it's a lot of money when a worker earns 20 francs, less than half a dollar a day. Eggs would be cheap if the hens laid properly. They don't be-cause the feed that used to come from the States via France stopped coming. Eggs became scarce. Poultry that sur-vived the mongoose that infests the island has died of starvation or has be-come diseased. Arrival of a supply of "Lay or Bust" from the States called for a village celebration in the hills. The blacks and the tans all got sozzled on rum and danced the beguine by firelight. The beguine began in Martinique, by the way, and not in Tin Pan Alley.

Back in the hotel a tall, handsome

There's One in Every Neighborhood!



1. ONE DAY Marge and I are having ourselves a cozy little gossip when up strolls this neighbor we call "Mrs. Trouble." You know the kind that is full of conversation—but only about *herself*, and usually about her *ailments?* Well, today it was the irregularities of her intestinal tract.



2. AFTER SHE HAD GONE, Marge, the imp, sparks an idea. "These eternal sympathy-seekers!" she says. "Most of them just don't *eat* right. I'll bet a little *'bulk'* of the right kind in her diet would take the *blues* out of her conversation. Let's be her fairy god-mothers and send her a letter and a package of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN."

3. "'MADAME,' WE'LL SAY, 'why *endure* your constipation first, and then try to *"cure"* it with purgatives? Better to get at the *cause*—and *pre-vent* it! If it's the common kind that's due to lack of "bulk," ALL-BRAN should do the trick. Eat it regularly and drink plenty of water.' "



4. I FORGOT ABOUT IT, until one day when Marge and I were together, in waltzes our "Mrs. Trouble" as chipper as a robin on a May morning. "A friend of mine told me," she says to Marge, "that it's to you I'm indebted for a wonderful favor. I've knitted you a little sweater to celebrate my joining the ALL-BRAN 'regulars.' "

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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Negro with a sculptured mustache was waiting for us. He had the manners and speech of a Louis XIV flunky at Versailles in the French era of wonderful idiocy just before Madame la Guillotine got busy. He, too, had gold teeth, but Gold Teeth, new ones.

The name sounded like that of the Monsieur So and So whom Coffee-Cream mentioned on the dock earlier. Gold Teeth said he was a journalist. This turned out to be as reliable as most of his information. He was a baker's second assistant bread-shoveler. But he had been to Paris, on a scholarship, and he used polysyllabic words. After three rums, he was a cinch. Ninety-five per cent (not 90) of the island's population was ready to become American. No matter that Martinique, of all the islands of the Caribbean, never changed hands in the ebb and flood of imperial fortunes in the New World and remained French for 315 years.

This pro-Americanism could easily be proved, continued Gold Teeth, with a plebiscite. He overlooked the matter of convincing the French administrators of the island, tough sailormen like Admiral Henri Robert, newly appointed West Indies high commissioner, that a plebiscite would be advisable. In fact, that goat-bearded little admiral might object with the help of from 4,000 to 5,000 soldiers he could muster and equip from the crews of his ships and the garrisons of the forts. Gold Teeth merely waved his handsome size-18 hands.

Gold Teeth Has the Answers

We saw a good deal of Gold Teeth after that. Practically every day, in fact. Pretty soon we began to suspect that he was an agent provocateur of the admiral's. The admiral scotched this by sending one of his agents in uniform down to the dock to see us off a few days later and to inquire if we had talked with Gold Teeth and what did we think of him and so we looked very blank.

Not having time to make a house-to-house canvas of the huts in the jungle and the huts in the cities and towns of Fort-de-France, St. Pierre and Lorrain to ascertain exactly how the descendants of slaves felt about becoming Americans, we listened to Gold Teeth and four or five others of his "party." Before we left we found the answer to Gold Teeth's attempts to proselytize American reporters.

He and his gang want America to take Martinique so that the island shall be "freed." Then Gold Teeth and his pals would become big shots. Martinique as an independent state couldn't survive a month. It would die of starvation. It could not sell, as it does now, its $2,250,000 worth of sugar every year to France at four times the crop's true market value. France pays premium prices for sugar as part of a huge subsidy for the colony.

After 40 years the United States hasn't been able to Americanize Puerto Rico. That island's still belligerently Spanish. Martinique would be French for another 300 years. Gold Teeth, to measure his intelligence and, therefore, the accuracy of the song and sizzle he hands every correspondent silly enough to listen to him, said he could make Martinique American in five years.

The Creoles want Martinique to become American, but in a special kind of way. The Creoles are all businessmen, merchants, big farmers, importers and exporters. They want to retain their French nationality and trade with France, whose economy is geared with that of her colonies. But they want American soldiers, sailors and fliers, and American military and naval protection. They want Martinique and they want to sell it too. Now don't be hasty and say, "How French!" That's more Creole. The Creoles are thinking in terms of profits and of the money which America would have to pour into Martinique to make it livable and to convert it into the Gibraltar of the Lesser Antilles, which it very definitely is not at the moment. But Creoles want the Tricolor, not the Stars and Stripes.

The big planters, like the bearded little lord of Usine Laureinty, largest of the sugar plantations and rum mills, would like American intervention too. As this man expressed it, Martinique may die on a pile of her own sugar this next year. What if France can't take the rum and molasses of the island this year despite her promises to do so? Britain may declare the rum and molasses, the base for the extraction of alcohol needed in turn for the manufacture of carburants, to be war materials. Big planters don't care. American intervention would include them in some kind of sugar-quota system. The American taste for Martinique rum could be developed. The little planters would be absorbed, killed off. Instead of receiving worthless paper francs the big planters would receive American dollar bills. The big planters frankly don't give a rap whether they are French or American or English. Not German, however. They don't want Germany. That means paper money and barter.

For all of the islanders—those who can read and write and do, which would be about 100,000 out of the island's 250,000—it is safe to say that they would rather be American than German. It is equally safe to say that if the Nazis should prove so dumb as to send any mission to Martinique, that mission would be murdered. They hate Germans on Martinique. And they don't like Italians, either. And they don't like the English, what with Dakar and Oran and one thing and another. But Americans—why, everybody loves Americans.

The other 150,000 islanders, a cough-racked, skinny lot who know only life and death and sweat and toil when they can get it and calalu when they can stew it with codfish and breadfruit—really don't know whether they'd like to be anything but Martiniquiens. Their world is an island, and so it has been for 315 years, and they breed among themselves and only the scourges that kill the infants keeps the islanders from spilling off into the sea.

The men to contend with on the island are not these, nor their half-white masters, but its new rulers—the officers and men of the Emile Bertin and the Bearn. These number at the very outside about 1,200, probably less. These are the tragic men of the island, lost Frenchmen who've fought Germany at least once, often twice and whose fathers fought Germany before them and knew the humiliation of Bismarck's peace.

No Time for False Moves

To understand them through their own lies and propaganda and censorship is a difficult thing. It is only when you come to know that their untruths and propaganda and taboos are a defense mechanism that their tragic position becomes clear. They are men with the thong of an armistice around their necks. One false move on their part and the thong is tightened and France the France that is choking but, miraculously, still breathes, will suffocate.

They can't come out and say they hate Germans and will fight them again if given a chance. But take the men of the Bertin, or the Bearn. They are all Bretons, long-armed men from Brittany, farmers and fishermen and sailors. They have families in Brittany, wives, mothers, sisters, all manner of kin from whom they haven't heard a word since the occupation began. Can these love the Germans?

To keep them from going crazy with worry over their families and with shame in defeat, they've been turned loose on the soil of Martinique and near-by Guadeloupe. They slog around in the mud tending onions, spinach, corn and radishes and a couple of cows. Their arms are corded and they are reasonably happy with sweat. They wear the wooden shoes of Brittany.

When Commandant Robert Batt read from the quarterdeck of the Bert the orders informing his men that France had fallen, his sailors wept. Their ship had been hit by a 2,000-pound German bomb at Namsos. They don't like Germans. Commandant Albert and his men on the Bearn are Bretons, too. To say that any of these men are pro-German because as soldiers they must obey the orders of Vichy is libel on their honor as men and Frenchmen.

Any German attempt to seize Martinique would be a violation of the armistice. The French on Martinique would be within their rights to fight. But would they? We asked a high officer of the Bertin. His reply:

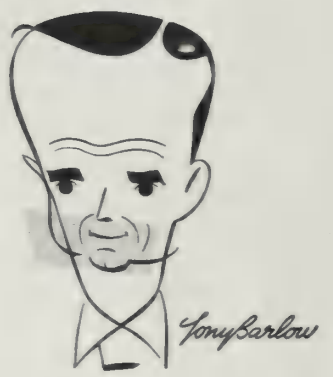
"We would fight to the last man and the last gun. We would be exquisitely right in doing so. It would be our sacred duty to fight. But we would need help to defend the island if the German came in great force—an eventuality we do not foresee except as a hypothesis."

By needing help he meant that the ship and the Bearn are disarmed. The disarmament of a warship under the armistice does not mean the removal of guns. It means only that the crew is reduced to the minimum required to maintain the ship, keep it from deteriorating. The crew has been reduced to somewhere between 250 to 400 on the Bearn, which has a normal complement of about 800. The Bertin's normal complement of 700 to 800 men and officers is, as far as we could make out, intact. The demobilized sailors of the Bearn have been sent home.

Disarmament also means that all but a small fraction of the ship's ammu

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 21



Marvin K. (Tony) Barlow, a native of Bellingham, Wash., attended the University of Washington, studied at the Chicago Art Institute, and later worked in Chicago studios and agencies. Blew into New York with the 1938 hurricane, and sold his first cartoon to Collier's. Hopes some day to break 100 in golf, but is pretty busy now breaking out with gags like the one on page 44.

as been taken off and stowed

ly, the two ships could put up a
nt. Maybe the ammunition could
ed rapidly about half a mile and
board them to do a better job,
h ships couldn't take to sea. Only
uld be properly manned, with
ed crews and pick-up sailors

Bearn and the Bertin carry bat-
of six-inch, four-inch and three-
ns. They have five or six sea-
scouts—there's not a usable
on the island.
h brings us to the planes that
the Panama Canal and arrived
tinique on the Bearn when she
pped on this side of the Atlantic
rth. There aren't 110 and there
even 100. Anybody who sees
an count them. There are 65
, six Brewsters, 59 Curtisses.
mined the planes personally,
amples at random. All machine
ve been removed and stored in
nal, a mile away. All vital in-
ts, compasses, altimeters, bank-
n and air-speed indicators have
moved. The pilots' seats have
ten out. And there isn't a single
on the whole island. One could
in three months, no less.
ary to all reports, the ships are
lent condition. They are not
fabric, but are all-metal jobs.
e movable tail, rudder and
urfaces are of fabric. Carefully
there isn't a rotten spot on them
What will happen even to the
the ships in the sun, wind, rain
air of the tropics in another
f months is easy to guess.
sland's also supposed to have
g fortifications. Well, there are
t can't be reduced in a few min-
fire from one battleship and a
f cruisers. The six-inch guns of
at St. Louis and Desaix are so
officers of the Bertin decided to
mount the better four-inch guns taken from the "auxiliary cruisers."

There are on the island, according to some amateur military experts movable batteries of eight-inch guns. There's only one road along which they could possibly be moved. It runs from Fort-de-France to St. Pierre. The other day a storm washed it out. That's how good it is. The other roads are narrow, twisting, winding affairs that are roads only in name.

There's only one menace on Martinique. It's that gold the Bertin loaded at Brest and carried to New York, via Halifax, to buy armaments for the defense of France. There's $368,400,000 worth of it stowed away in Fort Desaix. It might leak out. France might suddenly decide to give it to, say, Germany to propagandize in South America or secretly buy needed war materials. This might, conceivably, happen.

American warships patrol the seas outside Martinique's harbor day and night. Flying boats check the smallest fishing boat that goes in and out, ascertain its destination. Consuls at strategic points ascertain their cargoes. The gold might slip through, but it's about a 1,000 to 1 bet that it won't.

A destroyer lies gray and comforting on the horizon and with an ordinary glass you can read her silhouette clearly, see the four funnels. She's there at night, too, two points of yellow light on the black slab of the sky. We called her "Our Guardian Angel."

No, as a menace Martinique is highly overrated. One move by Germany to seize it and the island's ours. The Havana conventions of last July provide for that. We can occupy it any time it's a threat to our security. And the Monroe Doctrine enables us to grab Martinique with any attempt to change the sovereignty of the island. Martinique a menace? No—but she has a swell harbor. And that we ought to have it is a different story.

Over Night

Continued from page 34

another drink. The crowd was
nd foolish, and big fat men
around the dance floor with
ged women in flowered chif-
es, who threw back their heads
hed as the fat men hugged
enry danced very smoothly and
ly and as if disdainful of the
ncers. It was such fun to be
with him, somehow much more
dancing in the long-ago days
e had married Curly, more ex-
ad important.
go up on the boat deck for a
he" he said. He poured the last
in into their drinks and they
hem and left.

THERE it was very quiet and the
as full of white stars that stood
overhead as the boat swept through
ter. They went and stood close
il between two lifeboats.
's wonderful, meeting you like
he said. "I have to make this trip
on business and I usually take the
because it's cooler, but I never see
attractive, hardly."
's wonderful," she said. She looked
days at him beside her, unde-
the darkness but attractive.
embered how he looked at her
they danced; she remembered his
eyes.
hope you'll be around this sum-
he said.
I be up on the North Shore."
Good We'll have to get together."
I love to."

"You certainly don't seem like a Boston girl," he said. "I guess it's the New York influence. You're pretty smooth, all right."

She laughed, and did not know just what to say.

Quite suddenly he turned and put his arms around her and kissed her. She was surprised and then she was happy. He kissed her a long time and she clung to him.

"Darling," he said.

"Darling." This was overwhelming and she could not think at all. This was wonderful and unexpected and somehow what she wanted. What she had wanted for a long time. It was so terribly strange how he suited her need that she had not understood herself.

They stood for a long time on the open deck in each other's arms, kissing. She moved her hand across his smooth hair she knew was so dark, and felt, with her fingers, his features that were dark too. He was so strong and eager and the way he kissed her was so wonderful and unknown and demanding. This was the thing she hadn't ever had. She had never felt like this with Curly, nice Curly with whom she had fun like children. This was the thing she had felt that she had missed. But it was so wonderful that it should come to her at once.

It was a long time that they stood together, swaying slightly, in the shadow of the lifeboats; with the boat plowing steadily through the black whispering water, the boatful of people underneath them, but, where they were, a great dark



1. **DAISY** needs a laxative. But she's going to see a man about a job at 10—so she puts off taking anything, scared to risk possible embarrassment, scared to do anything that might interfere with a successful interview.



2. **MAISIE** needs a laxative. She's got a job interview scheduled for 10 o'clock, too—BUT Maisie says to herself—"Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning"—and she knows that Sal Hepatica's speedy.



3. **DAISY—SUFFERING** from the heaviness and headache that often go with constipation—makes no impression on the man she hoped would be her future boss.



4. **MAISIE IS HER VERY BEST SELF** . . . Sal Hepatica worked fast, brought such gentle relief. She gets the job and as they shake on it she silently thanks Sal Hepatica.

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WHEN SIGNS of constipation announce that you need a laxative, don't delay: take speedy Sal Hepatica. It usually acts within an hour. Acts without discomfort or griping; acts gently by attracting water to the intestinal tract.

Sal Hepatica—keep in mind—is more than a laxative. It is decidedly helpful in



counteracting excess gastric acidity. Helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

No wonder 3 out of 5 physicians recently interviewed recommend Sal Hepatica. Try it, the very next time you need a laxative!



SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

peace and the smell of salt and the sight of the stars.

"I guess I have to go to bed," she said. "It must be late." She hoped he would ask her to stay up on deck with him longer; they could stand here and watch the stars wane. She was anything but tired; she felt fresh and exalted and beyond thought. But he didn't.

"I'll see you to your room," he said instead.

All the crowds had disappeared and the decks were empty as they walked down the stairways and the corridors hand in hand. It was as if there was nobody on the boat but themselves, Jan thought; as if it were a ship in a dream, being propelled through dark waters for them, under eternal stars; a magic boat, belonging to them.

When they came to her door she stopped. Henry put his arms around her and kissed her slowly, on her mouth and on her eyes. She opened her door and switched on the light inside. He stood leaning against the side of the door, looking at her. His eyes were extraordinary; long and dark and strange in his dark face. She put a hand on each side of his face and reached up to kiss him; he looked foreign, like an East Indian perhaps, looking down into her face before her smooth mouth touched his.

"Let me come in," he said, talking into her hair.

"I don't believe I'd better," she said, moving away and looking at him earnestly. "I mean it's terribly late and we'd wake Funny-face, maybe, and Nana, right in the next stateroom, with our talking."

He looked at her.

"Okay," he said. "You know best."

INSIDE her stateroom alone she stood still in the middle of the room, feeling breathless and bewildered. The cool salty air blew in through her open porthole. Suddenly she drew a long breath of the air and threw out her arms and jumped on her berth; she hugged her shoulders with her hands and grinned hard with the joy she felt. Henry was so wonderful. She was terribly happy. She jumped up off the berth and undressed, throwing her clothes around the room, and dropped back into the berth, hugging the pillow, picturing to herself Henry's tanned face and his dark almond eyes.

Everything about him, everything about being with him, was so different from anything she had ever known. Entirely different from the old, old days before she was married, and the way she had felt about kissing then. And different from anything she had ever felt with Curly. It was all wonderful and miraculous. Oh, this was what she had wanted obscurely, not knowing its name. This was where she belonged. She felt so right, not awkward or too young, not merely gay and friendly, but uplifted. Perhaps she was falling in love. She felt about Henry that he was what she had been wanting, that for him she was ready, all ready. She was ready to fall really in love with him. At last she was not doing something before its time; she was not unprepared. It was so strange that it should have come to her at once, like this, at the very beginning of her new life.

She had caught step again after being out of it so long. She was living in key with what she felt inside. It was like the expression "act your age." She was acting her age.

She dropped slowly off to sleep with great, beautiful anticipations filling her mind. There was the whole beautiful blue summer ahead. The whole beautiful white winter. Freedom, and this happiness of being in tune. There was Henry. He would come for week ends at the family's on the North Shore, and they would dance, and sail, and dance some more, and kiss in the moonlight of other nights.

The knocking woke her out of her sleep. She was confused and could not think where she was, what the noise was. . . . She was on a boat, she could hear the water sweeping by outside. . . . It was knocking she heard. Half asleep she jumped up and opened the door in her nightgown.

Henry stood outside leaning against the wall close to the door.

"Weren't you waiting for me, darling?" he said, reaching out for her and coming in through the door part way. He grasped her very close and began to kiss her.

She struggled away and tried to get her eyes open, to think straight.

"Go away, please," she said, as calmly as she could. "I don't want you here. Go away." She wrenched open the door and pushed him part way out.

He stood still, looking at her with his long eyes. Then, without a word, he turned and walked away down the long empty corridor with its dim night lights.

She slept a little, after a while, and when she woke up it was morning and the water outside her porthole was bright blue and sparkling, and sunshine came through and lay in dancing patches on the floor.



"Your busy season?" TONY BARLOW

For a minute she could not think why with all the freshness of the morning she felt so wretched. Then suddenly she was obsessed with the urge to see Henry and explain to him. To tell him what she really felt and what she meant. To explain to him how wrong he had been, but that she was crazy about him, only differently, he didn't understand. She felt hot under her skin when she thought of what he had wanted, but the other memory, the stars last night up on deck and the cool, smooth feeling of Henry's cheek were just as important, and if she could explain to him perhaps it would still be all right.

She began to dress in a hurry. There was a knock at her door and Nana came in. She did not have Funny-face with her. She looked about the stateroom stiffly, as if there was something the matter with it.

"Charlie and I have had our breakfast, madam," she said. "I hardly slept a wink all night. I couldn't feel any confidence in this boat with all the running and laughing. Goings-on," Nana said.

"Oh, it's all right. We'll be getting in in a few minutes," Jan said, looking at the stockings she put on. Nana was acting funny. Perhaps she had heard Henry last night. Perhaps she didn't understand either. And there wouldn't be any explaining to her.

"I was about to say, madam. I'll keep Charlie right here in our stateroom while you have your breakfast. It's a very rough crowd outside. All sorts of people. He might catch something. He can play with his own clean toys right here."

"All right," Jan said desperately. "I'll come back and get you in a few minutes."

NANA went away and Jan hurried down to the dining room. There were not very many people there. She looked around the large sunny place and saw Henry in a corner at a table, and went over to him. When he saw her he got up from his chair without saying anything. She sat down.

"Listen, I wanted to explain to you," she said.

"There's no need to explain," he said, and went on eating eggs. The waiter came and she ordered orange juice and coffee hurriedly.

"Listen," she said. "It's so awful you shouldn't understand. I didn't mean anything awful last night. I mean, it was wonderful, I thought. I don't go around kissing people. Only this was different. I didn't mean to make you think anything different from what it was. I just liked kissing you. I mean, I wasn't being a—tease, or anything. Honestly."

"Oh, yes?" he said. It was horrible, like some awful movie. She felt words struggling into her mouth and none of them were any help to her. She wished she knew how to express herself, to make it clear the way she was.

"Look," she said. "I'm not like that. I've never done things like that, ever. I'm—I'm not that kind of girl."

"'Not that kind of girl,'" he said, mimicking her. He seemed more cold than angry. "Listen, don't for heaven's sake get all the way back to that one."

"I'm not, I'm not," she cried. "If you'd just see . . ."

"Thank you for a very charming evening, anyway," he said. "There was nothing in the world wrong with the way you kissed me last night. It was keen. I'll be seeing you about Bean-to sure. Better luck next time. S wasn't your type." He put some down on the check that lay bes plate and got up. He bowed looking at her with those long dar and walked away.

She wanted more than anythi in the world to cry. But she c cry here. She swallowed dowr hot coffee and paid her check an up to her stateroom blindly. Sh in and stood still staring arou room. Then she went out again a Funny-face's room. Nana sat w hat on, on the edge of the berth. face was playing on the floor.

"You're all ready?" Jan said. as if she were bursting with sor inside. "We're in."

"Yes, madam," Nana said col

Jan bent over and picked up face. For a moment she had an i to bury her face in his sweet ne cry there, to hug him to her clos

But that wasn't any good Funny-face couldn't help her. someone she didn't even know ve She stood up again, feeling lir frightened.

They all went down together v porter and the bags, out along th way and onto the pier. The cool and fresh, the sunshine lay it was like a bad dream.

There, standing facing the b was her father, tall and famili gray suit, holding his hat in hi Jan ran ahead of Nana and th and threw her arms around hi His arms that had held her wl was a little girl, and comforted he around her now. Now she could

"There, there," he said in th that was so well-known to her. my old girl. It's all right. You' home to your own Daddy, and M waiting for you. My old girl. loves you. Everything's going t right. I know. We'll make eve all right."

SHE realized that he thought crying for Curly. It didn't She stood away from him and sh head slightly, shaking the tea her eyes. Her father had Funny his arms now, tossing him while face screamed with excitement were grandfather and grandso she didn't belong anywhere. It any good. She wasn't his little more, to be patted and comfort was too old for that. She was to for anything else.

Together they all walked dow the dock to where the car wait father took Jan's hand and swu

"We're moving down to the Shore house tomorrow," he sai boats are in the water already. body's looking forward to seei It's going to be a grand summer have the time of your life."

She thought gravely about t mer before her, the years bef Things would get to be all righ time. Sometime she would fi things fitted her, that she was no either ahead of everything or everything. But now she felt los was no place for her at all. She one kind of person and looked other kind of person. She was to and too old, both. Her whole out of step with everything, everything by the wrong end.

"You're looking a little tirec her father said. "But this sum fix you up fine. You'll see. Ev will be easy."

No, she thought, it won't be e would go on living, and ev things would get straightened ou all right. But she knew this mu Nothing would ever be easy Maybe that was what growing u

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It was a "Blind" Date

UNTIL SHE GAVE ME KLEENEX TISSUES TO POLISH MY SPECS. WHAT A BREAK-ONE LOOK AND OH BOY!

(from a letter by G. S., Redding, Calif.)



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(from a letter by M. S., Bessemer, Mich.)



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(from a letter by L. W., Chicago, Ill.)



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(from a letter by E. M., Seattle, Wash.)

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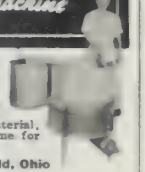


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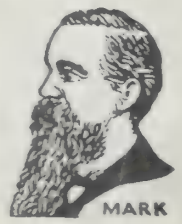


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Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



MARK

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

States within time and population considerations that originally kept major-league interest in the northeast.

Imaginative sportsmen talk of transfer of weak or duplicating franchises, like the Browns or Phillies, to Los Angeles and San Francisco or Portland—"hot" towns in the sense of population, fan insanity and player sources. Harry Stuhldreher, ex-Four Horseman, made the point it would be less difficult for baseball clubs than for football teams, because the latter never postpone their frolics on account of bad weather; further, that habitual air travel for college teams would be welcomed by faculties since less time would be lost in travel.

Since the day Tunney flew from Stroudsburg to Philadelphia and thus gave Dempsey a psychological cuffing before he entered the ring, planes have carried many champs and nears. Tennis barnstormers, boxers, poloists. Most college football teams in the Middle, South and Far West fly once or more each season to intersectional games. At least one team, Texas Tech of Lubbock, flies to all its games. Famous basketball teams maintain far-flung schedules by plane, notably the Phillips Oilers of Oklahoma.

The Brooklyn Dodgers, as you might expect, were first (in 1939) to introduce extensive flying into professional baseball. They require two chartered ships for their 42 men—30 club members, 12 reporters. The players like it because they get an extra day's rest, also sleep tucked snugly in their little hotel beddy-byes and don't have to tip Pullman porters. The Green Bay Packers brought planes into professional football this autumn when they flew east for a match with the New York Giants. The great, big, strong laddies balked at first: they had never flown. Yet when bad weather caused grounding en route three men refused to budge from the p said they would await clearing we It may not be true, but it is fast b ing legend on the airways that the ardess finally coaxed them out peanuts.

THE BACK SEAT

Occupied, this first week, by the ing Braniffs"—who are not, as might suspect, a troupe of circus a ists, but our first family air line. make Braniff Airways unique ir porate setup and background. T Braniff, Oklahoma City, papa and dent, is not one of those aviation boys who neglected farm chores to planes in the barn out of spare t parts. He was a successful insu man who, at 44, got stuck with a plane as a sort of bad debt. It w year of the Lindbergh Madnes practical Tom put his liability ru between Oklahoma City and Tulsa just look!—whole fleets of the lat luxe air liners flying more than miles daily up and down the cente of the United States. And the B are their own best and most regula tomers. Mrs. Braniff (she was Thurman, daughter of a Missouri judge) brings her knitting, a mo supervision over menus and ste esses (who must speak English, S and Chicagoese) and a cozy front-homeyness into the great Daughter Jeanne, in charge of i decoration, prettifies the ships from the factory. As well as fer taste for upholstery patterns and she introduced something really and beautiful into air travel—murals on the front cabin walls.

Free manicures next.

Partly Primitive

Continued from page 23

frequently disappeared into the bush for days on end. It was necessary for the proper accomplishment of her field work that Katherine have the support of the elite, and she spent a hectic few weeks rushing back from her peasant friends and their dances to prim and disapproving teas in Port au Prince. Many a hostess was confirmed in her belief that Katherine was definitely "not nice" when she discovered "L'Americaine's" hair still sticky with the eggs and feathers of a voodoo ceremony.

Happily gathering interesting data on native dances and their origins, Katherine chose to ignore the glowering looks of the "better element" until she was warned that they were preparing to ask her to leave. Then she rented the biggest theater in Port au Prince and announced a concert. Drawn by rumor and gossip, the entire literate group of the island fought for seats, and some, expecting the worst, came armed with ripe fruit. They didn't use the fruit, for the performance Katherine gave wouldn't have offended a minister's maiden aunt's maiden aunt. Wearing a long tulle dress sprinkled with rosebuds, she minced politely through a bit of Debussy, a soporific Spanish number complete with castanets, and climaxed the evening with The Fire Dance, at the end of which she released a flock of doves into the audience. People cried "Lovely, lovely!" and "How artistic!" and Katherine was *persona grata* everywhere; a friend of the peasants and a guest member of the local arist

In addition to a highly original and a lot of pictures which won h other six months' fellowship, Kat brought back from Haiti a lot ideas and a strong regard for vood The ideas she put into practice in tive ballets for the Federal Theat the voodooism she used to bri luck.

She grins about it, the way other women grin about astrolo deep down she feels her voodoo work. For instance, she won't go a performance without first spray stage with perfume, "so Dambal be pleased."

Katie plans to go back to Haiti. start a dancing school in Port au one day—a school where the talent can be fostered and further where no one will pay tuition or cold. For four or five months ea she'll live happily in a land wh part of society is closed to her; she can dine with a peasant or cabinet minister with equal we Then she'll come back to New Y the rest of the year to work ha the theater is in her blood.

The members of her troupe kn dancing for Katherine is a full-ti and that she'll always take care o "We used to worry a little," sa mencita, one of her most loy ployees, "but now we know tha she is wrong, we'll find out muc that she was right."

Silently the Conquered

Continued from page 11

rants along little lagoons, women white caps, selling fish, and girls ig bicycles while their light clothes ed like moth wings in the soft air. ught of the Little Mermaid on the inie who stared sadly down at t home under the sea. The old ay Copenhagen must seem as re- o many Danes.

ushed away the disloyal thought apped at the lieutenant, "Your , please!"

sh business was running for Ger- profit, farms were surrendering and cheese, and even killing off ws that produced both. Schools all the books they were told to arliament did as it was told. And king was silent and sad.

rything is in order," the lieuten- d. He paused. "But sometimes the feeling—I don't know." He l, embarrassed at having an idea own.

on," Roth said, and wondered ere had been so many accidental ely.

ve the feeling"—the lieutenant the words out—"that things are et. People look at you as if they *inking.*"

suddenly slammed down all the in his hand. "They would hardly he said sarcastically.

GHT have been ten years ago, ree, since he had seen the rup farm. The house was newly shed as it was every year, and pears clustered against the s. No one would have guessed that great thatched barns were only s, or that in the dairy there was e great wheel of cheese among shining, empty containers and achinery.

had his hand raised to rap at er half of the door—the top half ng against the wall—when old suddenly got up from the low which he was seated.

" he said. "You wish?"

is Roth," he said hesitantly. All assurance and pride seemed to t him and he kept remembering time he had come here, when he nt and a refugee.

drew his heavy brows together. slowly put out his hand and had almost forgotten. There are uniforms. But welcome, in the older and better days."

as not a wise greeting, but Roth d he spoke so only because he wn him so long.

glad to see you again," he said. man opened the door and in- m into the kitchen with its side- nd polished, dark furniture. He ne citronvand from the icebox red the yellow soda into glasses. me what goes on," Roth said, down, to put the old man at his

ea has died," Anton said slowly, h realized that he should have hat was why things seemed so and so quiet. "I am glad she does not know what has happened to our country because it would make her unhappy."

He spoke gravely, so that his words seemed to be carved out of feeling as solid as wood. They seemed more seen than heard.

"I am sorry," Roth said, and there were tears in his eyes. He felt suddenly lonely, orphaned for a second time. Aunt Mathea would have welcomed him as she had when he was a boy, and old Anton was definitely treating him like a visitor not quite to be trusted.

"Anton did not come home from Finland," his father said, and Roth knew better than to ask why he had gone there in the first place. He was glad he had missed that campaign.

"Anton was a good friend," Roth heard himself saying. His voice shook a little and he realized that he had looked forward to seeing Anton again.

THERE was a long silence before Roth asked almost diffidently, "And Margreta?"

A softness came into the old man's face, and Roth knew that Margreta, at least, was alive and well. He waited eagerly to know more, and felt his heart beating heavily under his trim, fitted uniform.

"Margreta is as always," her father said. "She is not unlike her mother." He said that as if he could think of no more perfect praise.

"And where?" Roth asked, getting up restlessly.

"She was working in Copenhagen," her father said. "For an exporter—Margreta always loved to have to do with the world, you remember. Now that she has no job she is helping Holger." He paused. "Co-operative work."

Roth felt that inward prickle of attention that warned him of danger.

"I'm going to find Margreta," he said, as the old man looked at him with grave dislike. Old Anton would not like his daughter to marry one of the enemy—Roth knew that was how an old-timer would regard him. Yet Roth could arrange things so that this one farm would be restored to prosperity, and the old man must know it.

Holger was talking to half a dozen men under a great tree and Margreta was folding and stuffing some sort of a circular into envelopes at a table near by. Roth saw people looking at one another, as they did whenever he joined a group. Their faces grew blank and their eyes hard. Holger looked Roth over from gold-braided cap to polished boots.

"A general has come to call," he said to Margreta, whose hands seemed to slow at their work for a moment and then she began to fold and stuff again. Then she sprang to her feet and came to welcome Roth. She held out her hands and he took them in his ruthless grasp, knowing that women must be hurt a little. She looked at her reddened fingers and Holger looked at them too.

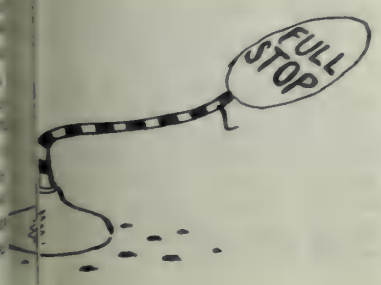
"A great man and a strong," he said unpleasantly, and Roth stiffened.

"Yes," he said, "that's true. And let me say that I'll not be lenient even to those I have known before if they break the rules."

The group of men turned into statues until Holger's voice brought them to life again.

"What have poor farmers like us done to make you worry?" he asked. "We obey all the rules and only meet now and then to talk over poor crops and such country concerns."

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nodded to Holger and began to leave.

Margreta said, "Don't forget the meeting tomorrow night." She unfolded the circular in her hand so Roth could see its innocence. "Danish farmers," it said. "Preserve your land! Meet at the Lunoe Farm, Thursday night, and learn new ways to eradicate all kinds of pests!"

Again Roth felt that prickling as he noticed that the big silo behind the barn had recently burned down to a pile of blackened embers.

Margreta spoke suddenly and smiled so that Roth felt a wave of warmth sweep over him. She slipped her hand through his arm and turned him away from the burned silo.

"Are you going to take me to dinner?" she asked, and as they left Holger standing in his yard, it seemed to Roth that perhaps she and Holger had meant him to come so they could find out the temper of his mind.

But as Margreta smiled and chattered with him, laughing in the old, merry way, as if he were not an enemy, he forgot everything but the pleasure of knowing that he could make this beautiful woman his whenever he wanted to.

He took her first to have a drink at the Yacht Club on the Langelinie. The swastika floated over it, too, but otherwise it might have been any summer evening in another year. People sat at little tables drinking from tall glasses, talking with one another and looking out at the harbor where the king's yacht rode at anchor.

MARGRETA said, "Holger and I have argued about you so many times. He says you cannot separate a man from what he does—that if a man is a" —she hesitated tactfully—"conqueror, let us say, he will be ruthless and violent. I said there was in a man still some of what he once was." She raised her eyes and looked steadily at him. "I wanted to see which of us was right." Her voice fell a little, and Roth thought of the brook on the Haunstrup farm where they used to have picnics.

"I did not want to have memories hanging about in my head if—" She blushed.

"If?" Roth asked triumphantly.

"If I married Holger." Her voice was still lower.

"Holger?" Roth said. "My dear girl, he is left over from the old days. You and I are young and strong. We want success."

Margreta looked at him silently. She was tanned, he noticed, and her leaf-green dress was beautifully becoming.

"Is it success to be hated and feared?" she asked.

He said, "That proves how strong we are."

She said, "Do you never wonder—?"

"No," he answered, taking her hand. "We are in control and nothing can defeat us." That was to warn her.

She was looking at him with a long, questioning glance that angered him a little and he snapped his fingers for the waiter, who sprang to serve the uniform.

"Let us leave," he said. "I have things to say to you, but not here."

As they got up to go, Roth noticed that theirs was the only table occupied, though when they arrived every table had been taken. He looked at the sky to see if a storm had frightened people away, then at his watch to see if they had stayed late without knowing it. They had been there less than an hour, and the sun was shining on the harbor and on the people walking by. The waiters bowed as they left.

"What happened to all the others?" Roth demanded. There was something about those empty tables that was almost threatening.

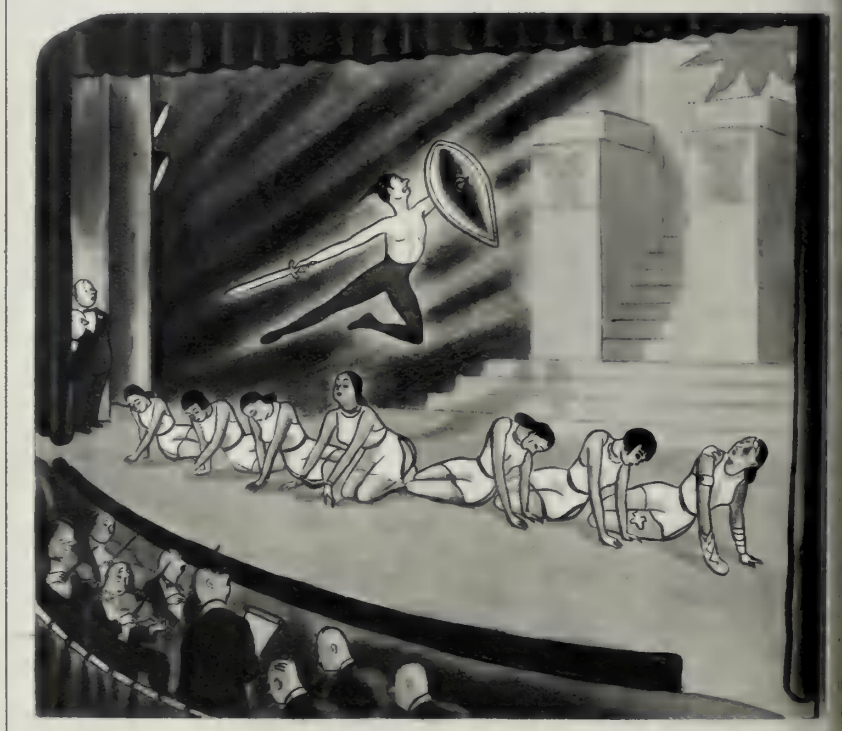
Margreta said, "They were all Danes, perhaps." He flushed.

"They have no right," he said.

"Is there a law?" Margreta asked in a level voice. "Have you passed a law yet that people may not leave a café when they choose?"

Roth didn't answer. They walked on slowly. On the road, bicycles went by, and a few official German cars. It was hardly a private place, but Roth was suddenly too full of a hard anger and determination to conquer this woman, as unwilling countries were conquered, to care. All the softness had gone out of his feeling for Margreta. She had become only a beautiful woman, to be taken by force. He pressed his mouth down on hers, glad to feel her amazed and furious resistance, glad to know he could overpower her by brute strength. That made him feel proud, for he was completely the conqueror.

Margreta stood still after the first second of wild struggle, so still that at last he released her, knowing she was not responding. But he told himself it was because his attack was so sudden and



"He never quite makes it" CHAS. ADI

because she was so utterly vanquished. When he looked at her face it was still and hard, and her eyes were as gray and remote as a wintry sky.

She spoke slowly, dropping her words like cold stones. "I am glad you did that," she said. "If you had not, I might have gone on defending you to others, like my father and Holger, and thought myself that you were the Roth I knew as a youth. Now I know you are exactly what your uniform proclaims. You have betrayed our friendship and hospitality. You have trampled on all we free Danes held dear. I thought perhaps I was wrong and prejudiced about you who have come to destroy us, but now I know there is nothing evil enough that I can think about you."

Her words were hurting Roth. He felt one last upsurge of old and soon to be forever lost emotions—shame and self-questioning and that queer, horrible loneliness that he had been struggling against ever since he had been in Copenhagen. It attacked him when he saw people's faces go blank as he approached. When, as this afternoon, he seemed to spread a shadow before him. His uniform, his speech, his presence there might have marked him with a medieval bell, so that when he walked out in these streets that had once been

so charming and so gay, he was lik plague-stricken, calling out, "Unc Unclean!"

"Thank God I am free of whatev traction you once held me with," greta said. "I am going back to H now, to help him."

"Help him what?" Roth asked pidly.

"Do what he has to do," she saic Roth wondered what Holger did why his cattle were sick, his crops and his silo burned down. No one blame a man for accidents that him, but Roth found himself thi again there were so many acci lately. So many fires. So many fac reporting broken machinery that not be fixed. So many dead animal when you inquired into their death got a shrug for an answer or, at "You took our feed. Cattle don't li air."

Yet there was nothing to com about, officially. People were they did as they were told. It was in the things about which no regula had been laid down that you

sometimes sense that under their ness was a hatred for the conq that burned like swampfire, un guishably. People who left resta when an officer came in, as if the lost their appetites. People who d understand questions. Old ladie preferred to cross a street withou hand under their arm.

MARGRETA began to walk awa Roth hurried after her. It w credible that this should happen t who was so powerful!

He said almost humbly, "Pleas I never to see you again?"

She turned to look at him on time before she crossed the stree looked at his polished boots that w heavily in streets of countries they did not belong. At his unifor fitted as closely as his firm, thoughts. At his cap. At his swor

"You have the power to *order* m your presence," she said.

It was only then, as she was w away from him forever that Roth ized that a conqueror is doomed t liness. His footsteps echo with a l sound, and words of greeting in a f tongue, "Good evening, Herr C Everything is quiet," hang heavy unresponsive air.

Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 18

ghtly in his incoherent haste to words out.

're mad—quite mad—Christine? t's *impossible*. It's laughable!"

the same, Mr. Redfern, jealousy y powerful motive. Women who lous lose control of themselves tely."

ern said, earnestly: "Not Chris- he's—oh she's not like that. She happy, yes. But she's not the person to—oh, there's no vio- her."

ile Poirot nodded thoughtfully. e. The same word that Linda ll had used. As before, he agreed e sentiment.

des," went on Redfern confi- "it would be absurd. Arlena e as strong physically as Chris- doubt if Christine could strangle —certainly not a strong, wiry like Arlena. And then Chris- uld never have got down that o the beach. She has no head sort of thing. And—oh, the ing is fantastic!"

n scratched his ear tentatively. ," he said, "put like that it seem likely. I grant you that. tive's the first thing we've got for." He added: "Motive and nity."

J Redfern had left the room, hief constable observed with a ile:

't think it necessary to tell the is wife had an alibi. Wanted what he'd have to say to the hook him up a bit, didn't it?"

e Poirot murmured, "The argu- advanced were quite as strong ibi."

Oh! she didn't do it! She have done it—physically im- as you said. Marshall *could* e it—but apparently he didn't."

or Colgate coughed. "Excuse I've been thinking about that 's possible, you know, if he'd his thing out, that those letters ready *beforehand*."

a good idea," Weston said. st look into—"

oke off as Christine Redfern he room.

s, as always, calm and a little manner. She was wearing a nis frock and a pale blue pull- accentuated her fair, rather rettiness. Yet, Hercule Poirot o himself, it was neither a silly a weak one. It had plenty of n, courage and good sense. He preciatively.

Weston thought, "Nice little Bit wishy-washy, perhaps. A od for that philandering young husband of hers. Oh, well, the ng. Women usually make a u once!"

wn, Mrs. Redfern. We've got ough a certain amount of rou- see. Asking everybody for an f his movements this morn- for our records."

e Redfern nodded.

d in her quiet, precise voice: s, I quite understand. Where nt me to begin?"

Poirot said, "As early as pos- dame. What did you do when got up this morning?"

e see. On my way down to I went into Linda Marshall's fixed up with her to go to Gull morning. We agreed to meet nge at half past ten."

d not bathe before breakfast,

"No. I very seldom do." She smiled. "I like the sea well warmed before I get into it. I'm rather a chilly person."

"But your husband bathes then?"

"Oh, yes. Nearly always."

"And Mrs. Marshall, she also?"

A CHANGE came into Christine's voice. It became cold and almost acrid. She said, "Oh, no, Mrs. Marshall was the sort of person who never made an appearance before the middle of the morning."

With an air of confusion, Hercule Poirot said:

"Pardon, Madame, I interrupted you. You were saying that you went to Miss Linda Marshall's room. What time was that?"

"Let me see—half past eight—no, a little later."

"And was Miss Marshall up then?"

"Oh, yes, she had been out."

"Out?"

"Yes, she said she'd been bathing."

There was a faint—a very faint note of embarrassment in Christine's voice. It puzzled Hercule Poirot.

"And then?" Weston asked.

"Then I went down to breakfast."

"And after breakfast?"

"I went upstairs, collected my sketching box, and sketching book and we started out."

"You and Miss Linda Marshall?"

"Yes."

"What time was that?"

"I think it was just on half past ten."

"And what did you do?"

"We went to Gull Cove. You know, the cove on the east side of the island. We settled ourselves there. I did a sketch and Linda sun-bathed."

"What time did you leave the cove?"

"At a quarter to twelve. I was playing tennis at twelve and had to change."

"You had your watch with you?"

"No, as a matter of fact I hadn't. I asked Linda the time."

"I see. And then?"

"I packed up my sketching things and went back to the hotel."

Poirot said, "And Mademoiselle Linda?"

"Linda? Oh, Linda went into the sea."

"Were you far from the sea where you were sitting?"

"Well, we were well above high-water mark. Just under the cliff—so that I could be a little in the shade and Linda in the sun."

"Did Linda Marshall actually enter the sea before you left the beach?"

Christine frowned a little in the effort to remember.

"Let me see. She ran down the beach—I fastened my box—Yes, I heard her splashing in the waves as I was on the path up the cliff."

"You are quite sure of that, Madame? That she really entered the sea?"

"Oh, yes." She stared at him in surprise. Colonel Weston also stared at him. Then he said: "Go on, Mrs Redfern."

"I went back to the hotel, changed, and went to the tennis courts where I met the others."



"Who were?"

"Captain Marshall, Mr. Gardener and Miss Darnley. We played two sets. We were just going in again when the news came about—about Mrs. Marshall."

Hercule Poirot leaned forward. "And what did you think, Madame, when you heard that news?"

"What did I think?"

Her face showed a faint distaste for the question.

"Yes."

Christine Redfern said slowly:

"It was—a horrible thing to happen."

"Ah, yes, your fastidiousness was revolted. I understand that. But what did it mean to *you*—personally?"

She gave him a quick look—a look of appeal. He responded to it. He said in a matter-of-fact voice:

"I am appealing to you, Madame, because you are a woman of intelligence with plenty of good sense and judgment. You had doubtless during your stay here formed an opinion of Mrs. Marshall, of the kind of woman she was?"

Christine said, cautiously, "I suppose one always does that more or less when one is staying in hotels."

"Certainly, it is the natural thing to do. So I ask you, Madame, were you really very surprised at the manner of her death?"

"I think I see what you mean. No, I was not, perhaps, surprised. Shocked, yes. But she was the kind of woman—"

Poirot finished the sentence for her:

"She was the kind of woman to whom such a thing might happen . . . Yes, Madame, that is the truest and most significant thing that has been said in this room this morning. Laying all—er" (he stressed it carefully) "*personal* feeling aside, what did you really think of the late Mrs. Marshall?"

CHRISTINE REDFERN said calmly, "Is it really worth while going into all that now?"

"I think it might be, yes."

"Well, what shall I say?" Her fair skin was suddenly suffused with color. The careful poise of her manner was relaxed. For a short space the natural, raw woman looked out. "She's the kind of woman that to my mind is absolutely worthless! She did nothing to justify her existence. She had no mind—no brains. She thought of nothing but men and clothes and admiration. Useless, a parasite! She was attractive to men, I suppose—oh, of course she was. And she lived for that kind of life. And so, I suppose, I wasn't really surprised at her coming to a sticky end. She was the sort of woman who would be mixed up with everything sordid—blackmail—jealousy—violence—every kind of crude emotion. She—she appealed to the worst in people."

She stopped, panting a little. Her rather short top lip lifted itself in a kind of fastidious disgust. It occurred to Colonel Weston that you could not have found a more complete contrast to Arlena Stuart than Christine Redfern.

It also occurred to him that if you were married to Christine Redfern, the atmosphere might be so rarified that the Arlena Stuarts of this world would hold a particular attraction for you.

And then, immediately following on these thoughts, a single word out of the words she had spoken fastened on his attention with particular intensity.

He leaned forward and said:

"Mrs. Redfern, why, in speaking of her, did you mention the word *blackmail?*"

(To be continued next week)



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Miss Rear Admiral

Continued from page 26

took her arm. "You're getting paid for it."

"But I'm not having any fun!" She jerked loose from me. "And it's all your fault! I wish I'd never laid eyes on you, that's what!"

"Okay, baby," I said shortly. "We'll wash it up right here."

"You're washing it up too late—I'm in the movies now."

"Don't worry, babe," I said shortly. "You won't be long." I slammed off. At the corner, I looked back. She was standing there, blond hair flying in the wind, watching me. She lifted her hand as if to wave, and then let it drop slowly. She looked sort of lonely. But *I* was through.

They premièred Manny's Navy epic at the Carthay Circle, and before the picture had run three reels people began buzzing to one another about that cute little blonde who had the priceless lines about her grandfather's getting his stern seared at the battle of Manila Bay.

The old man dragged me out in the foyer. "Where is that Higgins girl?" he hissed. I said I didn't know. He yelled: "You better know! If you don't have her here by curtain time, you're—"

"Not working for Steinberg any more." I went out to my car, got in, slammed the door, and lit a cigarette.

If Zone didn't care enough about her own future to show up the night they premièred her first picture, why by golly, she knew where she could go! I wasn't chasing around after her any more!

ALL I had to do was ask the first uniform on the Navy landing, where the Navy hop was. Then I went there and, of course, I found Zone. She had on a smart-looking evening thing that set off her light hair. She looked wonderful.

I pushed my way through the Navy to her side. "Come on, smarty pants—get going," I said. "You're wanted by your public."

She turned off her smile quick. "Look here, Bob Henry, I am sick and tired of being dragged at Manny Steinberg's chariot wheels."

I said: "And I am sick and tired of having to pull you out of screwy joints and get you back up to Hollywood to be dragged. And I wouldn't do it, except that—"

"Except, if you don't, you'll lose your job," she mimicked.

It made me mad. "Yes, I will," I shouted. "But after six weeks of you, I'd rather go back to Del Rio, anyhow."

"I'm sorry, Bob," she said, instantly contrite. "Of course I'll come along with you."

But it wasn't a pushover. She brought the major portion of the Fleet—all I could crowd in my car.

We made the Carthay Circle just as the curtains were swinging to across the screen. The lights went up, the orchestra spied Zone and the Navy coming down the aisle, and swung into "Anchors Aweigh!" and the audience went mad! They stood up and yelled and screamed; they surged toward Zone and tried to mob her.

Right there was where the jolly tars earned their salt. They lifted Zone onto their shoulders, formed a flying wedge, and leaped up on the stage with her.

Then Manny Steinberg appeared, put an arm around the cause of it all, and raised his hand for silence.

Someone tugged at my elbow. I turned. It was the old man. "Bob, I'll never question your judgment again," he blubbered, and wrung my hand. "This is the most tremendous stunt I have ever seen. Let's go have a drink."

Manny was promising the fans another great picture, starring his newest discovery, Miss Zone Higgins, as we went out.

WHEN the phone rang next morning, I rolled over, groaning, and lifted the receiver. "Hello," I said.

It was Zone. She said: "Bob, for heaven's sake! There are agents and things all over the place!"

I said: "Lock the door and hold everything, baby. I'm on my way."

When I pushed through the gang in the hall and got inside, Zone was pacing the floor.

"Everybody's got contracts!" she said. "Manny's secretary phoned and said he had one for me to sign, too. What for?"

I explained contracts, and Zone blew up. "But I don't want to be a movie actress!" she cried. "It's no fun!"

"Baby," I said, "I can't wait to see Manny's face when you tell him that."

It turned out the way I knew it would. Manny didn't believe Zone was on the level. He thought Zanuck was after her. So he upped his ante to three fifty.

Then Zone pulled a line about wanting to ush in Long Beach where she could have fun, so Manny jumped to five quick.

At seven fifty and a six months' option I said we'd take it, and rushed Zone outside before she could open her mouth. . . .

Manny had his promotion staff in next day—he had a wonderful idea for a publicity campaign on Zone: Have her fans pick a new name for her. Zone blew up. "My menfolks didn't have to change their name to get in the Navy," she said. "And I reckon the Navy's more important than the movies." Only we weren't screening a Navy epic any more, and the blurb wasn't good for newspaper space.

Then we went into a huddle, trying to hit an unusual angle on Zone for publicity, like Dietrich's legs or Garbo's seclusion or Marie Wilson's eyelashes. But we couldn't think of any.

Meantime, Zone was always appearing some place with half a dozen or so Navy uniforms. At first, it was considered cute. And then after a while, the columnists started poking fun at her, especially McMann.

Then there was the night at Frank Capra's house. Capra's guests were watching a March of Time whic the battle wagons on their aro Horn cruise. When sailors start ing out of hatches and racing stations, some nasty-smart dan back of the room said right o "Where's Higgins?"

It caused a gale of laughter, in McMann's column next Manny was burned! He called and issued orders that she was seen with any more Navy me said he could take his half-finis ture and jump off the breakwa it.

Right in the middle of the r sent out an SOS for me. Zone w ing mad, and crying; and Manny old man both looked as if they lowed the back end of a sound

"All right, all right, we comp Manny said. "One Navy m can have—I don't argue wh take your pick and we give h build-up."

"But," Zone objected, "if I with one, then I'll likely get fond of him."

"Come on, baby, be reasor said. "Give the other girls a b

So after a while she dried and picked Perry, and went drama lesson. Manny turned t man. "I want you should star paign on this Perry guy—what in the Navy?"

"He's an aviation mechanic in.

"Oyoy, oyoy," Manny moan got to get him a ensign at least

"Won't that be a little diff asked.

Manny gave me a look. "Fo Steinberg? Nah, nah, my boy. to do is call the admiral." H pressing buttons and the old m got up and went out, but quietly

I'll pass over what happened

Of course I wasn't there to those things get around the soon grapevine had it that M most burst a blood vessel whe socked home to him that N operation on making an epic of and making an ensign out of a were two totally different thing

As far as the admiral was c Zone's boy friend was a mech he was going to stay a mechanic

Manny let the big build-up sl ing for the best. After all, if Zor out star material, the public mi look a little thing like a Navy her closet.

IT WAS raining when I turne still raining when the teleph and wakened me in the small fore dawn. Zone was on the w said: "Bob, can you please c here, quick?"

I said: "For the love of m time is it?"

"He says every store and ch theater are open and still th place for them all," she said. thousand of them caught ashore get any sense out of him."

"That makes us even," I said he, and where is everything o who is it that's all caught asho

"There's a terrible storm, Navy men can't get back abo ships. You've got to get me Beach quick."

"I'll be right over," I said.

She was pacing the floor wh there. "Perry called again," "He's crying—he sounded dr that wouldn't make him cry, w

"How should I know?" I sai

George Windsor

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•

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et's get going." The road out San dro Avenue was flooded; we had to tour.

When we reached Long Beach it was uzzy gray daybreak, rain still drizzling wn. The town was blue with sailors. 'here is this Perry supposed to be?" I ted.

'He said he'd be waiting out in front the P. E. station."

'But that was hours ago!"

'Pull over to the curb." Zone had eady spotted him. He *was* in front of P. E. station.

He was a slight, dark young man—s Perry—with a mess of uncombed ck curls hanging down from beneath soggy white hat, and in his gray odshot eyes. He was dripping wet, he didn't seem to know or care. He t stood there, swaying in the rain, s on the street unseeingly. Zone nbed out of the car and ran up to n. "Perry, I came as quick as I could."

'You were a long time," he said kly. He pulled her hand through arm and started walking away, sway- as he went.

parked the car and went after them.

IT WAS all so crazy: it was like a bad eam—that next hour. Zone and Pry walked in the rain, down Ocean levard, bumping into sailors, and I led after them, why, I didn't know. Ne of it made sense and it wasn't any ny affair, and yet I stuck.

erry kept talking—his words came to me on the wet wind: "I should ut there! I should be out there, too! y I said it was too rough to risk the or launch. But the others went! y went because they were supposed and now they're at the bottom of bay—" He covered his face with his ds. "They crashed on the break- er—they're at the bottom of the !" Zone clung to his arm.

hey were far down the beach road and they stopped and leaned nst a stone balustrade. The sea was ing up beneath them, black and with white foam on its top.

erry leaned his slight body against , as if for protection and comfort, peered out through the murk toward ships.

e was trembling all over.

stepped forward and said. "Can— I help?"

Yes, Bob," Zone said. "He's done he needs sleep. Get him a room at Hilton—a room with a radio. Please y."

was while I was whizzing back up the street on a run that I bumped into McMann. He said: "Hi, Bob, what gives?"

I said, "Nothing," and started to run on again, but he grabbed my sleeve.

"What's the little Higgins doing down here?"

"You wouldn't get it if I told you," I said, and jerked loose.

His cold, light blue eyes glinted icily. "Look here, Henry, you're being nasty to the wrong guy at the wrong time."

"So what?" I said, and pushed past him. "Out of my way, snoop."

THEN I galloped off in the downpour and left him standing there. The significance of his presence in Long Beach never hit me till after I'd bulldogged a room where there wasn't any room, and helped Zone get Perry into it, and ordered up a bottle of rum and a hot-water bottle and a radio. Perry wouldn't quiet down till that was installed, and Zone was sitting by it, waiting to hear when the word was passed that all liberty was canceled.

Then I went back downstairs to find McMann at the desk, poring over the registry. I put on a smile of cordiality and walked over. "Hello, Otto," I said.

He swung around on me. "Since when did you start stooging for Dan Cupid?"

I said: "You're all wet." I felt my grin going.

"So?" His smile was nasty. "Well, you can't deny that she is upstairs in a room with a sailor, can you?" I didn't answer. "Go on," he urged. "What gives? Or do I just make a guess?"

"Don't be like that!" I begged.

"Are they married?" he demanded.

"No," I said. "But it's not what you think."

"In cases like this, I don't have to think," he said. "So long, Henry."

I went back upstairs and routed Zone out into the hall. "You're in a jam," I said. "You've got to get out of here on the double." I told her about McMann. Her chin went out.

"Perry needs me and so I'm staying right here till liberty is canceled and that's all there is to it, Bob."

After all these months, I knew better than to argue with Zone. So I went in and sat with her till the seas went down at dusk, and the men were called back aboard their ships.

When I came to work next morning, the old man pounced on me. He had the morning News. I'd already seen it, and it wasn't good. "What do you know about this mess?" he demanded.

I tried to explain it, but somehow it sounded a little stupid and mushy.

The old man interrupted me in the middle to say: "I think you'd better get over to Manny's office and give your act there."

When I came into the office, Manny was shouting at Zone: "A morals clause in your contract, you've got!"

Zone, her chin out, countered with: "Where I came from, you don't need a morals clause to help a person out when he's in trouble!"

"You don't deny it?" Manny roared. "You admit you was in a hotel room with a sailor?"

"It was pouring rain," Zone snapped. "Why shouldn't we get in out of the wet?"

"Why should you get in out of the wet where McMann could see you?" Manny bellowed. "Do you want every fan in the United States should think you're just a—a little—"

"Hold it," I said. I was boiling mad. "Nothing happened that wasn't on the up and up. I don't care what McMann put in his column. I was there—I was with them—I know."

Manny swung around on me. "Well, that's a difference," he said, blowing relievedly. "That's a big difference."

He turned to Zone. "But the damage is already," he said to her. "And you got to learn your lesson. The minute this picture is done, you get suspended—for ten weeks—without pay. And that's final."

"No, I don't," Zone said. "I'm quitting—*right now!*"

MANNY got up from his desk, his little round face working. "I got a contract, young woman. Nowhere in Hollywood do you work. In pictures you are through before you are even started!"

"Listen." Zone got up and walked over to his desk, her little chin out. "Contract or no contract, *I'm not working for you!*"

Manny sat back and started turning a light mauve. I went over and put my arm around Zone. "Come on, baby," I said. "We'd better go."

Zone's not in Hollywood any more. Last I heard from her, she was living in Pensacola. Perry got transferred to the air base there, and they've got a little house on the bay. Zone writes nice letters, all about the petunias in her garden and the new kittens and the neighbors and the weather and Perry—and Perry Junior, who's expected any day, now.

She still sounds like Beaver City—or Del Rio.

Lighted Windows

Continued from page 13

's. There were more men in the le than he had ever seen before. had put up a big sign saying, Happy New Year!"

he door swung open and a man aled out with stiff dignity and went lowstreet.

A warm current of air followed him n Burdock smelled the keen, high d of whisky. He swallowed.

I was hot inside. Lunk wiped his ar on the apron and pumped Bur- ock's. Burdock said, "We're out on the na camp on Township 21. You re- mber Cort Gregory? He was here rit me two years ago."

He looked around at the double line t e bar. He saw men from other ans—Guy Merchant, from Lubec; n Merrill Colcord, and Block Ash—n e felt the strength of their hand- hakes.

"What you going to do, Tom—set the ow afire?"

"Hey, Tom, where do you keep the women?"

Chet Loving had a good start—the bottle that had kept him warm on the long ride to town began to work in the heat of the place.

Burdock let the talk surge around him. In a lull he spoke to Lunk alone. He said, "I'm going upstreet for a while." He passed Lunk a bill. "Set them up, Lunk. Tell them I'm coming back later."

The back door led out onto an alley. Halfway down the alley toward Water Street there was a small house set flush with the sidewalk. As Burdock passed he heard a woman's high, full-lunged laugh against radio dance music. He went along Water Street to Walnut. He stopped there at the corner and looked up toward Maple.

The day he had seen Alice Baines for the first time he had been in Parlow's barbershop waiting for a haircut and she had been sitting in a car just outside the window. She wore a blue polka-dot dress and her dark hair was smoothed into flat waves on either side of her round head. She had very white skin and her arm, which rested along the door of the car, was plump. There was about her that self-confidence, born of security—the protecting respectability of her home.

"That's the Widow Baines' daughter," Jim Parlow had said, reading the look on his face, "and lumberjacks like you best lay off."

Burdock left the corner and began walking up Walnut. He walked slowly, uncertain of his plans. He tried to find reasons for delay—to put off going. He asked himself—why in hell would she care to see him anyway? The whole thing was just an idea in his head. He almost turned back to Water Street. Instead he went into Slade's restaurant and ate hamburgers and drank a cup of

...DRIVING TO SUNSHINE?...



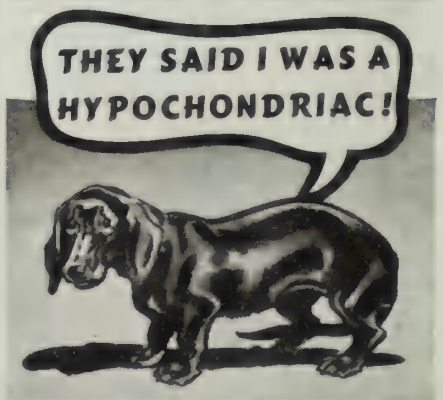
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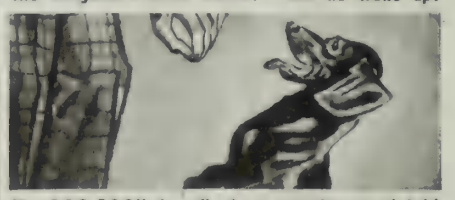


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coffee. After that he spent an hour in the Bijou Theater without remembering anything he saw. It was ten-thirty when he came out into the cold northeast wind, smelling of snow. He lowered his head into it and walked on toward Maple.

In Carter's drugstore he saw a crowd sitting around the back tables. They were the kids of the town, the sons and daughters of the people who lived on Walnut and Maple. He had brought Alice Baines in there once and they had watched other couples dancing. That was about as far as it had gone between them. He had called at her house three times.

He remembered the friendly warmth of the big kitchen, the way old Mrs. Baines sat there in the rocker and looked him over. Once she had ordered him to take off his coat so that she could sew on a button and he had sat there in his shirt sleeves, as if that house was his own home. He had gone away after that, following work, living the life he knew best. But when those moments came when he thought of settling down in a real house, with an upstairs and a downstairs to it and stacked stovewood in the shed he saw Alice Baines in that house—not because he had fallen in love with her but because she belonged in a house like that.

He hunched forward. He slanted his body into the wind and felt the dry snow from the drifts hiss against his boots. . . .

THERE was a light in the Baines house. When he walked up to the front door and knocked, he heard young, high heels tapping on the bare floor and the fumbling rattle at the lock. The door opened an inch or so and he felt the heat of the house rush out to greet him, like a friendly dog.

"Who is it?" Alice Baines asked.

"Tom Burdock."

He heard the surprised catch of her breath, the step back and then he saw the door open.

"Tom! Well, I never. Come in, come in."

He pulled off his hat and with it turning in his hands in front of him he followed the still-opening door into a dimly lit hallway.

Alice Baines walked ahead of him into the brilliant light and soft, warm air of the kitchen.

"It's been a coon's age since I saw you last," she said, smiling. "Where've you been keeping yourself?"

He shifted his weight. "Around. We're working up on 21. I thought I'd come in and say hello."

"There! I'm glad you did. Sit down, Tom. Let me take your hat and coat."

She seemed pleased at his coming, but he felt in the way she moved, the way she looked up at the window when she returned from the hall where she had left his things, that she was apprehensive, as if she were expecting someone. After the first moment of welcome, her attitude was divided between listening for something outside the house and pride in showing him, without speaking of it, the changes in the room.

He had felt these changes the moment he came in. Now, sitting in a new leather armchair, he saw these changes —the new linoleum, the electric refrigerator, the long, smooth-lined sink.

She watched him look around and said, finally, "It's been done over. Do you like it?"

"It's dandy," he said.

He thought of the old rocker, with a plush footstool, where her mother used to sit. He wondered about the old lady, but something, a feeling, stopped him from asking about her.

"Where did you spend Christmas, Tom?"

He looked up and, half laughing, half shamefaced, said, "Well, I dunno—around. In the city, mostly."

Alice Baines looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, and then, her mind going back to her own problems, she said, "Judith is here—you remember my sister? She had a job in Calais for a while, but the place went out of business so she's living with us now."

HE REMEMBERED her, a pretty kid, with lively dark eyes, about seventeen. She would be nineteen now.

He said, "Yes, I remember her."

The wind was getting stronger outside and the snow beat against the black panes, like many moths. A gust blew open the back door into the woodshed and he got up to close it. There was a light in the shed and he saw stovewood piled roof high. Just as he turned he saw on a workbench the inner tube of an auto tire stretched across a vise. There was a new patch recently put on it. A man's heavy coat hung on the door.

When he came back into the room Alice was looking out the window—her hands cupped against her face to shade the light. She turned and a worried expression stayed in her eyes for a second.

"I don't know what's keeping him," she said. "He ought to be back by now."

Burdock felt the heat of the stove and sweat start on his forehead. He didn't say anything. He knew now what he had felt in the flash as he saw the coat and workbench in the shed.

Alice shrugged her shoulders. "Well, he'll be here any minute. I'll get some coffee ready." Then, startled, laughing a little, she said, "Why, Tom! I don't believe I told you I was married. Isn't that the limit?"

"You married?" he said, feeling the awkward way he still stood there.

"It's been almost a year now. I'm so used to it I didn't think to tell you. You see, after mother died we set up housekeeping here."

Burdock's mouth closed and a muscle in his throat contracted. So low, it was almost a rumble in his chest, he said, "Well, that's fine, Alice."

There was one thing uppermost in his mind—to get out before the man came. He didn't want trouble.

But he couldn't move. He didn't know what to say to get out with. He hadn't taken in the whole thing yet, but already he was saying to himself, "What were you expecting anyway?"

Alice put three blue-and-white cups on the breakfast-nook table.

"Edward's down at the police station. There's been a lot of trouble on Water Street . . ." She stopped and an embarrassed expression went across her face as she looked up at Burdock, still standing there. She didn't go on to explain, but began a tuneless hum as she moved the coffeepot onto the hot part of the stove.

"How long will you be up on 21, Tom?" she asked, after a moment.

"A month or so. I don't know where we'll go from there."

"Come in and have dinner with us sometime. And—"

He heard the stamping of shoes on the back porch.

"That's Edward," Alice said.



"It's proved to be the most successful summer stock show yet!"

JEFF KEATE

A compact, darkly dressed young man hurried into the room through the porch door. His face was disturbed. He glanced at Burdock and his eyes went cold when he saw Burdock's leather boots and checked shirt.

ALICE started to introduce him, but Edward's nervousness alarmed her. She crossed the room and put her hand on his arm. "What happened, Edward? Is there anything wrong?"

"Plenty," he said, his voice harsh, and Burdock felt excitement in it. "The town's full of bums. They're everywhere, drunk and yelling at respectable citizens. I got one locked up. Carlton can't do a thing with them. Where's Judy—is she in yet?"

"No."

"She oughtn't to be out on the streets alone." He looked at Burdock again—sizing him up. Alice completed the introduction.

The wind sent a puff of smoke back through the chimney and a few ashes whirled in the heat above the stove.

"You're logging back on 21?" Edward asked.

Tom nodded.

"Yes—I'm still logging." He felt h self stiffen.

"Your gang is going too far," Edw said He turned to Alice. "I went h with Stanley to see if everything okay there." Then, suddenly: "Cal Wilsons right away. Tell them to Judy to stay there the night. Tell t what's happening."

He took off his coat and went int hall to hang it up. When he came i looked at Burdock again and Tom the resentment in this man's eyes- sentment and at the same time complacent superiority of the ma the town over the woods worker. rdock said to himself, "I got to ge of here." He would say goodby to as soon as she came back from phoning.

But before she had hung up som passed the kitchen window and Ed shouted, "Alice! Judy's come. them she's okay."

The back door opened and Bur saw Alice's sister standing there, s ing the snow off the fur of her coat. cheeks were stung to a high color b wind and snow still clung to her hair under the hat.

"You all right?" Edward asked.

The girl was looking at Burdock. said, "Hello, I remember you. I sav when you came to see Alice once." turned to Edward. "I'm all right. it's blowing a gale outside."

"Anyone follow you?"

She laughed. "No such luck."

"This is no time for fooling," ward said. "There's a bad bunch in tonight."

"My—is it that bad?" Judy look Burdock and he saw, or thought he a twinkle in her eyes as though didn't take her brother-in-law too ously. Burdock felt lighter—mo ease.

Edward suddenly said, "Listen

OUTSIDE on the street there wa clumping of boots on the walk. someone shouted. Edward went th to the front room and looked out behind the drawn curtains. Wh came back he was paler than befo

Two men looked in at the k window. One yelled, "That's him! the guy who had Chet locked up."

Burdock saw Edward glance a the room, as if looking for a pla hide. Then, when pride came to h pulled himself together and stood in his own home—all the fright from him. He closed his hands int He walked to the back door and it open. He held back the first m the suddenness of his appearanc squared himself and said, "Wha meaning of this? Clear out of her

Burdock could see four men their faces weaving in the light. walked to the door he saw another the porch steps and the two grabb ward's arm and yanked him ground.

Burdock felt Alice trembling him. She cried, "Stop them! them!"

Both women ran to the window

Earl Stone was standing at the the steps when Burdock came Burdock could see his face clearly light from the kitchen. There wa plete surprise in his expression.

"Tom! Well, look who's here! the hell's going on?"

"Let that man go," Burdock s

"Hey—wait a minute," son shouted.

"Let that man go!" Burdock re

"We want Chet," Guy Mercha now coming up from the group Earl. "That feller there had him up."

Burdock could see Edward str with the two men who held him

knew these men. Words would stop them now. For one second the ght passed his mind that maybe all this wasn't his business, mixing with town people this way. He re-d, dimly, that he was on the wrong of the fence. But because he had in that room, fed by the warmth safety of that house, he felt he had ght for those things.

rdock moved quickly toward Ed-l who had broken away from one and was still struggling with the r. Burdock turned that man around a pull on the shoulder. As the man around and came face to face with lock, Burdock hit hard. The man ed away, holding his hand to his

r a moment there was stunned si-. The others couldn't take it in. rdock said, "Get the hell out of and go back to Water Street."

rl Stone said with sarcasm, "Listen s talking. Come on boys, let him it. He's asked for it. Throw him e snowbank. That'll sober him up."

rdock turned quickly and sized up hree men coming toward him. He to Edward, "Take the outside man. ee what I can do with the others." e was Merrill Colcord. Burdock d for the first giveaway move. it came, he hit. Guy Merchant in quickly and Burdock felt the weight of the man's fist against his uard. In the whirl of motion which ved, Burdock was aware of his lete lack of joy in this fight. He mechanical, accurate, deadly. He onscious of every move he made new the position of each man. He rd, but, for some reason, it wasn't alloping slug of a good free-for-all. was over as suddenly as it had be-Stone, picking himself out of the ank, said, disgustedly, "What's all ooting for? We just came out here : Chet Loving out of the jug."

swell way to go about it," Burdock "disturbing these people."

t Chet out and we'll go along."

u'll go along anyway."

saw then, cutting across the snow, f light from the kitchen door and ran out to the porch railing. She her fists against the wood and ed: "Cowards! You ought to be ed. Five against two! Get out of go away."

faces of the men swung up to the . Judy stood there outlined in the light, the wind whipping at her and her hair.

'Iward!" she cried. "Tell them you'll e man out if they promise to be- and be responsible for him. Tell if they don't you'll put them all in

neone whistled. Another shouted, p, sweetheart!" Colcord said, "You m, sister! Boy—ain't she the spit-

t indoors," Edward ordered.

AS Earl Stone who came up to dock and said, "Well, what about e'll go if Chet gets out."

ard began to sputter—a sputter as already turning into grudging ement. Tom stood there beside him ying anything. He felt let down, ed. He had come out to one of omes on Maple Street and had nt with him a Water Street brawl. rdock, fighting was like drinking e done in barrooms and bunk-s—but never in front of women. saw Edward rubbing his knuckles, ng the men disappear down the e Edward said, with some satisfac-n, "Well, that's that. Better come in."

dock was uncertain. He didn't feel oing in there now. He said, "I'll y hat and coat."

y was standing just inside the door he took a step toward him as he came in. "That was wonderful," she said. Her eyes were shining.

Alice said, "I don't know what we would have done without you, Tom."

Burdock shifted his weight. He saw Judy pour coffee into a cup and bring it to him. "Sit down here," she said, pointing to the breakfast nook. She put cake and doughnuts in front of him. There was a small pitcher with real cream in it.

Burdock said, "Gee—thanks."

Edward sat down wearily. He was still breathing hard and his hand shook.

Judy said, from the stove, "Now, if that coffee isn't hot enough . . ."

Burdock began to feel good. His taut muscles slacked off. He saw Edward sip at his coffee. He said to Edward, "You've got a nice place here. You've fixed it up fine."

"We like it," Edward said. He leaned back in his chair. He, too, was easier now. He looked at Tom and said, unexpectedly, "Why don't you come in and have dinner with us tomorrow? We have a big dinner on the holiday."

Alice said, "I had already asked him to, Edward."

Burdock hesitated.

Judy said, eagerly, "I'll make an apple pie for you."

Slowly, still uncertain, as if he didn't quite understand, he said, "I'd like to."

TWENTY minutes later Burdock walked down Maple Street toward town. The wind, at his back, quickened his steps and the snow rushed by him. Most of the houses were dark now, pulled within themselves. He hardly noticed them. In his mind's eye he still carried a picture of the warm room back there and the people in it.

He walked on, without considering his direction. He found himself, suddenly, in front of Lunk's. He went in. The place was hot, filled with smoke and the throbbing noise of many voices.

That noise, or most of it, stopped abruptly as the door swung behind him. Some of the men at the bar turned to look at him. It began to dawn on him that there must have been talk of the thing that had happened on Maple Street. He felt tension grow.

Earl Stone, Guy Merchant and Merrill Colcord regarded him closely. For a moment no one spoke. Then Cort Gregory left the bar and strolled toward Burdock. He began talking before anyone else could speak. His voice was clear, deliberate, soothing, with a little chuckle threading through it: "Well, Tom—we're all glad to see you back." He laughed, all the time watching the action of those at the bar. Then he said, "They tell me she's a honey. The drinks are on you, Kid. Set 'em up for Tom, Lunk."

The room relaxed. Men turned back to the bar. Burdock heard Colcord say, "Boy—what a spitfire! She was just as set to fight for Tom as he was for her. Never saw anything like it in my life."

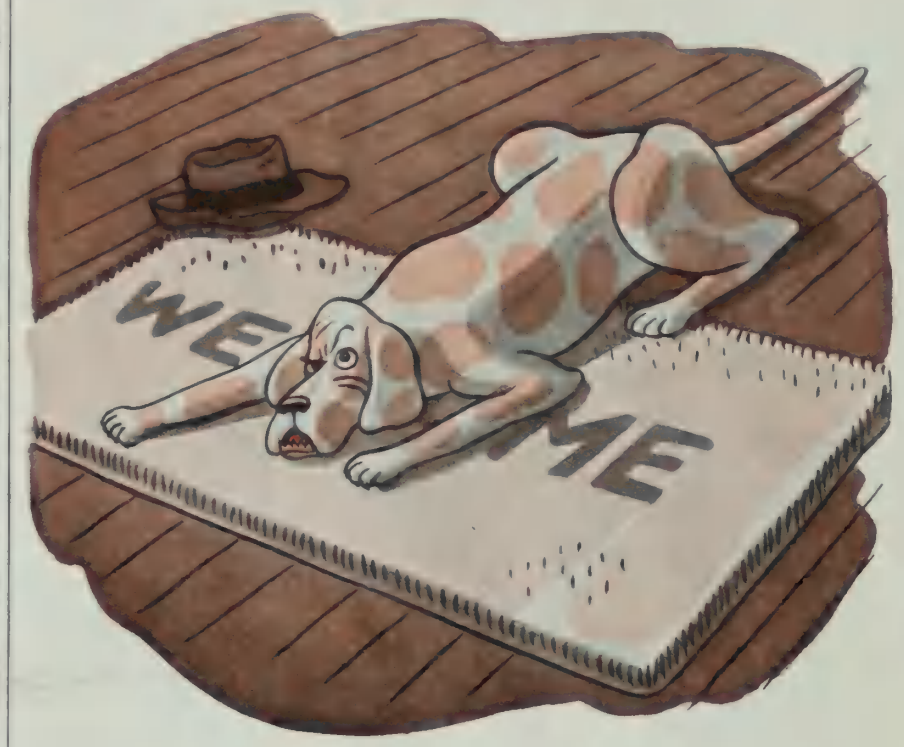
It came to Burdock then that they were talking about Judy. He had a quick picture of her standing there on the porch, the light from the kitchen on her, the wind whipping at her skirt—and he remembered how strong and defiant her voice was. And he saw again the quick, warm smile as she gave him his coffee.

He looked around the crowded room and thought of other New Year's Eves spent in places like this. And he thought of that road divided ahead of him—but with this difference: He knew for sure which road he was going to take this time.

Cort Gregory was standing beside him at the bar. He said, quietly, "Hope the boys didn't spoil things for you with her, Tom."

Burdock felt the warmth go up over him like a tide as he said, "Guess not. I'm going to see her tomorrow."

My man-eating dog is gone forever



UNTIL a few months ago, the kind of dog I loved was the kind who wags his tail at everybody.

Then my friends became a problem. Despite the new, higher price of liquor, they kept dropping in on me like flies and saying, "How about a

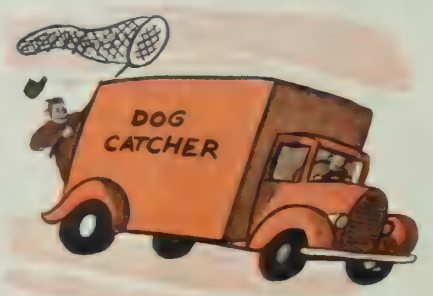


drink?" At that time, I didn't serve M & M. I thought you had to pay a fortune for good whiskey. And as I had no fortune, I got me the meanest dog in town.

After he had torn the seat out of seven pairs of pants, my friends didn't drop around any more. I had to go to *their* homes to see them.

One night I tasted an elegant whiskey at Jim Evans's place. I asked him how he could afford to serve it.

"You should read the ads in Collier's," he said. "This whiskey is M & M. It costs less than the whiskey I used to serve and *tastes better*."



I agreed. Then I went home and called the dogcatcher. Next day I ordered a case of M & M. Once again, I have fun, friends, and drinks. It's a good life, thank you.





Mattingly & Moore

BLENDED WHISKEY—86 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



Quit Fooling About Taxes

LEERING like a hobgoblin at the incoming Congress is the question: How about taxes?

Do we simply go ahead this year and invent some more bizarre, partly invisible taxes which will soak too few people to make any difference ballotwise, and hook these grotesqueries into the already crazy patchwork which we grandly call our taxation "system"?

Or can the new Congress find the courage to undertake a top-to-bottom revision of the tax setup? Seeking more revenue for the government and a more decent deal for the taxpayers (meaning all of us, directly or indirectly), can Congress tackle such sore spots as the following?

Income Taxes. Politicians concede that income taxes in the upper brackets are so high that they produce less revenue than they would if they were lowered somewhat. Yet politicians also concede that up to now they haven't had the courage to lower them. Can they find the courage this year?

How about the fact that great numbers of wage earners pay no income taxes at all, and hence do no worrying about government economy?

How about the injustice of taxing a windfall like any yearly income of the same size? For example, Ernest Hemingway, reputed pretty much broke for the last half-dozen years, has just made a small-sized mint out of sales and movie rights on his new book, but must pay income taxes next year just as if he made that much every year. That can't be just.

How about the assorted exemptions, which grow more complex each year—meaning more money for tax doctors and less for government?

Gift and Inheritance Taxes. One professed purpose of these taxes is to prevent piling up of great, perpetuated knots of inactive wealth. Well, then, why are gift taxes almost as stiff as inheritance taxes? If we must have gift taxes at all, why can't they be a good deal easier than inheritance taxes, and sharply graduated. That would encourage men of wealth to make moderate-sized gifts in their lifetimes, thus breaking the wad up, and thus keeping the money in circulation.

Corporation Taxes. Do the existing arrangements stimulate hiring of labor and payment of reasonable dividends? Or do they keep firms shaving the pay rolls; and do they force out so much money in dividend payments that it is impossible for most concerns to build prudent backlogs for lean years? Does anybody really know? Isn't it about time we found out, adjourned politics on this topic, and streamlined our corporate tax methods?

State and Municipal Taxes. Mayor LaGuardia of New York has said he hopes the federal government will some day collect all the taxes, and blow back proper percentages of the money to states, cities, counties. We hope no such thing will ever come to pass; we believe that the closer the people are to the tax collectors the harder they can kick back at unjust or oppressive taxes.

But isn't it time to do something about tax raids into one another's legitimate tax fields by federal, state, city and county governments? Does this chaos simply have to go on and get worse, to the progressive impoverishment of taxpayers—meaning, to repeat, all of us?

We're building up the national defenses, lopping off deadwood here and there, streamlining many a government department and process. The President has even uttered a kind word in public for some economy in government. Can't we get action on the tax mess, too, in the next few months? Action that will count?

Collier's

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

Go It, Jackson; Go It, Dies

THE F.B.I. is superb. But hu beings are ambitious; anc F.B.I., unchecked and unbri could grow to be an American tapo.

The Dies Committee does e lent work on keeping the spotlig the Reds, Nazis, Fascists and f travelers around the American: But the Dies Committee for reason has an appeal to the Ku Klan and Black Legion instin some people. Unchecked an bridled, the Dies Committee become a threat to civil liberti

So we think it's very health have these two outfits jealo their separate authorities an hope they don't make up, as threatened to do recently. how much healthier life in Ger would be if the Gestapo had a in Russia if the NKVD (th OGPU) were not the only secr lice agency on the map.

Go it, Jackson; go it, Dies . . between the two of you boys th of us will have a better char hanging onto democracy.

We Weren't Amused

TO WHOM it may concern: sorry for everything I ever hurt anyone at any time anywhe Signed, W. C

A humorous magazine pick the above item from the pe column in the Chicago Daily the other day, clipped a flip q it, and printed it as something rib-tickling.

Sorry, but it didn't tickle ou It came closer to wringing the strings. We know too wel W. C. R. felt.

Pardon us, then, if we don't at W. C. R.'s little ad. We, t sorry for everything we ev gratuitously to hurt anyone time anywhere, and wish we undo it, or somehow make ar

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



LAWSON WOOD.

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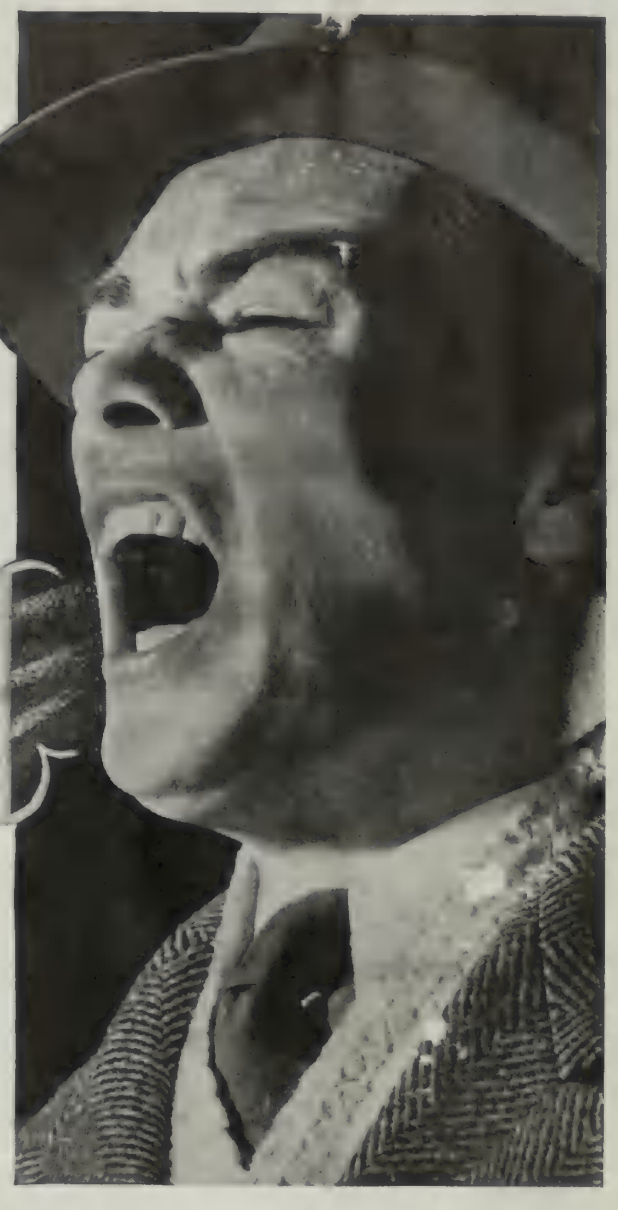
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Look out for a COLD
Watch your THROAT . . .
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A careless sneeze, or an explosive cough, can shoot troublesome germs in your direction at mile-a-minute speed. In case they invade the tissues of your throat, you may be in for throat irritation, a cold—or worse.

If you have been thus exposed, better gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at your earliest opportunity. Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the germs on mouth and throat surfaces known as "secondary invaders". . . often helps render them powerless to invade the tissue and aggravate infection. Used early and often, Listerine may head off a cold, or reduce the severity of one already started.

Amazing Germ Reductions in Tests

Tests have shown germ reductions ranging to 96.7% on mouth and throat surfaces fifteen minutes after a Listerine gargle. Even one hour after, reductions up to 80% in the number of surface germs associated with colds and sore throat were noted.

You can realize now why so many tens of thousands of people gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a cold or simple sore throat . . . and why Listerine Antiseptic in the last nine years has built up such an impressive test record against colds.

Fewer and Milder Colds in Tests

Tests conducted during nine years of careful research showed that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not gargle. And fewer sore throats, also.

So remember, if you have been exposed to others suffering from colds, if you feel a cold coming on, gargle Listerine Antiseptic—*quick!*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

HERE'S HOW LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings at right illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.





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JANUARY 18, 1941

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COVER LAWSON WOOD

ANY WEEK

PERHAPS we're a bit late with this, the football season having come at last to an inevitable end with the exception, of course, of the Greeks and the Italians, who seem unable to get out of the Albanian Soup Bowl. But this just goes to show you how the lads in at least one of our better football universities die for their alma mater. Mr. Ed Haldeman of Hollywood reports: "I am on my way to San Francisco on the Daylight Limited. Pretty soon I am sitting in a blackjack game with these college boys, who are on their way to play their traditional rival for the final game of the season. In about half an hour I notice that these big athletes are pretty boisterous and upon close scrutiny I find that each has a very large bottle on his hip. I take a few bucks off these boys, who are getting stiffer and stiffer, when in walks a small, dapper, traveling salesman party who sits in the game after listening good-naturedly to remarks about his race and religion. In five minutes this little party wins the deal and two hours later he still has the deal to say nothing about all the boys' money and two bucks of mine. The bottles are now empty and the college athletes are beginning to feel very sad and squeamish, when in comes the water boy with word that Father So-and-so is coming. The priest is a good guy who has come along to see that everything goes all right with the boys. The boys throw the bottles out the window and in comes the Father with a big bag of very red apples and, what's more, he sits down and makes each boy eat all of his apple, as he tells me apples help to keep his boys in condition. To my great surprise these boys lose the game twenty-one to nothing, and I am told that next year they are going to cut down on apples."



IF WE hadn't received, in the nick of time, a fiercely indignant letter from Captain Myles Thorberg Benz of Hartford, Connecticut, we might have started out on this weekly adventure in high spirits. And no columnist has the right to do that. As you know, it is the columnist's bounden duty to find out what's going on and get sore about it. It sounds easy but it isn't. Captain Benz's letter for example. Somebody has been telling the captain that munitions workers are making themselves ridiculous by buying silk shirts and champagne and otherwise "flaunting their war-born wealth with outrageous disregard for taste and morals." The captain wants us to inveigh hoarsely against this dismal display of human weakness. But somehow we can't push ourselves around to it. And it's chiefly the captain's fault. For example, he fails to include in his letter the reasons why a high-income group like munitions workers shouldn't wear silk shirts and guzzle champagne. We're sure we would if we could afford it. Perhaps the captain has overlooked the possibility that the silk shirts and the champagne are mere gestures and, as such, good for the soul that has crept along for many lean years on denim and beer. Many years ago we resolved that if we ever came into money we'd do what a boyhood idol, Uncle Ellick Willard, did when his brother died leaving him a windfall of two hundred and forty dollars. Uncle Ellick Willard was a sort of handyman in our village. When presently the lawyer handed him the money he bought an abandoned trolley car for two hundred dollars and the rest he invested in cakes and a large cask of root beer. Then he invited all us kids to the trolley car to eat and drink with him. That party will be green in our memory while memory lasts.

CONGRESSMAN MARTIN DIES to the contrary, we have plenty of evidence that Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's F.B.I. is energetically on the alert. There is Mr. Rafael Escallon, a Cartagena, Colombia, student of journalism at Syracuse University, for example. Mr. Escallon's father is a newspaper proprietor in Cartagena. A year ago while a student at a Virginia prep school, Mr. Escallon wrote several pieces for his father's paper, one of which was somewhat critical of England's failure to help Poland and Czechoslovakia fight Hitler. Someone in Colombia sent the article to someone in Canada. From Canada it was mailed to Washington. Immediately a couple of G-men appeared at the Virginia school. They were still investigating Mr. Escallon for Nazi infection when the young fellow moved on to Syracuse. Our man called on Mr. Escallon, who said that he thought he'd finally convinced Mr. Hoover's investigators that he is honest. "It was very interesting, most flattering," said young Mr. Escallon. "Your F.B.I. told me that they were very glad that I realized that geographically it was too difficult for England to send help to Czechoslovakia and Poland. I hope that when I am a full-fledged journalist my articles will be so widely read by important people."

WE HOPE it isn't too noticeable, but we are in rather a hurry to finish this column that we may plunge into the excitement of Idaho Potato and Onion Week. It is just about to commence and we are warned by its sponsors to make no effort to preser tato-and-onion-week re they're doomed. If we su proceed immediately to which will be followed by Hot Tea Week. Our in all of these and more h but we don't know. Ou us the 1941 schedule of find that ninety-six w nationally celebrated. we shall probably be un bids to quite a number carnivals. In fact, we're mitted to Sew and Save Salmon Week, Be Kin Week, Notion Week, Change Week, Straw Ha Week, Iced Tea Week Letter Writing Week, Noodle Week, Hard of H Sweetheart Week, Pajar (we can scarcely wait) Week. We have a fee latter week will be more sary if we get that far.



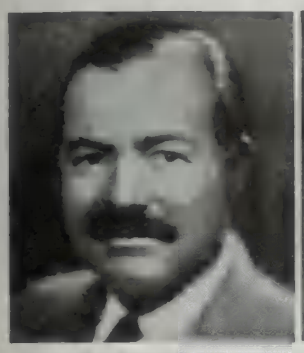
NATURALLY this maga surprised by the enthu readers. We get it out th yet it was not until we inspiring story of Mr. Irv or Schnitz, "The Mayo fourth Street," that w broke out before publicat days before this here Sch tered the mails or appe newsstands we were re gratulatory post cards. E clamor has grown in inte coincidence, of course, th harvest of post cards is same hour, at the same Schnitz's. They seem a been written with the sa the same hand. Natura account for this and we'r Knowing that Schnitz wo ested, we called him up of the phenomenon. funny," said Mr. Schnitz. Please to read a semple phone." So we read one Katz. "Gents," wrote "Give us more dope on th acter Schnitz quick next tion in near future. Som told Mr. Schnitz that we like Mrs. Katz's. He s plused. But he soon speech.

"SOITENY is," said Schni

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BOOKS YOU WILL SOON BE READING

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Ernest Hemingway's [illegible] FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS, was the Club's November choice. No book in recent years has received such universal and warm praise from all critics.



Margaret Armstrong in TRELAWNY has written a biography of "one of the most genuine originals of our race;" it was our October choice, and is rising swiftly on all best-seller lists.



William Saroyan's new book, MY NAME IS ARAM is a delightful puckish picture of a small boy which, we have a hunch, may go the way of Clarence Day's *Life With Father*.



Franz Werfel's new novel EMBEZZLED HEAVEN, is the Club's December book—a quiet, deeply thoughtful work in an entirely different vein from the exciting *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*.



Willa Cather's new novel, SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL, is her first book in five years. The scene is pre-Civil War Virginia; it is in the mood of *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.



Hans Zinsser's book, AS I REMEMBER HIM, was a Club choice just prior to his death; if any book deserves its present place, among the top best-sellers in the nation, it is this.



Jan Struther, with MRS. MINIVER, is a new author to Americans—instantly and widely introduced as so many authors have been in the past, when her book was chosen in August.



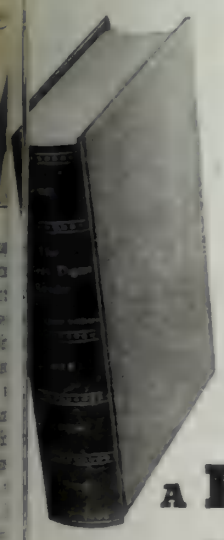
Gontran de Poncins, a Frenchman, has written KABLOONA, an extraordinary book about Eskimos—beautifully translated and strikingly illustrated. It too will appear very soon.



Van Wyck Brooks' NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER is, in the opinion of many, even more absorbing than *The Flowering of New England*. It was our judges' choice for September.

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TO NEW MEMBERS

The best articles and features of the past 18 years in the Reader's Digest

IN A SINGLE BOOK—

THE READERS DIGEST READER is a collection of 138 articles chosen from the thousands of leading articles that have been reprinted in that magazine. They are those in which the reading public itself indicated the most interest. The list of contributors reads like a roll-call of famous contemporaries whose range of interests is as wide as life itself. Whether you are in the mood for relaxation or learning, escape or scientific discussion—whether you are interested in "The Wisdom of Laziness" or "The Discovery of Anaesthesia," or the inimitable Stephen Leacock's advice on how to open a conversation, or indeed any conceivable topic, here is your book.

FEW people realize that writers who now have become as famous as Pearl Buck, Clarence Day, Stephen Vincent Benét, Sigrid Undset, Hervey Allen, John Steinbeck, J. B. Priestley—and a score of others little less known—were *first* introduced to a nation-wide book-reading public by having one of their books selected, and then distributed to every tiny corner of the country, by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Fully a million perspicacious book-readers—in the families which use the Book-of-the-Month Club service—now rely upon it to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

Time and again you buy the "book-of-the-month"—not knowing it has previously been chosen by our judges—merely because some discerning friend has said warmly: "There's a book you must not miss." How sensible to get these books from the Club, since you pay no more for the books you buy, and save enormously in other ways.

Here is the simple procedure: You are not obliged, as a subscriber of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

You receive a carefully written report about the book-of-the-month chosen by our four judges, *in advance of its publication*. If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

Scores of other careful recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination. If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you merely ask for it.

In addition, there is a great money-saving. More often than not—as the writers and books mentioned above demonstrate—our judges' choices are books you find yourself buying anyway. *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

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Ninth Corps Area, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or apply to your local Junior Chamber of Commerce



KEEP UP WITH THE WOR.D

By Freling Foster

As it is too dangerous to release Army pigeons from planes traveling at high speed, the birds will soon be launched in metal cages equipped with parachutes. An automatic device opens the door when the forward movement of the cage has been slowed up sufficiently for the pigeon to take to the air.

Not long ago, a Harvard professor conducted a test among 1,500 persons before whom he played two phonograph records, asking the listeners to state which they preferred. Fifty-nine per cent concurred with "critics," who, he said, had liked one or the other, and ninety-six per cent did not realize that the recordings were identical.

Water must be added to certain antifreeze materials to keep them from freezing. For example, pure ethylene glycol solidifies at 10 degrees F. above zero, while a 50-50 mixture solidifies at 40 degrees below zero. Pure glycerin freezes at about 60 above zero, while a 70 per cent glycerin and 30 per cent water mixture freezes at about 34 below zero.—*By W. J. Arthur, Charleston, West Virginia.*

The largest pari-mutuel pay-off in the history of American horse racing was won by a poolroom proprietor in Anna, Illinois, on August 14, 1939, when he placed a daily double $2 bet on "Merry Caroline" and "Joy Bet," running at Washington Park in Chicago, and received the whole pool, which amounted to $10,772.

Among the many slang and colloquial words and phrases that originated in England and were in common use long before the birth of the United States are: Beat it, booze, frisk, grub, gyp, hick, kid, lousy, mammy, mob, mooch and racket.

As there are twenty-nine different-sized teaspoons in use in this country, few of which hold an exact medicinal dosage of one eighth of an ounce or one dram, a true medicinal teaspoon will soon be supplied free with each prescription by all American druggists.

Canada's Pelee Island i Lake Erie lies wholly or partly s ch of the northern boundaries of t nty-six of our forty-eight state —*By Jay E. Adams, San Antonio,* exas.

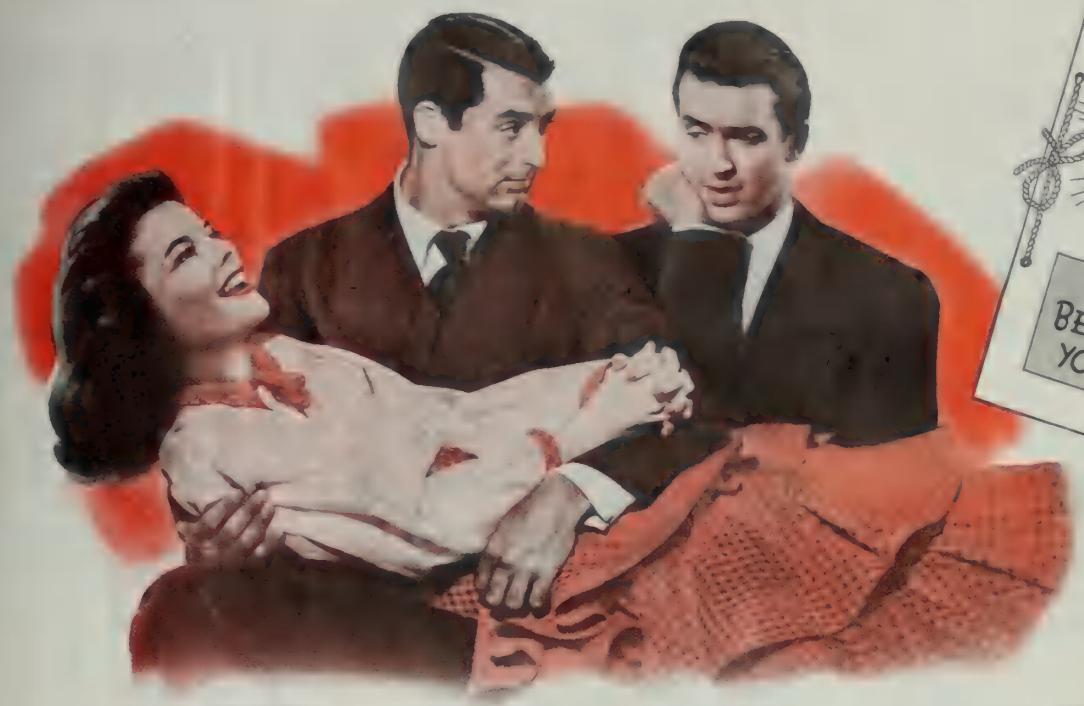
The world's largest airpla , the new Douglas B-19 bomb has 8,000 horsepower, or doub that of almost all steam or ctric locomotives, is large eno ı to transport a crew of ten a 125 fully armed soldiers and ca ly to Europe and back without re ling, having a capacity for 11,000 llons of gasoline, or a quantity e al to that carried by a railroad ta car. —*By Joseph Trojan, Paw cket, Rhode Island.*

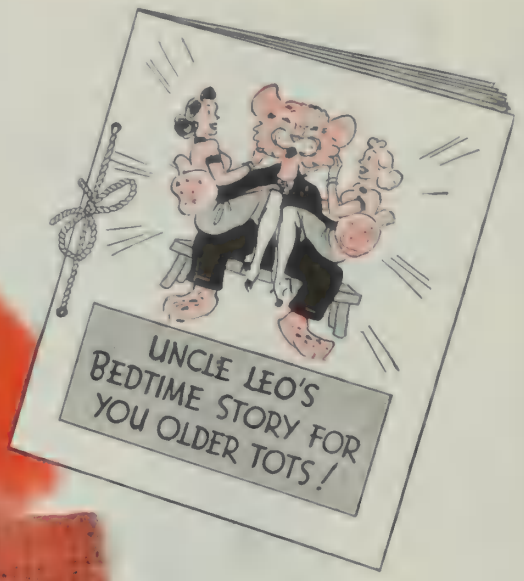
As The Billboard, a trad our- nal of the entertainment orld published in Cincinnati, ha been. for many years, the clearin ouse for mail addressed to the th ands of show people who are cor intly on the road, the War Depa nent was obliged to recognize this aga- zine recently as the "per inent address" of about 750 me who registered for the draft.—*By Ziegler, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

The annual tax paid to the deral government on tobacco an alco- holic beverages exceeds 200,- 000,000, or a sum larger th the assessed valuation of all rea state in such great cities as Ba more, Cleveland or Pittsburgh.

When a man dies amc the Warramunga, a tribe of Au alia, his wife, mother, sisters, ı ther- in-law and sisters-in-law are aced under a strict ban of siler and have to use a gesture langu e for from one to two years. A they often continue this custo long after the ban has been lifte it is not uncommon to find the n ority of women in many villages king only with their hands.—*By Price, Chapel Hill, North* aniel *lina.* aro-

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Cary, Katharine and Jimmy

are three jolly chums from P-H-I-L-A-D-E-L-P-H-I-A



A blue-blooded heiress (spirited, sporting, scandalizing) gets herself engaged to a self-made stuffed shirt (pompous, petty and prudish)! When she sets out to deflate him, the feathers fly! You'll love the way Katharine Hepburn bowls him over.



Besides the stuffed shirt, there are two other fellows—they both think Katharine is rare, reckless and racy. Cary Grant is the ex-husband who's crazy about removing the 'ex' and Jimmy Stewart is a reporter who hates his assignment but loves the subject of it!



Champagne flows... moonlight beams... and things look pretty romantic to Katharine and Jimmy around midnight! They look pretty suspicious to a couple of other fellows but the whole scene will be a laughing matter to you!



It's anyone's guess who's going to meet Katharine and the parson at the finish line! But it's a fast and racy story to the amazing end! (No wonder the play rocked and shocked Broadway for a solid year.)

Cary **GRANT** *Katharine* **HEPBURN** *James* **STEWART**

in

The Philadelphia Story

with RUTH HUSSEY

JOHN HOWARD · ROLAND YOUNG · JOHN HALLIDAY · MARY NASH · VIRGINIA WEIDLER

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart · Based on the Play by Philip Barry

Produced by The Theatre Guild Inc. · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

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Wing Talk

TWO of our greatest natural resource assets for air defense are being neglected: spruce and lakes. In the Pacific Northwest, and in southeastern Alaska, crowding down the shaggy mountainsides for hundreds of miles along the shores of the Inside Passage, are boundless forests of tall Sitka or western spruce. It is straight-grained, light and strong—the best all-round wood material for airplane rib and spar work. Now that all of us want to see our skies blackened with American planes in a big hurry, aviation engineers are contending out loud again that "wood-and-fabric" planes can be made as strong as those of metal alloys for all except the highest-performance ships, and treated to be no more combustible. There is a heat point where dural, the aluminum alloy most used in planes, will burn like film.

Widespread devotion to all-metal construction grew here at least partly because of the necessity of "selling" the air. In the first years of plane travel horror of the idea of fire aloft, or of parts breaking off, were serious deterrents to public acceptance. To the average person without technical knowledge, metal is a symbol of strength and noninflammability. The engineer knows there are qualifications. Anyhow, air safety really came with government regulation, federal airways, businesslike operations and responsible personnel—so that today it makes no difference to your expectation of life whether the planes you travel in are made of cast-iron or tissue paper.

There was another factor in the swing to all-metal. The industry was engaged in the elusive chase of the ship that would be "stamped out" in a few big chunks. Plastics may bring that time-and-labor-saving process before this war is over. At present, however, manufacturing economies remain in a toss-up between the number of man-hours required for riveting alloy sheet skins and man-and-woman hours for stretching, taping, sewing and doping wing fabric.

In Europe wood-and-fabric was never so completely sidetracked. The Germans never made the mistake of becoming addicted to but one general construction type in either planes or engines. The Wellington bomber is among British ships using wood-and-fabric. Pictures recently observed of the famous Hurricane pursuit assembl ine reveal wood ribbing and sparring. st- moment advice, however, is that ng- land is now going all-metal s ply because her aviation wood reserves ive run out.

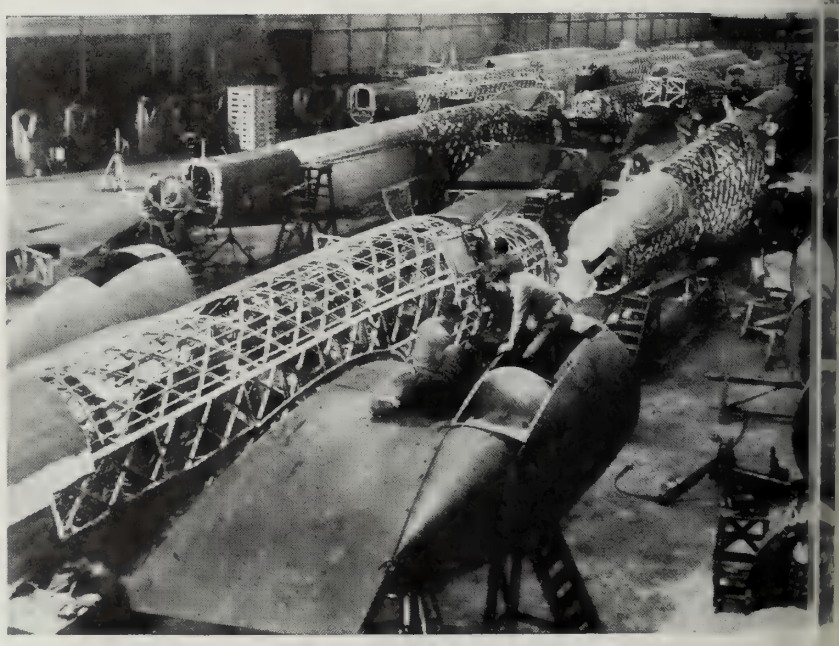
The argument between "w-f" nd "a-m" runs along many scientific ays in which your reporter can't guide ou hear about "specific gravity" (s ace wins), and "effective strength in m- pression" (aluminum wins). . out physical characteristics, splinterin de- terioration, longevity and such t ags. Much of this discussion, now say ers and engineers alike, has been i ali- dated by the European war's demo ra- tion that in the application of air rce the life of the airplane, a compara ely inexpensive military weapon, shou not be considered.

From this side line it seems: tal construction has great merits. V od- and-fabric has merits, too—certain for all plane types in lower-speed bra ets. And the designers of your country ky armadas feel that, quality being a ot- able, in this emergency need of *qua ty,* both types should be exploited. M an- while, the world's greatest source ine spruce, owned by us, stands vir lly uncut.

Our foremost plants for the r hu- facture of pursuits, bombers and ns- ports are wholly committed a no-longer-necessary "sales" pren e— and, what is more binding pract ily machined and tooled only for it. V od- and-fabric scarcely persists with u ex- cept for gliders and light planes Not the least danger, mourned by aer au- tical engineers, is that this coun is threatened with complete loss its once great and outstanding skill the art of airplane woodworking.

Lakes, next week.

WE'RE great for reversing thin In the last war the famous L rty motor of Packard—miracle of it ay. and best for many years after 1918 was block-mounted on trucks and dri to the top of Pike's Peak for tests der altitude conditions. This was the gh- est point in the United States ien accessible by highway. There w no planes available in which the e nes might be set. Today, planes are ing up in hangars—waiting for motors W C



Wood and fabric go into Britain's Wellington Bombers

What six Life Insurance Presidents say about *Air Travel*



MR. FRAZAR B. WILDE, *President, Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford:*

"Commercial airline passengers are good life insurance risks. Connecticut General was a pioneer in granting them full coverage at standard rates. We place no restrictions upon air travelers using the scheduled airlines of the nation."



MR. LEWIS W. DOUGLAS, *President, The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York:*

"In recognition of the splendid record which commercial Air Transportation has achieved, we have removed all restrictions on life insurance coverage on passengers traveling on established U. S. flag airlines throughout the entire Western Hemisphere."



MR. A. N. KEMP, *President, Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, Los Angeles:*

"Accepting the accomplished fact of the security, comfort and dependability of the nation's scheduled airlines, we have removed all restrictions on policyholding passengers flying within the United States."



MR. JAMES A. FULTON, *President, Home Life Insurance Company, New York:*

"In 1866, The Home Life was the first Company to remove all policy restrictions as to ground travel. Now we are happy to be among the first to grant standard insurance to those who fly as fare-paying passengers on scheduled airlines in the United States."



MR. F. W. HUBBELL, *President, Equitable Life Insurance Company of Iowa, Des Moines:*

"We congratulate the Air Transport Industry on its record of efficiency—and in doing so, remove all restrictions on coverage of air passengers of these carriers in the United States, placing them in the same class as those using other forms of transport."



MR. JOHN A. STEVENSON, *President, The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, Philadelphia:*

"We have followed with interest the remarkable advances in safety made by the airlines during the past decade. Consequently, we are eliminating extra premiums in policies on fare-paying passengers flying on scheduled airlines within the United States."

We're in the Flying 40's!

Over 3 million passengers flew more than a billion passenger miles in the past year; nearly 4 million will travel a far greater total of miles by air in 1941!

This is dramatic evidence of the essential place the airlines now occupy in the nation's transportation system.

But the highest recognition that any public carrier can receive for its record of efficiency and dependability is expressed by the life insurance executives whose portraits and statements of company policy are shown above.

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RECORDS LAST TEN TIMES LONGER!
NEW PURITY OF TONE!

The Philco *Photo-Electric* Radio-Phonograph is the *new sensation* in the world of recorded music! Only Philco brings you the amazing *"Beam of Light"* principle of record reproduction . . . an exclusive invention that adds new thrills, new and greater delights to the enjoyment of your favorite records. The pointed, *scraping* needle is gone! In the new Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph, a rounded jewel that *never needs changing* floats over the record and reflects the music on a beam of light from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. It releases overtones of beauty long hidden in your records which you hear for the first time. Surface noise no longer annoys you. And record life is increased *by ten times!*

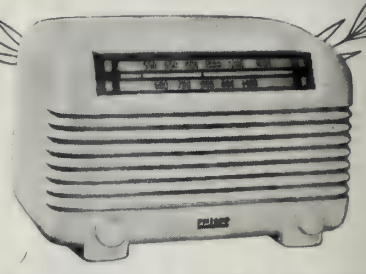
And, only Philco gives you the TILT-FRONT CABINET. No lid to lift . . . no dark, unhandy compartments. Simply tilt forward the grille, place your records and tilt it back again.

All these new joys, in addition to startling improvements in radio reception, are yours *only* in a Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph.

HOME RECORDING is *optional equipment* with every Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Make your own records at home; record family voices and events, radio programs, etc.

PHILCO 608 P Radio-Phonograph *illustrated above*, brings you these new Philco achievements at a popular price. Automatic Record Changer, powerful 9-tube circuit, amazing American and Foreign radio reception with new kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Handsome cabinet of hand-rubbed Walnut. *Only $12.95 down.*

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THE NEW PHILCO RADIOS
RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS
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FROM $9.95 TO $395.00
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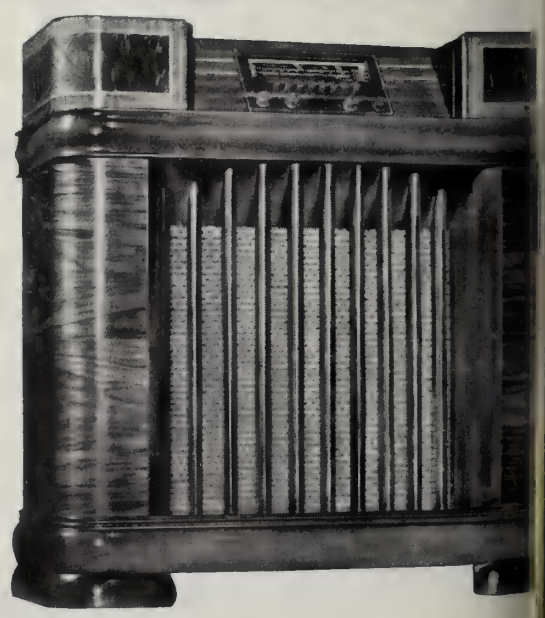
PHILCO-Transitone PT 4. AC-DC. The gleaming beauty ivory-finished plastic cabinet and the finest tone quality achieved in a compact. New, powerful 6-inch Oval Spe Beam Power output, Improved Built-In Loop Aerial, Illumi Horizontal Dial. *Many other models, from $9.95 to $19.95.*



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ough as hitleather

ames Street

TED BY RONALD McLEOD

te Plunkett didn't know much u patriotism but he was the best li Andy Jackson had when he g the Battle of New Orleans

MISTER WHITLOCK PLUNKETT'S gaunt, lined cheek brushed the cherry stock of his rifle gun and he moved the long octagon barrel a bit to the right until he got the bead he wanted, his silver sight dead center on the Britisher's chest, two inches above the crossplate, at fair buck range.

He squeezed his whole trigger hand, exerting a quarter of a pound of pressure, and a splinter of fire flashed in the pan. His rifle cracked. The enemy skirmisher jerked erect, then lurched, clutching at a tree trunk as he fell. Mister Plunkett ducked and darted twenty paces to the left and the spot where he had been was mowed by fire.

The somber expression in Mister Plunkett's cold, gray eyes never changed. His eyes, shadowed by bushy brows, were bloodshot from fatigue and were swollen puffy from powder. His scraggly brows and long hair were shot with silver and he looked like a determined undertaker out making business. He had killed a man, a British sharpshooter, one of the King's Rifles. He knew the soldier was a sharpshooter because he had worn a jacket of Sherwood green, a custom handed down from the days of Robin Hood. The Green Jackets were harder to hit than the Red Coats and were better men in the woods than their musket brothers.

Mister Plunkett measured a charge of Eagle fine superfine grain powder with his eye and began reloading. He spread a greasy rifle patch over the muzzle of his gun, selected a ball from the supply in his mouth and shoved it down the barrel with his hickory ramrod. He tapped the ball three times to set it just so and then he primed with fine, fine superfine.

He looked first to the east, studying the swamp over there, and then the stunted cypress woods in which he was hiding. Then he glanced to the west, across the cane stubble of Chalmette, along the two ditches the Americans had dug and down Rodriquez Canal that ran from the swamp to the Mississippi River. He counted again the eight batteries along the ramparts, an embankment just behind the canal two thirds of a mile long. The ramparts were of mud, fence rails, barrel staves and cypress boughs, five to eight feet high and four to ten feet thick. They had built the ramparts in two weeks, taking two days off to repel the British. They had tried cotton bales, but they caught fire too easily. Gumbo mud was better.

It was a right fancy job of work, Mister Plunkett thought. He hadn't known Southerners had enough get-up-and-get to do so much work in such a hurry.

He measured the field again. Must be nigh eight hundred yards from the woods to the river. Mighty little space for an army to work in. The ditches petered out just before they reached the woods and Mister Plunkett's outpost. He wondered why Andy Jackson hadn't dug the ditches into the woods. Perhaps it was a trap. The British might mass there to avoid the ditches. But they still must cross the canal



The Royal Scots Fusiliers and the Forty-third Monmouthshires charged, with General Pakenham leading them

and ramparts. It was a needle's eye. And it'd be easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye. . . .

He glanced through the cypress at the body of the Green Jacket and, confident that he was safe for the minute, propped his rifle against a tree and took a thong of whitleather from around his neck. There were twelve knots in the thong. Mister Plunkett tied the thirteenth and muttered, "Thirteen down and six to go."

Mister Plunkett, No. 1 Rifleman of half-breed Pierre Jugeat's Choctaws, hadn't traveled alone from Eastport, District of Maine, to Chalmette to defend New Orleans because he loved New Orleans. He didn't give a cobbler's curse about the town. He wasn't particularly interested in the causes of the War of 1812 or in the results. Mister Plunkett was fighting because he had a grudge and had made a vow. He didn't give a whoop about preservation of the United States. He thought the states a bunch of brawling, poor little republics that were always hollering and mouthing about liberty, justice and sovereignty. Mister Plunkett didn't understand all those big trick words and wanted no truck with all that talk about liberty and brotherhood. Slick words. Politicians' words.

THE Down Easterner never wasted a word. He'd as lief waste a rifle ball. He wanted only to be left alone and because he'd always had so much liberty he never associated freedom with the joy of being left alone and never reasoned that a man might have to fight for the right to be left alone. Down-East they said he was stubborn, cantankerous and not too bright. Not batty or addlepated, but just a mite thick. Mister Plunkett didn't know much about most things, but he knew the British owed him a debt of nineteen prize hides and he had traveled slap-dab across the whole United States to collect.

His hides were stored in Eastport when the British took the town. They hadn't ought to have done that. Many New Englanders favored the British and didn't want any part of Mr. Madison's war. But the Red Coats shouldn't have moved in like that and acted so high and mighty. It peeved some of the folks.

Mister Plunkett was in the woods running his trap lines when a covey of marines stole a keg of rum and then went hellin'. They fired the warehouse where Mister Plunkett's hides were, but they wouldn't burn, being green. So the marines shot them full of holes. It was sinful waste. That's what made Mister Plunkett so mad. He would have been fist-fighting mad if they had stolen his hides, but to shoot them full of holes—

They were no good to anybody now and the wanton waste made Mister



Plunkett killing-mad, which is to be distinguished from Mister Plunkett's fist-fighting and gouging mood. But he kept his mouth shut until he got a load of Demerara rum. Then he made dire threats against the British.

Some of the boys joshed him and asked him what he aimed to do about his hides and Mister Plunkett said, "They shot holes in my hides, so I aim to shoot holes in theirs."

"Nineteen of 'em?" somebody asked.

"No more, no less. Where be they?"

"They're standing for Boston. The nabobs got the marines out of town after they cut up so unmoderatelike."

Mister Plunkett took one last swallow of rum and got his gun. He had never been farther than fifty miles from Eastport. "I wasn't aiming to go so far, so I better get going. I ain't coming back until I collect. Might take me a few weeks, but I'll be back before long."

He worked his way on a schooner to Cape Cod and walked to Boston. There were no British there, so he continued to New London, thence to New York. Hearing there were Red Coats out in Pennsylvania, he worked his way out there, driving a wagon. He got as far west as Ohio without seeing a Britisher, then headed for Washington City.

THE months rolled by. When Mister Plunkett got broke, which was often, he took odd jobs until he got a stake, then moved on. He found Washington City in ashes and no British. He pushed on to Pensacola where they told him he'd find plenty of British around New Orleans. Mister Plunkett stole a horse, took the Old Spanish Trail and wound up in New Orleans, broke, hungry, disgusted and baffled.

He had no idea exactly where he was or how far he had traveled. When he told folks he was from Maine, they just grinned tolerantly and muttered, "Another drunken flatboatman from Kaintuck. His tongue is so thick he can't talk English."

Mister Plunkett had never dreamed that the United States was so big or that there were so many kinds of races, money, religions and politics in the world. No two men seemed to agree on anything except that they wanted to be left alone to run their brains, hands, hearts, souls and pocketbooks as they slap-dabbed pleased. Mister Plunkett felt the same way about things.

He joined the Mississippi Dragoons to get a square meal. He borrowed a dollar on his horse and pitched the coin onto a big drum. That meant he was volunteering. General Hinds of the Dragoons spotted him at once. He looked too old, too gaunt to stand the hardships of the Dragoons. General Hinds asked his name.

"Whitlock Plunkett."

"Say 'sir' to me!" the general snapped.

Mister Plunkett looked at the general for several seconds, turning the command over in his mind. "That's a moderate request. I'll do it. I'll say 'sir' to you if you'll say 'mister' to me."

General Hinds flushed angrily, then smiled. He had noticed the fine rifle. "Very well, Mister Plunkett. You talk like a Yankee."

"Nope, sir. Yankees are Connecticutters. I'm from Maine."

The general gaped at Mister Plunkett, then whistled. "That's part of Massachusetts. How'd you get so far from home?"

"That's my business, sir. I ain't asking you a string of fool questions."

General Hinds was irked at such insolence and bad manners. Here was a queer one. Andy Jackson h strange critters in his army, bu took the cake. Hinds said, "Y need a rifle like that in the D

"Then I won't stay in the I All I want is to get fair buck nineteen Lobsterbacks."

Hinds wanted him, but for of the army he sent him to Pierr half-French, half-Choctaw ca fifty Flathead scouts and sharp Mister Plunkett smiled for the in months when he saw Juge captain was wearing his red ca tassel. Mister Plunkett liked Some of the woodsmen back ho them.

He liked everything about tl taw scouts except their odor a flat heads. None of them cou English. He liked that, too. \ be pestered with talk. Jugeat m prove his rifle and he transfer the Dragoons to the scouts issued moccasins, buckskins, hawk and a scalping knife. H get a red cap. Only the capta wear one.

Mister Plunkett went to Hinds and asked for a bit leather. It was issued and, gra the favor and warmed by his ration, he told Hinds:

"I ain't good at figures. W whitleather to keep count of t ishers I kill. One knot, one mar

Bit by bit, the soldiers picke Plunkett's story out of him ar oned he was batty. The story Andy Jackson. He hadn't seen Plunkett and had formed his from reports. For some reason, Jackson got Mister Plunkett's fir of Whitlock confused with whi and called him, "Mister Whitl He became a sort of symbol to and the commander often told yo cruits, "Work hard and some da be tough as Mister Whitleather

MISTER PLUNKETT and th taws were sent below New in December and began skir right off while Jackson tried to o the British, fortify his lines, kee in New Orleans, pacify the W partment, train an army, quell re cure his wound, watch his cra gestion and write his wife with able regularity.

The first knot in Mister Pl thong was tied the night of De twenty-third in a fight near V plantation. He and a Choctaw two Red Coats in a thicket and Plunkett shot his man in the hea Choctaw used his tomahawk.

He bagged two pickets on Ch day and two Highlanders in a battle on the twenty-eighth. F

(Continued on page 59)

Mister Plunkett fired, but he wasn't sure he got a man. He moved his gun and brought it to bear on a Scotsman



an struggle with the theme of
Do thy Comingore until you've
ur d an obnoxious green but at
p t in the story you'll be forced
Im that the dame has a touch
ine rella or something. The fact
the noble knight who rescued Miss
ing e was Orson Welles has some
fic ce. When Mr. Welles does
th g, he does it. He not only
geo Comingore up from a deep hole
the as sunk so firmly that he had
op for her with grappling hooks.
s h leading lady in his first screen
ure Citizen Kane. No unknown
ca e so far so fast. If that isn't
th g, what is something?
lly ood is full of stories of little
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he was never any chance of Com-
e ing spotted in a public place.
is faintly red-haired lady with
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y notice she is around, however,
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ne when she did a stint for them
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e m ths and is remembered by no-
y. e then went over to Columbia
sta d a year. This period is re-
be d by nobody but Comingore,
re embers it with horror. She
d i verything, did off-stage voices,
-o and bits. Her only decent part
as ne of the girls who met Mr.
h the station when Mr. Smith
e t Washington.

Couldn't be Any Worse

at reat role evidently went to her
b ause soon after she refused a
fo an unfortunate role and was
en d. Her agent prevailed upon
o back. She went back and was
a art as a stooge for the Three
ge She rebelled and was booted
wi into outer darkness. An idea
r i portance may be gleaned from
ac hat at the end of the year she
sti getting the $75 a week she
ed ith, a wage comparable to pe-
e the film colony. Being fired
t t was like being transferred
A atraz to Devil's Island.
t ring the year at Columbia one
t d broken the dullness of her
y Orson Welles had come out
N v York with his beard and had
re hed the height of his unpopu-
r. little game went on between
re agent, Herbert Drake, and all
p ss agents. Drake's job was to
W es seen everywhere and the
p ss agents wanted their lady
se with him because everything
es d was news.
he nly trouble," says Drake, "is
ev y place Orson went he insulted
m e important people and only
s c a desperate character could be
il upon to accompany him into
ig ."
ss omingore was exactly the type.
he led the publicity; she needed
in ; and she was certainly des-
e. t turned out to be an excellent
ng Welles is the most charming
al e when somebody isn't trying
ke im say something is good when
al thinks it smells. Comingore
t to make him say anything.
at nd listened to him, quite con-

The Forward Faun

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES N. DOOLITTLE

Dorothy Comingore was desperate for a good movie part and Orson Welles wanted a leading lady who could act. You have a right to expect something from that combination of circumstances



The lady above used to be Linda Winters when she was doing bits for Paramount. Now she's Dorothy Comingore—the gal on whom Orson Welles is betting in his attempt to prove he can make movies too

tent to be entertained by one of the great directors of our time. It ended with Welles escorting her to her door and departing with the words:

"God bless you, my child."

This rather startled her after her previous knowledge of Hollywood swains and she was no better pleased when the pictures of her night with the great man appeared in the public prints.

"They were captioned merely: 'Mr. and Mrs. Orson Welles at Chasen's.'" says Comingore sadly.

Welles promptly forgot her but Drake, his press agent, was pleased with the outcome of the evening, no scandals, no insults, no skirmishes. When Welles, after several centuries of preparations for pictures that were never made, finally decided on Citizen Kane, Drake kept nagging him about the Winters-Comingore lady. Welles made tests of dozens of important Hollywood stars and then finally reached Comingore. At this juncture she was engaged in a form of slavery known as making "quickies" —six days' work for a flat fee of $150 and no monkeyshines about wages and hours. Degradation could go no lower and she was not kidding herself when she showed up before Welles. However,

(Continued on page 52)



She ran around the turn of the hill. Mori ran too. He wished she wouldn't go quite so

Alien Dust

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

If Mori ever gets back to Japan he will probably tell his wife about the Chinese girl. She was pretty and very gentle—but she was not of importance in warfare

MORI wasn't sure when he first noticed the Chinese woman. She was over on the dike two paddies away and a little ahead of him. She was carrying something in both arms: not a large something, but small and wrapped in straw, as though she were cradling it from the sun.

She looked over toward him, walked on and then looked sideways again. She was too far away for him to see her face, but her body was young and slim in the blue pantaloons of a farming woman.

Mori stepped down from the gap in the village wall. His heavy soldier boots sank into the rubble of powdered bricks and shattered tiles spreading out into the fields like a dirty fan. That is, what was left of the fields. He grunted when he thought of these Chinese farmers daring to resist steel with only a wall of mud and sod.

Mori wasn't in a hurry. He walked slowly as a man does when he is lonesome and living half on memory . . . fighting, pushing on, pushing on always, men falling, other men coming, old ones, old, old . . . and then young ones from Hokkaido, from Kyushu, but never from Miyagi. Never the comforting sibilance of the Miyagi tongue. . . .

Mori came to the cart road and climbed up. It was a causeway winding through the paddies. Dry paddies they were now, growing only brown clods for crops these two years since the Japanese had come. Earth that should have been green with spring still had the color of winter. And though it was planting time and the white rice birds fluttered in the sky, no man's hand put rice in the earth.

Mori saw the Chinese woman was walking faster now on the dike. She still looked s ways at him to see what he would do. walked on the road toward the place where would come on it, and it was like walkin cushions, the yellow dust was so thick. stumbled, and yellow dust filled the air smoke. Mori hated it, this alien dust. He h yellow hills, yellow fields and yellow earth.

He closed his eyes and all he could see green—pine green, rice green, moss green the green of sea water in the cove below house. He thought of wisteria, of wild gr and of the white incense lilies that bow in wind like polite ghosts.

And when he thought of these things thought of his wife . . . so young, sweetly s missive. Mori groaned. It was two years si he had seen his wife and the walls of his ho Two years since he had seen the boy who his son.

He opened his eyes and there was the C nese woman, a little nearer now, for the d she was walking converged to meet the r Mori could see ahead where they joined. was there where the road wound behind first small hill. It wasn't far. He walked a tle faster. The woman turned and saw he quickened his pace. She ran a few steps, then eased to the same pace as his. She still ahead, but frightened now that she k he was following her.

MORI looked back toward the village wh the barracks were. No one moved on little road behind him. No one was watchi It wasn't like the main road across the val that cut through the mountains into the val beyond. That was filled with people. This v just a handcart road that went as far as foothills and lost itself in narrow ravines.

Mori cupped his hands over his eyes to st at the main road. Big vans, ammunition va moving there: three, four, five of them. . . . T last battle? Would this be it? Mori was afr to hope. For two years the officers had pro ised each battle would be the last.

Up ahead the woman rounded low bush and peeked back at him. Mori broke into jog. She dodged behind the next bush, ran the next, and around (*Continued on page* 5



George Windsor, Citizen of London

By Quentin Reynolds

CABLED FROM LONDON



WIDE WORLD

The King inspects a bombed area in southeast London. Accompanying him (hatless at left) is Ernest Bevin, minister of labor

p and no ritual. A
ng goes simply and
sively among his
–just another Briton
he best he can do

rens warned us that there was raid on, but people engaged portant war work don't stop d warnings. Sometimes, when ers are almost overhead, they shelters until the immediate ast. But not George Windsor, London.

e in Southampton just after ton had been hurt badly. A dings were still smoking. The ell of destruction hung heav- clear, crisp December air. ere four people in the first car bodied, old-fashioned limou- can travel 120 miles an hour. armored car. Armored cars tators, not for citizens of Lon- chauffeur was Corporal of liam Hawes, who had been the uffeur for several years but d up right at the beginning. s advisers were unable to dis- from driving at night during They did the next best thing. Corporal of Horse Hawes d back to his old job—they say st chauffeur in the world. His title may seem a bit incongruous but again they say that Hawes has a way with horses, too.

Beside him was Chief Inspector Henry Cameron of Scotland Yard, tall, distinguished, with a bit of a Herbert Marshall look about him; the best pistol shot in England. If you looked closely, as I did, you'd notice a slight bulge under the left side of his well-tailored coat. Herbert Morrison—small, chubby, active, seeing more with his one eye than most men see with two, sat in the back and beside him sat His Majesty King George the Sixth.

Smoke rose sullenly from the ruins of what two days ago had been a large warehouse. The royal car stopped and my car behind it stopped too. Soldiers, demolition workers, policemen gasped in amazement. They hadn't known that the King was to visit Southampton today. The King smiled a greeting and then talked to them. He didn't patronize them with fatuous comments. He asked them briskly about the tools they were using—did they have enough? Was the mobile canteen feeding them all right? How was the drinking water?

The guns began. Then we heard the drone of an airplane. The guns increased their tempo. The blue of the sky was dotted with ugly puffs where the shells were bursting. There was only one German airplane. It wasn't more than 8,000 feet up.

The black puffs encircled it. It was so low that even I could tell by its low, sharply tapered wings that it was a Heinkel 111, used both for reconnaissance work and for bombing. It came closer and now it was directly overhead. The King gave it one cursory, disinterested glance and then resumed his conversation with the workmen. The King wore no tin hat. The German aircraft above might have been a harmless gull from the near-by Atlantic. The bits of shrapnel falling from the exploding shells might have been gentle raindrops. Citizens of London take their German airplanes and their shrapnel very casually.

The People's King

There was a time when George the Sixth was only the King of England. As such he was given the respect and honor due to his high office. Nothing more. At public functions when someone called for the traditional "Three cheers for His Majesty" the cheers were given willingly enough. It is different now.

The eminence of his position and the dignity of that office necessarily isolates the King from his people. In the past they themselves have wanted it that way. He could never be one of them. He was a symbol rather than a man. Like the Houses of Parliament or St. Paul's Cathedral or the Tower, the King was a reminder of the glory of the past and like them too he was a guarantee that the future would be secure. But then the war came.

The gossip of servants spreads like quicksilver on a rock. Palace attendants whispered that His Majesty obeyed the rationing rules with the same meticulous care as did the lowliest charwoman. During those first horrible days of the night air raids, when the East End was clawed so badly, bewildered citizens whose homes had fallen about them during the night would be surprised by an early-morning visit from both the King and Queen. They expressed more than their sympathy. They were full of practical ideas. They stimulated the formation of mobile canteens. Then Buckingham Palace was bombed. The King took it as every citizen of London takes it. Gradually the King became a human being and none the less King for that. People began to shake their heads thoughtfully and say, "Now that's a good man."

When the King is in London the flag flies from Buckingham Palace. People began to notice that the flag was always there. They began to gather outside the gates to get a glimpse of him when he drove out—always in that old-fashioned limousine with large glass windows. In London we shy away from automobiles that have too much glass. But not George Windsor, citizen of London. He likes the car, and, after all, he did go through the Battle of Jutland. The noise of bombs and guns is nothing to bother an old navy man.

If you want to know how the people of England feel about their King, come along with me and spend a whole day with him. Southampton was hit two nights in succession. The King has

(Continued on page 50)



An Ac
in the Fam

By Frank I

ILLUSTRATED BY EAR

A black sheep returns to his ho and suffers a lot from kindly i

THE papers and the movie magazines and the radio say that Charles Bouvain is the mos young actor in Hollywood. I read where he football star at some university. In a magazine a about him that he studied art in Paris, France, wanted to be a painter.

Then one night, over a slug of bourbon in the showed the old man a bunch of pictures in a weekl which showed this same Charles Bouvain doing a l in and outside a big ranch house on a hill lookin Hollywood. It showed this Bouvain holding a te up in the air with a big smile on his face. Then him in a big blue-tiled swimming pool with a co girls in swimming suits that looked like they belonged to their little sisters. Then there was a Bouvain all dressed up in an army uniform for a playing in a moving picture.

The old man studied the pictures through Then he said, "Fellah kinda looks like Chuck, don

"It not only looks like Chuck," I said, "but it's that picture is showin' at the Stadium Theater night."

That's how it started. The next night me a man and Mary Brown went to the Stadium and sa ture, and Chuck was in it. We all three identifi right. It said Charles Bouvain on the screen, but man it was his son, Chuck Boone; to me it was m brother, and to Mary Brown it was a guy she used four years ago.

Mary and I drove the old man home and he bottle. "That's him," he said. "He's prettier, but t He mixed three with ice and ginger ale and I saw I hers down like it was champagne. She was in dream. "I can hardly believe it's really him," she in the movies!"

"Why not?" the old man said, "ain't he bee every other kind of trouble?"

"Well," I said, and it was a mistake. "The him was four years ago and he was climbing on freight and he was sure in a hurry."

The old man grinned and drank. "He oughta said, "with Mary's old man here right on his tail w sixteen-gauge like Chuck was a clay pigeon."

I KNEW I never should have brought that sub knew it the way she looked at me and then at th But the old man kept right on. "I don't think your have nicked him at thirty paces," he said to her.

Mary stood up slowly. I guessed what was c and stared down into my glass. "I've said it a times," she said, "but I'll say it just once more. I left the dance that night at one o'clock. We did in the storm. Everybody knows there *was* a storm bad it was. The car *did* die on us, and we *did* lake cabin, and we *did* have to stay there till mor that is *all* that happened."

I hoped the old man would leave it right the didn't. Women never scared him much. "Sure, said, "keep your feathers down. What beats Chuck run off. Shotgun or no shotgun, I'da stayed ried up with you."

It was a slick flattery, but it didn't cool her d just turned to me with a terrible little smile. "A she said, "I can't see how you can talk about Chuck he went out and amounted to something. He here in this corny little town and turn into a mechanic!"

The old man chuckled and said, *(Continued o*

"Chuck and I got caught in the storm. The c and we ran for the cabin and had to stay till r

Skiing Goes Native

By Henry L. Jackson



have changed even in the skiing business. y we imported instructors, equipment, cloth- ything but the Alps. The place was overrun ts from Austria, the Tyrol and Scandinavia. ns who showed up at Lake Placid in 1926 for winter sports, garbed very nattily in lumber- h-laced moccasin boots, got nothing but in- nickers for their pains. It wasn't long before porting the hand-knit peasant-pattern sweat- for fabulous figures.

ar altered that, along with other things. When ski garments was cut off by the blockade, an ustry sprang up to replace it. An association wives in New Hampshire was organized to and socks and soon began turning out prod- merly could be found only in Tyrol or Nor- ly is the finished garment excellent in ma- originality of the American knitters is seen atterns. As if that weren't enough, we have manufacturer supplying splendid machine e same hand-knit model.

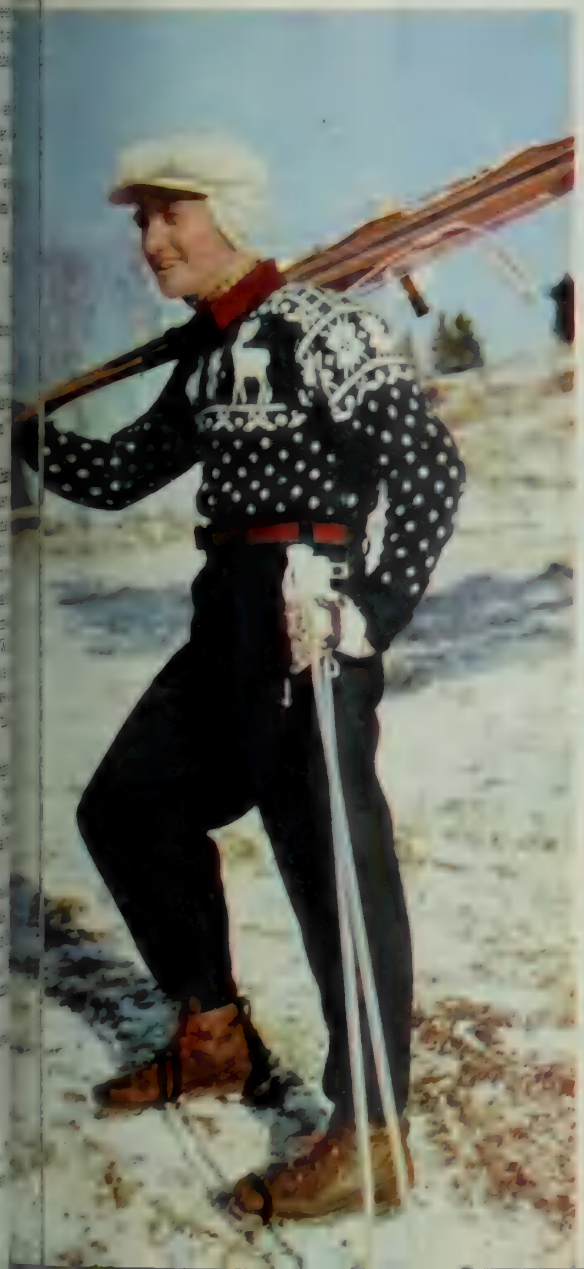
ng enthusiasm in this country mounting to a ight as well get fixed properly for it from the find the experts wearing the streamlined sers that fit into the top of the boot. The materials are gabardine and whipcords be- mooth surfaces prevent the snow from cling- . Pick a jacket that allows freedom of d is long enough to keep from riding up. The is a regular shirt made of material similar acket.

hat you need for a week end of skiing:
: wnhill trousers; tan, gray-blue or navy.
ket: Tan, gray-blue or navy; or ski shirt.
Medium-weight long-sleeved sweater: Peas- nowflake pattern, cable stitch or other fancy

key style; cap; knitted headband—white, ol or cotton flannel, plain or in bright plaid.
ar: Half sleeve cotton undershirt with long cotton drawers in natural, yellow or fire-

vo pairs, heavy wool.
s: Black or brown. Remember they fit over ocks.
ne pair of knitted gloves; one pair of wind-

n't know where to find these articles write tell you.



Mr. and Mrs. Craig Whitney relax in the imported Norwegian peasant sweaters. American manufacturers are turning them out in identical patterns. They are worn for active skiing in good weather, and under wind jackets in bad weather and for after-ski wear

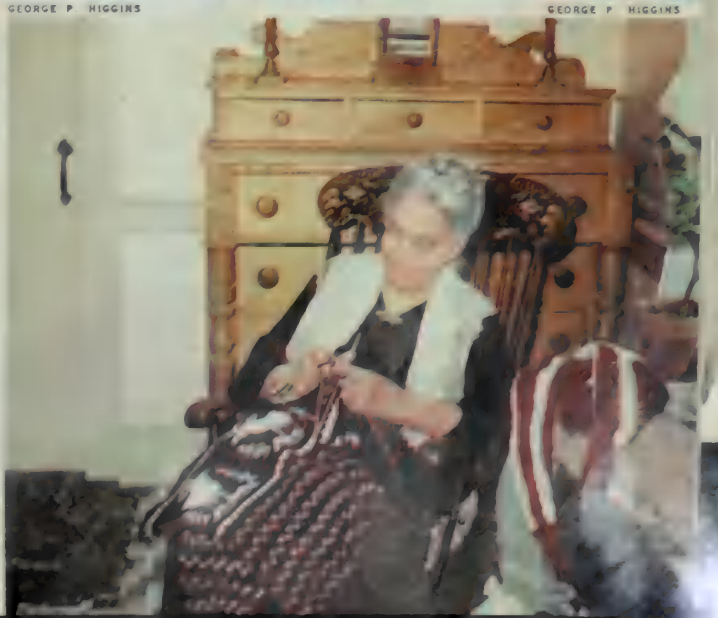
Harold Q. Hillman, right, originally of Dartmouth, member of the U. S. Olympic ski team, directs a ski school at Woodstock, Vt. Hillman wears typical instructor-type ski clothing and the new ski shirt. Jack Durrance is an advocate of firemen's red underwear



GEORGE P. HIGGINS

Jack Durrance, Eastern downhill champion, 1938, and certified instructor at the Hanover Inn Ski School, New Hampshire, found his ski legs at Dartmouth. Jack likes to ski in peasant-pattern sweater and gloves. Everything he's wearing was made in America

Mrs. Lillian P. Wolcott, eighty-five years old, pioneers in a new American craft. Farmers' wives in New Hampshire have been organized into an association to produce hand-knit sweaters and socks for various winter sports activities. The demand for them is enormous



GEORGE P. HIGGINS

They've Got the Flu!

By J. D. Ratcliff



UPSA THOMAS

No flu for this ferret despite the virus going directly into his nostrils. The newly developed vaccine will protect him

The elusive influenza bug, so small no microscope has ever detected it, seems to have met its match at last in a promising new vaccine

THE last epidemic of killing flu made grim history when it swept the earth in 1918. The next, now due, may leave a different record. For it will furnish a proving ground for a new vaccine; a vaccine that appears capable of whipping this 20th-century counterpart of the Middle Age plagues. It was discovered last spring by the Rockefeller Foundation in New York. The vaccine came into being only after a superb accident had happened; one of those accidents that come along occasionally to give a researcher a hand-up over an apparently insurmountable problem. But let's get to the scene of action.

Dr. Frank L. Horsfall, Jr.—a medical man devoting his life to research—peered through the glass door of a ferret cage. The ferret stared back, murder in its eyes. This wasn't right. The wretched animal should have had watery eyes and a runny nose; aching muscles and fever. It should have been stretched on the cage floor, sick with flu.

Horsfall, thirty-four, dark-haired, good-looking, pleasant, had infected the animal. Hands protected by heavy leather gloves, he had held up the flashing, writhing bundle of sharp claws and teeth, and carefully dropped influenza virus into its nostrils. By all the rules it should have been miserably, wretchedly, beautifully sick within a few days. But it wasn't. Either there had been a bad slip-up or something momentous had happened.

Momentous was the answer. That healthy ferret with the evil eye was the tip-off on the new vaccine. It is quite possible that this shot-in-the-arm stuff may soon be saving London's populace from something more dangerous than bombs. There is every chance that it holds the solution to history's greatest murder mystery.

Flu isn't an ordinary di... elusive, subtle and comple... connoisseur's disease. For ... isn't caused by a bacterium ... easily housebroken to labor... dures. The flu bug won't e... broth that nourishes microbe ... fever and other diseases. ... be stained pretty colors a... under the microscope.

Influenza is caused by a v... nute that it is beyond the s... the best microscopes.

To see what kind of havo... little customer can create, ... a moment back to the p... 1918-19. Possibly you've fo... terrorized people wore fl... masks; and how relief work... baskets of groceries to po... only to find that coffins were ... how people greased themse... hot lemonades and prayed— ... The black night rider slipp... barriers.

A trader took the pestile... to Point Barrow, north of the ... cle. A rust-pocked freighter, ... laborer of the seas, put in at ... Savaii, islands in the Sam... Within a few weeks a quart... populations were dead! M... studied efforts at killing, as ... by four years of world war, lo... in comparison. This sudden ... stroyed twenty million huma...

The Big Push on Fl...

After cutting its lethal sw... the earth the flu, which co... times each century, disappea... no clues—no positive medi... edge—behind. It wasn't until ... that two brilliant groups o... men, one in England, one in ... States, began to inch their w... the darkness.

One worker has suggested ... cal research is very much lik... piling boxes against a wall. It ... to see over the top only w... pieces of good, solid work ... piled one on top of the othe... fore we get back to Horsfall, ... born ferret and the million ... vaccine now in the making, let ... some of the highly interestin... the bottom of the pile.

Were we to try to put our ... the date marking the beginn... big push on flu, that date woul... That year a group of Britis... headed by Frederick Playfai... (he became Sir Frederick ... tragic death last spring) made ... of themselves in London hosp...

Laidlaw and his coworke... topher Andrews, Wilson Smi... C. Stuart-Harris—propped fl... up in their beds. Then they'd ... throats out with a syringe and ... drippings in a pan. Surely, ... soned, if the flu microbe was ... it would be in these throat wa...

Back in the Mill Hill L... maintained a few miles out o... by Britain's National Institute ... cal Research, they shot this ti... into all sorts of experimental ... rats, mice, guinea pigs and ... fabled creature of song—the ... The animals stubbornly refus... sick. Then Laidlaw had anoth... In his earlier work on canine ... —which led to the vaccine use... protect our dogs—he had emp... ferret. Possibly this miserable ... hateful to all research men b... its filth, bad temper and extr... ceptibility to disease, could be ... with flu. The group, said ... would try the nasal passages ... flu seemed to enter the human ... this route.

They knew that if this thing...

(Continued on page 48)

oodby Love

William arrett

of a man who spent years waiting for a come to her senses found that he had d two years too long

RATED BY C. C. BEALL



She was having a good time. I didn't let it worry me. She had to learn sometime

THE night that Kinlock fought Steve Russell for the middleweight championship, Julie Carthe most beautiful woman in the

were looking at her when I paher down the aisle to our seats the press section and they kept ing at her after we were settled. was just a few months past nineat night. She was blond, slender npact, with the bluest eyes in the nd a smile like a tooth-paste ad, ore human. She was a show girl looked like a show girl, but she e only woman I ever met who ook like that and still make you take her home for keeps. It was t night at the fights and she was wide-eyed at the ring, her fincking at my sleeve. I put my ver hers.

prelim was over and some peonew came around to be introA lot of people I just vaguely bered came around, too, and ot a sparkle to her like a rose rain. She did not believe that eople were coming around just to hands with me and she would en really shocked if she learned me of them really did. After all, n the champ myself and I had a ng.

the ring they were getting ready main go and the announcer introducing the celebrities: Jack ey, Gene Tunney, Jimmy Brad-Barney Ross and the usual gang hamps that you find at all the big Then they called me.

eezed Julie's hand. "This is me,

ooked at me kind of startled and e announcer was giving it to "Folks, that great champion of a great division—Jimmy, the Great Dane. . . ."

I was standing up and then I was climbing into the ring and the fans were tearing the house down. They remembered all right and it made my heart swell up a bit to know that Julie was down there listening to them go nuts over me. I took my bow and turned to the corner where Steve Russell was waiting for the gong.

STEVE was all tense and serious as a fighter always is before the gong but he gave me a half-smile and I shook his gloved hand. The last time we met in this ring, he nearly tore my head off with a left hand, but he was a clean boy and I liked him. He still had the championship that he took away from me and I was pulling for him to keep it.

"Good luck, Kid," I told him.

He nodded his head. "Thanks, Jimmy."

That was that and I crossed to the other corner. I did not know Earl Kinlock and from what I had heard and seen of him, I did not like him.

He had come out of the steel mills and some shanty town in Pennsylvania, a rough, tough, anything-goes type of mauler who had gone slick-haired and snaky the moment he got ten bucks in his pocket. He was looking at me cold-eyed as I approached, but as the ex-champ, I had to be polite. I stuck my hand out. He did not even look at my hand and he tossed the words at me before I could get my mouth open.

"Scram," he said. "You ain't wishing me a thing—and I'm going to bat that other old has-been out in t'ree rounds."

"You're talking out of your class, mug," I told him, and I left him on that. Inside I was boiling mad. I hated the hide off young upstarts who tossed their weight around and showed a lot of disrespect for the crown that they were trying to win.

By the time that I got back to my seat, though, I had cooled off. Julie was looking at the ring and she only flicked her eyes briefly to me. She didn't mention the hand that the crowd gave me.

"I'm betting on the young one," she said. "Who are you for?"

THAT "young one" crack stopped me for a second. After all, Steve hadn't hit thirty yet. Then I realized that Kinlock's twenty-four or five put him a lot closer to Julie in age and that she would naturally think that way.

"He hasn't got a chance," I said. "The Champ will ruin him."

She had her chin in the palm of her hand and her eyes slid sidewise again so that she was looking at me out of the corners. "What makes you so sure?"

The fighters were up in the center getting their instructions. I shrugged. "Steve Russell is the lad that took n

measure," I said; "the only one that ever did. I ought to know what he can do. He had his left hand in my face all evening."

Julie's voice was like a kid's. "That was so long ago," she said.

She said it so innocently that it wasn't a crack. "So long ago!" It had been two years. I had been champion for five. So what? So, if I tried to tell her about the night I won the title from Monk Gorman, I would be talking about the days when she was playing hopscotch and begging pennies for lollipops. If she was capable of thinking of such a thing, she would probably imagine me as being born in some place surrounded by Indians—and I could tell her that my folks knew Paul Revere without even making her eyebrows lift. Me and the early settlers and John L. Sullivan! I was thirty-two years old.

THE bell rang and they came gliding out. It is always pretty to see two good men come out for the first, especially if you've been in there yourself and know what it is all about. They came out very fast and Steve looked as good as he did on the night that he took me. He came right to his man and shot that left.

There never was a finer straight left in the business, but this Kinlock just faded away from it, crouched low and fired both barrels. He threw the right first and landed it under the heart, hooking with his left for the jaw.

It was all wrong and a sucker attack but he landed and Steve Russell fell into him, holding on for a moment and tying him up. Seventy-five per cent of the crowd did not know what had happened, or that anything had happened. It had been fast action and a crowd never really settles down to seeing anything until the first round is nearly over. It is different with a fighter who is watching a fight. I saw plenty.

Steve stepped away and his left flicked out. He landed three straight jabs as he retreated and then he stopped retreating and hooked. His hook was short and Kinlock moved in close and punched for the body. Kinlock was nice and loose and he had a weave that gave him leverage when he hooked. Steve was shooting his left like a drill and it looked pretty to the crowd, but he was mostly landing high—and it wasn't the same left that had taken my head off. Not by a million miles was it the same left!

The bell rang and the boys went back to their corners. Neither of them looked marked up and Steve walked with a cocky strut, but I looked at his waistline and his stomach wasn't taut the way it should be. Julie turned to me excitedly.

"I'm still betting on the young one," she said. "What's his name again?"

"It's Kinlock," I told her, "Earl Kinlock."

This time I did not argue with her about who was going to win.

Steve came out for the second with a burst of speed. He went right after Kinlock and drove him back into the ropes. He had his right cocked but he was doing his business with the left and Kinlock went into retreat, hooking for the body and not looking any too good to the crowd. Kinlock's nose was red and he did not seem to be able to get away from that jab any more than I was able to get away from it two years ago—but I knew different. I could have got away from Steve Russell's jab tonight. Watching Kinlock, I felt that *he* could. He wasn't flustered. His eyes had a calculating look. He was deliberately taking that left—and he wasn't giving Steve a single opening for the right.

Then it happened. Steve was still chasing him, still driving him back, but his left slowed just a trifle. He put more effort into shooting it. He dropped it just a shade. When he did, Earl Kinlock crossed his right.

I saw Steve's legs buckle and Kinlock was bulling into him. The boy from the steel mills was suddenly throwing leather from all angles. When Steve covered his head, Kinlock whipped hooks into his body and Steve had to grab him and hold. At the bell they were exchanging punches along the ropes and nobody had been on the floor, but the story of that fight had been written.

Steve lasted just two rounds more. He was on the floor in the fourth and in the fifth he went down twice. The second time he went down on his face and he did not even quiver when the referee threw the count at him.

Julie gripped my arm and shook it. Her voice was pitched high. "He's fascinating," she said. "Perfectly fascinating. He's so good-looking and so savage. . . ."

I swallowed hard and I could not think of a comeback. We had been watching the same fight, but she had seen a superman hammer his way to the championship of the world—and all I had seen was a so-so slugger who had slapped over the shell of a once-great fighter.

I helped her on with her coat but she did not have any eyes for me.

I took her by the arm but, before I could get her away, Hymie Foutz, who was one of Sam Menton's stooges, came barging through the crowd. "Hey, Jimmy," he said, "don't run away. Sam's throwing a party for the champ. He wants you should come. Bring the girl friend, you hear!"

He was on his way after more guests before I could answer him and tell him "No." Julie was shaking my arm. "Who is Sam?" she said.

"He's the promoter," I said. "Let's go."

"But the party. We're invited."

"Nix. It will be a brawl. I'll take you to a roof garden."

Her full lips parted a little over white teeth. "I want to go to the party," she said.

Well, that's the way it was and there wasn't anything I could do about it.

"Okay, kid," I said, "if you want to go, we'll go. But it will be a brawl."

Everybody has seen, or read about penthouses, but there never was a penthouse like Sam Menton's. It was as big as a railroad station and looked like you'd imagine a Turkish harem. It was dazzling white and there were palm trees spotted around, a hidden orchestra and several bars. Julie gasped when she saw it and she never quite got her breath back all evening. Everybody was there who did not amount to much.

TO JULIE this was a gathering of important people, but it was seven years back to the night when I won the middleweight championship and I had seen a lot of people playing the same roles in those seven years. Most of these dressed-up tramps were on the make; if they did not try to borrow money from a man who wasn't used to having any, they would try to get it away from him in "deals." They had taken a lot of mine. Julie, of course, couldn't know.

She was having a good time for the first half-hour or so. She took a drink even when I wouldn't, but if that was her idea of excitement I did not let it worry me. She had to learn some time. The mugs swarmed around her like flies around honey, but I could understand that, too. She was the most gorgeous thing that had ever stepped into Sam Menton's hippodrome of a house and they could not overlook her. Then Sam Menton came tooting over with Earl Kinlock.

"Hey, Champ," he yelled, "want you to meet the new champ. Grand boy.

(Continued on page 53)

OUR NEW ARMY

Private Lewis Schooley checked in at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, in cowboy rig. He had to wait for regulation shoes, meanwhile learning that high-heeled boots may be fine for riding but not for drill

No more spud-peeling for the lowly K.P. squad. Sergeant Williams and First Lieut. Semrod inspect the mechanical potato peeler at Fort Sam Houston. There's another gadget at this camp that slices spuds, too





Here, Collier's correspondents start to tell you what is going on in the camps in which our new fighting force of draftees and volunteers is being trained. Not all sections will be covered every time. In this issue there are reports from the South, the Southwest, the Pacific Northwest and the Pacific Southwest. Future reports will come from other sections in rotation.

First reports from Collier's correspondents give this general picture:

As the year started, housing of troops was getting better, although thousands still were living in tents heated by primitive stoves. And there was a lot of mud. The general reaction seemed to be: "Well, war's nicnic, anyway." Of actual suffering seemed little.

Food? Generally good. Reporters wrote, several instances, they preferred Army food to that offered in near-by restaurants. There was some complaint about "cafeteria service," which forced men to line up, in bad weather, for meals.

Army routine wasn't hard on the men although they still honed to get the guy who sets the bugler up. Army instructors were breaking in men by easy stages, toughening them, building them up. Sick men were hustled into hospitals and good care; they complained that, they got in, it was hard to get out—that medicos would not release them like were completely well.

Some new men, accustomed to unlimited days, thought they should have more time, but a majority accepted the demands of the job cheerfully. Recreation, in part, was getting better organized. Here are some of the high lights of the reports. Others will appear in this issue.

THE SOUTH: Draft Board No. 9, Atlanta, busy classifying questionnaires, suddenly went into executive session. Under "Dependents," a single gentleman of color had listed: "My mistress." Attached was a note: "Gentleman, I have been living with this lady for three years as my lawful wife and I intend to support her and do for her as I would my wife."

Since the draftee had accepted the lady as his wife, in a sworn document, the board accepted her as such, put her boy friend in Class 3—and duly notified the lady that she now had all the privileges of wifehood, including nagging, the right to sue for divorce and collect alimony.

Calm but progressive Albany, in southern Georgia, is getting used to airplanes; near by is a busy air-cadet training school, soon to be expanded to train 225 fliers at a clip. Up to now, the safety record is perfect.

Only near-accident was when a pupil froze to the controls of a plane. This happened at 400 feet and the chief instructor spoke feelingly about it when he came down with the pupil.

"Lucky for me I had my little disconnector along, wasn't it?" he asked, fingering a businesslike blackjack affectionately.

Georgia's Fort McPherson boasts about Frank L. Smith, Birmingham born, an automobile finance man who has the highest I.Q. in camp. He scored close to genius rating. The Camps' Induction Center is very proud of Smith and is keeping him hidden away from generals and the Fourth Corps Area Headquarters, who might be tempted to steal him.

Recently a mess officer was inspecting the food during a meal and asked I. Q. Smith if it was all right.

"Swell," said Draftee Smith.

"Hit shore is," spoke up Draftee Jones, from the mountains of North Georgia, indicating Smith, "this feller just tole me he wanted me to take some of his'n."

I. Q. Smith blushed.

Above Montgomery, Alabama, a pilot on his second solo flight got lost. Having only a one-way radio, he scribbled a note and dropped it into the town, asking the finder to call Maxwell Field and tell of his plight. The field would then locate him by instruments and radio instructions.

A small girl found the note and took it to Fox Henderson of Montgomery. He phoned the field. The field radioed the pilot. The pilot came in safely. The meticulous Air Corps thereupon sent Mr. Henderson an official note of thanks and an offer to pay for the phone call.

"Forget it," said Mr. Henderson.

If you have a friend in training at Camp Blanding and have been worrying because of the camp's reputation as a "little Siberia," you can cheer up. The place is rapidly coming out of the wilderness; it now has bus service to Jacksonville, more conveniences and a good start on an entertainment program.

●

PACIFIC NORTHWEST: At Fort Lewis, the huge camp south of Tacoma, Washington, one of the minor cogs in the machine is Corporal Tuck W. Sherman. Tuck punches holes in the classification cards—holes that signify whether the rookie has had experience as a barber, a teamster or a clerk—so that the new soldier can be put quickly into his proper niche. Corporal Sherman, who has been in the Army eight years, spent two years at Panama, getting tanned and tough. Grabbing his punch and reaching for another card, he announced:

"One punch from me and a guy's whole Army life is changed."

Old line soldiers at Fort Lewis tell you today's new trainees are good. Their explanation is that trainees are drawn from every stratum of society, instead of being "depression soldiers" or "payday soldiers" who often have been undernourished or unsuccessful in civilian life.

Sergt. Walter Hedrick, 3d Division, has served 29 years in the Army and has only the "butt" of a year to complete before retiring to a near-by farm. He fought across Siberia in the World War; was at Vera Cruz, and with Pershing on the Mexican border. Now he's a mess sergeant for trainees. New young men like Wayne Chapman, Port Orford, Oregon; W. H. Craft, Heyburn, Indiana; T. J. Byrd and Ferdinand Boris, of Billings, Montana, serve under him. Of these and others Sergeant Hedrick said:

"These are the best men I've seen in my 29 years. Mind you, you can't be cross with them. You have to be polite. They insist on it. They're gentlemen. But they're out to learn, and you don't have to tell them things twice."

First Sergt. Anton Friedrich, short, slightly bald, and red of neck from standing in the sun, has served 22 years in the Orient with the famed 15th "Can Do" Infantry, guarding the railroad from Tientsin to the sea. He's a professional soldier.

Of trainees, he says:

"You have to cater to them, all right. But they're willing, they're quick, and they'll make good soldiers. In my day, you joined the Army for adventure or something like that. But these young fellows, they've got a different slant. They're serious."

Major Robert G. McNary of Portland, Oregon, in charge of fitting men into the 272 trades and 125 service occupations the Army recognizes, found that most volunteers were teamsters and practically none cooks. One of the trainees said he was a riveter.

Major McNary made him a cook. "If he can't do anything else," said the major, "he can drill holes in doughnuts."

●

THE SOUTHWEST: Brownwood, squatting complacently on a rolling, red, mesquite-clad plain, is Texas' new military capital, the site of Camp Bowie. Six months ago the camp was nothing at all.

Today Brownwood is booming and has broken out with a rash of cheap dance halls and barbecue huts and a nightmare of tourist cabins and hastily built apartments. But the town blows few alcoholic breaths into the Texas sky. Even beer is taboo. The boys in Bowie came up against the "dry county" system and discovered that to buy a bottle of liquor you must first get a prescription, at fifty cents, from a licensed physician.

Rents are high. Five-room plain houses cost about $100 a month. Before the boom the price was $35.

To the San Antonio post come draftees and volunteers from the Texas farm and ranch country.

It's no uncommon sight to see a new man breezing into camp clad in cowboy boots and the traditional ten-gallon hat.

Before Army shoes have been issued or while he's breaking them in, the ranch-country recruit may even do his drilling shod cowboy style.

At the Dodd Field Training Ground near San Antonio, steady rains make a quagmire of new roads. Three heavy trucks bogged down.

As laborious attempts were made to free them, a lieutenant came marching by with a company of selectees—and figured it was a good chance to impress the rookies with their importance. He stopped them facing the trucks, toward which he waved a hand.

"Motorized units without the help of Infantry," were his only words. "Forward March!"

About four out of ten of the letters sent to Texas trainees are wrongly addressed. One letter writer, hearing about inadequate housing, sent a note to "John Fishback, in Bivouac, Dodd Field, Texas."

Corporal E. B. Terry, who handles most of the mail at Fort Sam Houston Reception Center, says that each recruit gets about three letters for each one he writes. During his first camp days, his outgoing letters are fat and numerous, but as the novelty wears off they become thinner and scarcer.

●

PACIFIC SOUTHWEST: The folks around Monterey, California, which is a great vegetable-, fruit- and fish-canning center, have their own term for the routine through which the Monterey Presidio puts recruits. They call it "Processing the boys."

No report of activity in the Monterey area is complete without mention of Pvt. Lewis Galliani and Zephyr. Pvt. Galliani, a San Franciscan, enlisted two months ago, was assigned to the Antitank Co., 17th Infantry, Fort Ord.

Pvt. Galliani's parents drove to Fort Ord recently to visit him. They brought along his 125-pound Great Dane, Zephyr, and when they were ready to leave camp the hound refused to get in the car. He's still there, the company mascot.

Joe thinks it would be a nice idea to have a regimental turnout some day and present Zephyr with a Croix de Grrrr.

Sleight of Heart

By Mike O'Leary

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

THE man who had been Colter The Great stared at the stage before him, where the blue-serged individual poised by the barrel of stubs, and for the first time wondered what he might do with the sedan if he won it. Not ride in it certainly, for he had not set foot in a car since that night long ago when the wreck of one had taken from him the irreplaceable Edith. He shuffled his broken shoes and dully speculated on how long it would be before the girl two seats over resumed her temporarily abated babble.

"What'd we do if we won it, hon? What'd we do, hon?"

"*One* thing"—it was the first time Colter had heard her escort do aught but mumble—"we'd sell the *old* bus and buy you that blue dress, sugah. Yes, and a coat, if we got enough. After that, we'd drive ouah fancy new sedan right back to Waco."

Wearily curious, Colter peered past the youth next to him—her husband, apparently—and looked at the girl, now the lights were on. A pretty, little thing, he saw, with hair as blond as Edith's had been, and tiny, discolored hands.

He swallowed and shut his eyes, wishing he could shut his ears, also. And shut his mind to echoes of this afternoon's words by the agent who, in the years of glory, had booked him solid, coast to coast, at incredible salaries. For the words had been poignant: "I had a call for a magician, today, Colter. Big-time stuff."

"Yes, I understand magic has made a real comeback, Ike."

"Party that came here was Al Bristol. You wouldn't know him—though he's heard of you, of course. This morning, he comes in. 'Ike,' he says. 'I'm looking for a magician.' 'Fine,' I say. 'Mystic Muldoon is at liberty, temporarily.' 'I said a *magician!*' he says. 'Not a magic-store Hermann with assembly-line illusions and mail-order patter. A magician, see?' 'How about Abdullah, the Star of Asia, then?' I say. 'That mustard-faced wop!' he sneers. 'I want a *true* magician. A sleight-man. And tops.'

" 'I had a guy like that, once!' I say. 'Colter The Great, inventor of the forefinger switch, the greatest free-hand—'

" 'Yeah, I heard about him,' Al says. 'Heard, too, he drank himself almost to death, after that accident killed his wife.'

" 'Nope,' I say, 'he didn't. Went on a big bender after he buried her, yeah. I doubt if he's touched a drop since.'

" 'Okay,' Al says. 'If he's got the stuff he usta have, I want him.'

"Well, Colter?" Ike had finished. "What do you say?"

"Why, why—I couldn't!" Colter had cried, almost hysterically.

"Why not?" Ike Lesser had said, something between pity and contempt in his eyes. "You did your stuff in here the other day!"

"I told you I'd been amusing children in park playgrounds with memory feats and simple sleights, and it seemed to me my touch was coming back," Colter had said, tremblingly. "I didn't—!"

"Colter!" Ike had interrupted. "Your touch *is* back! The stuff you did up here in the office last week was as good as you ever showed in the old days. It ain't your touch that's troublin' you—it's your nerve! Get that? Your nerve!"

"I'm sorry," Colter had said wearily. "I shouldn't have come."

"Listen, old-timer—" Lesser had thrown an arm about the shabby shoulders and the hardness had left his voice—"your wife was one of the swellest fellas that ever lived. If *you'd* died in that wreck, insteada her, she wouldn't o' quit cold like you're doin'!"

He paused, to go on; this time in his usual, cold tone, "Be here at ten, tomorra morning. Here's half a buck to eat on, tonight. If you show Al the old line, you'll be tippin' a waiter this much tomorra night!"

COLTER had shambled out, mutely. Ike didn't understand. If he had made any slips before those children, it wouldn't have mattered. But Colter The Great, in the center of a stage, superior and a trifle caustic, daring audiences to detect him, was different. Of t Like the rapid-fire, extempo banter he had maintained, now winking whimsically toward th where a blond head as high as h forever had nodded approval.

Dejected, worn with walki fighting his thoughts, he had sou theater. In a silent audience a m concentrate; get his bearings. old days he had often sat in a to catch the feel of them before stage. Sitting here tonight, he s had realized that he was catc feel of this one, too; had felt competency surging back wit wild heartbeat.

AND then this couple next to entered, disrupting concer shattering aplomb, jerking him the realization of being a nervel row bum . . . forever . . .

"He's startin' to read the hon! Oh, hon . . ."

His fingers touched the ticke pocket Touched, too, his sole ing nickel. No bed tonight, but . . . walking . . .

A voice rang from the stage: Number—Is—SIX—"

"Damn!" snapped the youth Colter. "Both ouah tickets sta nine! You don't get no blue d time, sweetheart babe!"

The girl was trying to smile; a though her unhappy spouse ha in some gallant effort, and requi solation. "I don't care about dress, hon!" she said, stroking "No, nor any old new cah, eithe you, hon, and no woman could ev more'n that, darlin' lamb!"

Her eyes dropped to the two in the boy's upturned palm, light was full on her pale blon so like a head Colter would ne get that it had brought a lump throat, earlier. But no lump wa throat, now, and through his ve flooding that once familiar s power which he had not felt fo He threw back his head and uproariously. All eyes in the turned toward him, and he revel

"Lad!" he said. "This world i people who quit without tryin of them! But *you?* You quit *looking!*"

He tapped the uppermost aut ticket in the boy's hand with b index finger, smiling into the eyes.

"Young man!" It was Colt Great, bantering an audience-stooge with kindly, yet irritatin dulgent superiority as he nodde hand holding the tickets. "Did y hear that nine can be six—if y it right side—"

He had no chance to finish. girl who had wanted a blue dr snatched some tickets from a lim and a girl who would wear that she rolled into Waco in a fancy dan that would make folks eyes was pushing a boy toward th shrieking delightedly as she And Colter had half a notion to with her. . . .

As the last of the audience trai he sat rapt, planning some rea dacious sleights for his first b appearance in fifteen years. He put them over with a smash, he re tossing away the automobile ti had palmed while substituting h For never, in his entire life, worked the forefinger switch bett he had tonight.



Wearily curious, Colter peere the youth next to him—her hu apparently—and looked at th

...w ...Train ...fense ...orkers

...enry F. Pringle

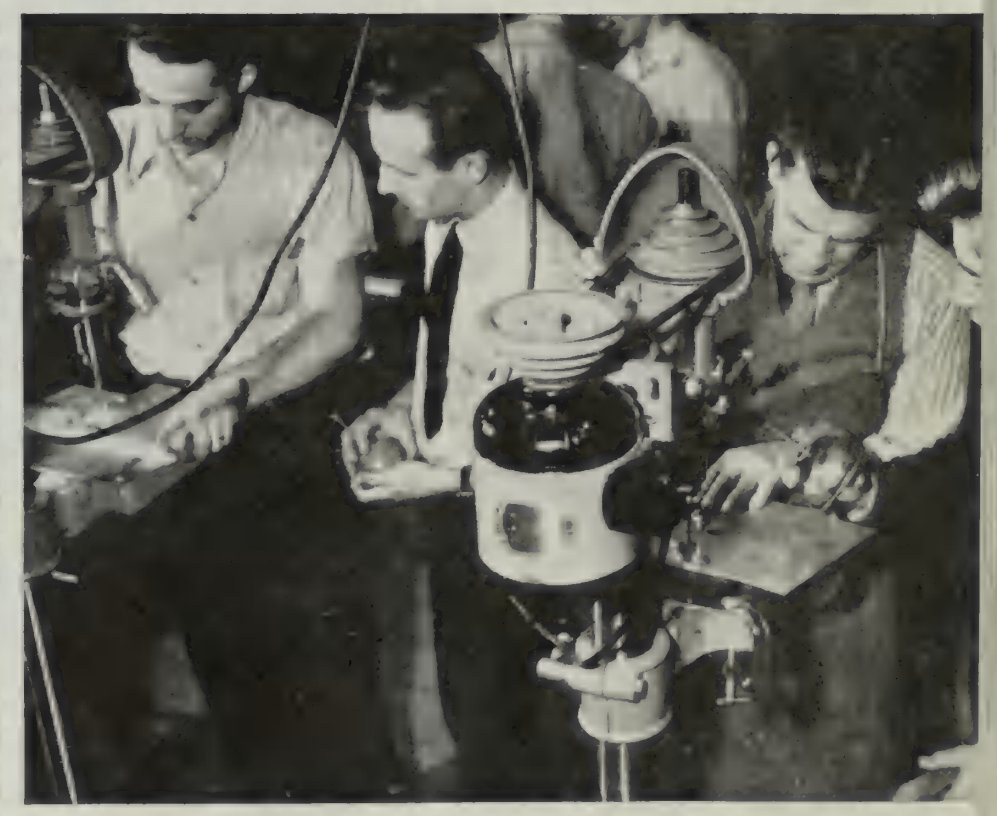
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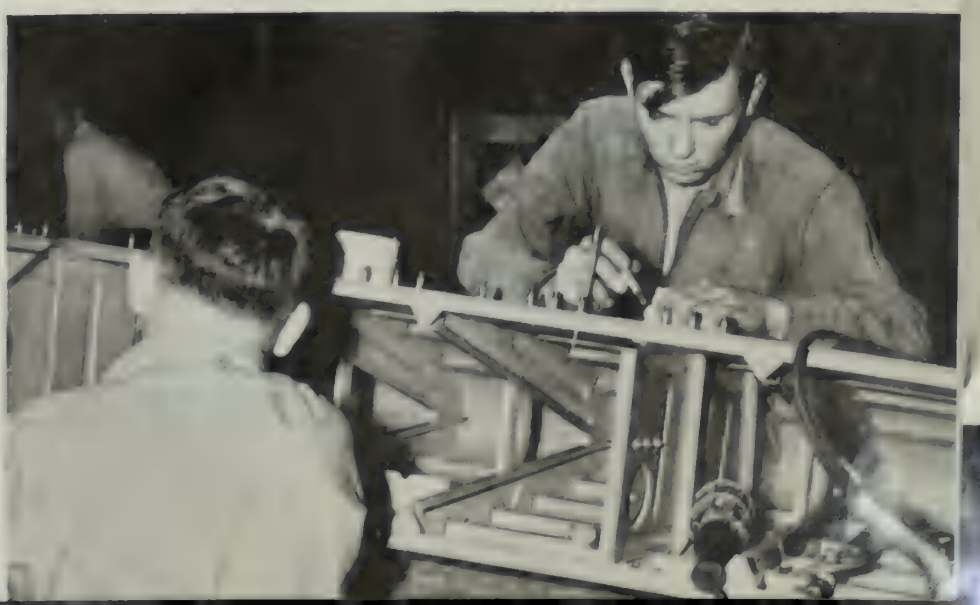
...GRAPHS FOR COL-...BY IFOR THOMAS



... Aircraft employee in-...inees in the Bridge-...ol. They'll be ready ...y jobs in five weeks

Intensive training for specific jobs is Connecticut's answer to her shortage of skilled workers. The men at the right will, in a few weeks, find themselves drilling rivet holes in plane wings





Employers prefer graduates of the Connecticut training system. The two at the right are constructing a plane wing in a Bridgeport aircraft factory

... young man waiting in the ...dgeport office of the Connecticut ... State Employment Office was nerv-...s, and he had a right to be. For a ...great many vital things depended on ...ests he was about to take. We ...all all him Joe Brown, because that ...isn't his name. Joe Brown's identity is ...not important. What matters is that he ...is typical of thousands of Connecti-...cut boys who are getting jobs in war ...and other industries because, about ...eight months ago, a group of shrewd ...Connecticut Yankees set out to lick ...unemployment.

Joe Brown, waiting for the tests that ...would show whether he could be trained ...to operate a lathe, a drill press, a mill-...ing machine or become a sheet-metal ...worker, was nervous because he was ...seventeen years old and had never ...had a real job. Second, he was en-...gaged to be married. Third, his girl ...had saved a little money and had per-...suaded him to borrow it so that he ...could pay for room and board in Bridge-...port during the five weeks of training ...he would receive if he passed the tests. ...And after the training course? Then he ...was virtually certain to be employed at ...a salary of about twenty dollars a week ...to start. Within a few months, if he ...made good, he would be getting thirty—...thirty-five dollars a week.

Dr. Reuben Swimmer, the psycholo-...gist in charge of the mechanical-apti-...tudes tests, announced that he was ready ...for Joe Brown. Working against a stop ...watch held by Dr. Swimmer, Joe was ...required to trace intricate patterns with ...a pencil, put dots in series of circles, ...and perform other tricks. The boy did ...well on these—Dr. Swimmer whispered ...to him that he was above the average. ...Joe was next led to a table where a ...bowl of cubical jigsaw puzzle awaited ...him. This was the well-known Wiggly ...block test; the point was to assemble ...the eight or ten pieces as rapidly as ...possible. Joe's nerves seemed to have ...vanished. He worked calmly and swiftly. ...Dr. Swimmer nodded with satisfaction. ...In due course, after other formalities ...and examinations, Joe Brown would be enrolled in one of the training courses being given in Bridgeport. He would go to school from eleven o'clock at night until seven o'clock in the morning—those hours being necessary because the trade schools and factories are in use at other times. He would be taught how to work sheet metal, how to rivet and how to use simple machines. He would emerge at the end of five weeks—200 hours of instruction—as a semi-skilled worker and would be employed at once by, for instance, the Vought-Sikorsky Division of the United Aircraft Corporation in its sprawling plant on the outskirts of Bridgeport.

A Lesson for Other States

Almost 300 such training-school graduates are already at work there. United Aircraft is calling loudly for more of them, and so are the other airplane, engine, machine-tool and armament plants of Connecticut. For that small state, often called the "Armory of the Nation," is booming with war orders. But Connecticut can't get enough trained men—even half-trained ones. Before the year is over conservative estimates indicate 15,000 will be needed.

Connecticut hasn't enough men, but from twenty of these training schools located in her major cities are being graduated 1,500 young men a week. The overwhelming majority are employed

(Continued on page 46)

Kid Tinsel

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



The Story Thus Far:

WHILE managing Eddie Gordon, a young middleweight fighter, Pop Mallory dies in Birmingham, Alabama. Whereupon, Pop's young daughter, Patricia ("Pat"), insists that Gordon live up to the terms of a curious contract he had signed and accept her—a girl!—as his manager. Learning of this, Joe Barton—sent to Birmingham by Max Ellison, a prominent New York fight manager, to sign Eddie up—returns to New York. Not, however, until he had shot one Nick Bellis to death near the Southern city and had a narrow escape from a possible witness (*Eddie Gordon*), who, without seeing his face, had gained possession of his *registered* revolver! . . .

Gordon goes to New York City. There, managed by Pat Mallory (whom he dislikes), he fights his way up to a match with the world's middleweight champion: Dixie Grogan. And there he makes a dangerous enemy: Joe Barton. Suspecting that the girl he loves—"Babs" Ellison, Max's daughter—is becoming infatuated with the young fighter, Barton orders Morrie Oakes, a professional killer, to "eliminate" Eddie Gordon. He tells Oakes, though, that there must be no killing until the missing revolver has been recovered. It so happens, however, that Eddie had given the weapon to Cliff Halliday, a friendly sports writer. So when Oakes tries to steal it, he cannot find it.

Puzzled, Barton has a hunch that the revolver is in Pat Mallory's bank box. A short time later, Jimmy Watson (a crooked gambler, in Barton's pay) "wins" three thousand dollars from Halliday in a poker game—and takes the sports writer's IOU for the entire amount. Then, obedient to Barton's orders, he offers to cancel the debt if Halliday (a close friend of Pat Mallory) will hand over to him a "small pearl-handled .32 revolver" that Pat (so he says) has placed in her bank box!

Certain that the revolver Watson wants and the one Eddie Gordon had given him are one and the same, Halliday confers with Eddie. He produces the revolver, and Eddie insists that he give it to Watson. Then, after jotting down the weapon's serial number, Eddie fires a bullet into a mattress—a bullet which he recovers and, later, sends to the Birmingham police. . . . Pat Mallory is secretly in love with the man she is managing. She does not care for Babs Ellison. Nor does Babs care for her. In the course of a talk with Eddie, Pat tells him that, following the Grogan fight, Babs is giving a party to which she, Halliday and Eddie are invited. Then: "Do I go or not?" she demands.

X

EDDIE shrugged. "Why do you ask me?"

"We-e-ell . . . seeing that it's planned as a celebration for the new champion . . ." Pat said.

"Sounds a bit previous. Suppose I don't win?"

She glanced at him quickly, more than a trifle disturbed by the uncertainty in his voice. "Let's don't talk that way, Eddie."

"Why not? Grogan's no pushover, and you've been reminding me that I'm not in the best of shape."

"You'll win." She spoke with a confidence she did not entirely feel. "Which brings us back to where we started. Do I attend the party—or don't I?"

He shook his head. "You'll have to answer that one."

"I'll do whatever you'd prefer."

"I haven't any preference." He wasn't hostile: merely indifferent. "I don't see any reason why you *shouldn't* go, if that's what you're asking." He looked straight at her. "Will Cliff be there?"

"Yes."

"Then go. You like him."

"And as far as you're concerned, it simply doesn't matter one way or the other?"

"You put it a bit crudely," he said, "but that's how it seems to figure out."

She sighed. "I was hoping that maybe—just this one day, Eddie . . . we might find a touch of what we ought to have."

He asked pointedly, "Why? Now look, Pat—and get it straight once and for all. You've been calling the shots ever since Pop died. There's no use pretending that I liked it, because I didn't. I don't like it now—and I never will like it. I'm handing you all credit for doing what you thought was right . . . or smart . . . but when it comes to giving three cheers, I think I'll ask to be excused."

He walked across the room and then came back to her.

"My apologies for the speech, Pat. It just seemed a good idea to set the record in order on this momentous day. As for tonight—I'd say trail along and have fun. After all, you belong. You're my manager."

MEANWHILE, in the sitting room of Joe Barton's apartment in mid-town, Mr. Morrie Oakes was pacing up and down trying to find an answer. He turned suddenly and glared at the wiry, dapper little fellow who was regarding him with colorless eyes.

"Look, Joe," burst out Morrie. "You've had that gun for twenty-four hours. So I'm askin' you: What are you waitin' for?"

Barton's voice was flat and toneless. He said, simply, "Tonight."

"Tonight . . ." Mr. Oakes never grabbed an idea on the fly, but this sank in quickly. An expression of consternation spread over his none-too-prepossessing countenance. "Holy cats!" he protested. "You ain't figurin' to ask me to knock no guy off right in the middle of Yankee Stadium, are you?"

"Don't be a prime sap. Eddie Gordon's going other places tonight. The Penguin Club, for instance."

"How do you know?" inquired Morrie.

"Because I'm flinging a party for him."

Mr. Oakes collapsed into a chair. "Well, whadaya know about that?" he inquired. "You sure got a sense of humor, Joe. That's a darb, no kiddin' . . . flingin' a party for him. So what happens after he leaves the Penguin Club?"

"Nothing," stated Joe Barton. "He isn't going to leave."

He watched the other man for a moment and then went on coldly: "That's where you step in, Morrie. You're going to be at the Penguin Club tonight all prettied up in white tie, tails—and gloves."

Morrie said, "Go ahead, Joe. Maybe I ain't gonna like this."

"You'll like it. Now . . . what about this blond babe of yours . . . what's her name?"

"Rita?" Morrie waxed enthusiastic. "She's tops."

"I don't mean that. What I'm interested in—has she got nerve, or does she fling hysterics the minute something happens?"

"Hysterics? Not her, Joe. But what's the setup?"

"It's simple—so try to grab it the first time. My party will consist of Babs Ellison and myself, Cliff Halliday and Patricia Mallory—and Eddie Gordon. We're going there right after the fight. You and Rita will be there . . . but I don't know you and you don't know me."

"I getcha so far."

"Along about one o'clock in the morning, the Penguin Club gets pretty wild. Everybody's oiled by then. They start yelling for rumbas and congas. That means plenty of drums, loud trumpets—and a crowded floor. Keep your eye on Gordon. When the music starts sizzling and he commences dancing with Mallory—you drift out with Rita. And be sure you're wearing gloves."

"Gloves? I don't get it, Joe."

"The gloves are so there won't be any fingerprints on the gun."

"What gun?"

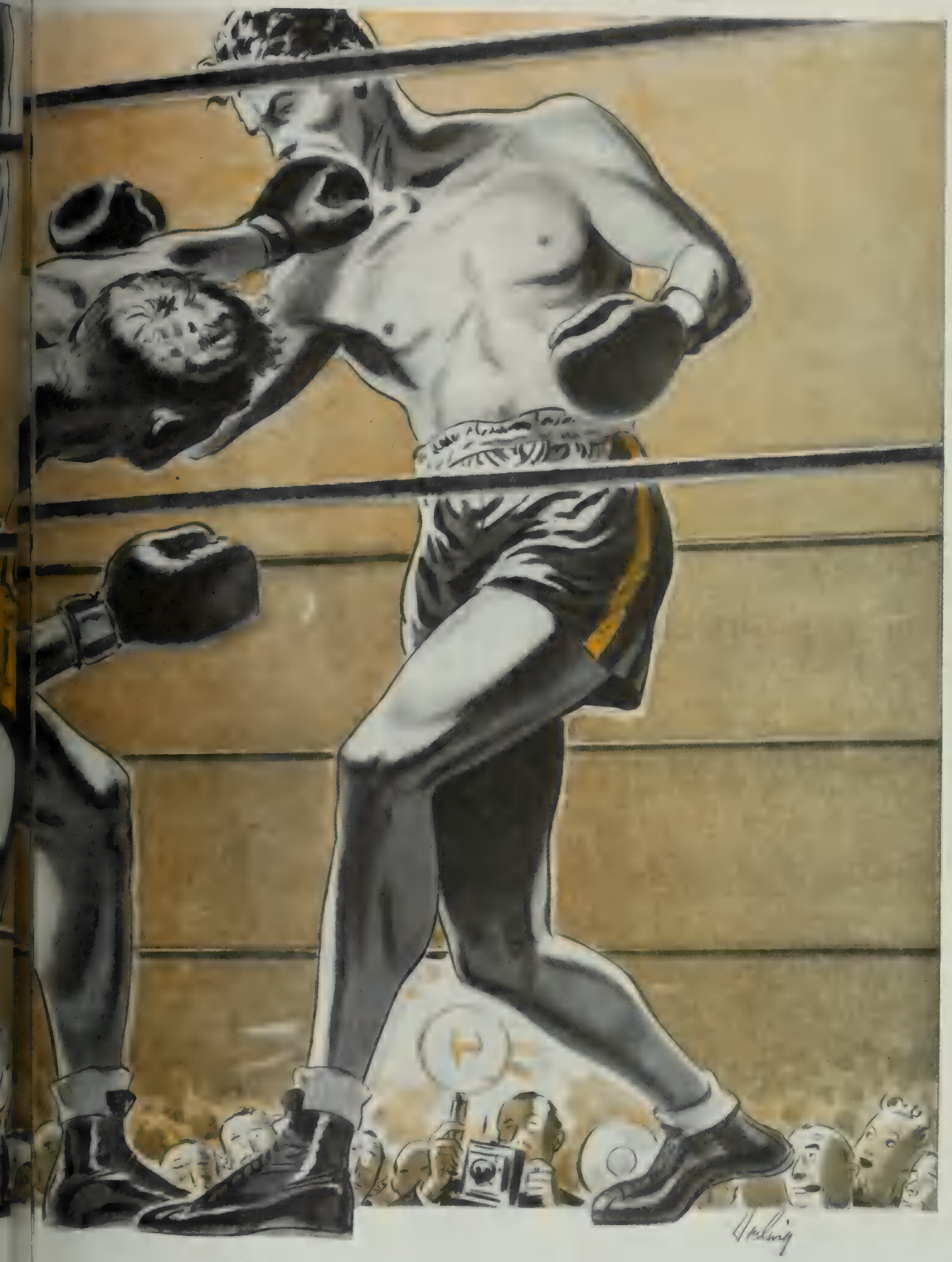
"The one you're going to shoot Eddie Gordon with."

Morrie emitted a long, low whis said, "That don't sound awful se Joe."

"It's the most sensible thing thought of. Figure it out for yo I pick the minute and give yo signal. By that time, nobody's any attention to anybody else. N Gordon nor Mallory know you o You dance close. Rita should be ing a dress that has a cape to it little fur jacket. You've got the your right hand, and that hand is a her—so you're holding the gun her cape. When you're right c Eddie, you jam the gun into his and let go."

"Wow. . . ." Mr. Oakes shook his "That takes care of Gordon, all he conceded. "But how do I ma getaway?"

"You don't. The minute you fi



This left of Dixie's was as fast as the striking of a rattler. It kept snapping into his face so that his head would bob back and he'd be thrown badly off balance

—y drop it. If possible, you kick
ros he floor. Nobody will be look-
at y . They won't know where the
ca from. They'll hear it . . . and
'll e Gordon fall. You just stick
the crowd. It might be a good idea
em e the gloves. Tell Rita to
am er head off—just like all the
r d nes will be doing. So who's to
v y were mixed up in it at all?"
Nob dy . . ." Morrie's eyes shone
ad iration. "You sure got a head
our houlders, Joe. You got it fig-
l d n fine."
You aid it. There isn't one bug in
who scheme, Morrie. Even those
kn w I don't like Gordon—they
dn' uspect me because I'm Eddie's
: I' the guy who's throwing the big
y fo him. *You're* as safe as I am."
Yea . . . maybe . . ." Morrie seemed
fle ibious.

"There isn't any 'maybe' about it. You're a bad egg, Morrie—but lucky. You haven't got any police record so even if some eagle-eye spots you in that room, they've got nothing to hold you on. It's a simple job, and there's ten grand in it for you."

Mr. Oakes nodded. "That's lotsa dough," he admitted. "I'll do it."

"Sure you will." Joe Barton's voice was cold. "Not only for the money, but also because I've got plenty on you if I ever want to remember it." The younger man uncrossed his legs and stood up. "You've got it all straight, have you, Morrie?"

"Yep."

"And Rita won't crab it?"

"She's aces." Morrie scratched his head. "I'll be watchin' you close, Joe. . . ."

"Correct." Barton's thin lips stretched into a smile that was not pleasant. "But don't start anything until I give you the signal."

THE two clean-limbed young men met at the office of the boxing commission. Dixie Grogan was slightly taller than Eddie, and his muscles were bulgier. His sandy hair was in sharp contrast to that of his opponent, his nose was flat, and his gray eyes bore scars at the corners.

He moved to the middle of the circle of attendants and officials and held out his hand. He said, "Hello, Gordon."

Eddie smiled. "'Lo, Dixie," he said.

The champion eyed the nude figure of his opponent with approval. "You're looking fit," he complimented.

"You, too, Champ. We ought to have fun tonight."

"Sure. We'll give the crowd what they're payin' for."

The photographers crowded in. Dixie and Eddie posed: shaking hands, with bare fists clenched, smiling, scowling. That done, they grinned at each other in the friendliest fashion, and Eddie said, "It's a lot of malarkey, but the public likes it."

They stepped on the scales and the weights were officially checked: Grogan 159, Gordon 157¾. A puffy little doctor hustled up with a stethoscope and clapped it against Eddie's body. Feets Johnson regarded the proceedings with some contempt. "Shuh, Doc," he commented, "you ain't gwine git no wrong numbers on that telephone."

The physical examination was thorough but brief; both fighters were given official okays. Once again they shook hands. Eddie said, "Good luck, Dixie," and Grogan grinned, "Same to you, Eddie. I'll be seein' you later."

That was that. Eddie shrugged into the robe which the ubiquitous Feets held out for him, and started toward the room in which he had undressed.

A pudgy little man with moonlike face and placid gray eyes stopped him. Max Ellison said, "Got a minute to spare, Eddie?"

"Sure . . . certainly." Eddie gestured to Feets. "You run along," he ordered. "I'll join you."

"A'right, suh. But don't you go catchin' yo'se'f no cold."

Max beamed on the young fighter and led him into a corner of the room. "You seem to be in pretty good shape, Eddie."

"Yes . . . I'm all right."

Max shook his head. "I'm afraid," he commented candidly, "that this is my last day as manager of the world's middleweight champion."

Eddie smiled. "You seem to have an awful lot of confidence in me."

"I have. Dixie is a good boy, but he isn't *that* good."

"You're a queer one, Mr. Ellison. You'd think—to hear you talk—that you were rooting for me to win."

"You'd think wrong. Personally, I'd like nothing better than to see you get your ears pinned back. But what I want and what I'll get are two different things."

Eddie said, "Thanks. You know, I'm sorry we never got together. You've done things I wasn't crazy about . . . that frame-up you tried on Miss Mallory, for instance—"

"You still think I engineered that?"

"Sure. What's the use of trying to kid me? You did it, and it was one hundred per cent lousy. I didn't like it then, and I don't like it now. But I'm fair enough to admit that I asked for it by checking in with your idea in the first place. So it's at least half my fault, for which I'm plenty sorry. Besides—" and he smiled—"it didn't work."

"It certainly didn't. Which means that you and I will probably never play in the same league. Your Miss Mallory is much too smart for an old codger like me."

Eddie frowned at that. "Why are you so sure?"

(Continued on page 35)

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

AT THE Jolly Roger, an old hotel on an English south-coast island, Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian criminal investigator, observes that everyone is nervous, apprehensive. And presently he learns what is wrong: Two of the guests—Kenneth Marshall's wife, Arlena, and Christine Redfern's husband, Patrick—are having an "affair," and trouble is expected.

In the hotel and on the beach that lies below it, Poirot sees much of the Marshalls. He has daily chats with the other guests—among them: Miss Emily Brewster, an old maid; the Reverend Stephen Lane, a religious fanatic; two Americans—Mrs. Odell Gardener and her husband; Major Barry, a colossal bore; Rosamund Darnley (who had once been in love with Kenneth Marshall); and Horace Blatt. . . .

One warm August morning, Poirot goes to the beach. Arlena Marshall is there. She asks a favor of Poirot—that he tell no one he has seen her. Then, climbing on a small float, she paddles away. That same morning, "Pat" Redfern and Miss Brewster, out for a jaunt in a rowboat, find her body on the beach at Pixy Cove—she has been strangled to death!

Inspector Colgate, Chief Constable Weston and Poirot go to work on the case at once. Kenneth Marshall (the most obvious suspect) has an alibi—at the time of the murder he had been in his room, typing letters. Feeling sure that a man, *a powerful strangler,* had killed Arlena, Colgate, Weston and Poirot question a series of persons: Linda Marshall, Kenneth Marshall's daughter by his first wife (who supplies Christine with an excellent alibi by testifying that she and Christine had spent the entire morning of that tragic August day at near-by Gull Cove); Patrick Redfern (who admits that he was "crazy" about Arlena, and still loves his wife); and Christine Redfern.

Christine characterizes Arlena as "the sort of woman who would be mixed up with everything sordid: blackmail—jealousy—violence."

Weston says quietly, "Why did you mention the word *blackmail?*"



VI

CHRISTINE stared at West
seeming at once to take i
he meant. She answered
mechanically: "I suppose—becau
was being blackmailed. She was t
of person who would be."

"But," Colonel Weston said ea
"do you know she was being
mailed?"

A faint color rose in the girl's
She said rather awkwardly, "As
ter of fact, I do happen to know i
overheard something."

"Will you explain, Mrs. Redfe

Flushing still more, Christine
fern continued: "I—I didn't m
overhear. It was an accident.
two—no, three nights ago. W
playing bridge." She turned
Poirot. "You remember? My h
and I, M. Poirot and Miss Dar
was dummy. It was very stuffy
card room, and I slipped out of th
dow for a breath of fresh air.
down toward the beach and I su
heard voices. One—it was Arlen
shall's—I knew it at once—said,
good pressing me. I can't get an
money now. My husband will s
something.' And then a man's voic
'I'm not taking any excuses. You
to cough up.' And then Arlena M
said, 'You blackmailing brute!' A
man said, 'Brute or not, you'll p
my lady.'"

Christine paused. "I'd turned
and a minute after Arlena M
rushed past me. She looked
frightfully upset."

Weston said, "And the man? I
know who he was?"

Christine Redfern shook her
She said, "He was keeping his voi
I barely heard what he said."

"It didn't suggest the voice to
anyone you knew?"

She thought again, but once
shook her head. "No, I don't kn
was gruff and low. It—oh, it migh
been anybody's."

Colonel Weston said, "Thank
Mrs. Redfern."

WHEN the door had closed
Christine Redfern, Inspector C
said:

"Now we are getting somewhere

"You think so, eh?" Weston sa

"Well, it's suggestive, sir, you
get away from it. Somebody i
hotel was blackmailing the lady.

Poirot murmured, "But it is n
wicked blackmailer who lies dead
the victim."

"That's a bit of a setback, I a
said the inspector. "Blackmailers
in the habit of bumping off their vi
But what it does give us is this,
gests a reason for Mrs. Marshall's
ous behavior this morning. She
rendezvous with this fellow wh
blackmailing her, and she didn't
either her husband or Redfern to
about it."

"It certainly explains that
agreed Poirot.

Inspector Colgate went on: "Anc
of the place chosen. The very sp

(Continued on page 29)

**"I was reading. Of course I lo
up from my book from time to
but the sea was quite bare each**

Hurry, hurry... there's exciting news about "the world's best peas!"



1. **There has been** a bumper crop of succulent Birds Eye Peas! (Millions insist they're the best-tasting peas in all this world). Birds Eye, being good business people, naturally want to sell them quickly as possible. So-o-o-o . . .



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With men who know tobacco best—It's Luckies 2 to

Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 26

pose. The lady goes off on her hat's natural enough. It's what s every day. She goes around to ove where no one ever goes in ning and which will be a nice ace for an interview."

t said, "But yes, I, too, was y that point. It is, as you say, an ot for a rendezvous. It is de- t is only accessible from the land descending a vertical steel lad- ich is not so easy to do. More- st of the beach is invisible from ecause of the overhanging cliff. as another advantage. Mr. Red- d me of that one day. There is on it, the entrance to which is to find but where anyone could een."

n said, "Of course, the Pixy's emember hearing about it."

n't heard it spoken of for years, Inspector Colgate said. "We'd ave a look inside it. Never e might find a pointer of some

n said, "Yes, you're right, Col- 've got the solution to part one uzzle. *Why did Mrs. Marshall ixy Cove?* We want the other hat solution, though. *Who did there to meet?* Presumably staying in this hotel. None of ted as a lover—but a black- a different proposition."

ew the register toward him.

uding the waiters, boots, etc., don't think likely, we've got the g: The American—Gardener, arry, Mr. Horace Blatt and the d Stephen Lane."

SPECTOR COLGATE said, "We arrow it down a bit, sir. We lmost rule out the American, I He was on the beach all the . That's so, isn't it, M. Poirot?"

replied, "He was absent for a ne when he fetched a skein of his wife."

well," Colgate said, "we needn't at."

what about the other three?" said.

or Barry went out at ten o'clock ning. He returned at one-thirty. e was earlier still. He break- t eight. Said he was going for a Mr. Blatt went off for a sail at rty, same as he does most days. of them are back yet."

il, eh?" Colonel Weston's voice htful.

tor Colgate's voice was respon- e said, "Might fit in rather well,

," Weston said, "we'll have a th this major bloke—and let me o else is there? Rosamund . And there's the Brewster who found the body with Red- hat's she like, Colgate?"

a sensible party, sir. No non- out her."

didn't express any opinions on th?"

Inspector shook his head. "I don't e'll have anything more to tell but we'll have to make sure. ere are the Americans."

Colonel Weston nodded. He said: et's have 'em all in and get it over as possible. Never know, might mething. About the blackmail- t if about nothing else."

Mr. nd Mrs. Gardener came into the e of authority together.

Mrs Gardener explained immedi- ly: I hope you'll understand how it Colonel Weston—that is the name, I Reassured on this point she went on: "But this has been a very bad shock to me, and Mr. Gardener is always very, very careful of my health—"

Mr. Gardener here interpolated. "Mrs. Gardener," he said, "is very sensitive."

"And he said to me, 'Why, Carrie,' he said, 'naturally I'm coming right along with you.' It's not that we haven't the highest admiration for British police methods because we have. I've been told that British police procedure is most refined and delicate and I've never doubted it and certainly when I once had a bracelet missing at the Savoy Hotel nothing could have been more lovely and sympathetic than the young man who came to see me about it, and, of course, I hadn't really lost the bracelet at all, but just mislaid it, that's the worst of rushing about so much, it makes you kind of forgetful where you put things." Mrs. Gardener paused, inhaled gently and started off again: "And what I say is, and I know Mr. Gardener agrees with me, that we're only too anxious to do anything to help the British police in every way. So go right ahead and ask me anything at all you want to know—"



"Don't gimme none o' that!! I don't care who yuh know!! I wouldn't care if yuh was the mayor's uncle! See?! Gimme yuh operator's license!! . . . That's what I shoulda said t' that guy!"

JAY IRVING

Colonel Weston opened his mouth to comply with this invitation but had momentarily to postpone speech while Mrs. Gardener went on:

"That's what I said, Odell, isn't it? And that's so, isn't it?"

"Yes, darling," said Mr. Gardener.

Colonel Weston spoke hastily: "I understand, Mrs. Gardener, that you and your husband were on the beach all morning?"

For once Mr. Gardener was able to get in first. "That's so," he said.

"Why certainly we were," said Mrs. Gardener. "And a lovely, peaceful morning it was, just like any other morning if you get me, perhaps even more so, and not the slightest idea in our minds of what was happening around the corner on that lonely beach."

"Did you see Mrs. Marshall at all today?"

"We did not. And I said to Odell, 'Why, wherever can Mrs. Marshall have got to this morning?' I said. And first her husband coming looking for her and then that good-looking young man, Mr. Redfern, and so impatient he was, just sitting there on the beach scowling at everyone and everything. And I said to myself, 'Why, when he has that nice, pretty little wife of his own, must he go running after that dreadful woman?' Because that's just what I felt she was. I always felt that about her, didn't I, Odell?"

"Yes, darling."

The lips of Hercule Poirot quivered in a little smile. His eyes met for a minute the shrewd, gray eyes of Mr. Gardener.

Colonel Weston said rather desperately, "Well, thank you, Mrs. Gardener. I suppose there's nothing that either of you has noticed since you've been here that might have a bearing upon the case?"

"Why, no, I don't think so." Mr. Gardener spoke with a slow drawl. "Mrs. Marshall was around with young Redfern most of the time—but everybody can tell you that."

"What about her husband? Did he mind, do you think?"

Mr. Gardener said cautiously, "Captain Marshall is a very reserved man."

Mrs. Gardener confirmed this by saying, "Why, yes, he is a real Britisher!"

ON THE slightly apoplectic countenance of Major Barry various emotions seemed contending for mastery. He was endeavoring to look properly horrified but could not subdue a kind of shamefaced gusto. He was saying in his hoarse, slightly wheezy voice:

"Glad to help you any way I can. Course I don't know anythin' about it—nothin' at all. Not acquainted with the parties. But I've knocked about a bit in my time. Lived a lot in the East, you know. And I can tell you that after being in an Indian hill station what you don't know about human nature isn't worth knowin'."

He paused, took a breath and was off again:

"Matter of fact, this business reminds me of a case in Simla. Fellow called Robinson, or was it Falconer? Anyway, he was in the East Wilts or was it the North Surreys? Can't remember now and anyway it doesn't matter. Quiet chap, you know, great reader—mild as milk you'd have said. Went for his wife one evening in their bungalow. Got her by the throat. She'd been carryin' on with some feller or other and he'd got wise to it. By Jove, he nearly did for her! It was touch and go. Surprised us all! Didn't think he had it in him."

Hercule Poirot murmured, "And you see there an analogy to the death of Mrs. Marshall?"

"Well, what I mean to say—strangled, you know. Same idea. Feller suddenly sees red!"

"You think," Poirot said, "that Captain Marshall felt like that?"

"Oh, look here, I never said that." Major Barry's face went even redder. "Never said anything about Marshall. Thoroughly nice chap. Wouldn't say a word against him for the world."

Colonel Weston stirred a little restively. He said, "You don't know of anything—that you've seen or noticed that might help us in this case?"

"Well, really, Weston, I can't say I do. Saw her and young Redfern one afternoon on Gull Cove"—here he winked knowingly and gave a deep, hoarse chuckle—"very pretty it was, too. But it's not evidence of that kind you're wanting. Ha, ha."

"You did not see Mrs. Marshall at all this morning?"

"Didn't see anybody this morning. Went over to St. Loo. Just my luck. Sort of place here where nothin' happens for months and when it does you miss it!"

THE major's voice held a ghoulish regret. Colonel Weston prompted him: "You went to St. Loo, you say?"

"Yes, wanted to do some telephonin'. No telephone here and that post-office place at Leathercombe Bay isn't very private."

"Were your telephone calls of a very private nature?"

The major winked again cheerfully. "Well, they were and they weren't. Wanted to get through to a pal of mine and get him to put somethin' on a horse. Couldn't get through to him, worse luck."

"Where did you telephone from?"

"Call box in the G.P.O. at St. Loo. Then on the way back I got lost—these confounded lanes—twistin' and turnin' all over the place. Must have wasted an hour over that at least. Damned confusing part of the world. I only got back half an hour ago."

Colonel Weston said, "Speak to anyone or meet anyone in St. Loo?"

Major Barry said with a chuckle, "Wantin' me to prove an alibi? Can't think of anythin' useful. Saw about fifty thousand people in St. Loo—but that's not to say they'll remember seein' me."

The chief constable said, "We have to ask these things, you know."

"Right you are. Call on me at any time. Glad to help you. Very fetchin' woman, the deceased. Like to help you catch the feller who did it. The Lonely Beach Murder—bet you that's what the papers will call it. Reminds me of the time—"

It was Inspector Colgate who firmly nipped this latest reminiscence in the bud and maneuvered the garrulous major out of the door.

Coming back, he said, "Difficult to check up on anything in St. Loo. It's the middle of the holiday season."

The chief constable said:

"Yes, we can't take him off the list. Not that I seriously believe he's implicated. Dozens of old bores like him going about. Remember one or two of



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them in my army days. Still—he's a possibility. I leave all that to you, Colgate. Check what time he took the car out—petrol—all that. It's humanly possible that he parked the car somewhere in a lonely spot, walked back here and went to the cove. But it doesn't seem feasible to me. He'd have run too much risk of being seen."

Colgate nodded. He said, "Of course, there are a good many charabancs here today. Fine day. They start arriving around about half past eleven. High tide was at seven. Low tide would be about one o'clock. People would be spread out over the sands and the causeway."

"Yes," Weston said. "But he'd have to come up from the causeway past the hotel."

"Not right past it. He could branch off on the path that leads up over the top of the island."

Weston said doubtfully, "I'm not saying that he mightn't have done it without being seen. Practically all the hotel guests were on the bathing beach except for Mrs. Redfern and the Marshall girl who were down in Gull Cove, and the beginning of that path would only be overlooked by a few rooms of the hotel and there are plenty of chances against anyone looking out of those windows just at that moment. For the matter of that, I dare say it's possible for a man to walk up to the hotel, through the lounge and out again without anyone happening to see him. But what I say is, he couldn't *count* on no one seeing him."

"He could have gone around to the cove by boat," said Colgate.

Weston nodded. He said, "That's much sounder. If he'd had a boat handy in one of the coves near by, he could have left the car, rowed or sailed to Pixy Cove, done the murder, rowed back, picked up the car and arrived back with this tale about having been to St. Loo and lost his way—a story that he'd know would be pretty hard to disprove."

"You're right, sir."

"Well, I leave it to you, Colgate," the chief constable said. "Comb the neighborhood thoroughly. You know what to do. We'd better see Miss Brewster now."

EMILY BREWSTER was not able to add anything of material value to what they already knew.

Weston said, after she had repeated her story, "And there's nothing you know of that could help us in any way?"

"Afraid not," Emily Brew
shortly. "It's a distressing
However. I expect you'll soon
bottom of it."

Weston said, "I hope so too

"Ought not to be difficul
Brewster said dryly. That w
a bad lot through and throug
only got to hunt around a bit
savory past."

Hercule Poirot said gently,
not like her?"

"I know a bit too much abou
answer to the inquiring looks
on: "My first cousin married
Erskines. You've probably
that woman induced old S
when he was in his dotage to
of his fortune to her away fro
family."

Colonel Weston said, "And
ily—er—resented that?"

"Naturally. His associatio
was a scandal anyway, and
that to leave her a sum like
sand pounds shows just the
woman she was. I dare say I s
but in my opinion the Arlena
this world deserve very little
Look at the way she was ruin
Redfern!" She paused. "I
can't have any regret for her

"And you think the murd
someone out of her past?"

"Yes, I do."

"Someone who came from
land with no one seeing him?"

"Why should anyone see
were all on the beach. I g
Marshall child and Christine
were down on Gull Cove out o
Captain Marshall was in his
the hotel. Then who on earth
to see him except possibly M
ley?"

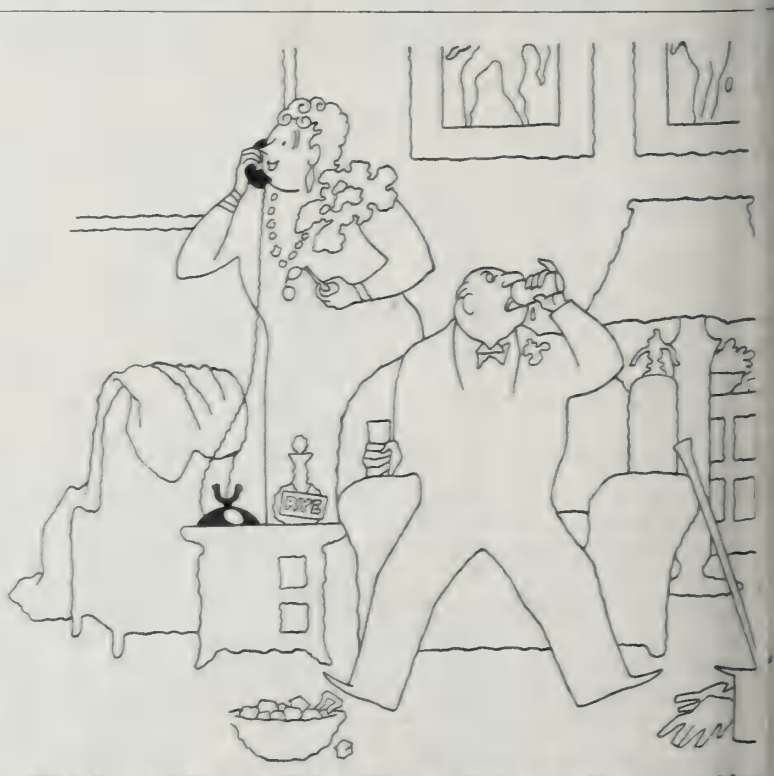
"Where was Miss Darnley?"

"Sitting up on the cutting a
of the cliff. Sunny Ledge it's c
saw her there, Mr. Redfern an
we were rowing around the is

Colonel Weston said, "You
right, Miss Brewster."

"I'm sure I'm right. When a
neither more nor less than a na
then she herself will provide
possible clue. Don't you agree
M. Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot looked up.
met her confident gray ones.
"Oh, yes—I agree with that w
have just this minute said. Arle



"He's busy right now. He's getting ready to go to the opera with n

erself is the best, the only clue, e own death."

Brewster said sharply, "Well,

tood there, an erect, sturdy fig- cool, self-confident glance going e man to the other.

may be sure, Miss Brewster."

olonel Weston, "that any clue ay be in Mrs. Marshall's past life be overlooked."

y Brewster went out.

ctor Colgate shifted his position table. He said in a thoughtful She's a determined one, she is. e'd got her knife into the dead roper, she had." He stopped e and added reflectively: "It's a a way that she's got a cast-iron r the whole morning. Did you er hands, sir? As big as a man's. 's a hefty woman—as strong and r than many a man I'd say. . . ."

aused again. His glance at Poi- almost pleading. "And you say er left the beach this morning, ot?"

y Poirot shook his head. He My dear Inspector, she came the beach before Mrs. Marshall ave reached Pixy Cove and she in my sight until she set off with lfern in the boat."

ctor Colgate said gloomily, hat washes her out."

emed upset about it.

LWAYS, Hercule Poirot felt a ke sense of pleasure at the sight of nd Darnley. Even to a bare po- iry into the ugly facts of murder ught a distinction of her own. down opposite Colonel Weston ned a grave and intelligent face

said, "You want my name and ? Rosamund Anne Darnley. I a dressmaking business under ne of Rose Mond Ltd. at 622 treet."

k you, Miss Darnley. Now can us anything that may help us?"

don't really think I can."

r own movements—"

d breakfast about nine thirty. went up to my room and col- ome books and my sunshade and t to Sunny Ledge. That must en about twenty-five past ten. I ack to the hotel about ten min- welve, went up and got my ten- et and went out to the tennis here I played tennis until lunch

were in the cliff recess, called hotel Sunny Ledge, from about ast ten until ten minutes to

"

you see Mrs. Marshall at all this

you see her from the cliff as she her float around to Pixy Cove?"

she must have gone by before I e."

you notice anyone on a float or at at all this morning?"

I don't think I did. You see I ding. Of course I looked up from k from time to time but as it hap- he sea was quite bare each time

didn't even notice Mr. Redfern iss Brewster when they went

were, I think, acquainted with arshall?"

tain Marshall is an old family His family and mine lived next each other. I had not seen him, r, for a good many years—it e something like twelve years."

Mrs. Marshall?"

never exchanged half a dozen words with her until I met her here."

"Were Captain and Mrs. Marshall, as far as you knew, on good terms with each other?"

"On perfectly good terms, I should say."

"Was Captain Marshall very devoted to his wife?"

Rosamund said, "He may have been, I can't really tell you anything about that. Captain Marshall is rather old-fashioned—he hasn't got the modern habit of shouting matrimonial woes upon the housetop."

"Did you like Mrs. Marshall, Miss Darnley?"

"No."

The monosyllable came quietly and evenly. It sounded what it was—a simple statement of fact.

"Why was that?"

A half-smile came to Rosamund's lips. She said, "Surely you've discovered that Arlena Marshall was not popular with her own sex? She was bored to death with women and showed it. Nevertheless, I should like to have had the dressing of her. She had a great gift for clothes. Her clothes were always just right and she wore them well. I should like to have had her as a client."

"She spent a good deal on clothes?"

"She must have. But then she had money of her own and, of course, Captain Marshall is quite well off."

"Did you ever hear or did it ever occur to you that Mrs. Marshall was being blackmailed, Miss Darnley?"

A look of intense astonishment came over Rosamund Darnley's expressive face. She said, "Blackmailed? Arlena?"

"The idea seems to surprise you."

"Well, yes, it does rather. It seems so incongruous."

"But surely it is possible?"

"Everything's possible, isn't it? The world soon teaches one that. But I wondered what anyone could blackmail Arlena about?"

"There are certain things, I suppose, that Mrs. Marshall might be anxious should not come to her husband's ears?"

"We-ll, yes."

She explained the doubt in her voice by saying with a half-smile, "I sound skeptical, but then, you see, Arlena was rather notorious in her conduct. She never made much of a pose of respectability."

"You think, then, that her husband was aware of her—intimacies with other people?"

THERE was a pause. Rosamund was frowning. She spoke at last in a slow, reluctant voice. She said, "You know, I don't really know what to think. I've always assumed that Kenneth Marshall accepted his wife, quite frankly, for what she was. That he had no illusions about her. But it may not be so."

"He may have believed in her absolutely?"

Rosamund said with semiexasperation, "Men are such fools. And Kenneth Marshall is unworldly under his sophisticated manner. He *may* have believed in her blindly. He may have thought she was just—admired."

"And you know of no one—that is you have heard of no one who was likely to have had a grudge against Mrs. Marshall?"

Rosamund Darnley smiled. She said, "Only resentful wives. And I presume, since she was strangled, that it was a man who killed her."

"Yes."

Rosamund said thoughtfully, "No, I can't think of anyone. But then I probably shouldn't know. You'll have to ask someone in her own intimate set."

"Thank you, Miss Darnley."

Rosamund turned a little in her chair. She said, "Hasn't M. Poirot any questions to ask?"

Her faintly ironic smile flashed out at

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Dorne



Lil: Arthur—that's a horse, not a hearse! Put some *pep* in it!
Art: Aw, Lil! I didn't wanta be an actor.



Aunt Patty: Lil, it's a plain case of no *pep appeal!* I'll bet he doesn't get all his *vitamins*. Come over to my house and I'll show you lesson number one—a lesson entitled "KELLOGG'S PEP."



Aunt Patty: And don't let him forget it, Lil! Right in that crisp wheat-flake cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-rich sources of *two of the most important vitamins*, the ones our diets are most likely to be deficient in, vitamins B_1 and D.
Art: Holy smoke, Auntie! It's *delicious!* Why haven't you told us about it before?



Art: You know, KELLOGG'S PEP and those other vitamin foods she told us about might make a lot of difference in me!
Lil: From now on, my handsome hero, you're going to be the most vitaminized man in Suffolk county!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

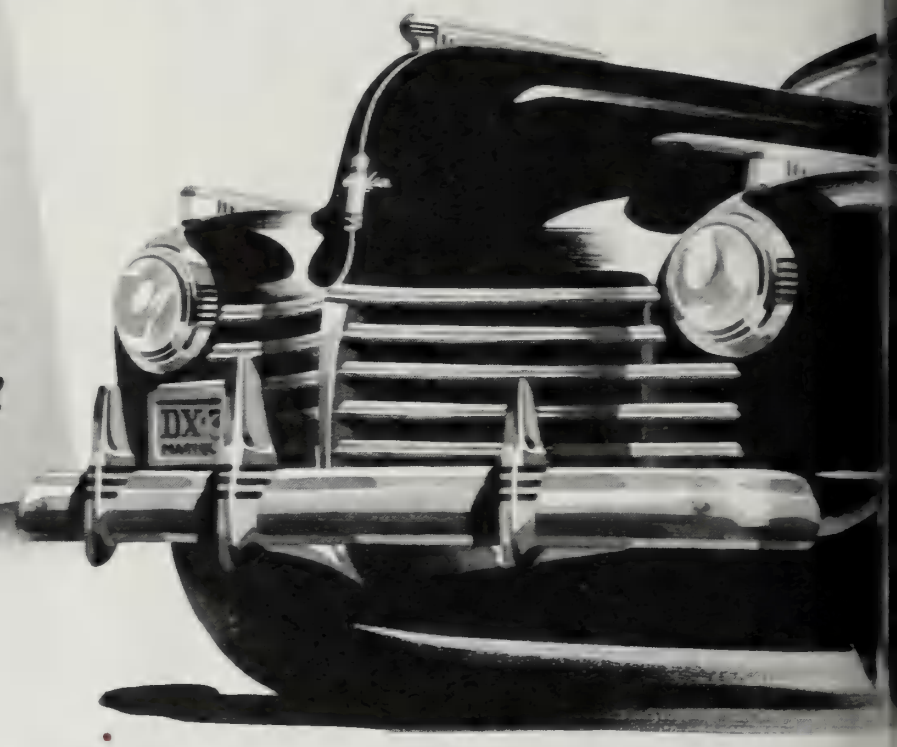
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using only 18 horsepower. That's all you need to us
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In all truth, the 1941 Chrysler upsets an old proverb! It lets you eat your cake and have it too! You can have the thrills you want . . . the driving ease you long for . . . and still enjoy economy all the way!

So why shift gears . . . when Chrysler's modern engineering gives the smoothest, easiest, safest, most thrilling performance on the road . . . *at low cost!*

To know just how thrilling *Fluid Driving* is, you must try it for yourself! Your Chrysler dealer is eager to give you a demonstration that will open your eyes to a whole new world of motoring pleasure. Make a date today!

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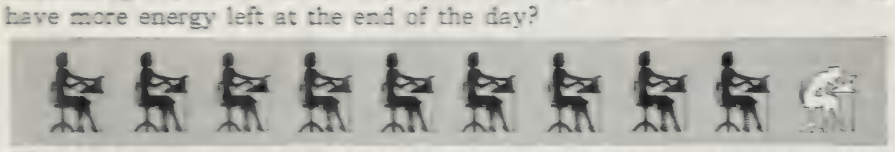
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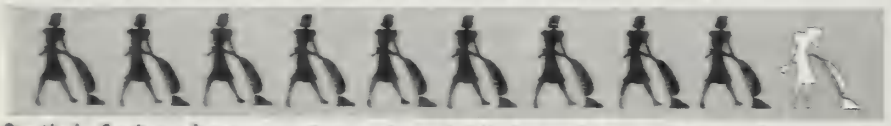
Will Knox Gelatine REDUCE TIREDNESS for WOMEN?



158 women in tiring jobs volunteered to drink Knox for 28 days. They were checked by reporters once every week. Did they feel less tired? Did they have more energy left at the end of the day?



What desk workers reported. Included were 60 telephone operators, secretaries, cashiers, teachers. 2 out of 3 who started, and 9 out of 10 of those who completed the 28-day test said they felt noticeably less tired.



On-their-feet workers tested, numbered 98, from housewives and nurses to saleswomen and beauticians. Again, 2 out of 3 who started, and 9 out of 10 who completed the 28-days reported in substance: I know I'm not as tired after a hard day's work.

In addition, comes a report by a physiologist from a well-known university. He, too, tested women drinking Knox Gelatine regularly. His findings were that these women gained in endurance.

Don't these results suggest that women, as well as men, who are tired may benefit by following the Knox Gelatine Build-Up faithfully? Most of the women who reported "less tired" in worker tests noticed results after the 14th day. See what 2 weeks of the Knox Build-Up will do for you.

TRY THIS YOURSELF...for 2 weeks

1. Drink 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine every day for 2 weeks. Then drop to 2 a day. After 28 days, drink as needed.

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BUT BE SURE it's plain, unflavored Knox. Knox is all body-building protein. Ready-flavored gelatine dessert powders are ⅞ sugar, ⅛ protein. Buy from your grocer in 4-envelope or economical 32-envelope package.

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KNOX Gelatine

A PROTEIN FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

him. Hercule Poirot smiled and shook his head. He said, "I can think of nothing."

Rosamund Darnley got up and went out.

They were standing in the bedroom that had been Arlena Marshall's. Two big bay windows gave onto a balcony that overlooked the bathing beach and the sea beyond. Sunshine poured into the room flashing over the bewildering array of bottles and jars on Arlena's dressing table.

Here there was every kind of cosmetic and unguent known to beauty parlors. Among this panoply of woman's affairs three men moved purposefully. Inspector Colgate went about shutting and opening drawers.

Presently he gave a grunt. He had come upon a packet of folded letters. He and Weston ran through them together.

Hercule Poirot had moved to the wardrobe. He opened the door of the hanging cupboard and looked at the multiplicity of gowns and sports suits that hung there. He opened the other side. Foamy lingerie lay in piles. On a wide shelf were hats. Two more beach cardboard hats in lacquer red and pale yellow—a big Hawaiian straw hat—another of drooping dark blue linen and three or four little absurdities for which, no doubt, several guineas had been paid apiece—a kind of beret in dark blue—a tuft, no more, of black velvet—a pale gray turban.

Hercule Poirot stood scanning them—a faintly indulgent smile came to his lips. He murmured, "*Les femmes!*"

Colonel Weston was refolding the letters. "Three from young Redfern," he said. "Damned young ass. He'll learn not to write letters to women in a few more years. Women always keep letters and then swear they've burnt them. There's one other letter here. Same line of country."

He held it out and Poirot took it.

"Darling Arlena:

"God, I feel blue. To be going out to China—and perhaps not seeing you again for years and years. I didn't know any man could go on feeling crazy about a woman like I feel about you. Thanks for the check. They won't prosecute now. It was a near shave, though, and all because I wanted to make big money for you. Can you forgive me? I wanted to set diamonds in your ear lovely, lovely ears—and clas milk-white pearls round you only they say pearls are no goo days. A fabulous emerald, the that's the thing. A great emera and green and full of hidden fire forget me—but you won't. You're mine—always.

"Goodby—goodby—goodby,

INSPECTOR COLGATE said, be worth while to find out really did go to China. Othe well, he might be the person we ing for. Crazy about the woman izing her, suddenly finding out he played for a sucker. It sounds t though this is the boy Miss E mentioned. Yes, I think this m useful."

Hercule Poirot nodded. H "Yes, that letter is important. I very important."

He turned around and stared room—at the bottles on the c table—at the open wardrobe a big Pierrot doll that lolled insole the bed.

They went into Kenneth Ma room.

It was next door to his wife's b no communicating door and no b It faced the same way and had tw dows, but it was much smalle tween the two windows a gilt hung on the wall. In the corner the right-hand window was the d table.

On it were two ivory brus clothesbrush and a bottle of hair In the corner by the left-hand w was a writing table. An open typ stood on it and papers were rang stack beside it.

Colgate went through them r He said. "All seems straightfo enough. Ah, here's the letter he tioned this morning. Dated the that's yesterday. And here's t velope—postmarked Leathercomb this morning. Seems all square we'll have an idea if he could hav pared that answer of his before

He sat down.

Colonel Weston said. "We'll lea to it, for a moment. We'll just through the rest of the rooms. I one's been kept out of this corrid til now and they're getting a bit about it."

(To be continued next week



"Something's wrong, Kennesaw! I think you're supposed to leave tracks like this!"

Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 25

ause I made my final play last
I called on Miss Mallory and
her forty thousand dollars cold
r your contract . . . to be trans-
o me after tonight's fight, win or
She said 'No' before I'd finished
"

e said, "Phew! Forty thousand!"
ok his head. "I don't get it. I
that girl as being interested only
gh."

regarded him amusedly through
al-rimmed glasses. "I'm not say-
're wrong, either, Son. Figure it
yourself. If I was willing to shell
y grand for your contract, it must
en because I figured I could win
ck—and more. So Pat Mallory
the same way. I've got plenty of
tion for that girl."

I see." Eddie shook his head.
can't agree with you that she's
clever. The toughest part of
ew York racket is breaking in.
e didn't engineer that. You did.
ade it easy for her, because you
you were going to get me. I'm
ing to rap her—and I don't say
ght not have been smart if she'd
be—but I can't figure that she's
ything in this case except to grab
t of credit that you and I know
rightfully belong to her."

be." Max dropped a friendly
n Eddie's shoulder. "But, re-
r this, Son . . . what she handled
dled right. And I've got a hunch
wasn't always easy."

aved cheerily and walked out.
gazed after him and frowned.
duck, Max Ellison. Sharp,
a man with flexible ethics and
ter charming personality. Max
ish it out . . . but, unquestionably,
ld also take it. Eddie moved
into the other room and dressed.
ut in a brief telephone call, and
nt with Eddie to the hotel. They
into the sitting room to find Pat
y standing by a table that was
with lunch.

"Come and get it," she called gaily.
the young fighter should eat."

Eddie moved forward and looked
on the table. "Nice," he com-
. "And you had it timed well."

"Feets phoned me from the office."

"I so did, Mistuh Eddie. Ise a tele-
fool." The big Negro started
the bedroom. "Set yo'se'f down
' commence to inhale them eatments,
Eddie. Ise gwine in yonder to
over yo' fightin' perquisites."

She seated herself opposite Eddie. She
was trying not to betray the feeling of
that held her. She regarded him
, and so met his eyes as he raised
hers.

"I saw Max Ellison down there," he
.

"You . . . ?"

"He tells me he called on you last
t."

"That's right."

"Do you think you were wise to turn
his offer?"

"I turned it down. Isn't that the an-
?"

"He thinks you were smart. He said
you'd make a heap more money by
onto me."

She said slowly, "It's astonishing how
surely you and Mr. Ellison have
out my motives."

He seemed puzzled. "There's no other
figure, is there?"

"I suppose not." She pulled herself
. "Skip it, Eddie. Pitch into
nch. You've got some heavy
g to do."

He looked at her, and then smiled—just a trifle. "Okay, Boss," he said. "I'm still taking orders."

It was a little easier after that. They didn't talk about anything important—which was, in itself, important. Occasionally she saw him looking at her as though trying to adjust some thoughts that confused him . . . and she tried not to think about what those thoughts might be. There was only one thing important right now, and that was to keep Eddie's nerves from getting ragged. She'd done the best she could for him up to this point.

She rose from the table and peeped into the bedroom. "This way, Mr. Gordon," she called. "The crib is ready."

Feets' midnight countenance appeared over her shoulder. "Sho is Mistuh Eddie. I hope you is feelin' slumbersome."

EDDIE joined Feets in the bedroom and closed the door. Pat walked to the window and stared off across the city.

The room was high above the street, and traffic noises drifted up to her. Cars and trucks and people down below moved along like tiny insects; men and women intent on their own particular interests, unmindful of this young girl who stared down at them.

It was odd, the way she felt today. "Maternal?" she thought, and then had the grace to laugh. "What's the use of kidding myself?"

It had been a strain on her: a strain of watching and worrying and thinking. There had been times when she had doubted the wisdom of her course; other times when she had been heartsick . . . when she had wanted nothing so much as to transfer her burden to other shoulders . . . to shoulders that were broader and stronger than hers.

Tonight marked the end. Of something . . . she couldn't quite find the word. A phase? It was more than that. "I'm thinking trite things," she reflected, "and the funny part is that they all fit perfectly. 'Another milestone passed' . . . 'The fork in the road' . . . 'The hope that a difficult job will prove to have been well done.'" She shook her head. "Quit thinking, Pat," she commanded herself sternly. "'Tain't gittin' you nowhere."

She was relieved when the door opened and Feets tiptoed into the sitting room. He whispered, "I got him all laid out, Miss Patricia."

"Think he'll sleep?"

"Yas'm. I prospeck he will."

Pat said, "I can't help asking the same question over and over again, Feets. Is Eddie in good enough shape to go the distance if he has to?"

Feets made no effort to conceal his worry. "I don't know, Miss Patricia," he confessed miserably. "Maybe yes an' maybe no. Mistuh Grogan is plenty smart. He hits fast an' he hits frequent. Ise just hopin' that Mistuh Eddie persuades him early."

"Yes . . . And yet he doesn't dare to take chances with a boy as good as Dixie." She sighed. "We certainly want Eddie to win tonight, don't we, Feets?"

"Meanin' you an' me?"

"Meaning you and me and Pop."

Feets nodded solemnly. "You know, Miss Patricia—that's right queer. All the time I was in yonder alone. I was thinkin' 'bout Pop, an' wishin' he was heah. Ever sence he fust puck up Mistuh Eddie, he was lookin' for'd to a night like this . . . when Mistuh Eddie would be fightin' fo' the champeenship."

His voice trailed off and he shook his great black head. "But shuh! this ain't

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, Philadelphia . . . The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose . . . Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto



no kind of way fo' me to be talkin'. Us got to keep ourse'ves in a celebratin' mood. What you fixin' to do the rest of the afternoon?"

"I'm going over to my apartment. I'll be back by the time he wakes up." She looked at the door and then at Feets. "Do you suppose he's asleep yet?"

Feets tiptoed across the room and cracked open the door. He tiptoed back.

"Yas'm," he said. "Mistuh Eddie's gone to sleep."

Pat moved slowly toward the bedroom. She paused uncertainly on the threshold, then entered the room and closed the door behind her.

She moved to the bedside and stood looking down at the sleeping man. He looked relaxed, boyish. There was nothing forbidding about him now.

She reached across him and adjusted the covers. He didn't move. . . .

And then she bent down and brushed her lips against his.

She straightened, as though terrified by what she had done. She backed away from the bed. Her lips formed the words, "I'm sorry, Eddie. . . ." And then, as she moved toward the door, her innate honesty asserted itself. "No, I'm not sorry at all," she confessed. "I'd do it again if I dared."

ALL avenues of traffic leading to the Yankee Stadium were jammed. The subways were crowded to suffocation, streets were congested with taxis and private cars, human beings swarmed toward the entrance gates.

Inside the great ball park a preliminary was in progress. Over the ring the lights blazed down, and elsewhere the park was in darkness so that the impression created was of a tremendous diamond in a gigantic onyx setting. Row on row of seats stretched across the field, the massive double-decker stands were crowded.

Far down under the stands, so that the noise of the crowd came to them only like the booming of a distant surf, sat Eddie Gordon and Cliff Halliday in the former's dressing room. Eddie was already clad in fighting regalia and his trunks showed briefly beneath his flannel robe. The bandages had been adjusted and tested and molded firmly over hard knuckles. Shoelaces had been tied, untied and tied again. Shoe soles had been rubbed in resin so as to eliminate danger of slipping on the canvas covering of the ring.

Cliff was seated in a chair near the rubbing table. He was watching Eddie with wise eyes that had seen all this before and understood the symptoms. Nor was he particularly pleased with what he saw.

Eddie was nervous. Too nervous. Drawn just a bit fine. Restless. He sat on the table for a while, then got up and walked around the tiny dressing room. He inspected his bandages again as though dissatisfied. He clenched a fist and pounded it into the palm of the other hand.

He seated himself once more, but fidgeted and started walking again. Cliff thought, "Not so good. It's all right to be edgy—but not that edgy."

The door opened and Mr. Happy Madden entered the room. Mr. Madden was in fighting togs. He said, "I'm on next, Eddie." He looked questioningly at Cliff. "I brung you something."

Eddie held out his hand. "Thanks, Happy. Let's have it."

Mr. Madden gave him a piece of paper. "It's about that gun you gimme the serial number of. The dope's all written down."

An irate official slammed open the door and barked at Madden, "Bring that chin of yours into the ring, Happy. They're waitin' . . ."

Happy waved as Eddie and Cliff called "Good luck," and trotted off happily to do his chore. Eddie unfolded the paper that the rock-ribbed pugilist had given him.

He stared. His eyes opened wider. He whistled softly and said, "Well, I'll be damned."

Cliff got up. "What gives?" he inquired.

"That gun I had . . . the one Jimmy Watson wanted . . ."

"What about it?"

"It belongs to Joe Barton!"

Cliff sat down very suddenly. "That's a hot one," he commented. "I don't get it."

"Me either." For the moment Eddie's tension was dispelled. His brain was groping with another problem. "It doesn't add up right. What was Jimmy Watson doing down in Birmingham with Joe Barton's gun?"

"Suppose you tell me, Eddie."

The young fighter shook his head. "I never could fit Watson into this picture. There was a screw missing somewhere—and maybe it still is. Look, Cliff—do you suppose this dope Happy gave me is the McCoy?"

"Why not? His brother's a cop, isn't he?"

"Yes . . . but . . ."

"That part checks all right. Barton's old man carries a lot of weight, so it isn't unreasonable that Joe should have a gun permit. But why the hell should he want that gun three thousand dollars' worth?"

"Maybe," said Eddie slowly, "for the same reason that we thought Jimmy Watson wanted it."

"You mean Barton might have been the lad who slugged you with it in Birmingham?"

"Could be. He was there that night. The guy in the car was little. Barton is. If whoever it was had just killed somebody with that gun . . . he'd want it back. Babs Ellison saw it in my room . . . maybe that's how Barton knew I had it. He must have recognized me that night. But before he had my room searched, I had turned the gun over to you . . . and they probably figured I'd handed it to Pat . . . or is that too complicated to be right?"

"It's too right to be complicated," stated Halliday. "But check it out of your mind, Eddie. You've got important business on hand. You can't climb into the ring with a smart lad like Dixie Grogan while you're thinking about something else."

"It isn't as easy as that."

"Maybe not. But try to forget Barton."

The door opened quietly and a flat voice asked, "Who wants to forget me—and why?"

THEY looked up as the dapper little man advanced into the room. He was in dinner clothes; clothes that were a trifle too broad of shoulder, a little too extreme of cut. He wore a red carnation. The smile he gave them just missed out on its intention of appearing friendly. "Somebody talking about me?" he inquired.

Eddie did not evade. "Yes," he said. "Both of us. How much did you hear?"

"Not enough to hurt." He looked from one to the other. "I'm counting on both of you for the Penguin Club party tonight."

"Win or lose?" asked Eddie.

"Be yourself. You'll win." Joe made a brief motion with one nervous hand and said, "Luck, Eddie. 'By . . ." The door closed behind him almost as silently as it had opened. Eddie said, "Did he hear us?"

"I don't believe so."

Eddie was thoughtful. "This whole setup has a bad odor."

"Forget it, kid. Concentrate on Grogan, can't you?"

"Yeah . . ." There was no conviction in Eddie's tone. "Hadn't you better be going, Cliff?"

"I suppose so."

"Sitting with Pat?"

"Yes . . ." Cliff held out his hand. "Take it in stride, Eddie. You've got the stuff, if you use it right."

"I'll remember. . . ."

Cliff Halliday made his way thoughtfully along the long corridor. He was thinking fast, and he didn't like his own thoughts. He wasn't pleased with Eddie's physical condition or his mental state. The revelation about Barton had confused both of them, and Eddie couldn't afford to be confused.

He joined Pat at the ringside. A black cloth evening coat with a white fox collar covered a simple black evening gown, and did nice things to her face. She scarcely heard his casual compliment. Finally she said, "What's on your mind, Cliff?"

"Nothing."

"You wouldn't try to kid a girl, would you?"

"I'd try. But I'm not very good at it."

She said, "Is Eddie all right

"Yes. . . ."

"I don't like the way you Cliff." She was getting ter again just when she had begu "Why not tell me?"

He spoke carefully: "I wo understood it myself. The wh is so fantastic. . . ." He lighte rette. "Listen, Pat—are you a sure that Joe Barton was in ham the day after Pop's funer

"Of course I'm sure. I cou well be mistaken about a date l

"And that was the night th body was killed at a resort ca zard Roost?"

"Yes. It was in the local p next day, and I left for New day after that." She regarded ously. "But why should that b ing you now? I don't underst

"Neither do I. . . ." Hallid across the ring into the sea of ea which stretched away into the b "Right now, Pat—I want to heavy thinking."

Down in the dressing roo Johnson was trying to be calm ceeding not at all. He did th didn't need doing, he poked corners for no reason at all, a sionally he turned to say, "Now sit quiet, Mistuh Eddie. Ain' to git excited about. 'Tain't another fight."

Eddie was amused in spite of "You're not nervous, are you,

"Me? Goshamighty, no, Mis die. I never in my whole life plentiful afflicted with tranquill

"So I see. . . ."

THE big Negro walked to in the corner and stood r something. Eddie got up and close to him. "What've you g Feets?"

Mr. Johnson made a quick " 'Tain't nothin', Mistuh Eddie my heart an' hope to be bawn a it is."

Eddie held out his hand. "G commanded.

"Aw, Mistuh Eddie. . . ."

Shamefacedly, Feets surrend thing to Eddie Gordon. It was a —a brand-new white sweater— the back of it, in large felt let the inscription:

EDDIE GORDON
World's Middleweight Cham

Eddie laughed. "That's wha beating the gun. How do you k haven't wasted your money?"

"Hush fum talkin'." Mr. Jo eyes rolled wildly. "Don't you tin' no bad mouf on this hea Mistuh Eddie. What you gwin Mistuh Grogan is puvverize hi To relieve his own embarra Feets reached into his trousers and pulled out an envelope. " he ordered. "It's time fo' you this."

The smile left Eddie's face eyes narrowed. "That doesn't sense," he protested. "I know wha

"Yeah. Co'se you do. But y how got to peruse it."

"Forget it."

"Nossuh," Feets rumbled ster ain't gwine forgit it, nor neith ain't. You ain't gwine walk one weeny step out of this dressin' r you read that."

"But I know . . ."

"You said that befo', Mistuh an' you was right bofe times. shuah . . . It's one of them Pop . . . but Miss Patricia, she must'v it two hund'ed times. Now, ahead an' read."

Eddie opened the envelop



"I hope the department turns this jaloppy in this year"

GARRETT PRICE



Photograph
Wos, N. Y.

's the little things that make life friendly

A playful pup, eager to be petted, scampers to the door. His master's hearty handclasp welcomes you inside and a deep chair invites you to relax beside the fireplace. No mistaking them. These are symbols of friendliness—of which there are many. Words of praise or kindly counsel... an ear for the other fellow's problems and a heart for those less fortunate than we... a smile for the world at large... cookies for the neighbors' kids... a thoughtful 'phone call... flowers for a hostess... hospitality however simple. These little gestures speak every man's and woman's language and they say, "It's so easy to be friendly."

* * *

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DRINK BUDWEISER FOR FIVE DAYS. ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK A SWEET BEER. YOU WILL WANT BUDWEISER'S FLAVOR THEREAFTER.



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glanced down at Pat's firm, clear handwriting. These letters did things to him . . . things he couldn't understand.

He leaned against the rubbing table and read:

"Dear Eddie:

"This is the night I have been waiting for, and instead of a lot of fine words—all I can say is: Good luck and God bless you. Pop"

A HUSH fell over the vast stadium as the fighters met in the center of the ring. The referee, immaculate in gray shirt and trousers, spoke briefly to the boys: the customary, laconic statement that they were familiar with the rules and were to give the crowd a good show. He said, "Shake hands now and come out fighting." The usual thing, the same words, yet tonight it was different. Eddie nodded briefly at Dixie as they touched gloves and turned toward their corners.

Eddie Gordon realized now that this wasn't, as he had several times declared, "Just another fight." It wasn't that the man opposite him was the best he'd ever fought, it wasn't any fear of what might happen . . . it was merely that there is an importance to a bout involving the championship of the world. Every breath, every move, every block, every punch assumes a vital significance.

Eddie was conscious of the tension, and somewhat surprised at it. He tried to remember Pop. He recalled early, important battles in his meteoric career . . . fights in which Pop's wise, placid face and smooth, quiet, expert advice had pulled him over some dangerous shoals.

Tonight there was only Feets. Two other handlers, of course; but mostly there was Feets . . . and the huge Negro was no expert at concealing his own emotions. He'd do his best, but at this awful moment before the beginning of the fight, Eddie wondered whether that best was going to be quite good enough.

He went to his corner and grabbed the upper ropes in his gloved hands, swaying back and forth to limber his arm and shoulder muscles a little more, rubbing his fighting shoes on the canvas floor to assure himself that there was plenty of resin on the soles.

For one merciful moment he forgot the champion in the opposite corner. He saw faces in the crowd: the eager, vivid face of Babs Ellison, and beside her Joe Barton: young, hard and dangerous. That started Eddie thinking, and he tried to cast those thoughts out of his mind. The job just ahead of him required concentration.

He saw Cliff Halliday at the ringside. Cliff smiled up at him and made a little gesture of confidence as though to say, "You're in, kid. Take it in stride."

What a swell guy that Cliff Halliday was. A friend for any man's money. Beside Cliff was Pat Mallory.

Eddie looked straight at her. He was aware of the fact that she looked pretty tonight in her evening gown and with her delicate face framed by the great white fox collar of her evening coat. He found himself gripped by an odd sort of emotion.

There was something in her eyes which held him; an expression which was almost pleading. She was trying to look confident, but not succeeding very well. She, too, made a little gesture, and he forced himself to smile and nod. Pat . . . Cliff . . . Joe Barton . . . he was thinking of too many things. He heard the deep, throaty voice of Feets Johnson. "You better commence thinkin' 'bout Mistuh Grogan," Feets was saying. "An' don't you think 'bout nobody else."

The gong sounded. It seemed unusually loud and clear. There was an audible indrawing of breath from the tens of thousands of persons in the arena. Eddie turned. He saw the benign, moonlike countenance of Max Ellison just beyond Dixie Grogan's lithe figure, and once again he had that terrible feeling that the odds were against him. Max was smart—perhaps the most astute fight handler alive . . . and Max was handling Dixie Grogan.

Eddie moved out to the middle of the ring, dropping easily into fighting pose; muscles tight, eyes narrowed and wary, left hand extended with the elbow slightly crooked, left shoulder hunched, right arm cocked back. . . . He deliberately shut out the faces of the spectators, trying to eliminate from his thoughts everything save the man in front of him.

They moved closer. Gloves touched cautiously. Then, suddenly, Dixie's left flicked out. It came from nowhere and it came fast. It caught Eddie in the mouth: once, twice, three times. Not hard enough to do any damage, but it stung. A sigh, and then a roar, went up from the mass of humanity packed outside the ropes. The battle was on.

Eddie tried to step inside, but Dixie backed away. Then the left came again: twice. Eddie blocked the second and moved in with a hard counter to the body. Except that it didn't reach Grogan's body. It landed on his forearm, and now the two fighters went into a half clinch; bodies close, muscles tense. They moved around, body rubbing against body, feeling each other out; both alert for that quiver of arm or back muscle which meant that a punch was coming. They threw tentative blows at each other's body and jaw . . . not with any intention of hurting, but to estimate the defense.

THE referee stepped between them. Eddie was having a little more luck concentrating now. Chiefly because he was lost in admiration of Dixie's left hand. Yes—sure, he'd trained for it . . . but that didn't mean anything. This left of Dixie's was as fast as the stroke of a rattler. It kept snapping into his face so that his head would bob back and he'd be thrown off balance. That meant he couldn't start a good, hard punch. Pat had been right. Dixie's jab was something to write home about.

For the first minute and a half the action was slow; careful, unexciting. But the crowd did not become restless. Here were the two best in the world. The chips were down. They were entitled to go at this job their own way.

Exchange of lefts . . . then they were in close again, snapping short blows to ribs and jaw. Then out again, sparring. Eddie was watching Dixie's shoulder now, watching for the almost imperceptible muscle twitch which signaled the rapier thrust of that stabbing left. He saw one coming and stepped inside. His right jarred home to Dixie's hard body, but at the same time Dixie's left curled against his own jaw.

The blow hurt. Hurt plenty. It was an unorthodox punch, an unexpected one. Eddie clinched, shook his head and heard the Niagara roar of the crowd which had sensed the beginning of authoritative action.



"Just to add to our incentive we'll designate you, at this point, as 'The Sow's Ear'" LOUIS JAMME

Eddie crouched and shuffled in. He waded straight into a barrage of sharp lefts. He stalked his man, taking what he had to take while he watched for an opening. It came at last: a left which missed, a left of his own, a counter which he picked off . . . and then they were toe to toe throwing punches at each other.

They threw them fast—and hard. Eddie's head was down, his muscles were alive. He gave each punch almost everything he had. But Dixie Grogan didn't break ground. He traded blow for blow, punishment for punishment. It was a grand rally and it lasted through to the end of a brilliant first round. The crowd was on its feet, shrieking, so that the referee had to jump between the fighters to signal them that the round had ended.

They went to their corners. Max Ellison talked quietly with Dixie. He asked, "What's he got?"

"I don't know, Max. He can hit, but I knew that in advance. He's not as smart as I expected."

Max nodded sagely. "He's he warned. "But he doesn't see working at it. Looks like he's go thing on his mind. Take it ea round."

Feets was talking earnestly t Gordon. "He hadn't ought to you that way, Mistuh Eddie. Ho it happened?"

Eddie said, "He's good. Plenty

"That don't answer nothin'." was insistent. "You got to watch Mistuh Eddie. Please, suh . . closer. An' try to keep inside th

The ten-second horn sounded. picked Eddie's mouthpiece out water bucket and put it in th glove. He fitted it between hi as the gong clanged for the secon He moved forward to meet

Grogan was boxing. Boxin liantly. He was swift and elusi he was making Eddie look bad. in and out, here and there . . . where except where Eddie want to be.

Eddie scowled. This was a r perience, and an annoying or wasn't getting hurt, but he kne Dixie was doing: measuring him him up. It was only a question of before those blows would start equally fast, just as frequently with greater force.

At the ringside Pat Mallory t distressed face to the man at h "What's the matter with Eddi asked anxiously.

Cliff was too honest to evade. in a fog," he admitted. "I wish clip him good and hard. Tha snap him out of it."

But Dixie didn't clip him g hard. Dixie was studying his op He wasn't kidding himself, eith knew that Eddie was the bet vorite, realized that Eddie had up a record on nothing. But w rather pallid second round en reported to Max Ellison that th something wrong with Eddie. "I he amended, "he's doing a Lea . . . playin' cagey."

"No-o . . ." Max was surpris "Something's worrying him. Op little next round."

AND Dixie did open up. It w and exciting round. The cro it. The fighters threw punch every angle, they waded in cl ripped home jolting lefts and r body and jaw. But it was all Di

Eddie was having trouble. missing that thousandth-of-a-se sponse which is indispensable. H was functioning pretty well, fighting instinct was out of wha was taking it, and he was dishin but his battle was mechanical . . . of fight any second-rater might h up. It didn't have the brilliance champion must have.

Through the third, fourth a rounds, things got worse. Two times Eddie connected solidly, Grogan back on his heels. B knew what to do when he was h he never did the same thing twi casionally he covered and held, uncovered and met Eddie's att a salvo of hard punches, another danced out of range, lightly an ingly. The crowd, originally p watch a title change hands—em attuned to the uncrowning of a now started to boo at Eddie were yelling raucously, "He's a just a bum . . . He don't know fight a good boy."

"Eddie's 'way off," said Cliff H "He knows what to do, but he is it. He lacks something. . . ."

"Yes." Pat was sitting forward lines of suffering in her face. "I Pop."

(To be concluded next we

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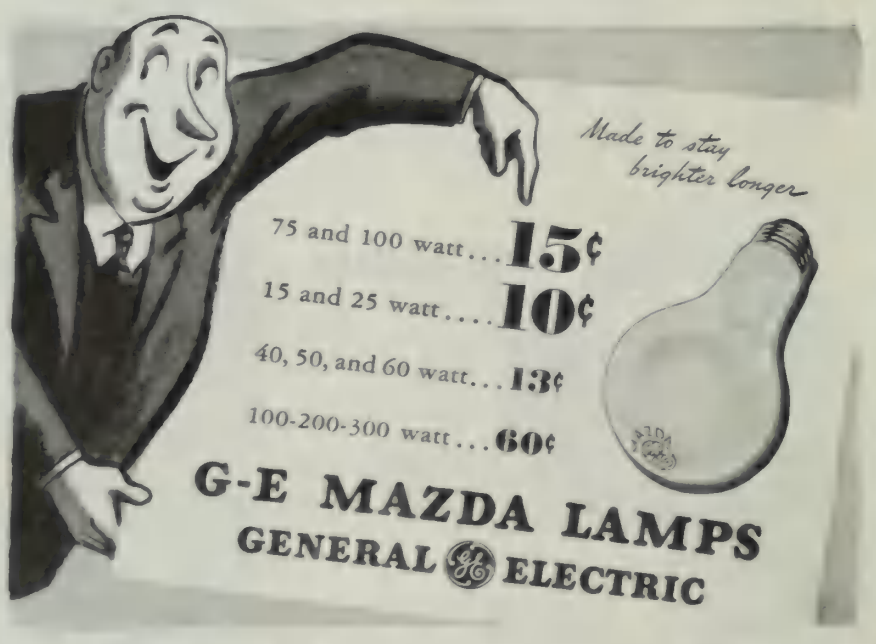
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An Actor in the Family

Continued from page 16

"Maybe somebody ought to go after Willie here with a shotgun too!"

That did it. She turned and swept out of the room. I followed her to the front door but it slammed in my face. So I walked back to the kitchen and poured a drink. "We should never have brought out that skeleton again," I said to the old man.

With the company gone, he drank one straight. "There are a lot more people gotta get their cars fixed than have gotta go to them movies," he said, "so bein' a mechanic ain't anything to get sarcastic over."

"She was just mad," I said.

"Willie," he said, "trouble with you is you're too easygoin'. You got to kick women around some. You been playin' second fiddle to Chuck ever since he hauled outa town. You shoulda married Mary right after she forgot about him. Now she's gonna sure as all hell remember him again and you're gonna have trouble. Maybe you better go right on over and ask her to marry you."

"I don't wanta marry a woman with another guy on her brain," I told him.

"Women don't have brains," he said wistfully. "You got to learn that some way."

"They have 'em today," I said and went upstairs to bed. But before I got into bed I looked myself over in the mirror and I run a hell of a poor second to the way Chuck looked in that moving picture. I lay in bed and thought about it. What he had was glamor, and now what he had to back it up was one of those movie salaries. It was almost light when sleep put an end to my misery.

All the next day I worked at the Arcana City Garage.

I called her at noon and she said she was sorry but she was going to a church social with Joe Benford that night. I said, "You sound like you got the phone in the refrigerator," and she said, "Thank you," and hung up.

SO I sat around that night with the old man and he said, "Willie, love that runs smooth is sometimes like a lawn mower that ain't cuttin' any grass. After four years that Benford ain't gonna cut you out in one night."

"I ain't worried about Benford," I said.

The old man measured out a bourbon. "You know," he said, "that Chuck is just like his maw and you're just like your maw. Chuck's maw was slim as a reed and prettier than Christmas, and your maw was big and solid like you. They was two kinds of women which both had their advantages. Like you know, I married Chuck's maw first, and she lit out inside two years and I never did see her since. An' I ain't forgotten her since neither. So I married your maw an' I knew where she was and what she was thinkin' right up to the day she died. They's two kinds of women and they's two kind of men, like you and Chuck, and this here Mary Brown's gotta pick between you, unless like I done she can wed the both of you."

He drank down the bourbon and I left him. I went straight over to the church social and found Benford. Mary was standing beside him. "Joe," I said, "you know me, I don't want any trouble. I'm gonna take Mary here home."

Joe looked at her, then at me. He could see she was madder than hell, but I weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, so he said, "Okay, Willie, you just made yourself a date."

She didn't say a word and got in the car like she was under arrest. I drove the car up the road and around the lake, and she still didn't say ar "Mary," I said, "if you're sor the way me and the old man about Chuck and you, I'm sor wanta apologize. I ain't got a against Chuck, except I think crazy to leave a swell girl like y if he hadn't hauled out I never w had a chance with you."

"Have you got one?" she ask her tongue was a flat icicle.

I KEPT on driving. It was a night and the lake was full It was a little lake, but it was de right then I felt like jumping i must have looked the way I wa ing because she suddenly sai sorry. I didn't mean to say th not really mad at you. I'm just I don't know."

She looked away at the sky, didn't have to explain because She was dreaming about Chuck and that Hollywood swimming p the way those actors get around. what I always wondered about: still in love with him, which she once she saw him up there on tha screen. And from that night o worse until it was pitiful. Ever Chuck was in we went to see came to town, and Mary just s holding on to her handkerchief a ing at him. Every time he wore ent suit, and every time his p longer.

The movie page in the Arcana had an article about him ever and one evening Harriet Spoon, tor, came out to interview the o "Wasn't he the black sheep of t ily?" she asked him.

"Well, you couldn't call Ch white," the old man said, "but h such a heller as people got to th

"Tell me about him," Harriet said, and when the old man got walked out of the room, beca didn't like ugly women and Har ugly like a frog, she turned to asked if little Mary Brown had Chuck's high-school sweetheart. you an idea what becoming an a do to a guy who once was pois that night in the paper there is a of me and a picture of Mary, tell I'm his half brother that works Arcana City Garage, and Ma home-town sweetheart.

That was all it took. The next of days people kept coming i garage to get their cars fixed a one of them says, "By the way you related to Charles Bouva movie actor?"

Whenever his movies came t they had his name spelled out tric lights without even mer actors like Gary Cooper or Carol bard. They sent the old man a couple of complimentaries, but man never went to see them, so I took Mary instead. Once I said "Suppose Chuck there was maki fifty bucks a week or so, do yo he'd be so almighty wonderful?

"Don't be envious," she said, the program in her pocketbook could put it in her scrapbook.

"I ain't envious," I said, "but i of funny. All the people, I noti keep askin' about him are th people who figure you're as gooc salary you make."

"It isn't that at all," she said achieving something. It's being all over the country, all over th probably. It isn't just anybody w do that."

Then one night she said to me

'ou leave Arcana? What can you r mount to here?"

o ething about the way she said it l me sore. I stood up and said, a I don't want to say much, because re. I don't want any trouble don't want to hurt your feel- t I got to tell you I think you're ag bughouse over these movies. cl never thought a sensible girl like uld do. So I'm gonna leave you e or a while till you get yourself ig ened out."

h ust stared at me as though she d t believe her ears. I could hardly e my own ears, so I walked away k hile I knew I still had the edge. w t straight home to the old man. w in the kitchen with his stocking the stove. I told him and he ou done right. Once in a while g to give a woman just one hard ve . . You just sit tight and see what pe s."

h s the way I sat but nothing hap- ec

N night I saw her go into a second- ru theater to see Chuck's last movie in She walked home alone, missing h avement cracks, and I followed at on the curb and watched her ro a light go on. She stayed up an r d then the light went off and I t me. Inside the house all the ts ere burning, though the old man al have been in the feathers a pl of hours ago. Near the picket I opped dead in my tracks. There a g green car parked out in front. ok at the license plates and knew it was. I walked inside and there, e ugh, sitting at the kitchen table di over a bottle of Scotch to the m, was Chuck!

e d on a suit I never saw in any he ictures. The coat and the pants i't hatch. Around his neck was a sil scarf. On one side of his head tl blue beret. Otherwise he was th same Chuck except for his teeth. re could look any more he jumped an pumped my hand. "How are Willie?" he said, and pulled me n to a chair and poured a drink of Sc ch. They were pretty well down fi and I could see the old man ni and teetering on his chair a bit li ning to Chuck, who went right al g.

he s no doubt about the guy, he wat you call personality. The le tchen was lit up with him. He fil d the room. He was way ahead ny dy who listened to him, and he ch nged from the guy I last saw vli into that B. & O. boxcar. He us g more words than he used to w d some of them were big ones. tal d faster and he had a kind of ic t like actors in the theater.

Fe ws," he said, "you probably de why I never wrote to you. Well, an ctor, not a writer. I just let it unti could sail in here and bend the elb v in person. Willie, you should e s n Pop here when I blew in. He n't l ow me. He took two steps over ard hat shotgun in the corner and abl d him!"

hu laughed and slapped the old man's shoulder. The old man grinned "It was your teeth done it," he said. "Chuck here's got his teeth all fixed over. Cost him six hundred dollars!"

Chuck laughed and showed his teeth and poured out three more jiggers. Holding up his drink, he said, "Well, here's to old times and new times. From now on everything is going to be different. I'm going to take the old man back to Hollywood with me, and, Willie, you come along. How does that sound?"

I killed the jigger and looked at him. The old man downed his and then got up quietly, waved his hand and went out toward his bedroom. He swayed a little, but not much. He was sixty-five and he could still pitch four good innings for the Arcana Blue Sox, but he'd had a big evening and he was sixty-five. "Look at him go," Chuck said. "He's all right, isn't he?"

"Yeah, he's all right," I said.

We sat there and for a minute we didn't say anything. Then Chuck said, "Willie, you want to go to California?"

"Nope," I said. "I got a job."

Chuck smiled. "Willie," he said seriously, "you're a funny guy. Four years ago you were the best mechanic in the state of Ohio. You still are but you're still working for the same jerkwater garage. I'll tell you what's wrong. You're too slow. You're good but slow. You live like you used to fight. You're always on the defense. You fight good and long, but all you can ever get is a decision. You know what I mean? You got to go out there and smack life in the face."

"Everybody don't have the same style," I said.

"That's right," he said. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm lousy with money. I'm going to clean up. You know me. All right, you come out west with me and I'll pay your way through Cal Tech."

I shook my head. "That's a pretty swell thing to give me, Chuck," I told him, "but I guess I can't. You go on out and take the old man. A couple of months of that sun'll take the wheeze out of him. He's got it coming."

He argued a little more and then suddenly he said, "I know—you got a girl. Right?"

"I had one," I said.

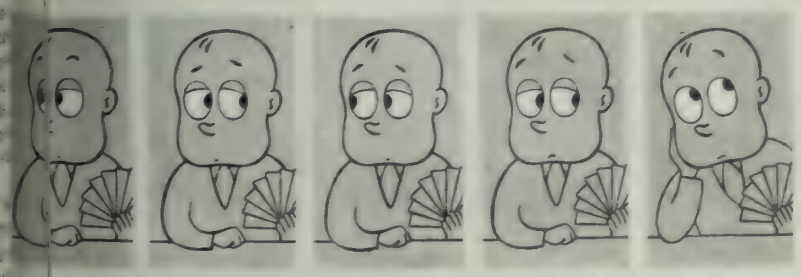
He looked puzzled. "Who?"

I looked straight at him. "Mary Brown," I said.

"Mary Brown . . ." He let his mind go back, picking out memories. "Mary Brown!" he cried. "Sure! Where is she? How could a girl that pretty stay unmarried four years?"

I didn't know. I didn't want to go into it. I killed off the bottle and got up and went to bed.

THE next morning, long before Chuck got up, a letter came for me special delivery. I knew it was from her and my heart beat like an oil pump. Inside the envelope there was a picture of Chuck cut out of one of the magazines. That was all, except that the picture was torn in half, right down the middle. I knew what it meant, like anybody would, and any other morning I would have run clear across town to see her. But not



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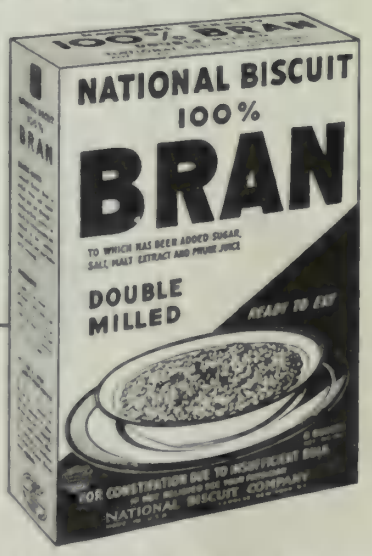
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this morning. Giving up a guy you can't have who is three thousand miles away is one thing. But with Chuck right there in town it was different. That letter came a day too late, or Chuck came a day too early.

I just went down to work the same as ever. And before noon it seemed like everyone in town knew Chuck was home. He lit up the town just like he lit up the kitchen.

Harriet Spoon and the mayor and the sheriff all went out to call on him. That night they gave him the front page in the Herald. But that was only the beginning. He made a personal appearance at the Stadium Theater and the president of the chamber of commerce introduced him on the stage. They even brought out the old man to say something. The old man had on his Sunday suit and you could almost smell the mothballs clear to the back row where I was sitting. Then finally they made Mary come up from the audience, and she stood there blushing and smiling and glowing, while Chuck held her hand and the audience applauded. That was where I left.

It seemed like the whole town went on a vacation with him, and everywhere he went Mary went with him, like that lamb in the fairy story. And you couldn't blame her. Only once did I see her to talk to her. That was when I was getting home from work and she and Chuck were climbing into his car on their way to a banquet the Rotary Club was giving him. I just looked at her and she looked at me and we both said "Hello" and stared a little, while Chuck watched us, and then I went in.

THAT was the night I persuaded the old man that he should go to Hollywood. It was hard to do, but finally he broke down and said he'd try it just one winter and see if it killed off his wheeze. "Tell me they drink gin out there," he said thoughtfully, because he hated gin.

"They drink everything in sight," I told him.

"What you gonna do?" he asked me. I could feel those old blue eyes cutting into me.

"Just what I'm doin'," I said, not looking at him.

"You're not gonna blow town, are yuh?" he said, and that's just what I'd been thinking. "You ain't gonna maybe become a mechanic in the Army for example?"

"When they draft me," I said, "then I'll be in the Army."

But I didn't fool him. He looked away and drank down his coffee and tossed a piece of meat to the cat, but I didn't fool him. He knew I was thinking about leaving town and was only waiting for him and Chuck to leave first. So I didn't say anything, and then after a couple of days it got so I didn't go home to eat. I ate at Schidell's restaurant and hung around the garage or the pool hall until after midnight.

I didn't see Chuck, but I heard plenty about him. What I heard was very peculiar. First it was a crack somebody made in the garage. Then it was some gossip in the poolroom. A poolroom is one place where they don't beat around bushes. And the story was that Chuck was through with Mary Brown and was playing the field. I could hardly believe it, but it was a fact. He was moving from one girl to another so fast that even their steady fellows couldn't keep track of him. It was a regular blitzkrieg. It got so the poolroom was full of guys that Chuck had put back into circulation. There was plenty of talk about knocking his ears off, but nobody did any more than talk, because they remembered him. His fists had built up a reputation that nobody was going to forget in four years.

Then one afternoon I saw Mary. She was sitting in their car outside the bank waiting for her old man. She looked terrible. She looked as though she had been sick. I stopped for a second before her old man came out and said, "Hello, Mary," and she smiled and said, "Hello" in a voice I could hardly hear, as though her heart had been killed. Then her old man came out and they drove away.

Something about the way she looked made me burn up inside. Sitting in that car, she looked like a picture of one of those Frenchwomen on the way to the guillotine. I said to myself, Why does he have to fool around with her? Why does he have to fool around with the home-town girls when he's got a swimming pool full of them back there in Hollywood. I walked around for two hours and then started looking for him.

He was at the Arcana Country Club where there was a big dance in his honor. Chinese lanterns were hanging from the limbs of trees and the richest people in town were dancing on the big veranda or strolling around the lawn carrying drinks. I waited till I saw him come walking out with a little bunch of people, mostly girls, and when he saw me I beckoned to him. He excused himself and came over, lighting a cigarette and smiling. "Good evening, Willie," he said, "haven't seen you around lately."

I went right to the point. "Chuck," I said, "I never want any trouble with anybody, which you know, but you been asking for trouble."

"What?" he said, smiling and rocking on his heels a little. I knew he was ready and I knew it was no good, but I said, "Chuck, four years ago you run out on her. You let her face the music and you ducked outa town. Now you're back again and you haven't changed much that I can see."

"And so what about it?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I don't wanta beat the hell outa you right here in front of all your rich friends who used to kick you around when you were on the county with me and the old man, but if you wanta argue about it we can go down the fairway a piece and settle it out."

He laughed out loud. "Come on, Willie," he said, and I followed him across the first tee and out onto the fairway. A few people stood staring after us. About fifty yards down the fairway he stopped and took off his coat.

"This ain't far enough," I said, "they can still see us."

"You know me, Willie," he said. "I wouldn't be any good without an audience."

I took off my coat. He looked pretty good standing there. He was only about a hundred and eighty pounds but he was fast and smart and he knew how to fight. Every time I connected with him he hit me three times. I swung like a discus thrower and he jabbed them in from about ten inches. I knew what I had to do was take a beating until he got careless. Just once he was bound to get careless and then I had to get him. He circled around me with a grin.

THERE were people packed up on the tee now, watching. "We should have charged admission," he said, and sent in his left twice. It was timed perfect and it had a lot of snap and jar. I swung and missed and he laughed and said, "Good old Willie and his Sunday punch!" I went in again and suddenly his left was down and there he was wide open and smiling and I let him have it. It was just right and he went slamming across the grass a full ten feet. For a second I was scared I'd hurt him but he rolled around and sat up. He grinned but he didn't get up, so I walked away, leaving him sitting there.

That's the last I saw of him. I walked past the people on the tee and nobody said a word. But the next day it was all over the town. But nobody said anything about it to me, not even in the poolroom. The more I thought about it the worse I felt. I couldn't go home and face the old man. So without going home at all I went up to the lake, broke into one of the summer cabins and stayed all night to think it over. There seemed like only one thing left to do and that was leave town. All the next day I fished for bluegills and caught three and thought it over. I thought about Mary and the old man and Chuck and the garage and Hollywood and the Army and when I figured it all out I walked back to town and went home to pack up.

Nobody was there. I looked in the closets for my clothes and saw that all the old man's stuff was gone. Chuck's stuff was gone from his room too. So I called up Mac, the boss at the garage, and asked him if he'd seen or heard of the old man. "Yeah, I have," h "I saw him yesterday. He was with Chuck for Hollywood. Th new plugs put in here."

It was a blow. But I had it cor me for going crazy. "Okay, M said. "I couldn't get down to w day. I didn't feel good."

"That don't matter any more, said, "because you don't work any more. I work for you."

"What do you mean?" I said.

Mac laughed. "They told me you," he went on. "Chuck didn buy plugs in here. He bought the damn' garage. I got the papers my hand. You own the joint. want to know is will you give me

I let the receiver drop on the t could still hear Mac jabbering a he laughed and hung up. I got went into the kitchen. If Mac then it was true. I couldn't figure I cleaned the bluegills and w about to drop them into the fryi when the door opened and Mar there.

Things were happening too f just stood there and stared at h she stared back, smiling a litt coming over toward me. I sat d the chair and she took the fryi away from me. "You couldn't fish," she said. "Better let me

SHE put the pan on the sto I watched her. I couldn't talk could feel was how wonderful it see her close again and be alo her. "Set another place at the tab said, and I got up then and pu two plates without dropping eith though I couldn't feel them. Th down again, and she said, with h turned: "I don't know what yo of me any more, but I know eve that happened—between you and too—and I don't know anythin clear except that I love you."

I took a deep breath like lo drinks of water in a sunstroke a "Don't go a word further than t

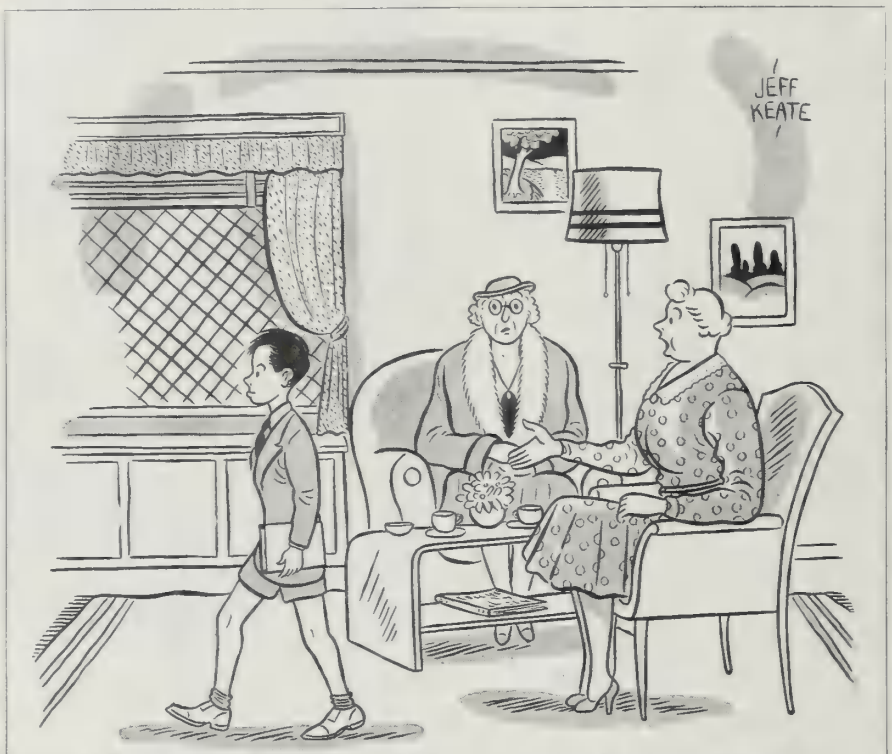
She turned around and came and the rest of what she had to said in my arms, which was eas nicer. "I didn't know what he w said, "but now I see through hi just a show-off, just a ham act a . . ."

"Forget him," I said, and I wa to tell her how we could both fo when the doorbell rang. It was t door and so I walked out thro hall and the parlor and ope Sammy Cass was there with a te I signed for it and took it and find a dime to give him so he grapes all the way down the arb he was leaving the yard.

It was a long telegram and it w the old man and St. Louis. This it said: "Dear Son. This is su country and a big town. We find you nowhere when we left. me that told Chuck how it wa Mary. He thinks he put up a good act. He hopes you get right away and take her to see pictures. He also says that y graph your right hand too much he had to hold out his jaw a full onds before you could find it. you can come out west for a hon sometime. Love from us both father, Nate Boone."

I read it twice, and slowly it on me. I walked back to the holding the telegram in my hand was standing there smiling, j nothing had ever come betwee cept that she fell in love with m a telegram, darling?" she asked. does it say?"

I put it slowly in my pocket a I kissed her. "It don't matter said. "It's just from the old m let you read it—after we get m



"Like all parents, Henry and I hope someday he'll be President —and Henry thinks he knows a way he can beat Roosevelt!"

JEFF KEATE

NEW 1941 HUDSON WINS SAFETY AWARD

For Safest Body Design



LEADING SAFETY AUTHORITY GIVES HUDSON HIGHEST RATING ON FEATURES FOR PASSENGER PROTECTION...FIRST PERFECT SCORE EVER RECORDED

PICTURED HERE is the trophy awarded to Hudson for safest body design of all 1941 cars . . . by *Safety Engineering Magazine* and its publishers, the Alfred M. Best Company, America's foremost insurance analysts and recognized leaders in the promotion of safety.

In this annual award, cars are judged on 14 points of body design which do most to help you (or any other driver) to prevent accidents, and to protect you and your passengers if accidents occur. *On every one of these 14 points, Hudson received the highest possible rating.*

You Drive With *Super-Safety* . . . in a Hudson

But Hudson safety only begins with safest *body* design. All the way from GO to STOP, Hudson guards you and yours with *super-safety* found in no other automobiles built today.

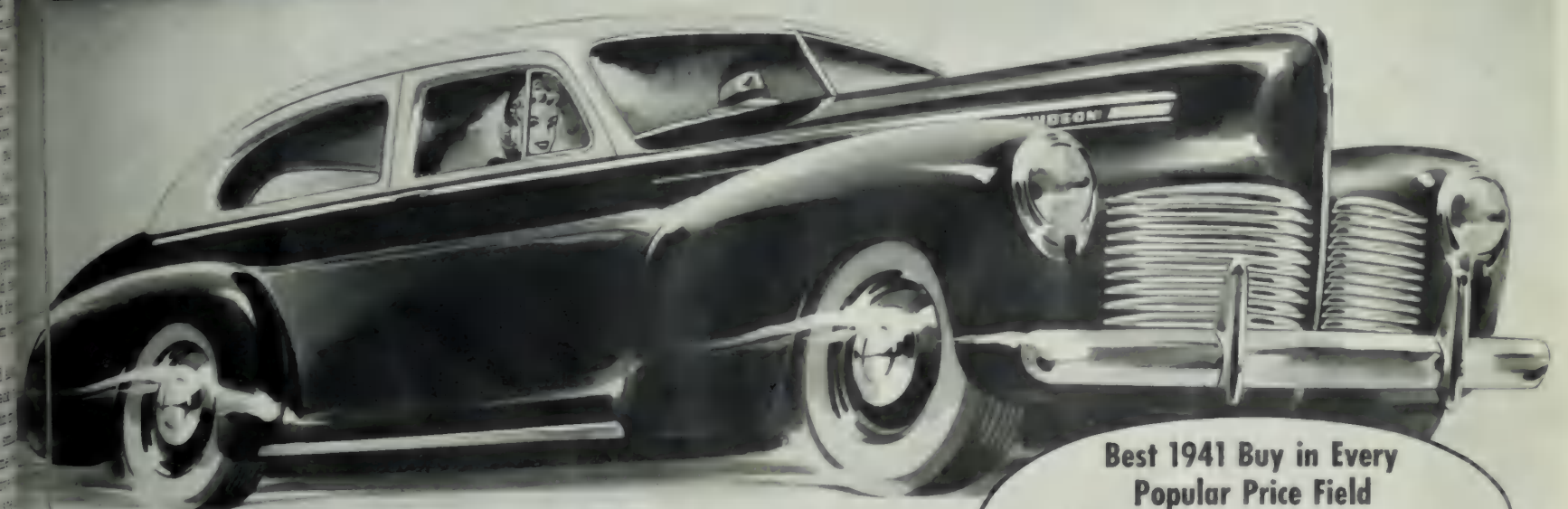
Patented Double-Safe Brakes! If hydraulics should fail (as they can in *any* car through leakage due to accident or service neglect), you just push farther *on the same foot pedal* . . . and STOP. But *only* in a Hudson!

Patented Auto-Poise Control! Automatically helps hold front wheels straight in high winds, on rough roads, even if a tire blows. No other car has anything like it!

Dash-Locking Safety Hood . . . hinged at the front so wind can't lift it if it's left unlatched! *Extra Wide Vision* . . . front and rear! *Extra Power* to whisk you out of tight spots!

Come for a look and go for a ride . . . at the nearest Hudson showroom. See *all* that Hudson's 31-year engineering leadership gives you for 1941 . . . not only to make your ride the *safest* on the road, but smoother, more luxurious, than you ever thought possible.

AMERICA'S SAFEST CAR



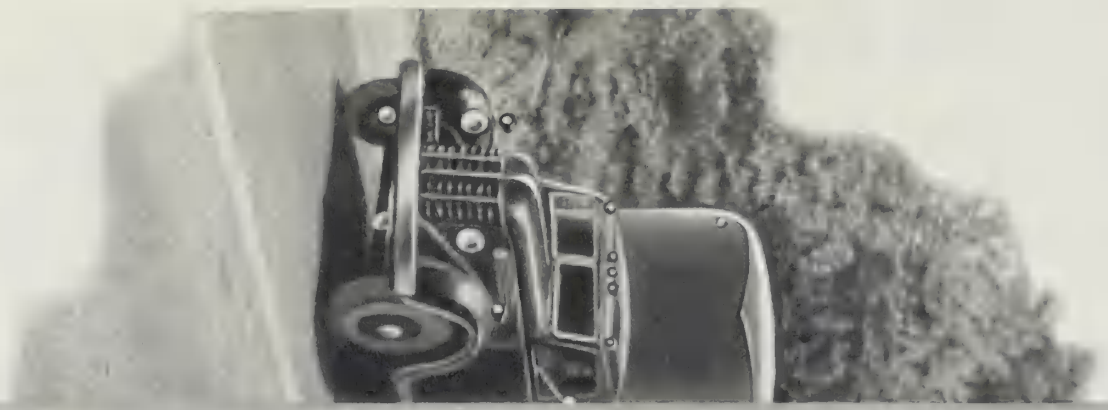
illustrated is new Hudson Six De Luxe 6-Passenger Club Sedan, one of the lowest priced Sedans built today.

nly luxurious new Commodore models, finest cars ever to wear the Hudson nameplate . . . the brilliant new ix, nd the new Hudson Six in the lowest price field . . . offer a new high in value in every popular price class.

Best 1941 Buy in Every Popular Price Field Starting with the Lowest HUDSON SIXES and EIGHTS

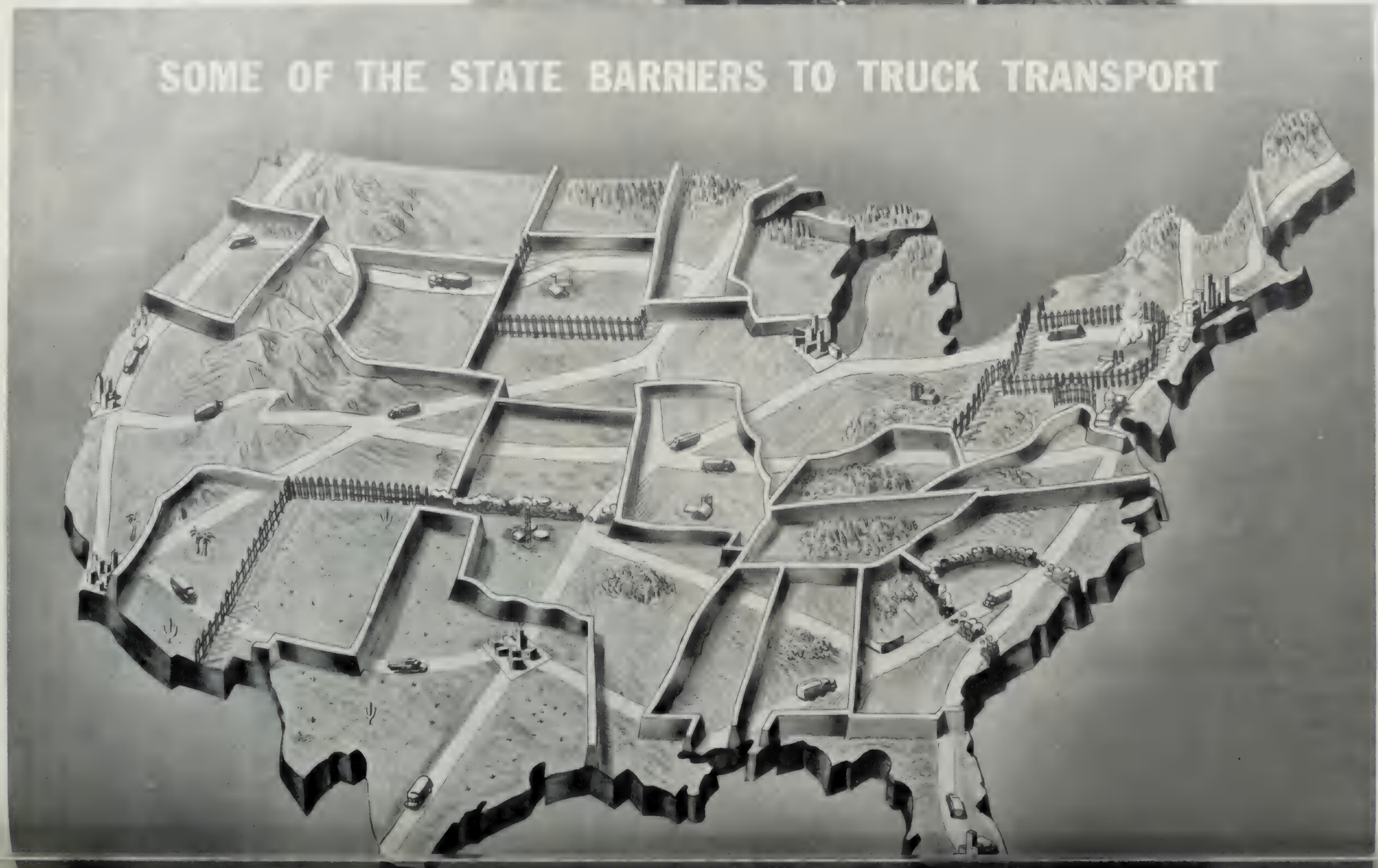
Here's one map you

Collier's for January 18, 1941



WHAT ARE THESE WALLS MADE OF? Conflicting weight laws in adjacent states • Conflicting regulations governing lights and safety equipment • Length and height laws that arbitrarily block whole sections of U. S. highways • A string of license plates from state to state • Insurance that's good in one state — insufficient in another • Special ownership taxes and horsepower fees • Mileage taxes — collected in a confusion of ways • Official cards, forms and stickers — about which there is official disagreement even within the same state. Altogether — thousands of laws that block the free flow of goods by truck.

SOME OF THE STATE BARRIERS TO TRUCK TRANSPORT



ever saw in school!

WHEREVER THEIR WHEELS CAN ROLL, THE TRUCKS OF AMERICA HELP REDUCE YOUR LIVING COSTS . . . HELP BRING BETTER LIVING AND BETTER BUSINESS . . . HELP PROVIDE MODERN HIGHWAYS AND SWIFT, FLEXIBLE TRANSPORT FOR AMERICA'S DEFENSE . . .

BUT— We can't jump trucks over man-made interstate walls!

VER take a cross-country trip—you and your family—in the family car ...over those grand roads...through the lovely land that is America? ou ever noticed any barriers at state ur aries, did you?

B they were there, Mister . . . *real barriers* hi you couldn't see. *Barriers which stop, sl w, or handicap the freight-carrying uc that do so much to lower your living sts . . on food, clothes, furniture . . . on ar everything you buy.*

Th e barriers are the confusion of length d eight laws . . . special fees . . . and te ermits.

LACK OF UNIFORMITY

r ample — a truck traveling south is pro- ed g according to law, with a normal ad. But the moment it crosses the Ohio ve half the cargo must be taken off. It co es a two-truck load until another state ie reached. That means an increase in st d needless delay.

Tr ks rushing airplane parts between rta west coast cities have been delayed u necessary inter-state barriers — in some ses s much as one or two days.

A id-west manufacturer of percussion ps shipping by truck to save ecius time. November and De- mb schedules called for delivery of over one million pounds. Shipments went through on time, but a barrier tax of $500 per trailer — imposed by a city on the route — caused a terrific increase in the cost of producing vital defense material.

A truck load of iron lungs from an American manufacturer, destined for Ottawa, Canada, ran afoul of a weight-law barrier. After much argument, this humanitarian shipment was released — but not until after a delay of twelve hours. And, because of missing subsequent connections, the iron lungs arrived two days late in Ottawa.

And so it goes.

Truck operators try to anticipate these delays and avoid extra expense. But it is not always possible.

REDUCES TRUCKING ECONOMY

What does all that mean to you? Simply this — interstate barriers are preventing trucks from cutting your living costs even *more* than they do now.

Trucks—unlike other forms of transportation—can travel direct routes—the shortest distance between points. Faster deliveries, with less handling, mean less damage—less loss—lower prices to you.

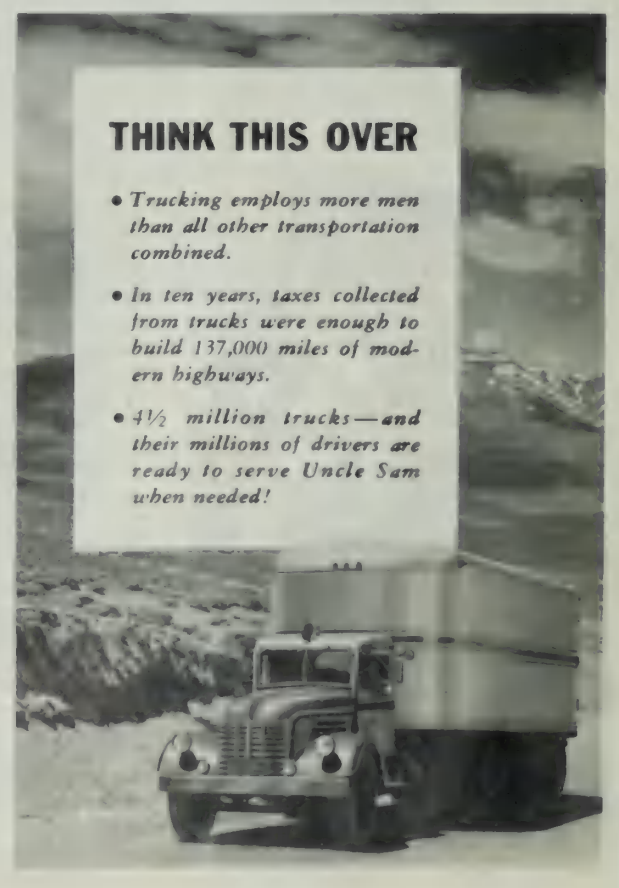
Trucks speed production — make mass production economies possible.

And taxes collected from trucks go a long way in building and maintaining America's highway system.

TRUCKS PAY ALL HIGHWAY UPKEEP?

If truck taxes this year were all applied to roads, they'd pay for the entire upkeep on every mile of state highway in the U.S.A.—with enough left over to build 8,000 miles of new roads besides! That's a lot of roads for you to enjoy as a motorist—and for Uncle Sam, in national defense.

Next time truck legislation comes up for discussion, keep these things in mind. Remember—the free flow of goods by truck makes a difference, *a big difference*, in your family's budget!



SAFETY COURTESY DISPATCH ATA

MERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS

WASHINGTON, D.C.

HELP

LOCATE THIS MAN!



CONVICTED

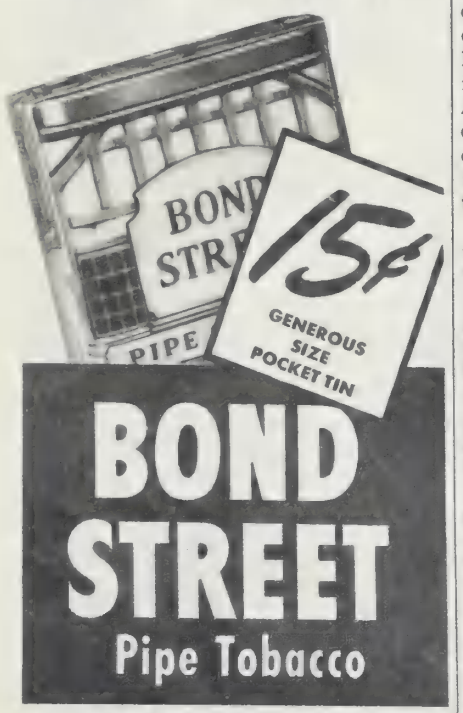
with 123,231 others of not having found the right tobacco

Out of every thousand exacting pipe-smokers — a high percentage refuse to smoke any other brand once they try BOND STREET.

And so—by applying that percentage to readers of this magazine, we know that 123,232 pipe-smokers are missing the *one* tobacco they'd like best!

BOND STREET contains *a rare aromatic tobacco not hitherto used in a popular priced mixture.*

It smokes clean—sweet—without bite. Never leaves stale pipe odors in the room. (*Even the ladies approve the aroma.*) Try it—today—and see!



A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

How to Train Defense Workers

Continued from page 23

immediately. Very few fail to win advancement, and the industrialists of the state no longer insist that costly machinery will be wrecked by workmen who have not had years of experience. The important thing is that other states can follow Connecticut's example. A few are already doing so. The federal government has appropriated $15,000,000 for the payment of teachers' salaries in the states which establish vocational training for defense workers.

So a start has been made, at least, toward supplying the additional 2,500,000 semiskilled men who will be needed for the national-defense program next year. Colonel F. J. McSherry, who represents the Army and the Navy on the Co-ordination Committee on Labor Supply headed by Sidney Hillman, has declared that Connecticut pointed the way. The nation as a whole, he said in September, was following the Connecticut plan.

"The work you have been doing here," Colonel McSherry told the Connecticut State Vocational Association, "has greatly helped other states in starting their work."

Originally, though, the Connecticut plan was merely a scheme to get men off the relief rolls and to halt a curious paradox—the employment of skilled workers from outside the state while residents, lacking proper training, could not get jobs. The project had its inception in the inaugural message of Governor Raymond E. Baldwin, who took office in January, 1939. Its success, though, has been largely due to a young manufacturer, Carl A. Gray. Mr. Gray, now president of the Grenby Manufacturing Company, a machine-tool concern of New Britain has given more than a year of his time without pay as chairman of the governor's commission to study unemployment.

Everyone Must Help

One of the first tasks of states trying to emulate Connecticut will be to find a Carl Gray, which won't be easy. On the other hand, they can adopt certain basic principles which Mr. Gray believes vital to any plan for the training of defense workers. He thinks the work must be done by the local communities, with minimum supervision by state or federal authorities. He insists that all elements in the community must co-operate—finance, industry, education and labor. This has been done everywhere in Connecticut. A representative of the A. F. L. or the C. I. O. has been active on each community committee. In consequence, union labor hasn't interfered, as it has often done in the past, with the training of new men for industry.

The Connecticut plan goes back to a meeting at the Hartford Club in July, 1939. Governor Baldwin presided, and it was attended by such men as John A. Coe, president of the American Brass Company; Eugene Wilson, president of United Aircraft Corp.; Frederick Conard, vice-president of the Underwood Elliott Fisher Company; Harry C. Knight, president of the New England Telephone Company.

Mr. Gray addressed the meeting. He said that a rapid survey of unemployed and unemployables was being taken and that local committees would have to help because the situation differed in different communities. He said two main groups required help—the "forgotten youth" with no adequate training and the "skill-rusty" older men who had abandoned their trades because of the long depression.

The unemployment survey was finished in two months. It revealed that a third of the state's employable unemployed were young men and women between sixteen and twenty-five years old who were untrained and unskilled, who were the living casualties of the depression. In due course the Young Commission, working on a national basis, confirmed these figures. Another third represented "skill-rusty" older workers. Mr. Gray of Connecticut thereupon set out to train the first group and to salvage the second.

He picked key men in Bridgeport, Manchester, Meriden, Bristol, New London and other manufacturing centers in the state. These were men of the type that had met at the Hartford Club in July, and in due course they constituted an advisory council to which Governor Baldwin also appointed the commissioner of the state board of education, the director of the State Employment Service, the commissioner of the Department of Labor, the president of the State Manufacturers' Association and representatives of the labor unions. Carl Gray told this group, again, that unemployment was a local rather than a state problem. Governor Baldwin lent his prestige and influence to the cause and addressed meeting after meeting throughout the state.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gray was preparing to illustrate what he meant. He was getting ready to set up the first training course in Hartford.

No money had been appropriated, but the governor agreed to draw on his contingent fund for $2,000 or so. Gray found, of course, considerable skepticism as he started. Industrialists said that the "forgotten youth" of sixteen to twenty-five could not be trained and would wreck costly machinery. They added that the "skill-rusty" older men were beyond help. Labor leaders expressed alarm that the new men would displace union members. Finally, Gray was told, no place for a training school was available in Hartford. His answer was that the Hartford Trade School would do. He would schedule the classes from eleven o'clock at night to seven in the morning so that the regular sessions would not be interfered with.

The most difficult part of the job, at first, was to select the boys who would take the course. The State Employment Service, fortunately, had fairly adequate data on the education and qualifications of the unemployed youth. The service agreed to select an initial batch of about one hundred. ' the decision which may have most important factor in the the Connecticut plan. This w ject all candidates to the m aptitude tests evolved by psy during the past decade or two

Gray was somewhat dubiou value of the tests. So we Leonard Maloney, head of Employment Service, and a g manufacturers. Psychologist on WPA projects—themselv wise unemployed—were av give the tests, however, and t ment was tried.

The Cream of the Cla

Major Maloney, George manager of the Bridgeport bra employment service, Charles his assistant, and Mr. Gray unanimous that aptitude tes very well indeed. The misfits- who are clumsy with their ha afraid of machinery—are cul the start. So are the unintelli

Out of each 100 boys takin from 50 to 55 qualify for f amination. An additional te average, drop out because o defects. Another ten may be by personnel managers who all candidates with an eye to h when the five weeks have pass out of every 100 only 30 to lowed to take the training cou this does not mean that the not benefit greatly. They a stores, shops and filling statio of them get the jobs vacated qualified boys.

Fifty-three boys were finall for the first course in Hartfor while, Pratt & Whitney Aircra additional equipment in the had assigned about a dozen foremen and workmen to serve ers, and had agreed to pay the Weston, of the regular staff at school, was placed in gener and one night at eleven o'clo middle of November, 1939, wo It was going to be tough. On hour break, for lunch, was pe two o'clock in the morning.

During a mere five weeks 20 training would be jammed into But on December 22d the en of 53 was graduated; not one by the wayside. And every was hired at once. They wer for Pratt & Whitney Aircraft,



"Put the paper down, dear. I want to give you your eggs!"

e Fire Arms Manufacturing Com-
y d for other concerns. In a month
w word started to spread in Hart-
l d elsewhere in Connecticut that
m ions had been rapid among the
a umber were already earning $40
e One bright youth had been told
h foreman that two assistants
lo hortly be placed under him.
e rts of the jobs and the wages
te a deluge of applicants for train-
as 939 ended. Reports of the caliber
th training-course graduates con-
e Connecticut's industrialists that
o l be wise to go along with Gov-
r aldwin and Carl Gray. Besides,
o had exploded into war and
er or planes, for engines, for guns
f ammunition were beginning to
r o the "Armory of the Nation." A
fense program for the United
es ould soon start, too. Gray spent
it his time traveling from city to
. le organized local committees
ch n turn, got additional schools in
a n. Among the twenty in full
ra n today there is even one for
ne Fifty girls are getting an in-
iv course in operating power sew-
m hines at the Manchester Trade
o As contracts for uniforms and
ke are signed, more such courses
b eeded everywhere in the coun-

e sited the Hartford Trade School
e st among all of them—one night
bo 9 o'clock. The place was hum-
ng. bout 200 men were at work and
al f them, it was pleasant to note,
y ng. For the "skill-rusty" older
, ose plight had been one part of
or nal problem, had not been for-
en Most of the younger men were
in at lathes, milling machines,
di machines and drill presses.
ing them were employees of
ted Aircraft Corporation; they
only slightly older than the boys
ught. A good many of the boys
n enrolled for but two or three
ts, ut they seemed amazingly fa-
ith the machines.
A f in each batch drop out," I was
t most of them are okay. No;
h en't smashed any machines yet
we aven't had a single serious acci-
."

Nothing's too Difficult

he onnecticut plan is flexible. Carl
y d that the basic purpose was
ee the needs of industry. "We'll
a hot at teaching anything," he
d he illustrated this by show-
me group of men, most of them
r, ho were filing small pieces of
al another room. Some months
he explained, the management
he artford plant of Colt's Patent
A s Manufacturing Company had
te a serious bottleneck in their
hin gun department. A certain
of his intricate weapon could be
ied almost to completion by ma-
ery Then it had to be finished by
l, rough a careful and laborious
g ocess. Only the most skilled
at Colt's had been trusted to do
be use the part, by then, was worth
. ot enough skilled men could be
d.
o th Hartford Trade School began
ing ut men to train as filers. They
to ve steady hands and patience.
een r so were being taught this
t th night of our visit. Next morn-
we ent to the plant itself. Herbert
ker employment manager at Colt's,
us hrough the first stages of the
ufa ure of this vital part. He did
tak us to the wing of the plant
re te filing was going on. Rulings
he Var Department forbade that.
can emember when nobody was al-
d t do that filing except eight or
nen Mr. Walker said. "But today
have ifty who may never have seen
a file until they took the training course. We'll employ all they will send us."

That morning was a cold, damp, rainy New England day. Outside the Colt plant, wet and bedraggled, was a line of about 200 men looking for work. I asked Mr. Walker how many of them he might be able to hire.

"With luck, three or four," he said. "On the average, about two."

"How many men could you put to work immediately, if only they had some training?"

"At least 200, easily," he said.

But the soggy 200 had no training. Colt's had neither time nor facilities for teaching them the essentials—even the very basic essentials—of the machine age. Mr. Walker was emphatic, however, in his praise of the boys who had taken Connecticut's training courses. He was astonished at the progress they had made, he said. In the plant, at the moment, 250 were at work.

It's Better Than Relief

The young men of the United States may be mechanically minded, as the Connecticut plan appears to prove. This does not mean, though, that many of today's youth have had experience working with tools. Less than 42 per cent of Connecticut's unemployed had previous manufacturing experience of any kind. Most of the boys with whom I talked admitted that their familiarity with machinery was, at the best, sketchy. One said he had spent a summer in a sawmill. Another confessed that he did not even know how to drive a car.

Today's war is a war of machines. The defense program is a program of machines. In the classified advertisements of nearly all big newspapers today may be read the story of industry's compelling needs. In a single issue of the New York Times are help-wanted notices of the Sperry Gyroscope Company, the Wright Aeronautical Company, the Federal Shipbuilding and Drydock Company and many others. Assemblers, machinists, grinders, operators for turret and engine lathes, for the Bullard lathe—all these are lacking. Immediate employment is available for such men.

But throughout the United States the relief load and the number of men on WPA projects remain about the same.

The answer is training. Connecticut has proved that not very much of that, provided it is efficiently given, is needed. The federal appropriation of $15,000,000 is now being used to pay teachers where states inaugurate training courses. New York State has appropriated $110,000 for the purchase of tools and machinery. Other states are getting under way.

The defeat of Governor Baldwin in November will in no way interfere with Connecticut's program for training men. The greater part of the work is now in the hands of private industrialists, in any event. Besides, Mr. Gray's commission receives its authority from the legislature of the state. Finally, Governor Robert A. Hurley, who has succeeded Governor Baldwin, is pledged to carry on the training.

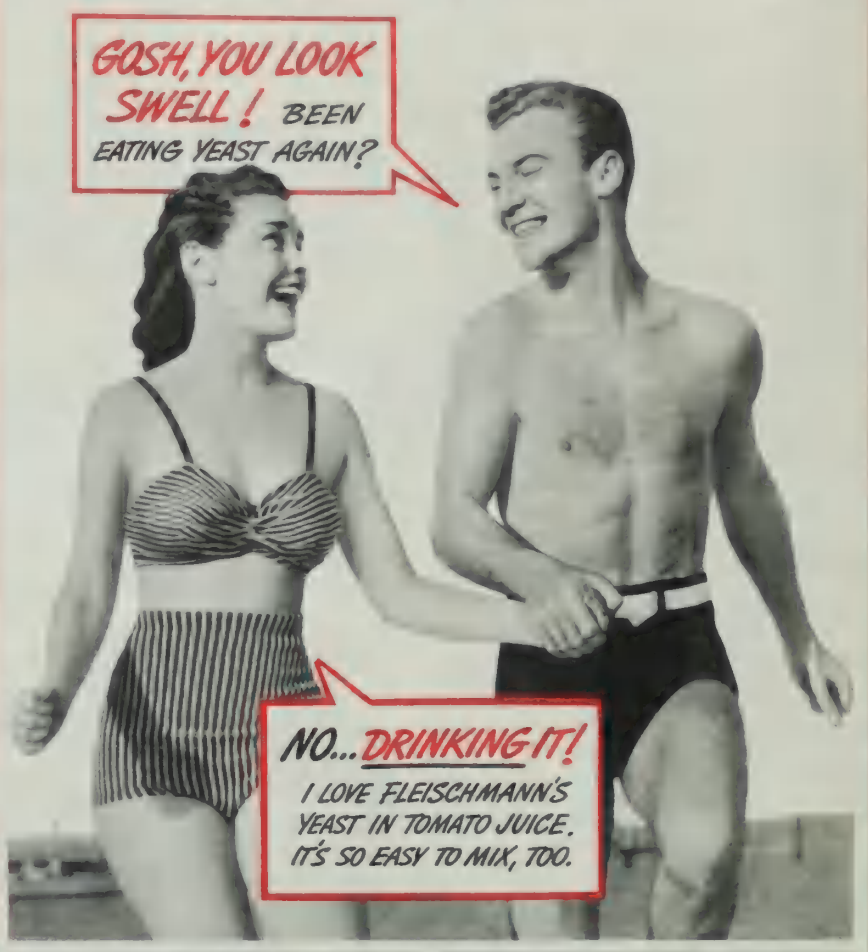
The cost? Up in Connecticut, operating with Yankee thrift, Carl Gray has paid but a mere $600 for administrative expenses during a year and a half. He has no staff. His stenographer is a part-time volunteer. Money has to be spent for materials, for light and heat and power, of course. And how much have these cost?

"The experience of Connecticut," says Carl Gray, "has been that thoroughly competent beginners, entirely satisfactory to the employer, may be turned out at an average cost of $17 per student. With increased job-training volume, this per capita cost will be further reduced."

Not much WPA employment or relief can be supplied for $17 per man.

You'll like yeast this new way









JOE: You know, I felt absolutely tops when I was eating yeast. But I didn't like the taste. I couldn't stick with it.
ANNE: Same here! But this new way, in tomato juice, gives you all the benefits of yeast, plus a delicious taste. I'm staying with it this time . . . and twice a day, too. Nobody needs to sell me on the idea. I *know* how much better I feel.

JOE: Maybe I'll start again. I read that "yeast is one of the richest of all natural sources of the wonderful vitamin B complex." Right?
ANNE: Certainly. It's been proved, and lots of us don't get enough. That's why it gives you that up-and-coming, going-to-town feeling! Try it out again . . . first thing in the morning, last thing at night. And take my word for it, you'll like what it does for you.



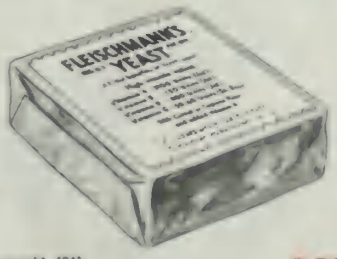
MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .



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Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast

DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

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They've Got the Flu!

Continued from page 18

they would have taken an enormous stride forward. They would have converted this violent death to a simple animal where they could watch it, feel over it and perhaps get some real facts about it.

Landlaw filtered the throat washings the group had collected in hospitals. The filter would strain out any bacteria—and the stuff that went through would be—what? Landlaw didn't know. He hoped it would be virus—the virus of influenza. With a blunt syringe he installed a few drops of this elixir of death in the nose of a squirming ferret. Then the group sat back to wait. It wasn't a long wait—only 48 hours. Then one ferret got sick with a disease that looked like flu! Youngest members of the group enthused. They had flu cornered in a research animal! It would be easy from this point on. Landlaw patient and careful, curbed their enthusiasm. What made them think this was flu? Certainly it looked like that unruly disease. But unfortunately, be said coldly, good medical research wasn't based on casual appearances and youthful enthusiasms. They had to know.

They passed this sickness—whatever it was—from ferret to ferret; and from ferret to mouse. Then, after a few months of this, a splendid thing happened. Stuart-Harris was examining a ferret one day when it let go a beautiful full-blown sneeze, right in his face! Two days later he was flat on his back with fever, headache, sore muscles—but he had an ear-to-ear grin on his face. The cycle was completed. They had passed flu from sick man to ferret, and back to man again. It was a virus disease. Now things were moving.

Flu researchers the world over had a hot scent and were now on the trail. Down in Australia F. M. Burnet made a happy discovery. He found that flu virus would grow and thrive in fertile eggs. One simply punched a minute hole in the end of an egg and dropped in a little virus. Then the hole was sealed and the egg placed in an incubator. The virus, which lives only on live tissue, went to work on the embryo.

This discovery gave researchers the ready source of infective material that they needed. It saved them the tedium of grinding up lungs of mice killed by flu, or the nasal passages of ferrets.

Work of this sort, clever as sin, began to pop everywhere. A group of Russian workers in Moscow wanted to know what would happen if you dropped virus into human noses. They got a group of "volunteers"—whether or not they were captured from a passing streetcar the literature does not record. In any case the volunteers got the virus and got the disease.

Up at Harvard other men wanted to check on the belief that flu is spread by sneezing. So they built a sneezing machine—a small, glass-enclosed cage with an atomizing nozzle stuck in one side. Ferrets in the cage got flu after a couple of blasts of the atomizer. Further work with high-speed cameras and other equipment indicated that droplets are expelled from the mouth of a sneezer at the rate of 100 miles per hour; and that flu microbes in the droplets float in the air, well and happy, for as long as half an hour.

Meanwhile, the Rockefeller Institute in New York had its own problems. Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., pink-faced, bespectacled, continued the work of Laidlaw and began hunting virus strains of his own—in Alaska, Puerto Rico, Philadelphia. He noted that all strains were not alike; some were blustery and killing, others were meek and mild. As often as not an animal that was immune to one of these strains (by virtue of a recent attack of the disease) would not be immune to a second. Was flu, then, a disease like pneumonia, of which there are 30 types? It looked as if something of this sort might be the case.

A Vaccine with Drawbacks

Tommy Francis, friendly, gracious, a superb worker, chased flu microbes through the San Joaquin Valley in California and in the labyrinthine depths of Brooklyn. He found that he could shoot the microbes of a certain strain—say Philadelphia 37—into the bloodstream of an animal. Instead of getting the disease—as it would if the virus were dropped into the nostrils—the ferret reacted in quite the opposite direction. Somehow this potent juice caused the animal's blood to build antibodies—immune factors which fight off infection. After being vaccinated in this manner ferrets got high-grade protection!



"That's the beauty of our marriage—Henry lives his life and I live mine"

EDWARD JOVE

Would a man react the same way when given shots of virus? Francis got a hundred volunteers and shot the flu juice into them. None of them had adverse reactions. Antibody content of the blood of nearly all of them shot up! It appeared that live virus vaccine would protect. Still, it had its drawbacks. For one thing, it was good only for a single strain. PR-8 recovered in Puerto Rico wouldn't protect against WS (named for Wilson Smith) found in London.

This was a discouraging fact with obvious implications. There were dozens of strains loose in the world and you couldn't vaccinate against all of them. If you did, like as not an unknown one would drift in from somewhere to knock the vaccinated man over.

So things were left still pretty well up in the air. All researchers could do was wait for an epidemic. Then they could rush out, isolate the virus responsible, grow it in eggs and make a vaccine. No, this wasn't the answer. But this was the situation last spring.

In the course of the seven previous years a tremendous assault had been made on flu. Shelves sagged under the literature that accumulated; but the key to the situation was missing. No man could be sure but what he would be among the twenty million that went to the graveyard next time flu took a world tour. Then a magnificent history-making laboratory accident happened.

Dr. Frank Horsfall, who took over the Rockefeller flu work when Tommy Francis accepted a faculty job at New York University, noted that his ferrets were dying for no accountable reason. But a little investigation disclosed the cause: there was a lab epidemic of distemper, terror of all researchers who work with ferrets. This disease kills the animals surely and swiftly. It is costly—ferrets come at $4 each; and often erases months of tedious work already done on the animals.

Horsfall rushed to save what animals he could. His soft voice grew sharp as he prodded his four assistants to hurry: grind up lung tissue of animals that had died, whirl it in a centrifuge to remove solid particles and shoot this back in

Grasping better-tempered ferrets by neck and tail, and evil ones with forceps, he again started dropping virus in noses to infect the animals with flu. Then he sat back to wait for them to get sick with the same assurance that a man looks to the West for the sunset. But they stayed contrarily, obstinately well! Horsfall bridled. These creatures out of hell *had* to get sick. He was wrong as could be. They didn't have to at all. And they didn't. For some unaccountable reason the Stuka microbe that had always caused flu before wasn't working!

Worried, Horsfall checked his virus and found it still potent enough to kill mice. There was but one explanation. Somehow—he hadn't the slightest idea why—the combination of the flu virus from human beings and the distemper virus from dogs seemed to give wide-scale protection. It seemed here was a striking fact—to protect from all types of virus on hand lab. Here was the overlapping that research men had sought long!

This thing had splendid potent The Australian, Burnet, had shown to grow virus in fertile eggs. This nated troublesome animals from t tute. One could shoot both the the distemper virus into an egg, egg into a nice warm incubator temperature was kept at 100° F microbes would grow and reprodu a rich culture that could be used basis for a vaccine. There was h catch to these pleasant, hulling th Would this combination virus protect men as it protected ferret

Horsfall inoculated various lab ers, checked their blood after a fe and found that average antibod tent had shot up several hundr cent! Such an observation is means conclusive proof that the would ride unscathed through a e demic. But it is the next thing to One large-scale check indicate people with many antibodies i blood were only an eighth as li get flu as people with only a few

The Big Opportunity

What Horsfall needed at thi was a good, lusty flu epidemic.

While the mild, soft-spoken F didn't exactly wish anyone bad still wouldn't be altogether acc say that he was distressed by wor arrived last summer from Puert Flu had broken out. Working d night, he and his helpers prepare sands of doses of vaccine.

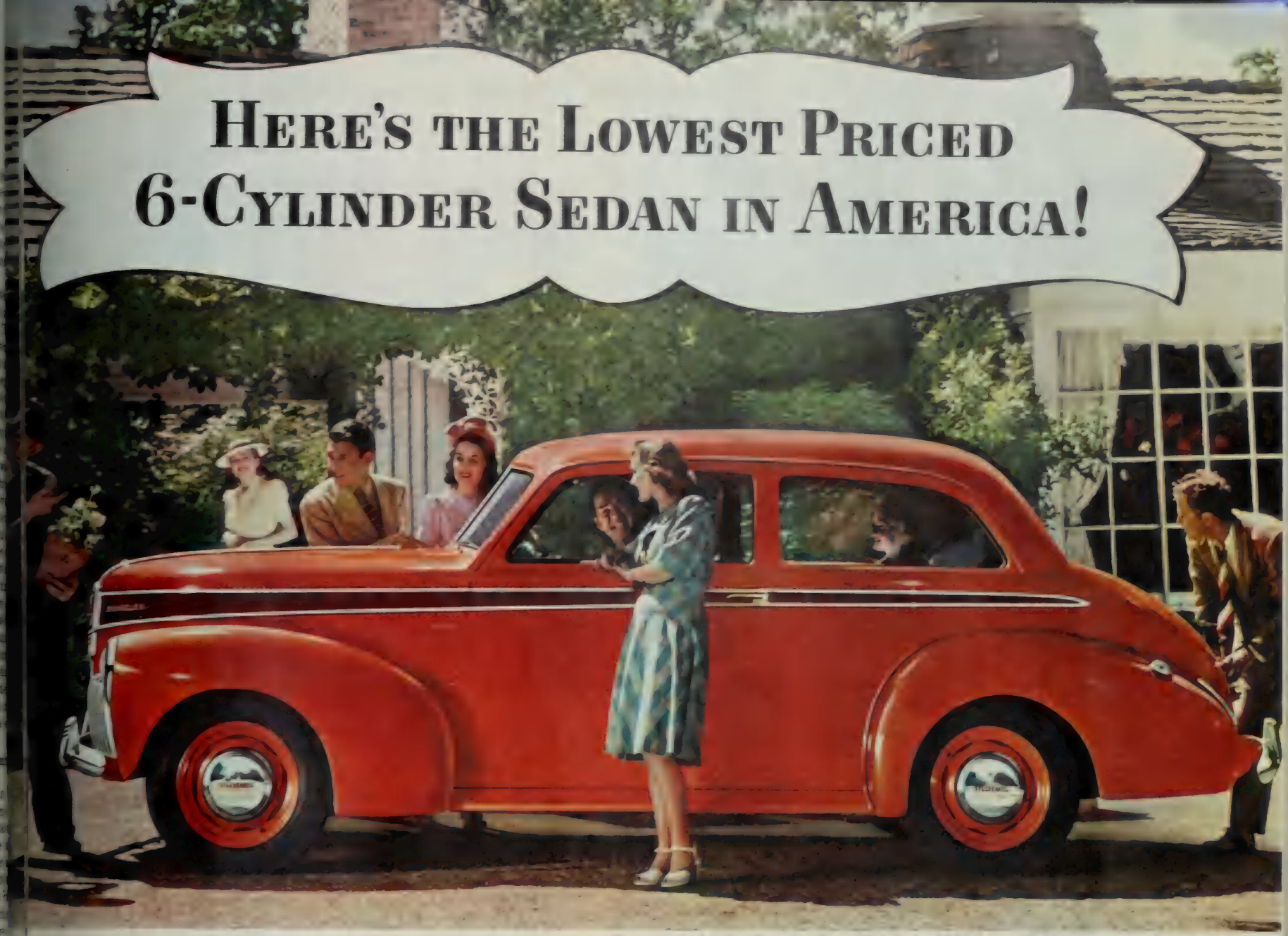
The finished stuff was rus Puerto Rico. Tragically enough there too late. The epidemic, its growing and spreading, had peter No conclusions could be drawn f few people who did get the shots in the arm. Then a few ago good news came from the Coast—that is to say good news medical researchers. Flu was k people over by the tens of thous California, Oregon, Washington, Arizona and New Mexico. In som munities it was putting 30 per the inhabitants to bed. It was killing flu like that of 1918 but, same, it was flu.

Horsfall hurried his vaccine to California towns and vaccinato gan. Results of this work won't be for several months—until the ep has worked itself out.

While there is no evidence t present mild flu will develop a killer variety, conditions are ripe appearance of the killer. Epid gists are betting even money th flu will have a severe outbre winter. With thousands of peop pell-mell into unsanitary, badly lated bomb shelters and subway ing like termite tunnels, condit ideal for growth and spread of t eases, meningitis and flu.

British health authorities have expressed interest in Horsfall's and he has put his staff on an 8- midnight schedule. The lab is m million doses of vaccine for use ment. If it gets this opportun proves to be successful, the final will have been written in m most costly, most lethal plague. ow's newspapers will be telling the tide is running.

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George Windsor, Citizen of London

Continued from page 15

decided to visit Southampton, see the amount of damage and reassure himself that everything is being done for the homeless and the wounded. If you want to come along you'll have to get up early—we must be at Southampton by nine-thirty. We'll have to get up at six-thirty. That's what the King is doing. Shake the sleep out of your eyes and stop shivering; sure it's cold, but there's no heat in Southampton at all and no hot water either. It's a lot colder there.

Herbert Morrison, minister of home security, usually accompanies the King on these expeditions. There are no ceremonial rites connected with a trip by the King. Following his car is another occupied by Harold Campbell, the King's equerry, and a Scotland Yard man. There is no screaming of sirens and no motorcycle cops lead the way. No secret-service men stand on the running boards of the cars. Traffic lights are obeyed. Once out of the city the cars travel fast, but then there are no speed laws in England.

Heroes in Review

The civic center (England's equivalent of the town hall or city hall) is in the center of the city. The center of Southampton was hit badly. The volunteer services are lined up in front of the white, scarred building. There are women ambulance drivers, air wardens, auxiliary firemen, canteen workers—all wearing the uniforms of their services. They have only been told this morning about the King's visit. As the King steps from his car a full-throated roar of welcome comes from the two hundred men and women who stand there. People hearing the cheering come running. The mayor, wearing his gold chain of office, welcomes the King. He tells the King of the two horrible nights and he tells of the heroic work done by the men and women volunteer workers.

"I'd like to meet some of them," the King says briefly.

He walks up and down the lines and now and then the mayor singles one out who has deserved especial attention. Here is Mrs. Francis Hartley, for instance, dressed in the dark blue of the ambulance service. "Mrs. Hartley drove an ambulance all during the bombing," the mayor reports. "Once the blast of a bomb lifted her ambulance right up on the sidewalk. She was stunned, but recovered, and she kept on driving all night."

The King congratulated her. He moved down the line. He smiled when he noticed a clerical collar showing above the blue uniform of an Air Raid Precautions worker. Who wore dusty, muddy dungarees and whose face was lined with fatigue. On his left breast there was a line of war ribbons. He was Colonel Reverend Sydney Turner; he had a right to be tired. He and his men had been on duty fifty-two hours. They had just taken an hour off to meet George Windsor, citizen of London. "Did you lose any men?" the King asked.

"We lost three," the fighting prelate said simply.

The King's lips tightened and his face became grim. He had just been told that the dead and wounded had mounted to more than 300.

The King left the civic center. He walked down High Street for three blocks. Only desolation and destruction met his eye. This was Southampton's main street. Here were the shops, the banks, the newspaper—smoldering ruins now. He went on to the water front to inspect the docks and to talk to the workers.

I walked back to the civic center to pick up my car. I was stopped a block away. Even my military passes, my press passes and the special pass saying that I was a member of the King's party wouldn't pass me through the cordon that had been thrown around the civic center. But they did give me an explanation of what was going on. Three minutes after the King had left the civic center an unexploded bomb had been discovered in the ruins of a moving-picture theater just fifty yards from where he had been greeted by the mayor. It was being dealt with now. It might explode any moment. "That's why we wouldn't let the Queen come down here today," a member of the King's party whispered. He knew there were unexploded bombs here.

The King went to look at fire headquarters. The large fire engines, usually gleaming with brass and bright paint, looked tired now—covered with mud. The firemen, too, who stood at attention until the King put them at their ease, looked worn. Women served them hot tea. Their uniforms were torn and their faces were grimy, but when the King asked one of them "How was it?" he grinned and said, "It was pretty thick, but we beat them."

The civilian army of England, the army that is really fighting this war, had won another victory. The town of Southampton—it is not a city—had been hurt, but her people were able to grin. The civilians of England are magnificent soldiers.

The King walked to his car. People surrounded him. The two Scotland Yard men and the police were elbowed good-naturedly aside. The King didn' They crowded around him, tall him, and he answered them. I not only the King of England r was one of them. He was sharir common danger. After all, his had been bombed too.

England's Hardest Working l

"We're all right," a plump, r aged woman called to him, "ar are you?" "Now give it to Berli other cried out, "only worse!" Tl nodded grimly. After all, he wor these people. They, in the broac were his employers. He was m civil servant doing a good job. and is probably the hardest-v civil servant in England, he is c the hardest working ruler Engla ever had.

The conscientious King stepp his car. Corporal of the Horse Hawes slipped the clutch into ge big, old-fashioned limousine b move. My car followed. A throated roar went up as the Ki Make no mistake about it—the of England have a great liking great respect for George Winds zen of London.

During the early days of the b King appeared unexpectedly in t End one morning. He walked t the ruins of still-burning hous dodged falling bits of wreckage talked to the men who were tr reduce the chaos of destruction.

"You're a great King!" a l lunged Cockney cried to hir looked at the man, smiled, an back, "You're a great people!"

It is quite possible that bot right.



"Can't you wait until you get your skis on?" WILLIAM VOI



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The Forward Faun

Continued from page 13

she got through the tests and waited for the verdict.

"The job is yours," said Welles simply, just like that.

"Now, listen . . ." she began defensively.

"The job is yours," he repeated, to show it was no gag.

"Well, Mr. Welles," she began tentatively, "I think I ought to tell you something: I'm going to have a baby."

"What?" howled Welles.

"A baby."

"When?"

"About seven months," said the expectant mother, timidly.

"It's all the better!" he yelled ecstatically. "You're hired. If you start in it, it'll really prove to those bums that I'm going to finish the picture on time."

Dorothy was born in Los Angeles, where her father was a printer. Dorothy went through high school and was at the University of California at Berkeley when the wanderlust struck her. She ran off to Taos, New Mexico, where she got a job at the Kit Carson museum. After a year at Taos she came back to California and settled at Downieville, a little gold-mining town in the northern part of the state where she got a job as a soda-jerker, which she didn't like. She moved on down to Carmel because she had decided she wanted to be an actress and thought she might catch on with the Carmel Little Theatre. The going was tough down there, too. Dorothy tried selling pictures and managed to starve at it. Then she modeled for artists.

It took her a year to get into the Theatre but she finally had parts in The Night of January 16th and The Cradle Song. Charlie Chaplin was visiting in Carmel that season and raved about Comingore in The Cradle Song.

"People say he sat out there and bawled," says Comingore, "but I didn't see him."

No Romance, but a Job

Chaplin's opinion got into the papers and a reporter from San Francisco came down to say he'd give her a story if she told him the real low-down on the Comingore-Chaplin romance. Since there hadn't been a romance, she was somewhat at a loss and compromised by refusing to say anything. Nothing daunted, the young man went back and wrote the story and printed her picture.

Pretty soon she had a wire from Warner Brothers saying to come down at their expense and let them have a look at her. She came down and they put her up at the swanky Town House.

"The Town House (laughter)," says Comingore. "It was like Annie the Apple-woman at the Waldorf."

They made tests of her and finally decided after meditation that parting with $75 a week wouldn't ruin the firm and she was signed. The man who signed her was Max Arnow and pursuant to the quaint Hollywood custom, Miss Comingore went right out behind Arnow when he left three months later.

She had a brief experience with the quickies, then landed with Columbia for a year and was back with the quickies when Welles dredged her up from the bottom of the well. Her most famous quickie was Prison Train, in which she worried desperately about her brother, who was being lugged off to the Rock. They worked with the famous old Burbank train, which has appeared in a thousand movies, and it was a question of getting done in a rush because the rent on the train was mounting up. It was Comingore's job to get off at each stop of the fictional prison train and comfort her brother.

"They set up the camera and took six shots, all alike except that I had a different costume each time. Come down the steps, talk to brother, race back into the car, change, down the steps, talk to brother, back into the car, change. . . . By the last time I was too fagged to talk to brother; just lolled my tongue at him. Had to furnish my own clothes and make-up. Made about nine dollars net on that engagement."

Mr. Collins Does It Right

In Hollywood she was rushed by the usual boulevard menaces. She didn't like it but it meant a free meal and she was in a mood for food. At this juncture Mr. Richard Collins, the screen writer, appeared on the scene. Not only did Mr. Collins appear but he turned out to have the instincts of an old-line gentleman.

When he rang the doorbell on the evening of a date, he held under his arm a box of bonbons and in his hand bloomed a bouquet of posies.

"Bucked me right up," says Miss Comingore. "Made a new woman out of me. He said he wanted to marry me. I married him."

And that accounts for the baby which would hurry Citizen Kane along to its finish even if Mr. Welles flagged in his zeal, which is something Mr. Welles never does.

However, he can be a bit negligent as was proved soon after the picture started shooting when he fell off a ladder, like Humpty Dumpty, smashed his ankle and all the physicians of Hollywood and the prayers of the RKO directorate couldn't put him together again for six weeks. But he sat in a wheel chair and directed the company and continued to get from the unknown Comingore emotional acting of a type not often seen in the City of Shadows.

"Why shouldn't she be good!" demands Welles. "She's grown up. Some of the others would be good, too . . . if they were grown up."

This sort of talk will obviously get young Orson nowhere with the people who count in Hollywood. But if Citizen Kane is good, a few additional insults will not matter. If Comingore flops, Citizen Kane will flop. If Citizen Kane flops, Citizen Welles will depart Hollywood in the night, passing through Needles with his shirttail sticking straight out behind him. He may not be a genius, as some people claim, but he is certainly a brave man.



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Goodby to Love

Continued from page 20

fi ter. You fellers should know th ."

w pawing at me and Kinlock ot oking at me at all. He did iv a mark on him to show for R sell's left hand and his eyes br t and hard, his lips curled f ckingly. Julie was looking at ke omebody that is hypnotized; at only for a moment. The look ff er face as though somebody av a magic wand and she is as an as indifferent as though she ca h the name.

rd ice Sam first, then Earl Kin- Sa adds a postscript to my in- tie of Kinlock.

e w champ," he says thickly. is is party. Great boy. Great ."

e a nost yawns. "I saw the fight," ys Just that. She looks at Kin- ut e leaves his hand hanging in . oth of his eyebrows go up this bu e doesn't look mad, merely ste —and hard, very hard; just hy is in the ring.

li to have this dance with you,"

s.

or estra has just started to play. sh gs a little and turns to me. is big difference between what d e to tell her and what I have he so it is my turn to shrug.

ay

loc steps in and they dance off h ane that the crowd makes for T y are in step right from the irs second and this Kinlock can . is no treat for me to watch o urn away—and that is that, e st round of the fight.

orl s championship had changed tc ght and on the champion's all ings belong to the champion. lov d hard and let it go at that. be a champion once myself.

T e phone hot for a week trying et lie after that night. When I t h , she was very pleasant but o sy to make any dates.

ou of days later one of the wa columns made a crack: "The ar t who recently licked one ion n the ring," it said, "is giv- oth one a beating in a game of ."

t w the first of a long list. Later columns did not pull any punches. They stepped right out and named Earl Kinlock and Julie Carter as stepping a fast pace in the night clubs. Other things, too, were hinted at in print, but I did not believe them.

Julie had not met Kinlock as a girl swept off her feet. She had met him as a woman who wanted something. It had been a fight from the start and I could not see her as letting him win any of the rounds; not after the way that she started. There was, I told myself, a chance for me until they published a marriage notice. Just thinking about her still set my pulses to hammering and I was not taking a count for anybody while I could still make a fight of it.

She had seen Earl Kinlock in a ring on the best night that he ever had, but she had never seen me do anything in a ring except take a bow.

Three weeks after the night Earl Kinlock won the championship, I was sitting in Sam Menton's office. Sam was smoking a cigar and looking as if he suspected what I came for and wasn't ready to believe it.

"Sam," I told him, "I'm coming back. I want to go in with Kinlock."

He took the cigar out of his mouth slowly and his eyes went into hiding behind the little flesh pockets that bulge all around them. Sam did not become the biggest promoter in the game by being the kind of slob that he is at parties. In his office, he is somebody tough to handle.

"Na, Jimmy," he said. "That's no good. You're all through."

"Nobody ever knocked me out."

He shrugged. "This Kinlock would do it. He's a hooking fighter, Jimmy. That kind would cut an old fighter up pretty bad."

"On the way he fought Russell, I'd murder that slob," I told him.

Sam's eyes came out from the pockets. "Once you could do that, Jimmy," he said, "because this Kinlock is not yet a great fighter. But now maybe you are jealous. It makes you crazy."

I squared myself for a battle and I poured it to him. "It would be the biggest gate you've had in two years," I told him. "No middleweight ever packed them in for you like I did. You'd double them up in the cheap seats with



"Would you mind sitting pigeon-toed? My string of pearls just broke"

HELEN E. HOKINSON



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25	.98	34	1.27	43	1.74	52	2.58
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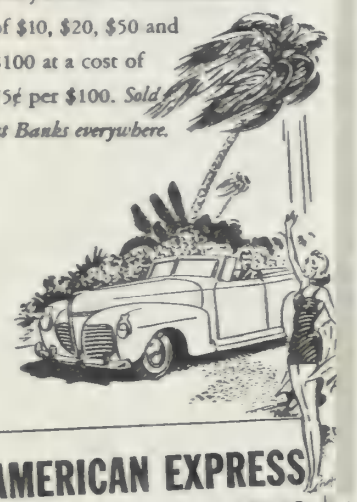
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people who'd be wondering if he could put me on the floor."

He shook his head. "Your friends wouldn't like to see you on the floor, Jimmy." He screwed his face up. "Should Pop Weyling come to me and say he wants that fight for you, okay," he said. "Otherwise, not for no million bucks, Jimmy."

We looked squarely at each other and we were two people who had made a million dollars plus together. We shook hands and that was that.

Pop Weyling had managed me since I was in knee pants and fighting at smokers. He had treated me like a father, and on the night that Steve Russell punched me apart he had clucked over me like a mother hen over a chick. He swore that night that it was my last trip to the wars—and it had been. Telling him that I wanted Earl Kinlock was going to be a lot different from telling Sam Menton. I did not have the same arguments.

For an hour I just walked around, trying to make up my mind to see Pop Weyling and tell him that I was putting the gloves on again. My nerve just wouldn't come up to the mark. In a long lifetime, Pop was the only man I had ever been afraid of.

At the end of an hour, my mind was made up. I checked into a hotel, took a suite and called up the sports editors of all the morning papers. They were around in twenty minutes and they came personally. They did not send any cubs. I shot the works with them and when the midnight editions came out, I was in the headlines:

DANE CHALLENGES KINLOCK

Ex-Champ Plans Comeback Try for Middleweight Crown

There were a number of variations of that and pictures out of the files. When I got back to the hotel, Pop Weyling was waiting in the lobby. He was a little older and he had less hair than when I last saw him, but meeting his steady stare still sent the cold chills down my spine. He waved a copy of the Courier.

"How about this?" he barked. "Have you signed anything?"

I swallowed hard before I answered him. "You're my manager," I said. "I've never signed anything."

He wadded the paper and tossed it aside. "Okay. That's all I wanted to know. I'll see Sam Menton."

That was that and he left me without any postscripts. Somehow I would have rather had the blasting that I expected. Pop knew about Julie, and he knew I wasn't going to change my mind. There was only one thing for him to do—and he did it.

CARLO was on the top of a mountain and I went up there with a young heavyweight that Pop was managing and a black boy who knew how to cook. It was one of the loneliest spots in the world and for three weeks I did nothing but chop wood and climb mountains.

At the end of the three weeks, I was hard again; not exactly glowing the way I had been once, but hard. I came down then to the old camp at Station Landing where I had trained for most of my fights in the old days. Pop was there and he had Nora Garran, the Irishwoman who had cooked for all his camps. He also had a trio of tough sparring partners and an outdoor ring.

"I've told the boys to go easy with you for a while," he said curtly.

"Thanks. They don't have to be careful."

I was just as curt as he was. No sparring partner of mine had ever had to pull his punches to keep from licking me and I had a sudden desire to beat the daylights out of this trio and knock them, one at a time, into Pop Weyling's lap.

I did nothing of the kind. Leveling at them with everything that I had, they still made me look foolish and I saw that they were following instructions. They weren't half-trying and any one of them could have taken me.

I knew then that two years is a long time in a fighting man's life and that the way back was going to be rough. I went to work in earnest.

If Julie wanted youth and speed and strength, I was going to give it to her. Kinlock was "good-looking and savage" according to what she said on the night of the fight. Well, I couldn't offer her any good looks. If I had ever had any, I had left them in a hundred rings. I could give her the savage part, and when I got through Kinlock wouldn't have the good looks to offer, either.

I went to sleep on that thought night after night. And at the end of a month I had my sparring partners fighting for their lives. The timing that was so badly off in the first weeks of training was becoming sharp again, my muscles had loosened up and my legs gave me a solid platform from which to fire my heavy artillery. Even Pop had warmed up.

He was more like the Pop of old; yelling at me and encouraging me, patting me on the back or bawling the blazes out of me. He watched me like a hawk in the ring and he was liking what he saw. The tip-off came when he started reading me the sports pages in the evening.

The boys who were covering my camp had started to root for me. They were remembering that I had lost my only important decision to a clever boxer and that the boxers had always given me trouble. They were remembering, too, that no puncher had ever stood up and traded with me and stayed on his feet. I was close to an even-money bet as the result of their ballyhoo—and I had been away for two years.

Three nights before the fight, Julie came out to the camp. I was relaxing in my room with the radio tu when Pop Weyling came in. was wooden, the way it is w talking terms with a promote

"There's a girl downstairs," "that says she'll sit in her car her horn till you come out."

"Julie?" I said. Pop shrugge

"I didn't ask. I just told he didn't have to make threats."

I was out of that room fast not look back.

JULIE was sitting in a car ou I could not see her very w not have to see her. There wa stinct inside of me that would me whenever she was near. I living with the thought of he want of her for months.

"Jimmy!" she said. "Jimm you'd see me."

"Sure." I got into the car t and she laid her hand on my a

"I've been reading everyt the papers said about you, Jim said. "I never knew before wh fighter you were. They all w how hard you hit and—"

My heart was turning over s my eyes misted a bit. She reading about me. I wasn't Pa to her any more. She knew I was now; not just an old g bows. Her fingers bit into my

"Jimmy, I came out here to call off the fight. You don't hav back, Jimmy. You liked me don't want you to fight."

I turned to look at her and was pounding so hard in my my eyes saw everything in a l tongue felt thick. She did not to fight.

"Why?" I said.

She kept my arm in that shook it. "Jimmy, I can't st keep seeing Earl in there," she s I dream at night that you are Earl the way you punched tho I wake up trembling when I seeing you knocking him dow stand it, Jimmy. I can't. I'm



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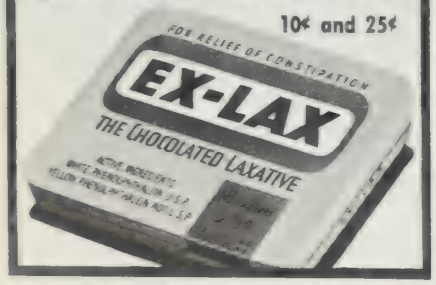
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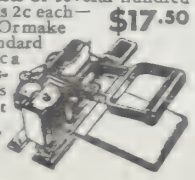
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with him, Jimmy. I don't want him hurt—"

I drew the breath into my lungs and it hurt them. For a few moments I had been building something. For a few moments she could have had the fight or anything else that she wanted. Now I looked at her in the light of the dashboard and a cold wind blew from somewhere.

She was no longer Julie of the cool, clear eyes and the confidently poised head and the soft, remote lips; she was haggard-eyed and heavy with make-up—not fresh any more, but desperate. I asked a question because I had to, not because I could not guess the answer.

"Are you married, Julie?" I said.

"No, but—"

"I know."

She did not have to tell me any more. Earl Kinlock had won that fight as he had won the fight against Steve Russell; taking everything for a while, then moving in savagely and without pity. Julie had challenged him that night at Sam's party and anyone had only to look at her now to know who had won when the sparring was out of the way. Something died in me, but I shook my head.

"I can't do anything about the fight now," I said, "without letting a lot of people down."

It was all that I could say. She was watching me desperately and I knew that she had never seriously hoped that the fight could be postponed or put off. She came right in with her counter:

"You don't have to hurt him. You won't, Jimmy. Please."

"He's in there to fight, Julie. He won't pull any punches."

"But you can beat him. You hit so hard. They all say so. I can't stand it, Jimmy."

There are things that a man can take and there are things that he cannot take at all. I've taken everything that they could throw at me in the ring, but I could not stay in there with Julie. I opened the door and stepped out.

"No decent man throws fights, Julie," I told her. "Sorry."

I turned away then and went indoors and I knew that she would not sit out in front and honk and that she would not follow me in. In the ring or in love or anything else, when a person is licked and admits it, there is not much fight left in them to throw at anyone.

Pop Weyling was sitting quietly in my room when I came back. He had his old pipe in his mouth but he wasn't smoking. He knew me better than I knew myself and he must have seen from one look at my face that I had taken another beating.

"Did she let you down, son?" he said.

I couldn't lie to him but I was looking away from him when I answered. "Yes," I said.

Pop got up slowly. "Maybe I should have let you find out about women when you were young," he said. "Maybe not. But you're a fine, clean lad, Jimmy, and there's a girl somewhere who'll know it and appreciate it."

He walked rather heavily to the door and turned for just a moment. "That's not saying that I'm not damned sorry about this one," he said.

"Okay," I said. "Thanks."

I DID not fight my fight with Kinlock in my mind on the nights that were left before the fight itself. I was done with that, somehow, and I could not bring it back. On fight night in my dressing room, I looked off into space and let my handlers fuss over me and rub my back and muscles. Usually I was touchy and cursed everybody in sight, but tonight I just sat there and let Pop Weyling worry about the fact that I was not on edge.

If the fight had been three nights earlier, I would have come to the dressing room with a hate of Kinlock and a desperate anxiety to get out and put on a show for Julie. Now I no longer hated Kinlock and Julie was finished. I did not want her as she was and neither Kinlock nor anyone else could give me back the Julie that had been.

The dressing room was tense as it usually is before a big fight and people dropped things noisily because they were trying to avoid dropping things. Then somebody pounded on the door and a voice said:

"All right, boys. Let's go down."

I drew my robe tight around me and we started the long march down the dark aisle. It was a ball-park fight and the place was packed. At the foot of the aisle the ring blazoned white under the big lights and there was a half-sighing, half-murmuring noise from the crowd with occasional shrill overtones.

We reached the ring and I climbed the steps with the crowd roaring. Kinlock came into his corner right after me and I scarcely looked at him. The announcer was introducing Tunney and Dempsey, Jim Braddock and Barney Ross. I looked down past the press section to the seat that I usually occupied and it was a strange sensation. The announcer was swinging into another introduction and I only caught part of it.

"—that great champion in this very arena—Steve Russell!"

Steve was rising from a seat behind the press section and then he was climbing into the ring and taking his bow while the crowd roared for him. He turned and came to my corner.

"The best of luck, Jimmy," he said.

HE HAD my gloved hand and he was shaking it. I patted his shoulder with my other glove but my eyes were hazed. Steve Russell had just taken the bow that I used to take. He was going back to his comfortable seat back of the press section where he could light up a cigar and relax as an ex-champion should. Me?

I was up here with a bathrobe over my shoulders and the shooting mittens on my hands. I was going back to the rocky roads of championship; up at seven and hit the road, exercise and spar. No Julie to fight for—nothing but the championship. I had already had that!

The referee was calling us together and the crowd stilled. I stepped forward from my corner and I heard the instructions through a haze. I walked back then and in a few seconds there would be the bell. I scraped my feet in the resin and then, for the first time in any ring, fear came up and grip muscles.

I was suddenly aware of the fac did not want to be a champion. being an ex-champion. I wanted was leaving and not the prize fight. Julie was gone and hatr gone—and the want of the cro felt naked and terribly alone. N in the world for which to fight—a gloves on my hands.

Then there was a hand on my a I was looking into a pair of eyes th grown old squinting into the ring Pop Weyling was looking at me looked on the night when Steve I cut me to ribbons; a little scared, sick and feeling hurt worse than

HIS lips moved but I could nc what he was saying. I was l instead what he had said on th that Julie came around to the ca

"You're a fine, clean lad, Jimm there's a girl somewhere who'll k and appreciate it."

I drew a deep breath into my

"Okay, Pop!" I said.

I did not know whether there be a girl or not. I was still full ache for Julie and I couldn't imagi other girl anywhere who would l ferent and still make me want h was not important now, though. I frightened any more.

The bell rang and I turned fast lock was gliding toward me with h flattened against his teeth and hi like marbles. I moved into him a muscles were loose.

I made him miss his first lead hooked to his head. For just a m there was fear in his eyes—and I I had him.

It flashed into my mind, too, tha had done this to him; Julie wc over him and sure that he was g be licked.

I shook him up pretty badly wl tried to swarm into me and be rounds I had a thought that was big for a guy like me: Kinlock, I fi was no good and when he won that he had no right to win outsi ring, he threw away the thing made him a winner inside the ro

Maybe I was wrong, but w knocked him cold three rounds I wasn't thinking of Julie nor of th might find some day nor of my s the aisle where Steve Russell w ting.

All I thought about when K went down on his face was, "Gee is going to like this!"

And he did.



"Hey, Tom! Two cents postage due!"

Alien Dust

Continued from page 14

rn of the hill. Mori ran too, and d. He wished she wouldn't go so fast or so far. His shoes were t. He stopped for a breath. He i he had brought his bunk mates im to help catch her.

T woman ducked into one of the s now. Mori followed, grinning. in't look at the steep walls of the or at the queer twist it took t a high hill. He saw only the n ahead. She had stopped running as pushing the straw bundle away er under a ledge. Then she stood er back against it, and faced him. i ran to her. She was young and and pretty. Her eyes were big, . Mori thought, than a woman's ould be. Was it fright made them drous big and black?

i saw her body shake with that fright, and as she swayed he saw

UNNY-BUSINESS MEN

lf-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 22



An ex-Californian, born in 04, Ned Hilton had no for- al art training, sold his first awing to a newspaper at e age of thirteen, and s since worked in a sign op, as a poster designer, ency layout man, cover tist and illustrator. Car- ons like the one on the fac- g page are his chief interest m now on, he says. Drinks stly beer and is not as sour he appears above despite s residence in Manhattan's eenwich Village.

e saw of the bundle she was hiding, d remembered the way she had rri it in her two arms. It was some- ing precious, something dear . . . Mo reached and held the woman with e had. With the other he groped for e saw covering. The woman groaned, hop ess, shuddering groan, but made mve to stop him. Mori's big hand mbed at the straw and turned it back. "*Ai mah!*" he exclaimed, and did not elie what he saw.

He rgot the woman to take the bun- e in his hands and look at it again. It as fed with rice shoots—the young, nde vibrant green of rice shoots.

Mo rolled a clump in his hand and lt it, wonderingly. His fingers ess and prodded in the way they id t pressed and prodded for two ars It was good rice. Yes, spongy the oots and brittle in the stalk. It as od rice. It would grow well. He cke it up and laid it down, separating, gently, a clump that was too big, pinching off a weed caught in the roots. He squeezed some and saw a drop drip between his fingers. It was wet still from water. But not wet enough! It must go back in water or it would wilt, and wilted shoots are the same as no rice at all.

Mori looked at the woman, and smiled, suddenly. "Where?" he asked. "Where?" and he held the rice up before her.

She did not know the words he spoke and shook her head.

Where was she taking the rice? Where was she planting it? Mori wanted to know. He looked about him now with different eyes. The sharp walls of the ravine, the bushes that masked this path from the road, and a tunnel that led beyond to . . . Mori stooped to look. There was light beyond, and a flicker of green.

"There!" Mori said, pointing with the clump of rice shoots. "There!" he urged, and motioned the woman forward.

But she did not move. She only stood staring at him with her eyes that were so big. Then Mori walked there himself, carrying the rice in his two arms as tenderly as the woman had. When he bent his head to enter the tunnel the woman was following him.

The tunnel was short, burrowing under the abrupt hill that closed the ravine, to come out into a small hushed valley. It was sweet and green, not a valley really, but round and hidden like the bottom of a teacup.

"*Mah!*" Mori exclaimed running forward, gulping the air in gasps, and eating the green with starved eyes. He touched the grass to know the feel of it, he slid his hand down the satin bole of a big bamboo. Then he went to the little brook and knelt beside it as though it were a shrine.

BEYOND the brook was the paddy. Mori saw it now, and saw it was half planted with scattered rice shoots. He gathered up the bundle of straw that lay on the grass beside him and crossed to the paddy. The woman came and stood by his side, always silent, always looking at him warily.

Mori saw the rice was badly planted. Mori knew the fine, healthy shoots he held in his hand would not make good rice, planted this way.

"Who . . . ?" Mori began, and then used his hands to ask the question, pointing to the woman and pointing to the paddy. He asked twice this way.

The woman nodded then to tell him she had done the planting, and shook her head as though to say she too knew it was hopeless.

Quickly Mori looked around, at the mud-brick house backed against fringed bamboo, at the old woman standing in the doorway, and at the child who hid behind her pantaloons—a boy, Mori saw, of the height of the boy who was his son. Mori looked back at the woman.

She knew what he was asking this time and held up three fingers to show him there were only the three of them living in this teacup valley.

Mori filled his lungs, and did what he had to do. He unbuttoned his tunic, his shirt, his trousers, he loosened the lacings of his boots, and stepped out of those unnatural bindings to become a man again. Clad only in the wide cloth he wore about his middle, he felt free once more.

All afternoon he worked there, planting the new rice the woman had brought, replanting the rice that was not even and mending the dikes. He carried weeds and sod and mud to strengthen



"Hurry Up Now! Pa's Waiting!"

THE kitchen stove used to feel pretty good on a winter's Saturday night when the thermometer was down around zero. So did the heated flatiron in the foot of the bed. But how many of us would trade the comfort and privacy of our modern, heated bathrooms for the cramped discomfort of the wooden tub and the sting of the home-made soap? And who wants to lug out the water afterward and mop up the kitchen floor?

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YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

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those dikes, to tighten them so the water would lie full and deep.

The woman stood and watched, not afraid now, just watching. She brought a mattock and put it in his hands as he straightened the rice rows, and then stood and watched his hard, broad torso bend to the rhythm of the strokes he knew.

She came with an earthen pot of tea and little cakes that were sweet and held them for him. Mori dropped the mattock and came to sit on the bank. He wiped his face in the grass, and drank the tea, and laughed a little.

When the first shadow fell on the paddy, Mori looked up at the sky, and remembered. He wiped the mattock and took it to the house, the little mud-brick house close by a pomegranate tree with red blossoms reaching out like thin tongues of flame. He went to the brook and lay in it, letting the clear water sluice the mud from his body, and then he got into the harsh garments he had laid aside.

WITH his hands Mori talked to the woman again. He pointed to the sun and held up four fingers to show her he would return in four days.

She nodded, showing no fright, but questioning. Mori could not answer these questions, not even in his own language could he answer them. He only felt that he must come again. So he bowed in the bow of his country; and the woman who did not know this bow knew he had not harmed her and her child and the old grandmother, and tried to give the bow back. And when she bent too far, and jerked up to keep from toppling, she laughed a small laugh with him.

Mori looked again at her before he turned into the tunnel. Her eyes were very big.

And he came again in four days.

The woman was washing in the brook when Mori stepped out of the tunnel. She jumped up and stood stiffly for a moment, watching the tunnel mouth for other soldiers coming through; and when they did not she turned to watch Mori cross the yard and come to her side.

In his pockets he brought broad beans. He scooped them out with his hands and held the hard white kernels before her. For planting they were, and he pointed to the sunny patch where he would put them. She thanked him with a wondering smile.

But he could not tell her how he had scraped them up from the floor of the commissary truck, so he reached in another pocket to bring out a roll of wire, a leather thong, and a cutting knife. Her eyes grew very big at the richness of these things.

Mori went on across the brook. He took off his uniform as he had done before, and then just stood looking—at the shimmer of many greens, at the red of pomegranate blossoms, and at the flutter of slender white birds. But he did not speak. He had no words for the feelings of these things. He only filled his lungs with a quick, glad breath.

Soon he went to the paddy. He saw the young rice pushing up in the sun. Yes, it was strong; it was good.

He paced the dikes and saw that they held. He measured the water with his eyes and knew there must be more. So he set himself to mend the water wheel. He fastened the blades with the wire he had, and with his knife he cut new bamboo spokes and fitted them where they should be, until the wheel was turning and lifting water up from the brook into the paddy.

When the woman came with the tea, Mori was lacing splints into a rake that was like a bear's claw. She watched the way his hands moved, quicker than hers, and sure. And the boy came, too, and sat beside them, and helped with the lacing. Mori's eyes strayed again and again to the little-boy hands.

Suddenly, Mori put down the rake, and with his knife cut a small round of bamboo. He scooped it and trimmed it and pierced it just so while the boy watched him. He fitted a reed into a hole and tied it there with a hair. It was a whistle and Mori laughed when he gave it to the boy. The boy blew it and they heard the thin warble of a bird, sweeter by far than the call of the slender white birds above.

They went together to the patch where the beans would grow—Mori pulling and tearing at the weeds, the woman raking, and the boy running through the rows blowing his bird song.

Not that day, but another day Mori whittled in the sun to make a cricket cage, and then hunted crickets in the grass with the boy. They hung the cage in the shade behind the house and sat through the minutes until the tiny choristers began their eerie chantey.

So the short spring went on, those precious days when Mori didn't stand duty in the barracks, when Mori lied and sneaked to get away from his bunk mates, when he took the long road up the valley and doubled back to hide in the bushes near the tunnel mouth to be sure no one followed him.

He mended the thatch on the house, he spliced the well rope when it broke. He did all the things a man does. And one afternoon he took the woman's hand and went with her through the bamboo grove. In the grass beyond, he drew her to him. She did not pull back. She was content.

Mori heard the stories, though, that were running through the barracks. Guerrillas in the upper valley, guerrillas in the lower valley, guerrillas swooping down from the hills at dawn, guerrillas creeping into a village to fire a barracks in the heavy hours of night. . . . New troops came marching in, and word went round the regiment would move that very day against the guerrilla stronghold two valleys distant.

That very day, that very day. . . . Mori counted the time on his fingers. Could he get to the farm? Could he slip out for his little farewells and get back in time? He went. It took cunning and stealth, but he had and stealth for such a little thi

Out on the road Mori heard of bombers coming up from t valley. They came in two file low, fanning the hills on either their deadly flight. Mori knew was then, for Mori had seen the ers do the trick in other valleys ing and pounding to drive the guerrillas back to their stronghe where the troops with heavy gu fall upon them this night.

Then suddenly Mori was Bombers here! Bombers looki into the teacup valley! He saw bomber fly out from the others over the little hills and let his Mori felt the bump, and slowly saw the dust rise up like a giar room.

He knew, even though he l run, that the tunnel was gone, filled, covered with earth and ro when he saw that it was, he cli over the earth and rocks, up, up bling, clinging, clawing, but al over the high hill.

He stood on the rim and look He dashed the mist from his e then wiped them slowly, for th wet, and looked again to see if of that green was left.

He saw a hideous hole, gap stones and dead earth. There living thing in it—no house, n no tree, no woman, not even th tered green of young rice. Em lay everywhere.

A BUGLE blew back in the l Mori heard its clear message feet shuffled to obey. In the m raised his head somehow to sta sky where the bomber had bee was thinking of bombers . . . l soldiers, guns, killing and de blotting out growing things, wa good, green rice. . . . Mori raisec arms in a screaming curse.

Then the bugle sounded ag clear call cut into Mori's consci and he lowered his arms. H moved in the chains of obedienc the hill he went, down the scarr down, down, to do the thing he to do.



"I simply can't go on living without him, but I'm going to try not to let it bother me"

Tough as Whitleather

Continued from page 12

: string to thirteen when he slipped o his lines in the frosty twilight J uary seventh. A Choctaw sentry d him and Mister Plunkett gave ssword: "Fight on." It was just all the English the Indian under-

er Plunkett ate his burgoo and his ration of Monongahela whisky en slipped back through the lines post on the edge of the cypress less than twenty yards from the eld. The sun turned red and ran ehind the Mississippi. Blood on n, the Choctaws said. The night housand smells and sounds. Mis- nkett could smell spicy food from e's campfires, greasy food from rty Shirts' camp and fine coffee he charcoal burners of Lafitte's smuggled coffee. He heard some- inging *Chant du Depart*. A Dirty shouted, "Dry up, you bloody rs. You ain't dead yet." The Ne- emen began wailing their voodoo

er Plunkett was lonely for one of times in his life and there was ge feeling in his heart, a tugging. n't understand it, or try to under- t. All of these were Americans, hat a conglomeration! But it was orting thought. If he got into trou- American comrade would come p him. Maybe a Creole, a Kain- Chock Flathead, a freeman . . . British campfires glowed red oward Chalmette House. They outing down there and probably g good rum. The king's men ter liquor than the Americans. nessee scout answered Mister tt's challenge and slipped into the "Hell's a-bornin'," he whispered. akenham is having a powwow his generals. The Red Coats are g extra rations. That means a m heading for Andy."

her scout reported that the Brit- e making fascines of cane stalks across the ditches.

ARD midnight, Mister Plunkett relieved at his post and was told rt to Jackson. He found the gen- lining on a couch, an old coat him. Mister Plunkett thought he ghost. He looked as though a would blow him away. Jackson and offered his hand. "Been a lot about you. Glad to shake and, Mister Whitleather."

ne's Whitlock Plunkett, but ther is close enough."

e twelve Flatheads and worry emy. Don't let 'em sleep this

er Plunkett turned to go and tossed him a strip of whitleather h was tied nineteen knots. "It's o untie a knot every time you get than to tie one. Saves time."

n't thought of that," Mister tt said. "Good idea, but I've al- tarted my way and ain't no use ging. I'll keep the whitleather, don't mind. No need of wast-

nd the Choctaws crawled to the lines and the Indians toma- two pickets. Mister Plunkett to the first campfire he saw and d a Creek Red Stick. He made mpt to kill the man. He wanted keep him out of the fight. He grudge against the Creeks and need of wasting life. Later he Spaniard, a deserter from Pen- in the gun arm.

Choctaws and a few marauding hirts kept the British nerves on edge and the weary, bewildered Red Coats were not given an opportunity to close their eyes. They complained bitterly of the Americans' unorthodox tactics. Their officers assured them they could not expect civilized treatment from a rabble of Dirty Shirts. The Yankees didn't understand the rules of war. They didn't know that war was a business for gentlemen.

Mister Plunkett got back to his lines by one o'clock, just as Jackson had his men aroused. "You've slept enough," Jackson said. A half gill of raw whisky was issued and the Americans stood to. A fog, thick as cream, rolled up. Mister Plunkett went to the edge of the woods and waited.

HE COULD see the dry space between the cypress and ditches. An army coming through that way would be like a bull walking down a church aisle. Jackson had the opening covered by four batteries. Directly behind the batteries were Carroll's Tennesseans and Adair's Kentuckians. Behind them were recruits armed with rusty Spanish *escopetas*, and behind the recruits were the Dragoons, ready to ride to the left, through the woods and into the British rear.

The Southerners built small fires to warm their hands, but Mister Plunkett wasn't cold. There was a nip in the air. This would be called spring weather back home. Mister Plunkett heard a stir in the American lines. It was three A. M. and Jackson was visiting the batteries. Mister Plunkett heard Jackson speak to a boy: "Joe, how are they using you? Wouldn't you rather be back home with Aunt Lucy than with me?"

The boy said, "Not by a damned sight."

The general said, "Stick to 'em, Joe."

Some of the men laughed. The laughter was not merry, but hoarse and strained. The Dirty Shirts never admitted it, but they had a great deal of respect for those Britishers out yonder. Mister Plunkett didn't have any respect for anybody who would shoot holes in hides, wasting hides, powder, lead and the time it took to shoot.

At six o'clock on Sunday morning, Mister Plunket sniffed the fog. It would clear in an hour. He knew fog. A pale light broke in the east and Mister Plunkett saw the British lines. They had come up during the night. He saw about seven hundred Red Coats crossing the river to assail Morgan's men on the other side. He saw Keane with twelve hundred men preparing to attack up the east bank of the river. General Gibbs had twenty-one hundred men near the edge of the woods. A regiment of West Indian Negroes were ready to strike through the woods, and Lambert had fourteen hundred in the middle of the field to be used where needed most. Mister Plunkett grunted. That was a lot of men.

He scarcely was able to make out the form of the British soldier who was standing at ease in his line near the woods. He could see the red jacket. Mister Plunkett straightened and brought his gun to his shoulder. His rifle was so long that he had to throw back his right shoulder to handle it and he stood in what military men called an awkward position. He closed his eyes, then opened them quickly to steady his sight. It was the longest shot he had ever made.

He took a deep breath, then allowed his breath to slip back into his throat. That steadied him. He drew his bead and fired. He saw the man stumble and



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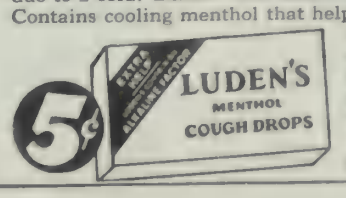
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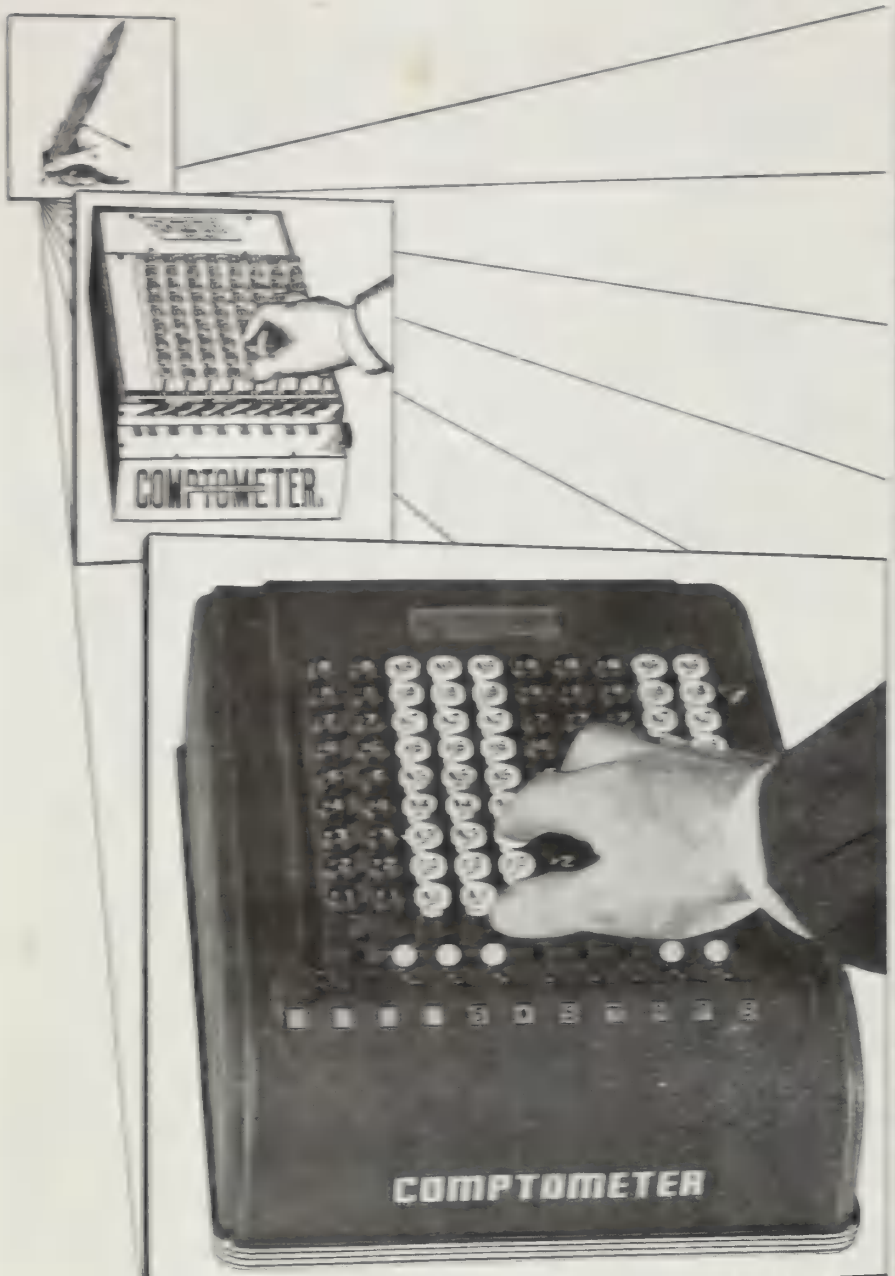
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was tying the fourteenth knot in his rawhide when a messenger ran out from the lines and commanded, "Hold your fire! Old Andy said hold your fire!"

"I shoot 'em when I see 'em," Mister Plunkett said. "Tell him that."

The Choctaws began picking off Red Coats and Jackson fumed. The Indians didn't understand his profanity and thought he was praising them, so they advanced into the woods to surprise the West Indian Negroes.

A rocket soared from the British lines, whining at first, then whistling. It exploded in a burst of blue. Another signal rocket exploded near the river. Mister Plunkett filled his mouth with rifle balls, crammed greasy patches into his shirt. The dumed fools were announcing their attack. Drums rolled a charge and the fog lifted as though the drums had beat it away. The field was a carpet of frost. Mister Plunkett had seen so many beautiful things in his life that he was hard to impress, but this sight took his breath: blue-and-silver rockets bursting, cannon belching red, drums rolling and Red Coats marching in perfect precision across a carpet of silver. They were almost too pretty to shoot. Mister Plunkett thought as he drew a bead. . . .

JACKSON was standing on the ramparts near Carroll's men, a walking stick tucked under his arm. Major General Gibbs, on a black horse, led his men into the narrow pass by the woods. The Americans loaded their cannon with grape, bits of chains, slugs, anything that would scatter. They aimed point-blank at the Red Coats and opened fire.

The smoke from the big guns spoiled Mister Plunkett's aim and Jackson sent word that the cannon should be cooled to give the riflemen a chance. The British ranks closed and the Americans waited until they were within two hundred yards. Jackson nodded to his riflemen and stepped down from the ramparts. Mister Plunkett had drawn his bead, but the first row of Red Coats went down before he could fire.

The Seventh Fusiliers moved in and Mister Plunkett got his fifteenth man. The Dirty Shirts worked in relays, one line stepping to the ramparts to fire, while their comrades loaded. The Fusiliers withered. The ranks looked like a curry-comb with half the teeth broken. The British column melted into a skirmish line. Major General Gibbs urged his men to push on with the bayonet. The men in the front ranks quailed, a strange thing for British veterans to do. They turned toward the rear and threw the column into confusion. General Pakenham rode up to rally the men. A rifle ball smashed his arm and the column retreated out of range to reform. Mister Plunkett had fired three times, but wasn't sure he had got his sixteenth man. He put the rawhide thong on a bush. It was too much trouble to take it from around his neck every time he killed a man. During the respite he tied knot number fifteen.

The praying Ninety-third Highlanders, every man a six-footer, obliqued to support Gibbs. Keane gave the order and Colonel Dale commanded them.

Mister Plunkett's sixteenth man was a Scotsman. He loaded and primed again, waiting for the smoke to clear so he could get a shot. The Royal Scots Fusiliers and the Forty-third Monmouthshires charged with Pakenham leading them. General Gibbs was to the left of the front, waving his hat.

It was the hat that attracted Mister Plunkett. A man who waved his hat and yelled must be somebody important. A man who could afford such a pretty hat was bound to be a nabob. Mister Plunkett supported his rifle against a tree and aimed at the man's head. It was closer than good buck range. The hat fell at the edge of the ditch. Gener slumped in his saddle and h dashed to the woods, so close t Plunkett that he could see the the man's head. Then the genera from the saddle.

The Scots were riddled and w ing about in fatal confusion. ham, Dale, Wilkinson and Gib dead or dying. Keane was woun had lost his sword. Never befor many officers been killed in so time.

The British were retreating. Plunkett fired into the red mas wasn't sure that he got a m moved his gun to the left and it to bear on the chest of a hug man, who was just standing the dumb ox, his head bowed. He of the praying Highlanders. I Plunkett had known he was maybe he wouldn't have shot h then maybe he would have. who would stop to pray in a fig expect favors from God, but he get any from Mister Whitlock F

Pakenham's last order was th bert's reserves should charge, b bert knew it was foolish. The a fleeing. A Highlander threw d gun and picked up the body of ham. Mister Plunkett started him. He'd be number nineteen couldn't shoot an unarmed m Highlander took Pakenham's the rear and they put it in a keg to preserve it.

Mister Plunkett rubbed the out of his eyes and scratched h He didn't know the English w feated. The fight had lasted h half an hour. More than two t Britons were dead. The Americ totaled eight. As the enemy like helpless sheep at the far en field, Mister Plunkett saw five men get up suddenly and su They had fallen prone to escape death.

MISTER PLUNKETT finge thong. He didn't have mu room, but needed only one mo The British would be back. I ways came back. He tied th around his neck, leaned agains at his advanced outpost and w Dirty Shirt brought him orders at headquarters. Mister Plun nored the man. The courier t the battle was over and Mister P stared at him, then swore so started walking down the field.

"You're headed the wrong w Dirty Shirt said. "Them's Brit there."

"I need another man," Miste kett said, and turned his cold, bl eyes on the Tennessean. Th Shirt was awed. Mister Plunkett was open at the throat despite th weather and his bony chest was with mud and welts. The inse been bad. His eyes were puffy scarcely could keep them open. been on his feet for forty-eigh "Batty," the Dirty Shirt m "Plumb crazy as a loon. Powd and blood mad."

"Who said the fight's done?" Plunkett demanded.

"Old Andy. He wants to see

"I want to see him, too. I aim to quit. Still shy a man." He away dragging his feet and rep headquarters. Jackson was busy hundred details, but Mister P waited only a few minutes, then an aide aside and went to the

"Is it so?" He leaned over and his eyes bored into Jackso

Andy smiled at his staff and and shook hands. "It's true. Whitleather. We beat 'em. Si You look tuckered."

"Is it over?"

, thank God—"
shy a man. Only got eighteen.
o home until I get nineteen. The
ill josh me."
ral Jackson offered him a drink
dy and pushed aside the impor-
pers before him. "Well, say now,
problem. You said you'd get
n and a man's got to keep his
Maybe I can help you. I believe
ot General Gibbs. That's why I
you. From where I was stand-
ooked like you got him. Mighty
ce of work."
on't know him," said Mister
t.
was waving a hat."
that fellow." Mister Plunkett
d a cigar and began chewing it.
I got him. Mind you, I ain't
. Some of the other boys were
, too, but I'm taking credit for
He pointed to knot number sev-
"That's him."
al Jackson glanced at his offi-
t didn't smile. "It seems to me,
Whitleather, a general's hide
count for two. That'll give you
n."

ER PLUNKETT shook his head.
pe. One man's hide is just like
It ain't so with animals. A
s worth more than a coon. But
en, one hide ain't no different
other."
general rubbed his long face.
right, I reckon. I see your point.
a report that you wounded a
nd a Spaniard. Did you count
Seems they could count for a
h."
don't count." Mister Plunkett
dressed. "I'll never be able to
boys back home. You hadn't
o have called off the fight so

koned you had your nineteen by
's too bad, Mister Whitleather.
ver will get another chance at
ish."
r Plunkett glanced from one face
er and muttered, "I came a long
o."
than two thousand miles,"
said and pointed to a map on
. "I'm writing the War Depart-
out you."
r Plunkett didn't hear the gen-
tion the War Department. He
ring at the map. He couldn't
Where is Maine?"

The general pointed to Maine, then to New Orleans, and Mister Plunkett whistled. "I did come a right smart way, didn't I? And all that's United States. Big, ain't it?"

General Jackson nodded his head and the other officers nodded, too. Mister Plunkett continued to look at the map, fascinated. "If I come two thousand miles, reckon I can go two thousand more. Lot of things I want to see." He lowered his voice. "I ain't bragging. I'm a moderate man and never lie. You don't have to believe me, but I saw some strange things coming down here. I saw a man take a bath in a tub. I saw a man wash his teeth. I swear it. I saw a woman in a silk dress and the people said she was a good woman. I want to see some more things." He took his rawhide thong and put one end of it on the map at New Orleans and the other end at Eastport. Then he swung the thong around in a quarter circle. "Who owns the land out there? Is it still the United States?"

"That's right," the general said. "Nothing out there much except mountains and Indians and a lot of fresh air. No folks."

Mister Plunkett got up and reached for his rifle. "Well, there's going to be. I'm aiming that way. I'm grateful for the time you gave me."

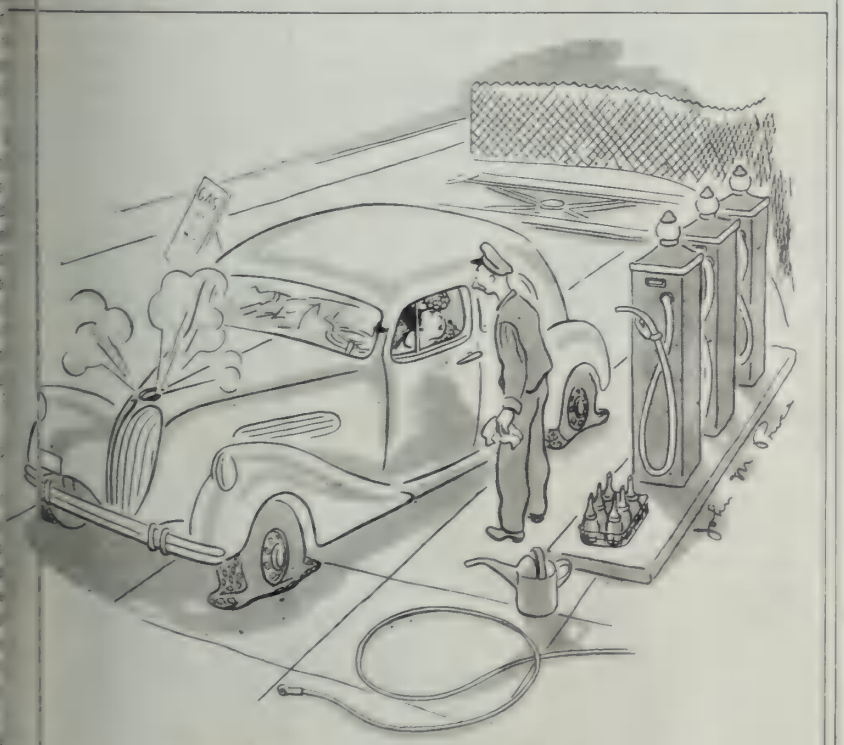
General Jackson walked with him to the door. "You know your own mind but we'd be mighty proud to have you settle down here. We are God-fearing people. Liberty-loving, sovereign, humble before God, but proud before men."

Mister Plunkett thanked him. "I'll get on. I don't hold to all that talk about liberty. I don't understand all them big words and I don't believe nothing I don't understand. All I want is a place where I can go and come as I please, say what I want to. Maybe I'll get me a woman out there."

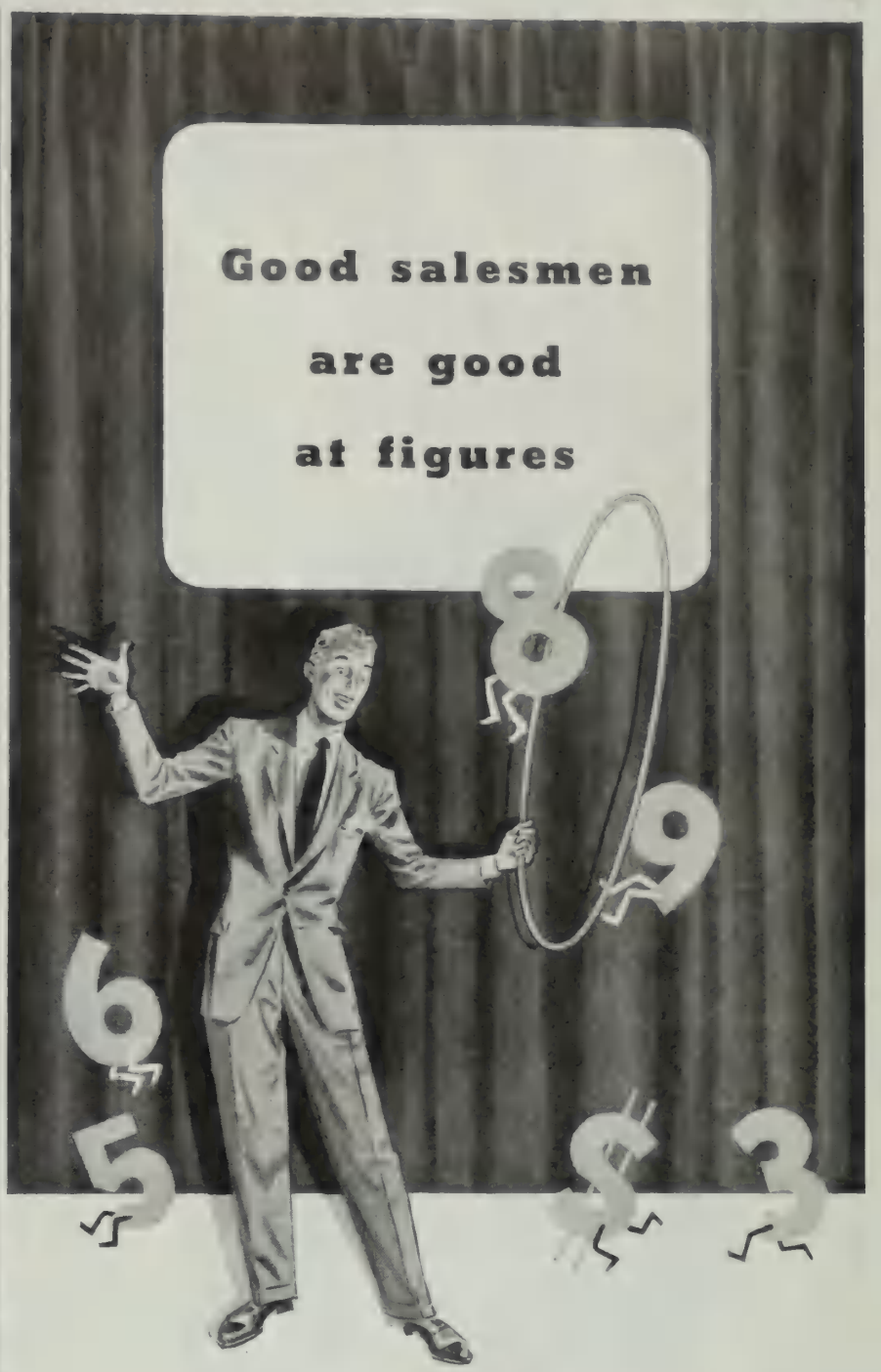
General Jackson shook his hand again and smiled at his officers as Mister Plunkett walked away.

An aide spoke up without being spoken to: "He's a crazy old coot, eh, Andy?"

The general returned to his reports. He looked at his map and then up at his men. "No, gentlemen, he's not crazy. He knows what liberty is. I hope he has a raft of children and a multitude of grandchildren. I won't worry about my liberty in that case or about the liberty of our great-great-grandchildren."



"Now don't start finding things that need taking care of—all I want is gas!" JOHN M. PRICE



Here's one worth figuring out!

DIVIDE the total cost of your last sales trip by the number of customers visited. (One company found this average cost to see a customer was about $9.)

Now average what it would have cost you to *telephone* each customer before you started for his town.★ (The same company computed the average cost of such calls at approximately 75c.)

Your figures may be quite different, but the principle stays the same.

If the Long Distance call tells you your customer is tied up or away, you save the expense of a visit!

If you find out he *is* available, you can make a definite appointment, avoid a long lobby-wait, and have time for more visits per day.

Either way, it's a doggoned good investment!

★ Many rates are shown on the inside front cover of most directories.



Collier's

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TO GREECE AND RETURN

WHATEVER comes hereafter, the Greeks in 1940 A. D. have shown themselves to be of the same breed as Leonidas' thousand of 480 B. C. who held the pass at Thermopylae till all but one were killed.

Koritza, Konitza, Pogradec, Porto Edda, Argyrokastron—by these signposts the tale of Italy's trip to Greece and return can be read. The glory that the Greeks gathered there will not be dimmed by any reaction that may come. The most probable reaction at this writing is a large-scale spring offensive by Mussolini & Co., possibly with German help, and it is hard to see how Greece's ultimate chances can be any better than were those of Finland last winter.

There's a fighting chance, though, that it may turn out that way. After forty days of Greek victories in Albania, and after the British crippling of Mussolini's navy at Taranto, a British drive suddenly cut loose in North Africa against Marshal Graziani's forces, which had set out for the Suez and settled down near Sidi Barrani.

It may just happen that the British will be able to knock Italy out of the war before spring. If they do, they'll probably blast Mussolini, inventor of Fascism, out of the Chigi Palace. Aside from some serious mishap to Mr. Hitler himself, that would be the most deadly blow that statism could suffer at this time.

Such a liberation of the Italian people seems almost too much to hope for, so soon. And yet . . . the P. S. to the Thermopylae slaughter was the Battle of Salamis. At Salamis the Greek navy smashed the Persian navy of Xerxes. At Plataea, a year later, the Greeks blitzed the biggest of all the Persian efforts to conquer Western democracy for Oriental statism.

It's foolish to make flat predictions these days. We'll just note the fact, though, that, while history doesn't always repeat, neither does it always fail to repeat.

Safer Safety Pins

A DULUTH doctor's invention, d a safety pin that really is safe, i into production by the Minnesota I ers, a protégé of the Minnesota Dep Education.

This pin, it is averred, can't spring self. Hence, if a baby swallows it danger of its opening up and punc poor little rabbit's liver or lights. opened and shut with one hand (try with the ordinary small safety pin) not easily bent out of shape.

The report sets us wondering l other articles in common use could improved but simply aren't.

Shoelaces are still hard to dub shoes, though most laces wear bette once did. All the brands of our favor that we know of come in containers habitually break finger nails. The s of various other packaged drugs.

Pen and pencil clips have at long l at a point where they will hold yo pencil in your pocket as grimly as a ing her stance at a bargain counter. still gradually gnaw your pocket shreds—unless we've missed someth

And so on. Maybe we're wrong; seem to us that anybody who will basic improvement in one of a hun everyday items will make himself earned money and the human race tinctly happier.

Keep the Draft Democratic

WE DON'T overwork the word ing," "appalling" and "outra this page, because we don't shock, outrage easily.

We were shocked, though, by the Mayor F. H. LaGuardia of New Yor his policemen and firemen be grante ferments as indispensable public ser

Few of these men will ever be calle tary service, except in an emergenc the great majority of them have dep are over the draft age. The move, p baldly, is one to make a privileged gr certain public servants. It is the democratic, and it is dangerous.

Begin by exempting this group, shall we wind up? Answer: by members of every group that car enough pressure to scare the politi pricking another hole in the draft law

If draft-eligible policemen and fi indispensable, why aren't postmen cleaners likewise; and schoolteache building janitors, court stenograph keepers in city auditors' offices? F dogcatchers and justices of the peace

And why stop at public servants? I every day that practically all industri industries in modern war? Then wh empt all workers in such industries? simply limit the draft levies to un reliefers and wealthy young idlers, a about the intelligence and physiques

The fact is that we face an emerg is testing the power of democracy to g ing in this world. We'll meet that e with all-out measures or we'll invit

January 25, 1941

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Taps for the New Deal

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

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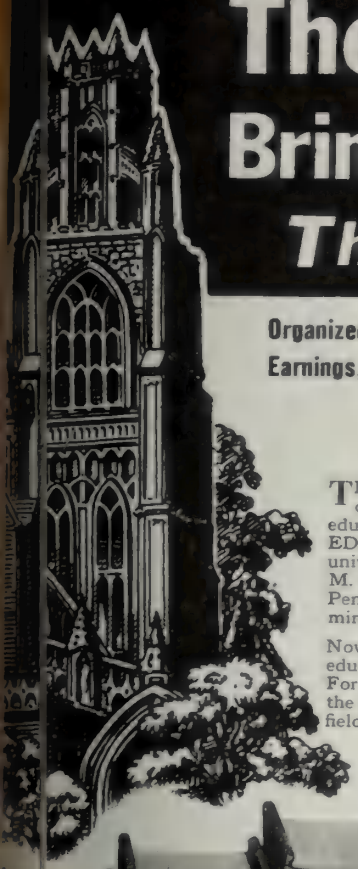
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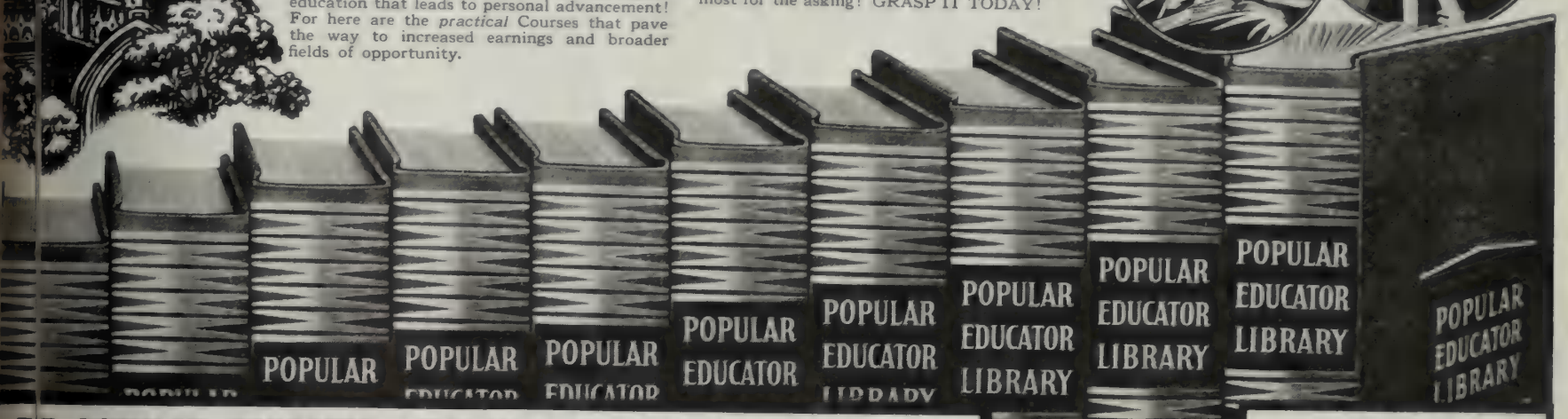


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JANUARY 25, 1941

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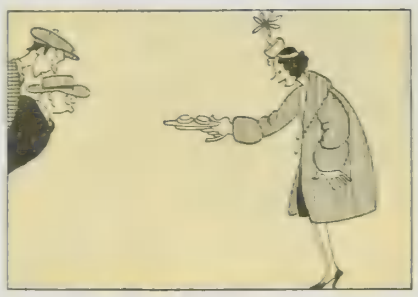
EDITORIALS
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14,000,000 Pennies.
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COVER EARL OLIVER HURST

ANY WEEK

WE'VE just been visited by a journalist who told us about a newspaper proprietor he used to work for. It was in a central Kentucky town and, at the time, a particularly torrid local political campaign was being launched. On behalf of the staff, our friend went to the publisher and asked him which candidate he was going to support, both being Democrats. "I haven't made up my mind," replied the boss. "All I can tell you is that when I do I'm going to be awfully damned bitter."

MOREOVER, we've just been interrupted by the telephone. It was Mrs. Peg Marshall, wife of our colleague Jim Marshall. Mrs. Marshall was in Flushing, Long Island, and had just come out of a pastry shop. "I couldn't resist it," she said. "In the window there was a sign proclaiming that the lady had just fried a fresh batch of Fluffy Wuffies. I bought two dozen, one for you and one for Jim. They look like holeless doughnuts and taste like Fluffy Wuffies. Tomorrow, the lady said, is Tasty Wasty day. I'll not forget you boys."



UP TO now nothing seems to have come of that idea of lending Princess Juliana of The Netherlands a couple of billion dollars on the understanding that she relay it to the Bank of England. Thus we might have side-stepped the Johnson Act which forbids loans to the debtor belligerents. However, we're advised by one of our most diligent Washington scouts that the plan lacked the popularity that its creators hoped for. He says that some marplot, on the eve of Her Royal Highness' visit to Washington, dug up the fact that she is one of the richest owners of Washington real estate. He gave us an estimate of what her and her mother's Washington holdings are worth. We think we'd better not mention it, being somewhat stunned by the figure. However we can't help mentioning one property—an enormous apartment house valued variously from three to five million dollars. It's a swell joint. We know because we attended a party there not long ago, our host being an almost ferocious isolationist. We got into quite an argument with him. Finally he told us that at least part of his isolationism was due to being tired of the high cost of living in the Princess' house. Just what all this has to do with helping England pay the high cost of licking Hitler we aren't sure. We merely jot down these little items in the interest of this and that.

WE WON'T say that he's the only one, but Mr. Arnold B. Thedder of Atlanta, Georgia, is a trifle weary of all the talk of the mechanical and scientific wonders that our new Army will abound with. Too many gadgets working too many automatic miracles. In the last analysis, thinks Mr. Thedder, it will be some adventurous guy with a machine gun who'll win the war. "They're rigging the lads up with two-way radio sets which means that he'll be so busy listening to commands from someone far in the rear and saying Yessir that he won't have time to do anything about the enemy. They've got tanks that can communicate by wireless with one another and with the supreme command. They've got the air force, the artillery and the infantry all hooked up to bawl out one another while the fighting is hottest. For my part it's all too new to be true. Of course something is going to blow a fuse at the wrong time and the whole hookup is going to collapse. But don't worry. I've just found out that, for all this scientific skulduggery, the Army is still training dogs and pigeons to carry messages when the juice fails. "Personally I'm betting on the birds and the dogs. They're something I understand."

AND we've just received our favorite joke again. This time it comes from Mrs. Lansing T. Vaill of Toronto, Canada. As far as we recall this is the twentieth time somebody has sent it. Maybe you've heard it too. Anyway, there were two hippopotamuses sunk contentedly in the mud and slime of the banks of the Nile. The day was fearfully hot. Flies and other unnecessary nuisances were making the day even less attractive. Both beasts lay half asleep in the muck, only their heads in full view. And one of them says drowsily to the other: "Do you know, for some reason I can't help thinking this is Thursday."

AS EVERYBODY knows we've devoted our life to spreading sweetness and light, even in days like these. It's a ticklish job, a deceptive one. For example, some time ago this magazine published an article about the Border Patrol on the Mexican frontier. Therein it was stated frankly that while the men may like the life, the loneliness and occasional absences of modern conveniences make it less attractive for wives. We've just heard from Patrol Inspector Douglas R. O'Connell of Edinburg, Texas. "Well," writes Inspector O'Connell, "you've done it. Yessir, you've done it. For weeks I've been working on the girl friend trying to convince her that the Mexican border is the place to live. And I think I had her convinced when, bang, that piece about the Border Patrol came out. Listen, mister, t
Let's see what you can do to
damage you've done to me.
work on her. I'll let you da
wedding." It puts us in a n
Three or four times we've g
telephone to call her up a
best. Several times we've
write to her. It wouldn't be
perience. But the trouble is
dodging a couple of peop
whom we had none but the
tentions a couple of years ag

BENT on nothing more blan
to learn something more
about this new Army of
dropped in at a beer disper
one of the most populous of
tary camps. We managed to
after some dickering with
prietor and a bit of shoving
guess that the girls and lads
fifty-fifty numerically but
seemed somewhat brawnier
enjoyed the repartee—what
of it. For example, there was
who was using a nice new
vigorous young lady who c
pass his table. "Baby," sai
me some attention. I go
secrets." Her glance was
"You look it," said she, and
But one of his buddies had b
having equipped himself w
who had a mole on her lef
Frankly she was getting qui
ing. She stood it just so l
denly she rose, shoved him
chair, preened herself and,
parted in what looked to
dudgeon, she said: "My
antiaircraft boys sure do
spinach."



BEING as neutral as circ
permit, and humane too, w
pass on to Mr. Hitler a bit
We got it after spending a
with this new Army we
speaking about. If we were
we'd get busy at once befo
late, on any plans he may h
United States. It is going
no good whatsoever to del
to think of it, maybe he's to
now. Those lads are rough
we saw happen between buc
indication of what could
guys they didn't like much—
call the whole thing off.

OUCH. . . .

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ELLEN: No . . . drinking Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice. And, boy, does it taste *good*!



TOM: Say, maybe you've got an idea there! I [illegible] every day, and I felt swell [illegible] all the time. But I never seemed to [illegible] the taste.

ELLEN: Taste? . . . Nuts, it gives tomato juice the flavor of rare fresh bread! It's delicious! Millions of people are going to find out how good it is, and how much good it does, too. Start it, and I'll bet you'll never leave it.



TOM: I'll give it a trial. Everybody says it's one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex. And a man needs plenty of vitamins these days! Such competition!

ELLEN: Go ahead. It's a swell idea. Drink it first thing in the morning, last thing at night. And when you begin to look better, and feel peppier, I get the credit . . . understand?



MASH Take a cold water tablespoon of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water, but still blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way for a quick, tonic . . . while it's [illegible] takes less than a minute!



Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast

DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

Wing Talk

FARSEEING men who love aviation seem afraid that air defense is getting into the same fix as Mark Twain's famous weather—everybody talking, nobody doing much about it. For example, they point out that in our lakes you can observe how lack of national air plan and policy over the years has left another great asset of this nation undeveloped and unappreciated.

One handicap of surface transportation always has been its dependence upon terra—whether "firma" or "aqua." The S. S. Normandie can't go to Des Moines; nor the 5:15 to Honolulu. Sour grapes are expressed in the persistent attempts of vehicles of each sphere to invade the other. In the daffy sequences of the newsreels, launches come from the water and run upon wheels, and cars put out to sea. The airplane moves neutrally above both elements, and finds geography a push-over.

Lately the plane-smart who dwell within eyeshot of Floyd Bennett Field abaft of Brooklyn's Flatbush section in the Asia Minor of Greater New York City have begun to see a new type of big ones bound for service in Europe: twin-motor "PBYs" dropping from the sky to roost briefly for the last time on home territory before they go to Halifax. The code by which naval planes are marked indicates the primary function of this type is (P) patrol, the secondary (B) bombing; while the (Y) according to the Navy's custom of assigning a letter to each concern from which it buys planes reveals these were manufactured by the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation.

The passage of landplanes across the United States jiggles no eyebrows. But the PBYs are flying boats. Hair-pulling between seaplanes and landplanes is relaxed only when both gang up in their classic heavier-than-air brawl with lighter-than-air. We're not egging them on now—but merely asking you to share our impartial jubilation in remarking the national good fortune that matter-of-fact flight of boats across the land mass of the continent emphasizes. Within the boundaries of the United States proper are more rivers, artificial and natural lakes and reservoirs suitable for aviation purposes than in any other comparably populated and developed nation on earth. Exclusive of the Great Lakes and reservoirs, we have about 58,000 square miles of water area—a larger patch than the whole [illegible] Arkansas. Air leaders believe [illegible] the approaching military era [illegible] source may be more important [illegible] Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

While you count landports in [illegible] can reckon sizable lakes in the [illegible] That's why any pilot worth his [illegible] start inland from either coast [illegible] misgivings in a plane equipped [illegible] ter landings. Ten years ago the [illegible] Board of Maps and Surveys p[illegible] a list naming the largest lake [illegible] entirely within each state, plus [illegible] others of importance—159 all told. Kansas, Oklahoma, Kentucky and Virginia were unrepresented, a[illegible] there are several hundred square [illegible] of water area in each; also each [illegible] bordered or crossed by large [illegible] was not a total census—none such [illegible] Wisconsin officially estimates [illegible] nearly 3,000 lakes; Minnesota [illegible] about 7,000 named and thous[illegible] smaller ones unnamed.

AIRMEN want to know: If the [illegible] Canal is vital to our Navy's [illegible] freedom of movement to prote[illegible] coasts, can the great inland [illegible] reservoirs be less than a godsen[illegible] mobility, effectiveness and strikin[illegible] of its air squadrons? Take Lake [illegible] behind Boulder Dam—the larges[illegible] made lake on earth. All the naval [illegible] of all the world's powers could [illegible] there and not shade its waters. [illegible] Salt Lake is as big as Delaware [illegible] of-the-Woods bigger than Rhode [illegible] Lake Michigan is as large as Ma[illegible] Connecticut, and New Jersey com[illegible] All these huge lakes are strate[illegible] placed to help our air defense co[illegible] invaders from one ocean or b[illegible] that remote peril ever comes.

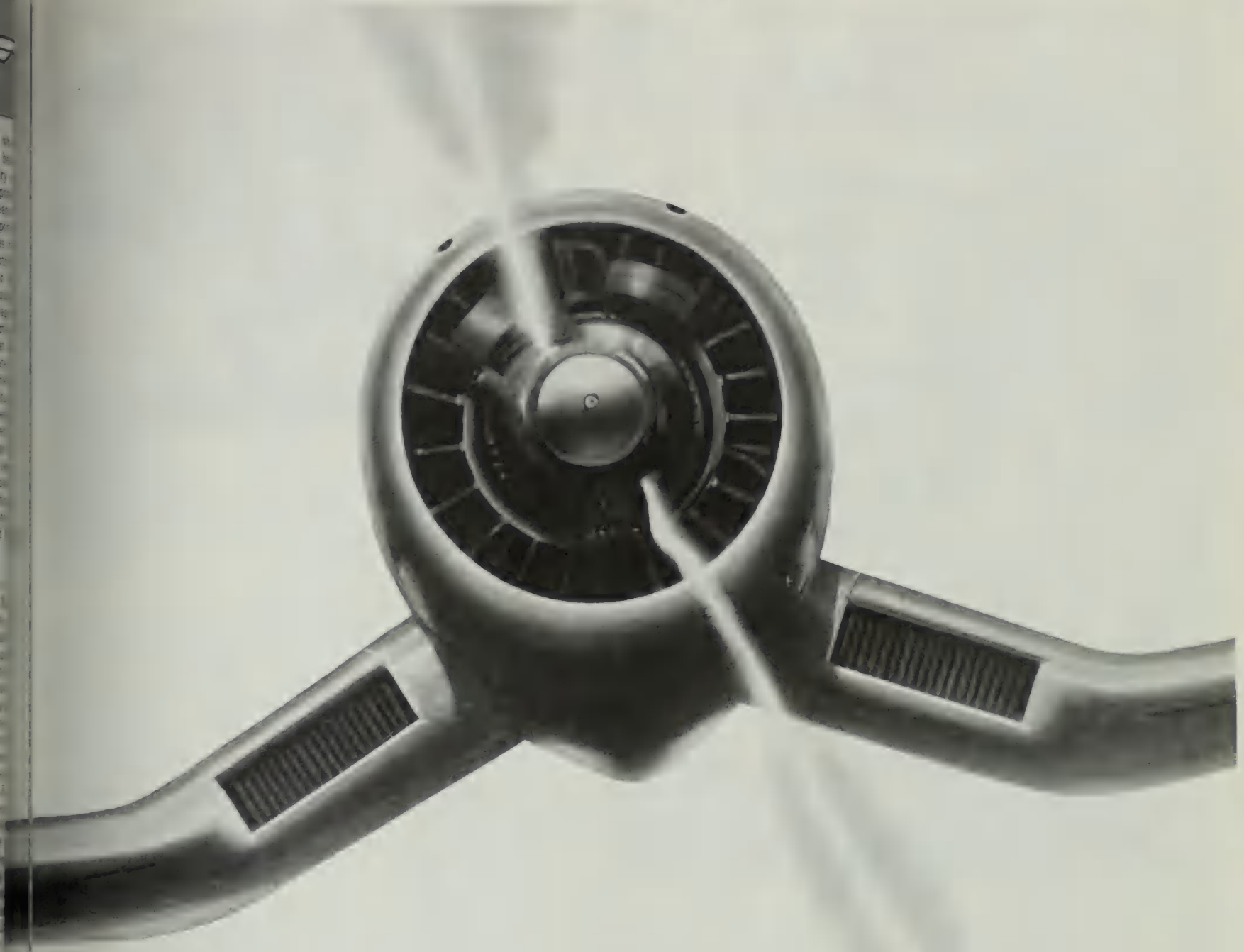
A lake five miles in diameter [illegible] be used to base fleets of our larg[illegible] ing boats, with necessary supp[illegible] overhaul shops and barracks [illegible] around it each more than a mil[illegible] the next. The buildings repres[illegible] major expense. A comparable la[illegible] with clearing, grading and su[illegible] would cost millions. A landport [illegible] chewed beyond usefulness by air [illegible] bombardment of water landing a[illegible] waste of time and TNT.

Experts, therefore, are now [illegible] that while no other phase of land[illegible]

(Continued on page 41)



A Consolidated flying boat in the U. S. Coast Guard service



THE *AIR-COOLED* ENGINE
Priceless American Asset

First 500, then 1,200, and now 2,000 horsepower! The whole progress of military aviation centers around the ability of airplane engines to develop POWER.

America alone has 2000-horsepower engines in production.

Through each successive advance in power production, American radial air-cooled engines have led the way. With the development and actual production of the new 2,000-horsepower Pratt & Whitney Double Wasp engine, America lengthens her lead.

Long the envy of the world in low weight per horsepower, dependability, performance, and economy, the American air-cooled engine is now bringing to our flying forces the advantages of maximum speed as well.

In these engines our country possesses a priceless asset.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
East Hartford, Connecticut

PRATT & WHITNEY ENGINES

VOUGHT-SIKORSKY AIRPLANES

HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS



YOU have probably known several cases like that . . . the medical records report lots of them. And they all lead up to this warning:

Don't take a cold lightly. Don't neglect it. Take care of it at once.

HELP NATURE EARLY

If you feel a cold coming on, or your throat feels irritated, go to bed. Keep warm. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly. Gargle full strength Listerine Antiseptic every two hours.

All of these simple measures are aimed to help Nature to abort a cold quickly. Rest and warmth build up reserve. Juices and water aid elimination. Food restores strength. And Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces . . . the very types of germs that many authorities claim are the cause of many of the distressing aspects of a cold. Tests showed germ reductions on tissue surfaces ranging to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

9 YEARS OF RESEARCH

And in tests conducted during 9 years of research, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it. This success we ascribe to Listerine's germ-killing action on the mouth and throat surfaces.

We wish we could say that Listerine Antiseptic so used would always head off a cold, but we cannot. We do say that as a first aid it is deserving of your most serious consideration.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



At the first symptom of COLD or SORE THROAT **LISTERINE—QUICK!**



KEEP UP WITH THE WOR

By Freling Foster

Most images of the millions of Hindu gods and goddesses are shown in a dancing pose because the religion teaches that the chief activity of these deities is dancing and that few are worthy of worship unless they have the ability to express their infinite souls through the movement of their bodies.

In the few seconds that elapse between dialing a telephone number and hearing the ringing machine, more than 1,800 electric circuits have either opened or closed.—*By Norman S. Partman, Iowa City, Iowa.*

American Negro society maintains country clubs such as the Sunset Hill in Chicago, golf clubs such as the Royal in Washington and dude ranches such as Murray's near Los Angeles. These colored socialites also give famous dances such as the annual Commissioners' Ball in Philadelphia and horse shows such as that presented by the Utica Riding and Hunt Club in Detroit.

Using color film and telephoto lenses, Army aviators can take photographs at an altitude of 25,000 feet that show submarines, mines, camouflaged buildings and individual animals. From an elevation of 10,000 feet, another mapping device produces stereoscopic pictures that tell the height of an object within an accuracy of eight feet.—*By Henry W. Moreland, Tulsa, Oklahoma.*

The thousands of Americans who hunt with bow and arrow are not very successful. For example, only four of the 43,000 deer killed in Michigan last year were shot in this manner.

About a century ago in the Capitol in Washington, neither the president of the Senate, the Speaker of the House nor anyone else had any jurisdiction over the rotunda in the middle of the building. Consequently, this great circular hall was packed with peddlers who sold a variety of commodities, including mouse traps, buggy whips, kitchen utensils and snake oil.

James Wilson, Secretary c culture from 1897 to 1913 McKinley. Theodore Roose Taft, holds the record for th est Cabinet service.—*By Schuster, New York, New Y*

The North and South pc only vary in geology, temp and plant and animal life, b in the number of hours of c and darkness in every year. North Pole, the sun is abo horizon 186 days and below days, thus making the "day days longer than the "nigh the South Pole, the opposite "night" being seven days than "day."

Simon Bolivar (1783-183 the only man in history wh ated and helped to establish of countries. Thus these na Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuado Panama and Venezuela—n bear his name collectively Bolivarian Countries, but ec honors him as its national h

In 1907, the Selby S Works of San Francisco p Mohawk Mine of Nevada S for forty-seven and three-q tons of gold ore, this price of per ton being the highest e corded in the history of gol ing.—*By J. W. Marshall, R California.*

Feeling that evil spirit human beings, cannot resist pulse to chase money, mar nese peasants believe that t themselves of these devils b ing a handful of imitatio currency into a stiff breez swiftly flowing river.

The medlar, a fruit of s Europe resembling a crab a not fit to eat until it begins cay.—*By William Pomeranc Spring, New York.*

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ow not to please your typists



THIS EMPLOYER thinks he is doing his typists a favor by purchasing new typewriters for them.

He isn't — unless each girl happens to be getting the make of her choice.

For today's up-and-coming young career wo- an and deserves a voice in the selection of ewter. She alone knows what make suits her tying best, enables her to do better work for nd o it faster.

f i new-typewriter time in your office, let pis decide. You'll be the winner in increased a respect from a happier, more efficient

e w a *selfish* motive in making this plea for pis ? Of course! If they are graduates of mod- sin s schools, they probably learned on a leding choice in over 20,000 schools. They ly l ow that a Royal stands up longer, is faster sie o operate (the all-time speed record was n a oyal). Finally, it's just natural that they pre r to use the finest quality machine made. at, the opinion of most typists, is the Royal.







ROYAL

WORLD'S NUMBER 1

TYPEWRITER

Copyright 1941 Royal Typewriter Co., Inc.
*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Do your typists this favor. It costs you nothing. Phone your local Royal office—*we're* so confident of Royal's superiority that we'll gladly put a new Royal in your office for a free "desk test." Compare the machine with any other make—we're certain you'll find that a Royal will save your girls time and effort, will mean better work, will give you more typewriter for your money. Here are a few reasons why:

Easier to operate. Whether her touch is light or heavy, a simple twist of Royal's Touch Control* dial will adjust the keyboard to her exact pressure. Less finger tension! To change margin stops, just flick the MAGIC* Margin lever, and *click*—it's set! Changing ribbons, too, is only a matter of moments on a Royal. No messy fingers!

Easier on nerves and eyes. No flashing type bars to blur the eyes. On the Royal, they flash unseen. Nor does the carriage clatter and jump when the shift key is struck. The Royal has a quiet, locked, bob-less shift. Finger-comfort keys save broken fingernails. While Royal's no-glare finish eliminates dancing light reflections, saves eyestrain.



I learned my lesson from a big green wave

AN OIL TANKER, butting its way between Marcus Hook, Del., and Beaumont, Texas, is not the most romantic thing in the world.

But when, between my sophomore and junior years in college, I got the urge to go to sea, my only chance was aboard a tanker. So I signed on.

Now one way an oil tanker can be distinguished from many other vessels is by the "catwalk" that stretches fore and aft along her length. This "catwalk" is provided because a heavily loaded tanker, deep in the water, is often swept by waves. In fact, in a high sea, even the "catwalk" is not always safe.

I discovered this on our return trip from Beaumont. I was walking forward along the "catwalk" with a bucket of paint aboard in each hand, when a mountainous green wave struck us. Only by dropping the buckets and grabbing the rail did I prevent myself from being washed overboard. When I reached the other end of the "catwalk," dripping and with both my buckets gone, the bosun was waiting for me.

What he said was short and to the point: "One hand for the ship—one hand for yourself!" And the way he said it I knew that next time I'd remember that seaman's rule-of-thumb and have one hand free to protect myself from danger and the other to keep from losing whatever I might be carrying.

"One hand for the ship, one hand for yourself!" How well those words have stood by me since my one trip to sea! I remembered them when I took on the not too grave responsibilities of my first regular job; when I got married; when I went into business for myself; and as our family has grown.

I've found that insurance was the rail of the "catwalk" through life. Many a time, I've be... let go for a moment. But I've never ... bosun's words.

As a result, fire or storm cannot take ... from me. If I have an accident and ... the hospital, I know my bills will be ... And when I finally pass on, I know th... will be able to live in peace and decer... rest of their lives.

And by taking care of my own and ... thrown any burdens on other people. N... to risk anything trying to rescue me ... troubles I should have prepared for, but ... don't intend that anyone ever shall.

The principle of "one hand for the s... for yourself" is not a hard one to apply. ... a very easy one to neglect and forget. ... touch with a Travelers agent or represe... row? His training and experience have ... cially well-fitted to advise you on the kin... you need and the amounts you should ...

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All ... ance. The Travelers Insurance Company, ... Indemnity Company, The Travelers F... Company, Hartford, Connecticut.



US RATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

ur of Mr. Hughes' machine was rd by day and night. He surprised n etailed to guard bridges and re an once nearly got himself shot

THE STARTING HANDLE

By Roland Pertwee

tania rules the waves l Ir. Hughes' son-in-law l lings firmly in hand Timarsh. It's a cinch

O HE Hughes family the advent of ar was the cue for a diversity of atriotic expressions. Behold the sitn of Mrs. Hughes from cus- ar suits of solemn brown into a pair lac and a striped shirt; her coura- as ttempt to read the editorials in Tnes, her arrangement of red, te nd blue crinkly paper in the es f the dining and drawing room. er daughter, Molly, who already ess d a leash of slacks in beige, y lue and terra cotta—she looked aolinarily nice in them, if rather ay behind, being built on those bb lines which inspire slaps and hi s—turned her thoughts to graver ter; took a course in first aid and he ursing; put in three evenings a week at the food office and became secretly affianced to Alan Sinclair.

Mr. Hughes, a retired building contractor with funny eyebrows, bought himself a motorcycle as a measure of economy and an example to car owners, and, on his first day out, came into collision with a military car, through no fault of his own, and was laid up for three weeks with a broken rib and a greatly increased critical faculty. Of Mr. Hughes it would be no injustice to say that he was both a cross and critical man who clearly perceived the shortcomings of governments in general and Alan Sinclair in particular. Confident in the rightness of his judgments, he pronounced Alan to be an ass, employing a variety of censorable adjectives before the word. This conclusion had been provoked by the young man's tendency to eschew all normal procedure and pursue courses of unusual and disastrous subtlety.

For Alan was an original youth who never approached an object by the direct route if there was any possibility of reaching it around the corner. His mind, if it may be so described, moved in a manner almost impossible for an average intelligence to follow or endure. He was a man who would rather reach an attic by climbing the ivy than by using the stairs. He was interested in the detection of crime and evolved novel, if seldom successful, methods for bringing malefactors to justice.

A CASE in point was when Mr. Hughes indignantly stated that some dashed person was paying nightly visits to his orchard for the purpose of pinching the Blenheim oranges. Eager to earn Mr. Hughes' respect, Alan, without confiding his intention, cunningly mounted a shotgun in the branches of an apple tree, connecting the trigger with a wire that ran through the grass.

The ruse might well have resulted in the capture of the raider had not Mr. Hughes, with the laudable intention of keeping the doctor away, stepped forth that same night into the orchard, whereby the piece was discharged within a couple of feet of his right ear, producing a violent singing that deadened the sound of Alan's approach and left him at the mercy of a blow from a bag of salt.

The event was unhappily timed, for Alan had intended to follow up his success by asking Mr. Hughes for the hand of Molly. That this request would be made in vain was clearly revealed when Mr. Hughes recovered consciousness and bade him leave the premises nor ever return.

Belonging to a generation born to adversity, Molly neither wilted nor despaired. She perceived that, from her father's point of view, what Alan had done was grievous, and experienced some private misgivings in regard to his intelligence. These, with loyalty born of love, she forebore to utter, and remarked that her father simply would not try to see good in anybody. To this he replied that he was not such a fool as to fail to recognize a congenital idiot when he saw one.

"That young fellow has never done a useful day's work in his life. I doubt if he's enough sense to write his name on a wall with a piece of chalk."

Molly replied that nobody with



sense of propriety would dream of writing his name or anything else on a wall and, warming to her subject, propounded the hypothesis that Alan was a genius and one day would startle the world.

"Well, he won't startle it from this house," said Mr. Hughes, and went to bed to the singing of violins.

THESE events occurred before the declaration of war, and had it not been for the war and Alan's immediate enlistment, and the fact that he looked like "a sweet little convict" in his battle suit, the young couple might have been permanently divided.

Meeting in a disused pigsty, this being chosen as a place where interruptions were unlikely, Alan pleaded his cause and, following a period of probational petting, in which he acquitted himself most effectively, he was accepted.

"I look on the war," he said, "as my great chance, Mollypie," that being the name he had for her. "Civilian life never offered me any scope, but now I shall find just those opportunities for self-expression I've always been looking for. Yes, old thing, I can see myself outwitting Adolf at every turn. I can hear the general staff saying, 'Get hold of that fellow Sinclair, he's always got the answer up his sleeve.'"

"The answer to what?" she asked.

"Whatever's puzzling 'em, of course. For all you know I may be the future Lawrence of Arabia."

But although it seemed unlikely, Molly did not deny the fact, and even tried to look as if she believed it.

Before parting he inquired whether, since he had now joined up, his suit was viewed with greater favor by that excellent if austere man, her father. Molly said it wasn't.

Later, they went their several ways: Alan to his training, Molly to the office of the local food controller, where she made out lists of stocks and requirements and put in some brisk, defensive work against the food controller who, in her presence, was almost permanently out of control.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hughes, convalescent from his recent mishap with the motorcycle, prosecuted a critical campaign against every government department—national and local—the general staff, the press and public, with increasing severity. It was an occupation that excluded him from practical participation in the civil-defense services springing up throughout the country. But let it not be supposed that his devotion to England was the less on this account. He withheld himself because he perceived the futility of other men's actions and the inefficiency of their performance. Time that might otherwise have been usefully, if dully, employed with the A.R.P. or the A.F.S. was spent telling his wife, who was in no position to remedy the evil, exactly what the general staff and the cabinet ought to have done, but hadn't.

IT WAS not until the collapse of France and the withdrawal of the B.E.F. to defend their own shores that Mr. Hughes, reversing a policy of words speaking louder than deeds, plunged into the lists. He joined the Local Defense Volunteers and, as a natural leader of men, in possession of a motorcycle, was created commandant of the Tidmarsh area. From that moment there was no peace and the roar of his machine was heard by day and night. He surprised the men detailed to guard bridges and

"What do you want?" Miss Fishpingle said. "Go away." "I got to use your telephone. There's Germans about," Edward shouted

more than once nearly got hir for his pains. His keenness v spiration and a menace. He his men to be unsparing in ob and ruthless in the prosecutio duties. Under his leadershi commonly held that any para foolish as to descend at Tidma environs would get short shrif

Came a morning when Mo beside her breakfast plate a ty envelope on the back of whi ink, was: *Alice Through the Glass*. Her curiosity titillated, the seal to find that the letter Alan. She had always known believed in miracles, and the of his letter proved that his not misplaced, for, following dance of endearments, it info that he had been granted a co and would be posted in a we to one of the departments of Intelligence.

Molly was so delighted tha nounced the fact over the table, exclaiming: "Goodness! (Dad, listen to this!" Then re passage aloud, added: "So t are, Dad."

"Exactly! There you are!" grim rejoinder. "And it just l my opinion of those chaps at th

THERE being no doubt as to t cation of his words, Molly w the room in dudgeon and, tur page of Alan's letter, found the it was covered in what appear gibberish. The first line—whi "etarudbo llits si nam dlo e pointed to the conclusion that brains he had once possessed serted him, and it was not unti membered the mysterious word back of the envelope that hope Holding up the letter to a mi perceived how clever and subtl been. For the gibberish was tr into the words:

"If the old man is still obdu must meet privily and apart. ting in a few days in town, ge gether my kit, after which I twenty-four hours' leave when without the parental consent, I to reveal my undying passion. has lent me a car and if you will along to the crossroads at nin five P. M., Thursday prox., you your devoted, proud and palpit eager to clasp you to his manly "

It is a reflection on the ir genius of mankind that mea never been discovered for shorte period between making and ke lovers' appointment. Everyth fact, conspires to increase rath diminish those agonizing ho seemed to Molly that ages had when eventually she hurried al Cadwell road to keep the tryst in his new uniform, sprang from a car to greet her and it is to Molly that even in a moment of ecst could keep her head.

"No, darling, not here, anywh here," she gasped.

He could not see the point unti breathless for need of love, in him that it was a practice of the or military to erect a temporary cade on the crossroads at ten P.

"If we were seen together would be bound to hear of it," she "then there'd be trouble."

So they jumped into the car ar pressed the self-starter, which to work.

"It's the battery," he said. shrewd grasp for mechanical "Sit tight, darling, and I'll give swing with the handle."

(Continued on page 36)

Eagles Over England

By Quentin Reynolds

CABLED FROM LONDON

What does the R.A.F. think of the planes America builds and sends them? The only way to find out is to ask. Mr. Reynolds asked and here are the answers

JAMES H. DOOLITTLE

Complete with R.A.F. insignia and camouflage, a Lockheed-Hudson twin-motored bomber leaves the factory at Burbank, Cal., to be flown eastward on the first leg of its journey to England

LIE Beaverbrook. You don't have to make appointments to see him, for one thing. He's too busy to make pointments. You just walk into the Ministry of Aircraft Production ildi and tell one of his secretaries, wa to see Lord Beaverbrook. It's por nt."

Bea rbrook sat behind his huge sk, piling, and we talked about this d t. Then, because I know you n't ve to be evasive and too polite th Beaverbrook, I decided to give it hi

"I h e a clipping from a New York wspaper," I said. "It says that the neri n airplanes sent over here are god. It says they are used only in inin; that the pilots don't like them; at th y are no good in combat and—"

"Le me see it," Beaverbrook said rsely He read. He put the clipping wn his desk. He was ominously iet.

"I dn't write it," I said hastily. Don' blame me."

"It a scurrilous article," he said igril "Not a word of truth in it. ney re magnificent aircraft. Come id lk at them. Talk to the pilots. y in them yourself. Go to the fac- ries where they are assembled and sted.

"Th e is a ban on visiting those fac- ries," I reminded him.

Bea rbrook brushed the thought of e ba aside with a quick gesture. "Can ou g tomorrow? Good. I'll tell you here very American aircraft in Eng- nd at the present moment. Go here r you want. If the airplanes are no good, write that they're no good. But see for yourself. See for yourself."

I did. . . .

I visited a coastal command station that uses only American airplanes. For months they have been flying over Norway and the Channel ports; they have patrolled the North Sea looking for (and finding) German submarines. This squadron uses only the Lockheed Hudson. The Hudson is well armed. Originally it was used only for reconnaissance but when Dunkirk came along every aircraft available was pressed into service. The Hudson made its debut as a dive bomber, harrying the German advance. It was a Hudson from this squadron that located the Altmark.

A Plan for Punishment

Most of the squadron was out on a daylight raid over Norway when I visited the station. That's about the nastiest job a pilot has to face. Vital targets in Norway are well protected with antiaircraft guns and with Messerschmitts. One by one the squadron straggled back. Twelve of them had left six hours before. Eleven landed and we waited on the field for the twelfth. It was a brilliant day and finally the cold sun found a black speck in the distance. It grew larger and we noticed that it was wobbling a little bit. A Hudson is a clean-limbed aircraft but this one seemed frying at the edges. It circled the field once, flying rather uncertainly.

Something very obviously was wrong and yet the pilot had sent no wireless message that he was in difficulty. The commanding officer gave a crisp direction; two pilots went running and almost immediately two automobiles shot out of a hangar. One was an ambulance; the other a fire engine. The wounded airplane above wiggled its wings when it saw the two cars out on the field. Then it came down to land. We stood there quietly, a little tense. We noticed that the landing gear hadn't been lowered. His flaps were down and he swayed slightly then bumped agonizingly on the winter-hardened dirt of the airport, bumped again, leaned over, recovered and then stopped. The ambulance and the fire engine were right beside the Hudson when it landed but neither was needed. Five men hopped out, all grinning. The pilot, a huge, blond-haired lad, came over to his commanding officer.

"They kicked us around a bit over Stavanger," he said cheerily. "We caught a lot of *flak;* couldn't get away from it. Then two Messerschmitt 110's came out of a cloud and gave it to us. We had quite a scramble and we got one of them. Then I went into a cloud and got away."

We walked over to inspect the aircraft. There was a huge, gaping hole in the fuselage. There were a hundred smaller holes. Miraculously, none of the men had been hit.

"Did your landing gear stick?" I asked the pilot. "Stick," he laughed. "Hell, it was shot to pieces. Pretty near everything else was shot to pieces. Look at the rudder. Not much left of it. But the old kite brought us home 350 miles on one lung. Not another aircraft in the world could take the punishment this one did today, and yet make its landfall. You don't come from California, do you?"

I told him I didn't.

"Well, if you ever get out that way," he said earnestly, "drop into the Lockheed factory and tell them thanks for me. This is a kite that doesn't know when it's licked. I've flown it about three hundred hours and we've been kicked around a lot but we always got back."

That night we sat around and talked of aircraft. These pilots had flown everything that was heavy—Wellingtons, Blenheims, Whitleys, Douglases.

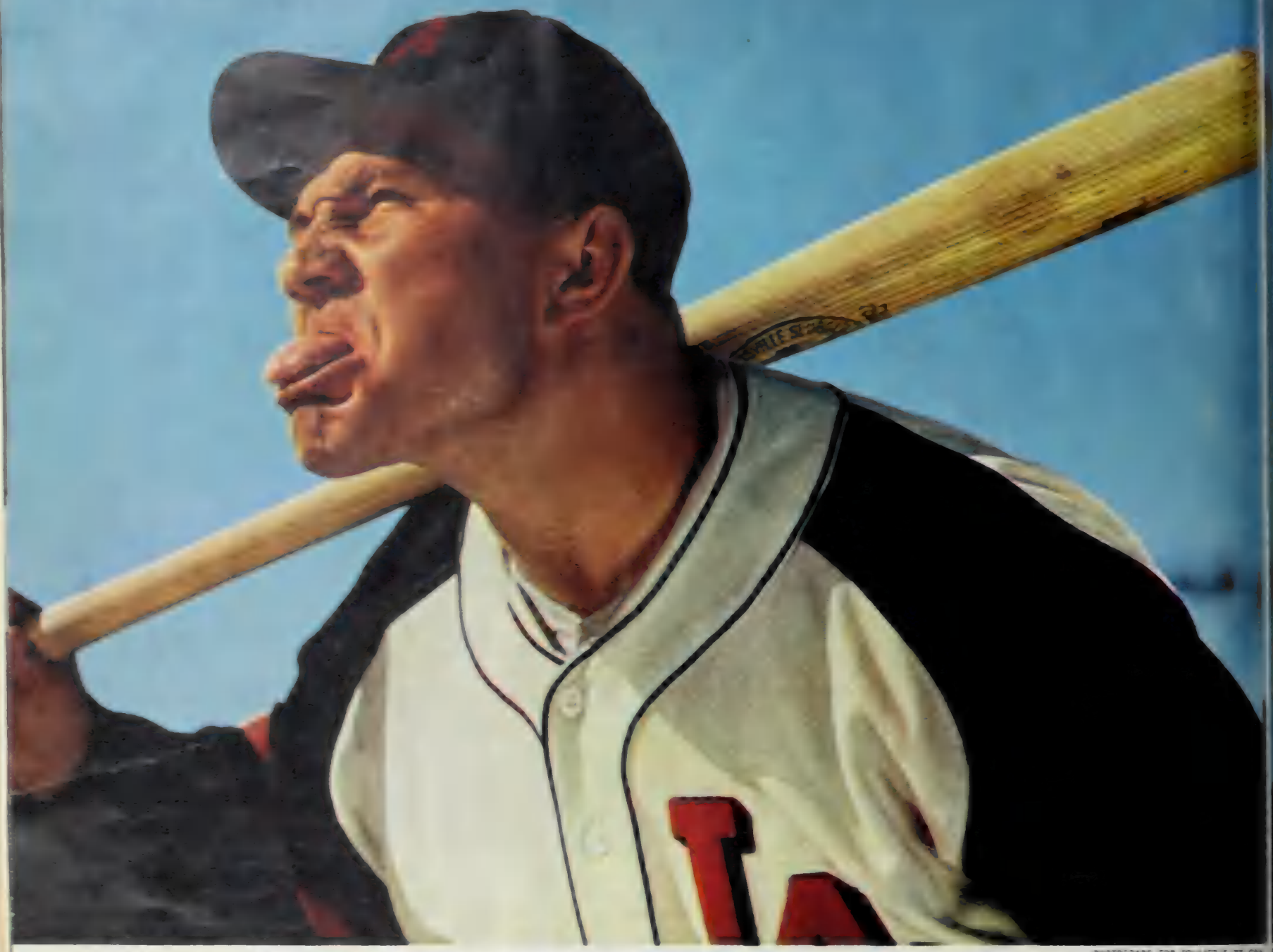
"What about that Douglas Boston?" I asked.

"Most controllable twin-engined aircraft I ever flew," the squadron leader said. "It can do anything. It takes off like a scalded cat. It handles like a cub. It's marvelous for dive-bombing and I might add there are a lot of them in action right now. I can't say where but you read the papers, don't you? Yes, sir, I wish we had a thousand of them."

(Continued on page 49)

Clouting Cossack

By Kyle Crichton



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CBS

Clowning is only one of the talents Lou Novikoff will bring to the Chicago Cubs next season

All Lou Novikoff, the Mad Russian, wants is a bat and somebody to throw that ball up to him. He's so ponderous that even if he nicks the pellet it's likely to take a leg off someone

LOS ANGELES is always nuts about something and last summer the Shrine of Fantasy was squirrelly over a broad-looking gentleman known as Lou Novikoff, the Mad Russian, who played left field for the Angels, led the Coast League in everything connected with hitting and presented a personality only slightly removed from the fabulous.

Among other things, they had a Novikoff Day at which he was awarded the Sporting News trophy for the Number One Minor Leaguer of 1939. He had led the Texas League with .368 (fifty points ahead of old Nick Cullop who was next best) and had then been recalled by Los Angeles for the last six weeks of the season in time to knock bricks out of every wall in the circuit and end with a percentage of .452.

Ordinarily, on such occasions the recipient of the honor goes into a fog and recovers only after he has dropped three pop flies and struck out so often that people think he is swinging on a gate. Not so out here. In the ninth inning of the first game of the double-header against San Diego, he reached up over his head and whammed the ball as if he were beating a water moccasin with a plank. It went nine miles over the center-field fence and three runs scored. In the last inning of the second game he broke up a scoreless tie by lunging across the plate and walloping one that was almost in the dirt. That also took flight over the distant barriers and the game was done.

"If I can get to 'em with a bat," says Lou, to all complaints about his hitting, "they ain't bad balls no more."

Between games they gave him the trophy. He answered the quick cracks of Joe E. Brown, the master of ceremonies, with nifties of his own. He did imitations, at which he is very good. Then Mr. Brown announced that the Mauling Muzhik would respond to the words of laudation in song. He would depict the Sad Soul of the Steppes in melody so pathetic that hardened souls would crack and weep. Mr. Novikoff took a strangle hold on the microphone. He cleared his throat. He began to bellow in a voice that could be heard in Vancouver, British Columbia. He sang My Wild Irish Rose.

Although Lou was born in Glendale, Arizona, he spoke nothing but Russian until he was ten, being one of twelve children of a family that had originally come from Kavkaz in the Caucasus. They landed in Washington, D. C., and worked their way to Los Angeles by gentle stages and proceeded to starve in a very decisive way. When Papa Novikoff died about seven years ago, conditions were so bad that the family was on county relief. What helped them then was Louie, who did very little about his schooling and concentrated on softball.

The Softball Sensation

After breaking into softball with the Inglewood Park Florists, Lou hitchhiked up to Bakersfield, went without food for two days and finally landed a job pitching for Ralph's Grocery, knowing the value of proper provisions. He subsequently played for Visalia and Huntington Park, where he came under the guidance of Joe Rodgers, who has since been his mentor, foster father and principal support. He played u name of Lou Nova because he to preserve his amateur stand eventually did get in one year a velt High in Los Angeles.

As a softballer, Lou was a se

He was known as the Babe the sport and there are experts tell you no man ever played the well as Novikoff. In a play-o against Santa Ana, Lou struck o ty-two men in eight innings, en lead of three runs and went out right field for the hell of it. A hit him full on the conk out ther runs scored and Rodgers took menacingly in hand and rushed t sack back into the box. He fina in twelve innings.

In the same series Louie hit run so viciously and so far t Rodgers later had it measured gone 325 feet on a straight line according to Joe, would be a mately 500 feet in hard ball.

"All right," said Joe, then enough of this. You're going i real game."

He got a tryout with Hollywoo Coast League, hit everything th him and had still to catch or sto hit at him in right field three

(Continued on page 44)

ourteen in All

William Martin

ATED BY PAUL BROWN

ORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

AIL were scarce that fall. Most f the old-timers in the valley, ncluding Warden Tickie himself, hunting at all this season—giv- birds a chance. It was an un- gentleman's agreement.

Pop Jameson managed to keep eement, too, for a while. But by er he just couldn't deny himself nd of a gun any longer.

nd old Don, his pointer, moved ip through the woods now. The was more tired this afternoon 'd expected to be but he kept . He wanted to stand on the minute and look at Palmer's before turning back home. See- hollow, in December, was a part ng.

e top of the ridge Pop eased his arrel to his other arm and blew nittened hand. Below, Palmer's lay in picture stillness, its nar- ozen creek a length of jagged tween the willows. A blue crane ldenly from the weeds along the ank and flapped its awkward, flight upstream. With far-see- s the old man watched the bird sight, then he whistled old Don

ld dog suddenly took on new life, and wagging his tail. They go home now! There were al- rds in *this* hollow.

Pop smiled a little and sighed and shed his heavy feet slowly down He couldn't say no. This was f hunting, too—seeing your dog .

Old Don yelped approval and ran gin- wnhill and into a clump of wil- ut of sight. A second later he ut on the other side, head low- il apprehensive. Then he froze statue.

Pop walked slowly to the old dog's A single bird whirred up in a flash of brown and white. Pop raised his gun and fired. The bird wheeled, unhit, and sailed low along the brown curve of the hillside beyond the creek.

A gun boomed on the hillside behind Pop and he saw the bird jolt in midair and drop. Old Don yelped and started across the creek after the bird.

Pop looked back up the hill at a big, square-set man in a red hunting jacket. "Good shot, son," the old man called.

The big stranger didn't answer. He was busy clodding his brown-and-white setter to fetch the bird. The setter came down the hill whimpering and limping in both hind legs. Pop noticed the red mat of hair on the setter's hind quarters.

The setter met Don in the middle of the creek, coming back with the bird, and he followed the old dog back to Pop's side, whining guiltily. Pop turned the bird over in his hand, then patted Don's head.

The stranger came scuffing down the hillside in a hurry, with his hand out. "That's my bird, old fellow," he said challengingly.

"Sure is, son," Pop answered mildly, and handed over the bird. Old Don whined, and Pop touched his head and said, "But I got him too, Don. Got him as he turned."

THE stranger stuffed the bird into his red coat. "Okay, old fellow," he said indulgently, "you got him, too." He motioned the setter to heel.

The setter crouched, whimpering. Pop shook his head. "You're huntin' a mighty lame dog, aren't you, son? Looks like he's been peppered bad."

The stranger's eyes cut sharply toward Pop. "I let him have a load this morning for dragging tail on me," he said impatiently.

"That so?" Pop said. Pop didn't say son this time. Pop asked, "Reckon you could hunt along with me for a spell and give your dog a rest?"

The stranger glanced over at old Don speculatively. "He'll be slow," he said appraisingly, "but the setter's about through." He fished in his inside pocket for his watch. "I'll give you a dollar an hour, old fellow. Okay?"

Pop looked down at the setter. "I'm glad to do it free," he said slowly.

"Okay, let's get moving, old fellow. We're wasting time." He dragged the setter by the collar to a willow and tied him up. "I'm George F. W. Burston," the stranger said significantly, and then he took charge. "You take your shots, old fellow. I'll take mine. You work on the hill. I'll take the creek bottom." He walked past Pop and into the weeds along the creek.

Birds were scarce. But at the creek bend, old Don made a point. Pop moved his coat aside, waiting. The stranger, gun poised, walked briskly up to old Don and kicked the weeds. Three birds roared up in a burst of wings. One bird flared toward the hill. Pop upped his gun and fired. The bird skimmed on.

The stranger's gun boomed and the bird fell. Then the stranger pivoted and fired twice more. The other two birds dropped. It was beautiful shooting.

The stranger picked up the last two birds. Old Don made for the bird nearest Pop. Pop walked up the hill a little way and sat heavily down on a log. He was about tuckered out.

Old Don came up to his knee with the bird. The stranger hurried up the hill, smiling. "That's three for me, old fellow. You missed." He held out his hand.

Pop handed over the bird and said with mild dignity, "It's your bird, but I didn't miss. I got him on the rise."

The stranger smiled broadly. "Okay, old fellow, you got him, too." He dropped the three birds on the ground, leaned his gun against the log, and started digging in his bulging coat and dumping out birds. "What's happened to 'em this year, old fellow?" he asked. "I was down here in '38 with a party of three and we got over two hundred birds in three days!" He dropped the last bird on the pile at his feet and patted his empty pockets. "This is all—fourteen."

"The limit's twelve," the old man said quietly, "you've taken two over."

The stranger's eyes went sharp. "You a game warden?"

"I don't believe in wardens," the old man said quietly. "It ought to be between a man and himself what he does when he's got the upper hand."

The stranger grinned knowingly. "You're having a bad day, old fellow. Take a couple of birds. No hard feelings. I'm using your dog."

THE old man's calm reserve made the stranger color. He shrugged and said, "You shoot 'em or I shoot 'em. What's the difference?"

Pop looked up. "No difference," he said quietly, "if you haven't a mind to see a difference. . . ." And then he stopped. He had lived too long to hope any more that you could change a man's heart with a few words.

It was the stranger who spotted Warden Tickie Fisher first, in his green uniform, coming up the hollow on their side of the creek. Then Pop saw the warden, too. The stranger glanced quickly down at the birds—twelve at his own feet and two between Pop's old-fashioned boots. For a long second the stranger looked into Pop's clear eyes and he saw in them what he wanted to see. He knew that the old man would say nothing.

The stranger smiled. Warden Tickie strolled up and took out his pipe. "Howdy, Pop."

"Hello, son," the old man replied.

Warden Tickie turned. "Got to check your birds, mister. State law."

The stranger nodded. "Go right ahead, Warden. Here's the lot. Fourteen birds together. The old gentleman's been kind enough to let me hunt behind his dog. I'm George F. W. Burston," he added.

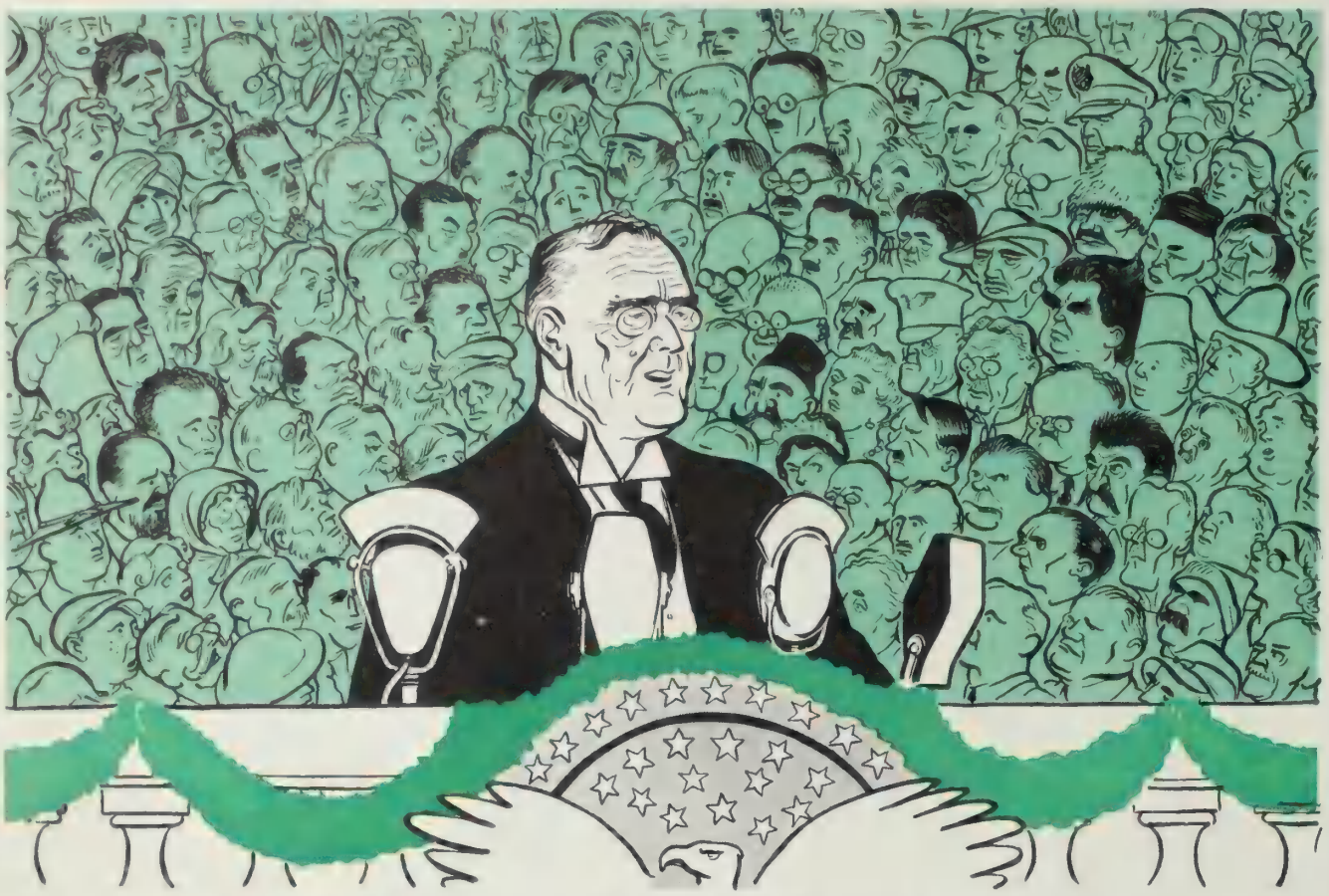
Warden Tickie counted the birds with the stem of his pipe. "Twelve and two makes fourteen," he said. He turned to Pop. "Can I see your gun, Pop?"

"Sure can, son." He handed up his single-barrel. The stranger lighted a cigarette, watching.

Warden Tickie stepped back a pace and aimed the gun at the two birds between Pop's feet. The gun roared. Not a feather moved. He turned on the stranger, "I'm takin' up your license for the season, Mister Burston. You took over the limit. Everybody hereabout knows Pop is shootin' empties this year and hunting in his head—giving the birds a chance."

The setter met Don in the middle of the creek, coming back with the bird, and he followed the old dog back to Pop, whining guiltily





In a few days, a harassed man will speak from Capitol Hill and the world will listen

Taps for the New Deal

By Walter Davenport

CARTOONS BY CARL ROSE

There was more than one joker in the pack the New Dealers were shuffling for their third round—a new Education Administration administering federal schools, a new Alien Administration that would make our current alien laws obsolete, a Federal Press Bureau and other revolutionary cards. But the hand was never dealt. Europe's war and our national-defense cyclone swept it aside

THE New Deal was America's first war casualty. What its successor will be depends upon who wins—Democracy or Dictatorship. The Forgotten Man and the Economic Royalist are in overalls and uniforms. They're as awkward as Newfoundland pups; but almost overnight they've discovered that they had better march together if they want to save what they've got, little or much.

This is no theory. And it isn't propaganda. Washington, from the White House down to the last crowded street corner, is scared dizzy. They're afraid that we're going to get into this war; that if England's need doesn't do it, Hitler's fury will. They're afraid that we're already in and don't know it. But they're even more afraid that if it hasn't come, catching us defenseless, it will come and we'll still be unarmed.

But whatever happens, none contend that the New Deal still lives. The more pessimistic are fearful that while it lived it sapped national vitality, leaving us with no will to fight for "The American Way of Life." If any of you yearn to be demoralized, spend a few days in the capital. In a few days, a harassed man will speak from Capitol Hill, while the entire world listens. Only a few in the crowds that have gathered to listen pretend to believe that his third inaugural address will contain his real fears. The common belief is that he will tell us in effect that the New Deal, what he has fought for since 1932, is deathless, that it is the thing that Americans will make sacrifices for and that those sacrifices will preserve liberty and democracy.

It's a Revolution

Whatever it will be that Mr. Roosevelt says, only the most loyal of his surviving New Deal generals contend that the crusade is still on its feet. And these are admittedly a trifle left-handed in their argument, saying that if America is forced to fight it will be to preserve the New Deal. But if you insist that they be realistic they, too, will tell you that as a revolution, as a wholesale revision of government processes, the New Deal has been blasted into abeyance.

No one worth listening to tells you that the New Deal, as such, collapsed under its own weight. It is merely that a choice had to be made between gratuities and guns. There won't be enough money for both. The billions already appropriated for rearmament are just a beginning. The billions we devoted so liberally to dams and reclamations must now go to help England, directly and indirectly. The huge sums that financed peaceful projects and happiness-promotions must now buy planes and battleships, cantonments and tanks. And Washington is agreed that the sooner we realize that this is a part of the sacrifices we shall have to make and like, the better.

Not that it will happen without a fight. Capitol Hill, politically farther away from the White House than it has been for eight years, is traffic-jammed with lobbyists. They're demanding everything from war profiteering to unions of soldiers and sailors.

Push your way around. Here's a group that tells you that Hitler can't be stopped under the Wagner Act. Another is prepared to prove that the 30-hour week is our only salvation. Firebrands from Mr. Dave Lasser's Workers' Alliance are trouping the House office building with warnings of strikes and industrial paralysis if relief appropriations are revised downward. They curse the American Federation of Labor and Mr. Bill Green, its twe sand-dollar president, for its r in-defense-plants policy.

Tender young men and won herded by Youth Congress le seeking audiences with senat be told, when cornered, that tional Youth Administration r larger appropriations and da him that first cries "Hold, Better-dressed are the ladies tlemen who have appointment for the repeal of the Joh that forbids loans to governm haven't paid what we lent the first World War.

Shoulder through. That gr asking directions to Senator office wants more flood-contr and a $10,000,000 munitions pl have much more chance of s Senate majority leader than t crowd—the one that wants to that the American people wa not war, and that charity begins and ought to stay there. Eve sentative's and every senato ing room is crowded. But ther of the usual congressional everybody's getting a hearing or later.

Congress Looks at the V

Even if England weren't be help, even if there were no t war for this side of the Atlan election in November would ha bad news for the New Deal. Tw million anti-Roosevelt votes the political map a lot. Senator and Representative McCorm Democratic vote herders in C won't admit it publicly, but all y to do is listen and look to kn Congress has bolted. Wait until are asked for swimming pools skating rinks, air-conditioned rooms, WPA theater and sy orchestra projects, dietary kitc Blackfeet Indians, for Passar dies, for dams on dry creeks, fc like that. Just wait until some legislation comes along. Cong getting hard-boiled. Or so they

Anyway, Congress will have p chance to prove it. Its corridor with foreign delegations—South can, Chinese, Greek, British, S Canadian, Mexican, Australia and so on. They ask arms, mone credit, guarantees. The Capitol reinforced by District cops, F.B Dies Committee investigators, intelligence agents, bodyguards tives and unidentified sleuths, many clashes.

A rawboned fellow with a quack stops a group that looks He tells them that ten thousand can farmers will march on Was if so much as a dollar of the A taxpayer's money is lent to a nation. Two uniformed police n on him and two plain-clothes



Capitol cops are polite bu you can't do any loiterin



The Capitol is jammed as never before with lobbyists, demanders and pressure groups

ry gentle, but equally persist- Move on, sir, move on. Please block the passages. Thank you. Move on but not before he tells what he is and that Europe can go to hell for all he cares. They thank you for the information, but he moves and they move off to find out what route he might be over there among the ladies. Some of them want to go over to England. The others don't want to go to war for anybody, the United States included. Both sides have interviews with members of Congress. They're easy to handle. Senator Gerry: Certainly, ladies, this way please. Mr. Martin of Massachusetts? Police: His office is at that end of the Capitol. Right head and turn down to your right. Give your names to the attendant at the door. Thank you.

But sometimes it isn't so easy. Apparently the entire country understands that something violent has happened to the world. The early days of the New Deal are dead as the days of Coolidge and Hoover and that what's to follow them is anybody's guess. Mix in with this crowd. You gather that they're afraid that they've lost something. Perhaps the hope they had they felt they had upon the establishment. If you'll notice that tall, sober-faced man with his arms folded over near Old Bob LaFollette's statue; well, he's a World War veteran and he's feeling mean. When he came in there were six or eight other veterans with him, but the cops, a little leery of them, separated them, scattered them without their knowing it. These Capitol police are pretty clever guys, not like the average flatfeet with their "Break it up, buddy, break it up!" These guys have technique.

The Veterans Fight Again

These veterans of 1918 are afraid that they're going to get lost in the new shuffle. They've got the idea that all this new war preparation (and maybe a new war) is going to see a new push of veterans come up and shove the first World War vets out of the road just as the A.E.F. lads did the old-timers before them. These middle-aged vets think that all this is going to cut off their pensions and privileges—or at least cut them down. The cops have to handle them awfully sweet because Congress is full of their friends. Lots of congressmen have made a career of these 1918 veterans, winning elections by promising more and more in allowances, compensations and pensions.

But the order is out that nobody may loiter or stand around glowering. So they speak to the guy at Old Bob's statue. Can we do anything for you, buddy—show you anywhere? Anybody you want to see? Naw, buddy don't want to see nobody in particular. Buddy just wants all these punks to know that he and the other A.E.F. vets ain't going to be pushed around by nobody—especially these new punks in this new army they're mustering in. Okay, buddy. Nobody's going to push you around—you and me both. I'm an A.E.F. vet myself, chum. And listen, it's worth my job to let folks stand around. Okay. Thanks, buddy. Take it easy. Nobody's going to shove us around. Atta boy.

Maybe we're wrong but the more evidence we found of the New Deal's retreat, the easier it was to believe that Congress—Republicans, Democrats, Liberals, Tories—hope that the retreat will become a rout. Some of them are pretty outspoken about it. Not a few of the realists among the New Deal's executives—the practical men who managed to squeeze the tears out of their jobs and who didn't catch the Messiah fever—are likewise hopeful although not so outspoken. They believe that even if the war had not intervened, the New Deal's crazy-quilt pattern was about to be replaced by a soberer design, sacrificing none of its warmth but adding nothing to its dimensions. The whole business got out of hand.

Nobody in Washington is prepared to predict what would have happened had the world retained its sanity. The commonest guess is that with no war to worry us, Mr. Roosevelt would not have sought another term and that Mr. Willkie would have been elected President. Even the most incurable of the New Deal officials will admit without much coaxing that Mr. Willkie would have made hash of any opponent but Mr. Roosevelt. And they'll confess without pausing that the rational Mr. Willkie would have put an end to the pretty pink fripperies although saving the solid red meat of the New Deal.

We talked to a number of the realists. Several of them went so far as to say that the New Deal's tendency toward the unmanageable had worried even so doting ■ parent as Mr. Roosevelt.

Some Divided Opinion

No one in Washington is foolish enough to predict that the President's third inaugural address will be the New Deal's funeral oration. Even those to whom such phrases would be delicious music are prepared to hear him reassure the country that the New Deal, far from being a corpse, is the true spirit of our democracy and of the loin-girding we are undergoing to save the same. But there are going to be more skeptics listening in than ever before in the past eight years.

(Continued on page 40)

THEY went next into Linda Marshall's room. It faced east, looking out over the rocks down to the sea below.

Weston gave a glance around. He murmured: "Don't suppose there's anything to see here. But it's possible Marshall might have put something in his daughter's room that he didn't want us to find. Not likely, though. It isn't as though there had been a weapon or anything to get rid of."

He went out again.

Hercule Poirot stayed behind. He found something that interested him in the grate. Something had been burnt there recently. He knelt down, working patiently. He laid out his finds on a sheet of paper. A large, irregular blob of candle grease—some fragments of green paper or cardboard, possibly a pull-off calendar for with it was an unburnt fragment bearing a large figure 5 and a scrap of printing . . . *noble deeds* . . . There was also an ordinary pin and some burnt animal matter which might have been hair.

Poirot arranged them neatly in a row and stared at them.

"'*Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long,*'" he murmured. "*C'est possible.* But what is one to make of this collection? *C'est fantastique!*"

And then he picked up the pin and his eyes grew sharp and green. "*Pour l'amour de Dieu!* Is it possible?"

Hercule Poirot got up from where he had been kneeling by the grate. Slowly he looked around the room and this time there was an entirely new expression on his face. It was grave and almost stern.

To the left of the mantelpiece there were some shelves with a row of books. Hercule Poirot looked thoughtfully along the titles.

A Bible. A battered copy of Shakespeare's plays. The Marriage of William Ashe by Mrs. Humphry Ford. The Young Stepmother by Charlotte Yonge. A Shropshire Lad. Eliot's Murder in the Cathedral. Bernard Shaw's St. Joan. Gone With the Wind by Margaret Mitchell. The Burning Court by Dickson Carr.

Poirot took out two books—The

(Continued on page 31)

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



"If she couldn't find something or the bell wasn't answered at once or her laundry wasn't back, she'd be rude and nasty about it"

The Story Thus Far:

IN NEED of a rest, Hercule Poirot, brilliant Belgian criminal investigator, goes to the Jolly Roger, an old hotel on an English south-coast island. There he notes that the guests are all agog over a none-too-secret "affair," in which two of their number—Kenneth Marshall's wife, Arlena, and Christine Redfern's husband, Patrick—are the shameless principals.

Poirot finds the place quiet and placid—until one fine morning the body of Arlena Marshall is found by Patrick Redfern and Miss Emily Brewster, another guest, on the beach at near-by Pixy Cove. The woman had been murdered, *strangled to death!* . . . Learning of the tragedy, Poirot goes into action. And soon, the canny Belgian, Inspector Colgate and Chief Constable Weston (who feels fairly sure that the killer is a man) have quite a bit of evidence. . . .

Among the guests at the Jolly Roger, in addition to those already mentioned, are: Linda Marshall (Kenneth Marshall's daughter by his first wife), who had detested Arlena; the Reverend Stephen Lane, a religious fanatic; two Americans—Mrs. Odell Gardener and her sweet, docile husband; Major Barry, a grand old sport, but a terrific bore; Rosamund Darnley, a well-known London dressmaker who had, at one time, been in love with Kenneth Marshall; and the loquacious Horace Bl[a]tt"—a gentleman with more mu[s]cle than brains.

Marshall has an excellent alibi—at the time of the murder he had apparently been writing letters in his room. He admits, tho[ugh], that Arlena had been wealthy and that [he] was her heir. Mr. Gardener, too, has a good [a]libi. Major Barry has a weak one—he tells Colgate and Weston that on the morning of the murder he had left the hotel at ten and gone to St. Loo (a near-by town) and returned (after losing his way) at one-thirty. The sleuths take his statements with a grain of salt.

But they believe Christine Redfern when she tells them of a conversation she had overheard on the beach, one dark night—a conversation between Arlena Marshall and a man whom she could not see, and whose voice she could not identify) who was, very obviously, trying to blackmail Kenneth Marshall's wife.

Christine characterizes Arlena as "the sort of woman who would be mixed up with something sordid: blackmail—jealousy—[or] . . ."

Discontinuing their questioning, the investigators search the dead woman's room. There they find a love letter, addressed to Arlena and signed "J. N." They search Marshall's room. Then, "We'll just glance through the rest of the rooms," Weston says quietly.

o Down, Moses

By
illiam Faulkner
USTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

**mel Worsham Beau-
amp comes back to his
m folks in the South**



"Roth Edmonds sold him," the old Negress said. She swayed back and forth. "Sold my Benjamin"

HIS face was black, smooth, impenetrable; the eyes had seen too much. The Negroid hair had been plaited so that it covered the skull like a cap in a single neat-ridged sweep that had the appearance of having been lacquered, the part trimmed out with razor so that the head resembled a bronze head, permanent, imperishable. He wore one of those sports costumes and ensembles in the newspaper advertisements, shirt and trousers matching and cut from the same fawn-colored flannel and they had cost too much and were draped too much, with too many pockets. He half lay on the steel cot in the steel cubicle just outside which the armed guard had stood for twenty hours now, smoking cigarettes and swearing in a voice deliberately and unassistantly not a Southern voice the features of the spectacled young white man sitting with a broad census taker's form on the steel stool opposite.

"Samuel Worsham Beauchamp. Twenty-six. Born in the country near Jefferson, Mississippi. No family. No—"

"Wait." The census taker wrote rapidly. "That isn't the name you were arrested under in Chicago?"

The other snapped the ash from the cigarette. "No. It was another guy I killed in the cop."

"Alright. Occupation—"

"Getting rich too fast."

"—ne." The census taker wrote rapidly. "Parents?"

"Sure. Two. I don't remember them. My grandmother raised me."

"What's her name? Is she still living?"

"I don't know. Mollie Worsham Beauchamp. If she is, she's on Carothers Edmonds' farm. Near Jefferson, Mississippi. That all?"

The census taker closed the portfolio and rose. He was a year or two younger than the other. "If they don't know who you are here, how will they know—how do you expect to get home?"

The other snapped the ash from the cigarette, lying on the steel cot in the Hollywood clothes and a pair of shoes better than the census taker had ever owned. "What will that be to me?"

So the census taker went away; the guard locked the steel door again. And the other lay on the steel cot smoking until they came and slit the expensive trousers and shaved the expensive coiffure and led him out of the cell.

ON THAT same hot, bright July morning, the same hot, bright wind that shook the mulberry leaves just outside Gavin Stevens' window blew into the office too, contriving a semblance of coolness in what was merely motion. It fluttered among the county-attorney business on his desk and blew in the wild shock of his prematurely white hair above the thin, intelligent, unstable face, above the rumpled linen suit from whose lapel his Phi Beta Kappa key dangled from the watch chain—Phi Beta Kappa, Harvard; Ph.D., Heidelberg—Stevens, whose office was his hobby, although it made his living for him, and whose serious vocation was a twenty-two-year-old unfinished translation of the Old Testament back into classic Greek. Only his caller seemed impervious to it although by appearance she should have owned in that breeze no more of weight and solidity than the intact ash of a scrap of paper—a little old Negro woman with a shrunken, incredibly old face beneath a white headcloth and a black straw hat which would have fitted a child.

"Beauchamp?" Stevens said. "You live on Mr. Carothers Edmonds' place."

"I done left," she said. "I come to find my boy." Then, sitting opposite him on the hard chair and without moving, she began to chant: "Roth Edmonds done sold my Benjamin. Sold him in Egypt. Pharaoh got him—"

"Wait," Stevens said. "Wait, Aunty." Because memory, recollection, was about to click and mesh. "If you don't know where your grandson is, how do you know he's in trouble? Do you mean that Mr. Edmonds refused to help you find him?"

"It was Roth Edmonds sold him," she said. "Sold him into Egypt. I don't know whar he is. I just knows Pharaoh got him. And you the Law. I wants to find my boy."

"All right," Stevens said, "I'll try to find him. If you're not going back home, where are you going to stay in town? It may take some time, if you don't know where he went and you haven't heard from him in five years."

"I be staying with Hamp Worsham. He my brother."

"All right," Stevens said. He was not surprised. He knew Hamp Worsham, but he would not have been surprised even if he had never seen the old Negress before. They were like that. You knew them all your life, they might even have worked for you for years; they might have different names, then suddenly you learned that they were brothers or sisters, or claimed to be, and you were not surprised.

He sat in the hot motion which was

not breeze and heard her toiling slowly down the outside stairs, remembering the grandson. The papers had passed across his desk before going to the district attorney five or six years ago—Butch Beauchamp, as the youth had been known during the single year he had spent in and out of the city jail, the old Negress' daughter's child, orphaned of his mother at birth and deserted by his father, whom the grandmother had taken and raised, or tried to. Because at nineteen he had quit the country and come to town, in and out of jail for gambling and fighting, and at last under serious indictment for breaking and entering a store.

Caught red-handed, whereupon he struck with a piece of iron pipe at the officer who caught him, then lay on the ground where the officer had felled him with his pistol butt, cursing through his broken mouth, his teeth fixed into something like grinning through the blood, then two nights later he had broken out of jail and was seen no more—a youth, not yet twenty-one, yet with something in him from the father who had begot and deserted him and who was now in the state penitentiary for manslaughter—some seed not only violent but bad.

"And that's who I am to find, save," Stevens thought. Because he did not for one moment doubt the old Negress' instinct. If she had also been able to divine where the boy was and what his trouble was, he would not have been surprised, and it was only later that he thought to be surprised at how quickly he did find where the boy was and what was wrong.

Edmonds' farm was seventeen miles away. But then, according to the old Negress, Edmonds had already refused to have anything to do with the business. And now Stevens comprehended what the old Negress had meant. He remembered that it was Edmonds who had sent the boy into Jefferson; he had caught the boy breaking into his commissary store and had ordered him off the place and had forbidden him ever to return. "And not the sheriff," Stevens thought. "Something broader, quicker in scope, than his would be. . . ." He rose, descended the outside stairs and crossed the empty square in the hot suspension of noon's beginning to the office of the county weekly newspaper. The editor was in—an older man, though with hair less white than Stevens', in a black string tie and an old-fashioned boiled shirt and tremendously fat.

"An old nigger woman named Mollie Beauchamp," Stevens said. "She and her husband live on the Edmonds' place. It's her grandson. You remember him—Butch Beauchamp, about five or six years ago, who spent a year in town, mostly in jail, until they finally caught him breaking into Rouncewell's store one night? Well, he's in worse trouble than that now. I don't doubt her at all. I just hope, for her sake as well as that of the great public whom I represent, that his present trouble is bad and maybe final too—"

"Wait," the editor said. He didn't even need to leave his desk. He took the press association flimsy from its spike and handed it to Stevens. "It just came in," the editor said. It was datelined from Joliet, Illinois, this morning: "Mississippi Negro, on eve of execution for murder of Chicago policeman, exposes alias by completing census questionnaire. Samuel Worsham Beauchamp. . . ."

STEVENS was crossing the empty square again in the hot suspension in which noon was now several minutes nearer. He had thought he was going home to his boardinghouse for the noon meal, but he found that he was not. "Besides, I didn't lock my office door," he thought. "So it seems I didn't mean what I said I hoped." So he mounted the outside stairs again, out of the hazy and now windless sun glare, and entered his office. He stopped. Then he said, "Good morning, Miss Worsham."

She was quite old too—thin, erect, with a neat, old-time piling of white hair beneath a faded hat of thirty years ago, in rusty black, with a frayed and faded black umbrella. She lived alone in the decaying house her father had left her, where she gave lessons in china painting and, with the help of Hamp Worsham and his wife, raised chickens and vegetables for market.

"I came about Mollie," she said. "Mollie Beauchamp. She said that you—"

HE TOLD her while she watched him, erect on the hard chair where the old Negress had sat, the rusty umbrella leaning against her knee. On her lap, beneath her folded hands, lay an immense old-fashioned beaded reticule. "He is to be executed tonight."

"Can nothing be done? Mollie's and Hamp's parents belonged to my grandfather. Mollie and I grew up together. Our birthdays are in the very same month."

"I telephoned," Stevens said. "I talked to the warden at Joliet, and to the district attorney in Chicago. He had a fair trial, a good lawyer. He had money. He was in a business called numbers, that people like him make money in." She watched him, erect, not moving. "He is a murderer, Miss Worsham. He shot that policeman in the back. A bad son of a bad father. He confessed it afterward."

"I know," she said. Then he realized that she was not looking at him, not seeing him at least. "It's terrible."

"So is murder terrible," Stevens said. "It's better this way." Then she was looking at him again.

"I wasn't thinking of him. I was thinking of Mollie. She mustn't know."

"Yes," Stevens said. "I have already talked to Mr. Wilmoth at the paper. He has agreed not to print anything. I will telephone the Memphis paper, but it's probably too late for that, even if they would. . . . If we could just persuade her to go on back home this afternoon, before the Memphis paper . . . Out there, where the only white person she ever sees is Mr. Edmonds, and I can see him and warn him not to tell her, and even if the niggers would hear about it, they wouldn't—. And then maybe in about two or three months I could go out and tell her he is dead and buried somewhere in the North. . . ." This time she was watching him with such an expression that he ceased talking: she sat there, erect on the hard chair, watching him until he had ceased.

"She will want to take the body back home with her," she said.

"The body?" Stevens said. The expression was neither shocked nor disapproving. It merely embodied some old, timeless, female affinity for blood and grief. Looking at her, Stevens thought: "She has walked into town in this heat. Unless Hamp brought her in in the buggy he peddles eggs and vegetables from."

"He is the only child of her oldest daughter, her own dead first child. He must come home."

"He must come home," Stevens said. "I'll attend to it at once. I'll telephone at once."

"You are kind." For the first time she stirred, moved. He watched her hands draw the reticule toward her, clasping it. "I will defray the expenses. Can you give me some idea—?"

He looked her straight in the face. He told the lie without batting an eye, quickly, easily: "Ten or twelve dollars will cover it. They will furnish a box,

(Continued on page 45)





"Well, that's all right, Captain. You can call it our contribution to the defense program"

On this page, Collier's special correspondents continue to draw for you a picture of what is going on in America's new fighting force. This week there are high lights and incidents from camps on Long Island, New York; in Minnesota; in Maryland and New England.

As the scheme develops, it is becoming evident that the old Army and the new are beginning to understand each other; that recruits are taking their training cheerfully in their stride; that there still is some confusion, but that it is being ironed out without too much delay and in good temper in most cases.

Reports from other sections of the nation will be printed next week.

THE EAST: At Camp Upton on Long Island, the draftees and volunteers have discovered ey can call National Guardsmen almost anying—except "Saturday Night soldiers." That ckname has been the cause of more fist fights an anything else around Yaphank. There is easonable amount of rivalry between the old ny, which has a kindly scorn for everybody ; the Guardsmen, who high-hat the draftees the old Army; and the draftees, who have r notions about the Guard.

terunit rivalry, even to the accompaniment few knockdowns and drag-outs, is nothing orry about, old-line officers say. Keeps the interested and on their toes.

"hen they first got started up here at Updrawled Corporal John Berg of Orange, Jersey, an old-timer, everybody went on duty, even guys in the medical depart- who don't handle guns. I'm out in front headquarters and I see a medico marching soners to the guardhouse. This medico- sees some pals across the street and 'Hi, fellas, look. They gimme a rifle and 't the faintest idea how to use it!' But e prisoners to the guardhouse, all right." beat that," said Private Aaron Gilman ll Harbor, Long Island. "While I'm in they bring in a prisoner with an armed eems the prisoner left his post on guard isten in on a prize fight. Serious stuff. t into an argument about how a rifle the guard gives his rifle to his pris- demonstration and the prisoner shows rk it. . . . Wow! If an officer had come

In the old Army, 'way back in '17 and '18, new soldiers tried on shoes until they found a pair that fitted—or they thought fitted. Then their company commander, usually, felt the rookie's toes through the shoe, to make sure the size was right. That's all changed now. A machine tells the quartermaster corps the scientific size each new man needs.

Sort of takes the joy out of life—no more bitter arguments with the quartermaster sergeant. Oh, well—he always won, anyway. Still does.

●

NORTHWEST: Lieutenant J. A. Carlson of the Fort Snelling, Minn., recreation center was surprised lately by the request of an old sergeant. The sarge's digestion, skin, nerves and sensibility have been toughened by twenty years in the service. Still, he wasn't pleased. His company of regulars and a company of conscriptees eat at opposite ends of the same building.

"Lieutenant," said the sergeant, "I want to eat with the new men. They eat like civilians. They talk; they don't yell. I can hear the guy next to me the first time he asks to have the potatoes passed."

Lieutenant Carlson says it's true that regulars make an awful racket at mess. Yell at the top of their voices. Probably just to show they're in the Regular Army.

A draft registrant walked into the office of Lieutenant Colonel Norman Dean at Minnesota Selective Service headquarters. Whacking his heels together, he came to stiff military attention three paces from the desk.

"Sir," he said, "I wish to learn my exact status in this draft. Until two years ago, I was oberleutnant in a panzer division of the army of the Reich. I was in charge of a platoon of twelve-wheeled, fast reconnaissance cars. I lost my commission when I emigrated to the United States. In this country, I have my first papers. I make no objection to the draft but I think basic training would be uninteresting and dull. Is there a specialized branch I could enter? Also will officers and men be hostile to me because of my German army background?"

Colonel Dean replied that he would be required to enter basic training but if he showed special aptitude, his rise would be rapid. As to the officers and men, Colonel Dean assured him that if he showed the proper spirit, there would be no trouble. As a precautionary measure, the draft officers notified G-2. Publicity of the man's name might hamper the investigation or embarrass him if he is inducted.

SOUTHEAST: Carpenters, electricians, plumbers and other skilled mechanics helping rebuild Fort Meade, Maryland, get paid on Friday—and get paid plenty. Some of them get better than $75 a week. This is good money and the gamblers, flimflam artists and organized chiselers of Baltimore think so too. Just recently the police interrupted one crap game on the fort area and four others in the woods. Total haul: ten gamblers, a hundred or more disillusioned workmen and 150 pairs of dice—all loaded.

The Army has had a hard time naming the new draftees. They've also been called "conscripts" and "selectees." The regulars at Fort Meade refer to them as "one year wonders"—being careful not to let the draftees hear them.

Other additions to Fort Meade vocabulary:

Bing spot—a vaccination scar

Angel's whisper—the bugle call

Ah-ha treatment—getting fixed up for a cold

Butch—any surgeon

Chinese landing (One Wing Low)—any bad plane landing

Field Officer's Weather—fine weather, the only kind field officers are supposed to like for flying.

●

NORTHEAST: The six-ton armored scout car slithered around the icy corner. The young Army captain cursed and slammed on the brakes. The car skidded—and very neatly folded up the fender of a car which had been parked at the curb. "Damn!" cried the captain and he climbed out of the armored car and went up the walk to the old mansion. It was in Worcester, Mass., and a stern-faced middle-aged woman was already at the door awaiting him.

"Yes?" she said coldly. "Who did it?"

"First Reconnaissance Troop, First Division."

She looked puzzled, then smiled suddenly

"You mean the government—the Army?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Well, that's all right, Captain. You can call it our contribution to the defense program."

●

NORTHWEST: The draft board of Meeker County, Minn., recently got a penny postcard from Atwater, twenty miles away, in answer to their notification for a farmer to report.

Dear sir: He left for N. Dakota for Thanksgiving and won't be back till some time next week. I'll tell him as soon as he gets home.

THE HIRED MAN ★★★

This 'burger Business

By Frank J. Taylor



Pert car-hops i uniforms serve nians with th ishing varieti once-humble

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLE

Sizzling hamburgers with cheese started on the coast for all kinds of 'burgers. ever put one of these overstuffed buns i mouth you will begin to see the reaso

FOR a stout, dark, ruddy young fellow in his early thirties, with a weakness for wine-colored shirts, we'd say that Mr. Lionel Sternberger of Pasadena had started something pretty terrific. All the way across that vast strip of U.S.A. bounded on the east by Miami, Florida, and on the west by Hollywood, California, we'd watched the 'burger business booming full tilt. We'd seen, day after day, how a million-plus motorists nosed their cars into drive-ins regularly to tackle their appointed task of downing a million-plus 'burgers — cheeseburgers, nutburgers, twinburgers, chickenburgers, squareburgers, porkburgers, royalburgers, all kinds of 'burgers.

This latest fad in eating may never have been but for the whimsy of Mr. Sternberger's eccentric jaloppy which stalled in the mud in front of that hamburger stand on the edge of Pasadena a dozen years back.

At the time, Mr. Sternberger was barely twenty, which gives you an idea of how briefly the 'burger industry has been a-building. Returning from a youthful argosy to New York, Philadelphia, Atlantic City and way points, Mr. S. had reached the edge of Pasadena with this old jaloppy, a thimbleful of gas in the carburetor, and thirteen cents in his pocket. The gas whiffed out just as he arrived at the wayside stand and he coasted to a halt in the middle of a mud puddle.

"How's business?" he called to the man behind the counter.

"Not so hot," replied the hamburger merchant. "How's travel?"

"Not so hot, either."

"Tell you what I'll do," propositioned the man behind the counter. "I'll trade you the key to this hamburger joint for the key to your lizzie."

"It's a deal," agreed Mr. Sternberger, who knew the lizzie.

"Shake," said the other, who knew the hamburger stand.

Man Bites Idea

While the ex-counterman hustled down the road for a tow car to pull the jaloppy out of the mud, Mr. Sternberger took stock of his new larder. It totaled one bun, enough meat for one hamburger sandwich, a slice of cheese, half a bottle of relish and some coffee. Mr. Sternberger peered up the highway, then down the highway. No customers looming on the horizon, he sizzled the last lone hamburger for himself. It was a skimpy lunch for a hungry young feller, so he slipped the slice of cheese between the meat and the bun. When he bit into the sandwich, with the cheese half melted by the hot meat and the toasted bun, a wave of gustatory gratification swept over his face.

"A cheeseburger!" exclaimed Mr. Sternberger, who knows a merchandising idea when he bites into one.

Hastily locking up the stand, he hustled over to Pasadena, where he hunted up sundry old school friends from whom he begged, borrowed and wheedled until he had accumulated a hundred dollars cash. With this capital he repainted the stand, stocked the icebox with ground steer meat, cheese and relishes, bought buns and coffee and paper napkins and opened up for business. The name over the stand was "The Boulevard Stop." One of his first customers was a traffic cop.

"Gimme a hamburger sandwich," said the cop.

Having great deference for cops, Mr. Sternberger debated, as he broiled the meat and toasted the bun, the wisdom of experimenting upon the law by adding a slice of cheese in the sandwich. While he wavered, the law spoke up.

"Son, every time a motorist sees a boulevard stop, he doesn't like said. "You ought to get a bett for this joint."

"What is a good name?" as Sternberger, hastily slapping a cheese on the sizzling meat.

"I'll think one up for you w cruising around," promised t sinking his teeth into the sa "That's good. What is it?"

"A cheeseburger—cheese an burger."

"You've got something, boy.'

It Hasn't Stopped Yet

The next day the officer return three other speeder-chasers. All wanted cheeseburgers.

"Why don't you call your jo Rite Spot?" asked the first cop Rite Spot for hamburgers-with-in-them, see?"

Not long after the patrolm a carload of men rolled up and th craned his neck out.

"Is this the joint where you se burgers with cheese in them?" manded.

"Yeah, who told you about the "A cop up the street. Make u

(Continued on page 42)

Kid Tinsel

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Story Thus Far:

MALLORY—who has been managing Gordon, a young middleweight, and Eddie adores—dies in Birmingham. Whereupon, Max Ellison, a noted fight manager, sends Joe Barton love with Max's frisky young daughter") to sign Gordon up.

Successful in his mission—because, in accord with the terms of Gordon's contract, *he must accept Mallory's daughter, Pat, as his manager!*—Barton returns to Atlanta. He says nothing of a wild evening when he had shot a pick-up acquaintance, Nick Lucas, to death near Birmingham; he says nothing of an encounter with a possible witness, *Eddie Gordon*, who, without seeing his face, had gained possession of a revolver registered in the name of Joseph Barton! . . .

Eddie goes to New York City. There, managed by Pat Mallory (who is secretly in love with him), he fights his way up to a match with Dixie Grogan, middleweight champion of the world. Unfortunately, he meets Babs Ellison, who is soon infatuated with him; and, in a frenzy of jealousy, Joe Barton goes into action.

Barton's first step, he is well aware, must be to regain possession of his revolver. His second, once he has the weapon, is to employ Morrie Oakes, a professional killer, to murder the newcomer from the South. By resorting to a clever stratagem, he succeeds in securing the revolver. After which, he tells Oakes exactly what he is expected to do.

Barton, it appears, is giving a party, immediately after the fight, at the Penguin Club. His guests will be: Babs, Pat Mallory, Eddie Gordon and Cliff Halliday (a brilliant sports writer who admires Eddie and is in love with Pat). He tells Oakes this; and he "suggests" that Oakes, taking advantage of the inevitable noise and confusion at such affairs, shoot Eddie Gordon on the crowded dance floor.

The great evening arrives. Eddie finds Grogan a tough customer. At the end of the fifth round Cliff Halliday and Pat realize that Eddie is off form.

BY THE tenth round, Eddie was beginning to tire. He had fought hard. The crowd was sensing an upset and howling for it. They applauded virtues in the champion which they had never before suspected. They declared loudly that Eddie Gordon was a bum. . . .

The tenth round. The eleventh. The twelfth. Feets was beside himself. He said, "I might as well tell you, Mistuh Eddie—you got to do somethin'. . . . You is 'way behime on points."

Eddie nodded. He wasn't wasting precious breath on words any more. Three more rounds; three more eternities. Dixie could take it . . . he was good, that boy.

Eddie was tired as he shuffled out for the thirteenth. Dixie was boxing gorgeously; coasting in on points under Max Ellison's expert handling. Eddie hunched his shoulders and tensed his muscles. He was waiting for Dixie to come to him now, almost too weary to chase the elusive champion.

He caught a glimpse of Pat's agonized face . . . and then it seemed to dissolve, and Pop was sitting there. Pop was kindly and understanding and sorrowful. Pop seemed to be saying, "I don't mind your losing, Son . . . anybody can lose. But you're not giving all you've got."

Something happened to Eddie Gordon. He became angry . . . not with Dixie Grogan, but with himself. He was making a bad showing: no one knew it better than he . . . but he was tired and hurt and worried. . . .

Dixie slammed a hard, punishing right to the body, a left to the jaw, another right to the body.

But this time Eddie didn't clinch. He didn't wince. He didn't even know that he was badly hurt.

He took those punches. And his right came from nowhere at all. It was his prize punch, and it carried everything. It didn't travel more than six inches.

Dixie was flat on his back, blinking

(Continued on page 50)

Eddie's right fist flashed up. It landed on the side of Morrie's jaw. It landed square, and hard. The big man went down



I wondered if his running gave him such heavenly rhythm, and then I didn't bother wondering any more. I just surrendered myself to the song

NTERCOLLEGIATE MILE

By Stanley Paul

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

othing helps romance like saying the right ing to the wrong person—at the right time

AN OLDER sister can be one of two things to a girl: a hindrance or a curse. My sister Celia is a little bit of each. I mean, well, how can a girl ever get to show anything of her own with a sister who's so absolutely slick-jick, so . . . well, all right then, so beautiful as Cele?

Not that I don't adore Cele. I just wish she'd get married and perhaps grow attractively plump. In fact, I wish her every happiness in life.

And Celia always *includes* me: oh, yes, like that time last spring when she took me along to the boat race on the absolute definite promise that I'd be with a crewman that same night.

Well, I suppose I was, technically. Only he turned out to be the coxswain and after the Hartnell crew won, the important men threw him in the river. And later on, when we danced, his head bobbled up and down somewhere under my chin and tickled it like the dickens with that bristle haircut they all wear. His name was Skipper—something you might call a pup—and he weighed ninety-eight pounds—with cigarettes.

I was a sucker again in October. That was the night of the Hartnell-Dartmouth game. Cele and Bill Faxon—Bill is Celia's in a very big way and the fastest college miler on the track—well, anyway, Cele and Bill had me rigged for an evening with a football man.

You know that man—the one with bone-rimmed glasses in a floppy sweatshirt and ducks—who runs out on the field carrying water when one of the heroes gets hurt?

Well, he was it. And the fact that he was a third assistant

impress me one bit. And
ied more than the cox-
he type who tries to res-
drowning while dancing.
weight gave him clutch.
a propositioned me again
in January I went back
e of things past, and said,
ortly to her before she
it out.
g—" Cele darlings the
f me when she's after
wants—"Bill Faxon is
me to get a date for this
g and dancing with us to-

sked, not caring, but only
kes to know.
loderne," said Celia.
as Bradshaw's Band and
errific; just the same I
igning off.
n is on the track team,"
"He's a miler, the same

way of checking on that.
track meets. He used to
n *he* went to Hartnell. I
shoot the pot.
What's his name?"
," Celia told me.
re names in track. Nice
ningham or Venzke. A
ire herself, for instance.
conga, Mr. Bonthron?
and giving it quite an air.
And Spike to go with it!
ever went to a winter
ind up with a moose
w.
, I led the way to the
fire and Dad's favorite
running for Hartnell to-
I asked him, "in the in-
ile?"
of course." Dad was
or of Celia's having him
last time was four . . ."
I asked him.
amed Jones." Dad said.
ning like . . ."

had told the truth. Just
should have kept on sign-
of asking Celia if I could
crepe.
" said Celia. "Do I have
We *could* get along with-
k I'll try Marge Hart."
hilosophy where Marge
ned. Always see a new
rge is revoltingly attrac-
e-cream-and-strawberry
d a head of impossibly
ls. Men can say the sil-
ut her.
in all over. "I'll go." I
wear your white crepe."
axon came out for us at
o stand around, of course,
Celia impressed one an-
likes coming down late.
pon her men, giving them
angle, for appreciation of
he had it all right. She
ating in a satin of mid-

smoothly Joe College.
and Luscious," he said in
way that strong men use
of Celia softens them up.
—Celia dragged his name
sly, melodic caress. If she
an named Montmorency.
going to take about all

thought, Bill deigned to
re. I thought I was worth
I mean, Celia's white
hosody, especially if you're
It has a fringe below the
does things to a walk and a
ngy fichu.
was: "Hello, there. You
stinko yourself."
d in a corner of our road-
borrowed it from Cele. I
asked if I'd be warm
Then two went into a huddle
nals under the wheel.
ten to those banal: "I'll
!" and "I *do's*!" and "Not
—at two cooing people use
—absolute drivel, of course—and worry all the way into town.

Worry about this Spike Jones job, and whether he was another Singer Midget or a bespectacled boyish blimp.

I had an awful few minutes when we got there. I mean, the lobby simply swarmed with close-cropped skulls and directional ears and split-faced grins with air-conditioned teeth, any of whom, by past experience, might very well have been *it*.

But then, and you could have slain me with a slipper, I heard Bill call somebody "Spike," and he wasn't tall, nor was he short—just nicely medium with good shoulders and a haircut that wasn't trick.

I KNEW at once that I could dance with him and not strain to murmur in his ear, if things ever got as far as murmuring, and the more I looked at him the more certain I felt that perhaps they could.

He had an easy smile that wasn't oily; on the other hand, neither did it creak. In dinner clothes he looked like most men *think* they look when they've been consulting some stag magazine.

Bill said, "This is Spike Jones. Kit Cavendish."—and I took a mild shot of amperage up one arm. Not that he held my hand too tightly, or didn't know when to let go, but his was a nice, square hand with lots of gimph in it, and he said: "You were very nice to come."

My heart was racketing around, but I remembered to keep my eyes lazy, and tilt my head back—it gives my throat a rather nice line. I said, "Was I?"—and let it hang there. You mustn't go googly all at once.

Then a perfect mob of us spilled down the stairway and flowed out on the Salle Moderne floor. Spike Jones and I flowed anyway; he could butter a slow number all up. I wondered if his running gave him such heavenly rhythm, and then I didn't bother wondering any more.

I just surrendered myself to the song of the reeds and the rumble and boom of the skins, and that floating mood that overtakes you when the music and man are just right.

He said: "Listen, we meld."

I said: "Well . . . could be."

Both of us, brilliantly inane. But you get that way sometimes so easily. You just make noises. You really don't talk.

On the way to our table he veered me off and I had a bad moment or two, for he was heading right for a table where Marge Hart sat with a man. Marge looked disgustingly divine in a polka-dot swiss. But it wasn't Marge that Spike wanted to see, it was her man.

Spike said: "Miss Cavendish, Tony Bissell of Dartmouth. Next to Bill Faxon, Tony's the fastest miler in the Ivy League."

This Tony Bissell—who really wasn't bad-looking, but nothing that would ever interest *me*—stood up and looked appropriately modest, and introduced Spike to Marge. Then the two men went on being bluff and hearty or whatever men fancy they are, and Marge said to me: "He's cute, Kit. Where did you get him?"

I patted my back hair. "He just happened along in my life."

"Maybe we'll trade a dance later?"

"Maybe. We're with a party, of course."

Then we went back to our table and I dropped my chin in my hands and shut out the others and kept my eyes in his—his were a very nice brown—and asked him all about himself.

Most men, given that encouragement, put a record on the phonograph of their ego and let it go round and round. Not Spike. He covered his life as far as me in not more than three thousand words. And most of it was all about Bill Faxon.

Bill was the world's greatest guy. Bill had taught him all he knew about form and pace, and didn't I think Bill was positively grand?

I said: "Spike, I've been helping Celia admire Bill Faxon for years and I'm a little bit tired of the job. It'll do my soul good to see him beaten tomorrow night. Especially," I added, "by *you*."

Spike frowned. "But it doesn't work that way."

"What doesn't work which way?" I asked.

"Well, you see, Bill and I work it like this: I've trained myself to set a terrific pace to the three-quarter post and hit it on the split second. I'm bait. I draw other men out. Men like Tony Bissell, for instance. They get overextended: then Bill moves up in the last quarter mile and kills 'em off."

I swallowed. "You mean you *never* win?"

He shook his head. "I completely shoot the works getting out there. After I've done it, I'm blown. But wait till you see Bill's finish drive—it's *something*!"

I tried—really tried for a minute—to absorb this co-operative spirit of Spike's. But I couldn't blot up a bit of it. The situation was hopelessly improgitable, and in case you don't know what that is, it's the way things are when an evening goes completely and utterly smurd.

Further dancing with Spike didn't cheer me up, nor did dancing with anyone else, nor the food—which was really delicious—nor the way that music heated up when it got around to playing Blue, Believe Me—which exactly defined my mood.

Bill Faxon took us home early. He said there were training rules to be kept. I was quite beyond caring, or nearly so, but there was the most heavenly January sky—one of those nights in winter with a hundred and two million stars and a fat balloon of a moon coming up as we bowled along over the snow.

Spike and I were scrooched in the rumble done up in three or four robes, and from time to time I looked at him, sitting beside me in the night. I was trying to find something unattractive to focalize on, like a weak chin or a misplaced ear.

But his chin had the nicest thrust to it, and his ears were set close to his head, and just as we reached the house he caught me at it. I was certain he'd misinterpret the look.

Celia and Bill were muttering up front, going through that inane routine of saying good night, and not wanting to, and I thought Spike moved closer to me.

I had the fiercest impulse to make him feel, well, ineffectual, so I let out the tiniest sigh and allowed my eyelids to flutter before they closed as if I were building up to a *swoon*.

THEN I waited. But nothing happened! When I opened them, he hadn't moved an inch. "It's a nice little act, Kit"—he sounded *amused*—"and to tell the truth I nearly went for it, for you're a sweet little dish. But if I *had* made the pass you'd have dusted me off with a very cool 'Be yourself!' And then you'd have told me a short goodby and said you were afraid you wouldn't be seeing me any more—especially at the Garden tomorrow night."

I made one of those frustrated noises you make when words get jammed in your mouth.

"I've been trying to figure you," Spike went on, "ever since your overworked charm flattened out. I think I've got it: you're an ungrown gal who goes for the glammer guys. Front runners and touchdown heroes. Lord help the lad you love who joins the Army: he'll have to be a colonel, nothing less. Well, good hunting, Kit. I could have gone for you. But we be not of the same blood, thou and I."

I'd been planning to tell *him* off, and here he was telling *me*. It was *I* who

(Continued on page 29)

"I've been trying to figure you out ever since your overworked charm flattened out," he said. "I think I've got it: you're an ungrown gal who goes for glammer guys





Plenty of Hats

By William MacHarg

Mystery of the fragrant hat. Another O'Malley masterpiece of detection

"THAT dead lady," O'Malley said, "got stabbed at a restaurant workers' ball. It was what they call a Benefit Ball and anybody could go to it that had a ticket, and people bought tickets and give 'em away; so we got no real line on who might have went to it. Mrs. Gosson the lady's name was. Her husband owns a string of little restaurants. Everybody was dancing and the lady got knocked off and nobody seen who done it."

"An odd case," I said.

"You ain't heard the half of it."

O'Malley showed me a photograph of the dead woman. She had been attractive and had been in her early thirties.

"Cops that was detailed there to keep order," he went on, "stopped everybody from leaving the ball. They called other cops and questioned all them people and took all their names. They didn't find nobody suspicious. After they'd let everyone get their hats and coats, there was one hat left."

"The killer's?" I asked.

"We can't find it belonged to nobody else."

We looked at the hat. They had it at the police laboratory. It was a brown fedora, nearly new. There were no initials in it. The maker's name was.

"It's my size," O'Malley remarked. "I guess I'd look good in it. Get anything from the hat?" he asked the young cop who showed it to us.

"Only that the guy that owned it used a hair restorer."

"What help is that? This dead lady's husband didn't go to the ball. She went with her niece. We'll go talk with the niece."

The niece worked at a florist's. Her name was Miss Dalley. She was nineteen years old and prettier than any of the flowers she sold.

"Tell us about your aunt," O'Malley invited her.

"I don't know how it was. We didn't expect to go to the ball. We had nothing to do and Mr. Gosson had bought tickets. So she said 'Let's go to the ball and you can dance.' She didn't expect to dance herself. She knew a lot of people and was always talking with someone. I was dancing and I heard people cry out, and I went over there, and my aunt had been stabbed."

"She didn't say anything?"

"She couldn't."

"Yeah. What men had she been talking with there?"

"I didn't notice any man in particular. She was always with some group."

"You live with your aunt and Mr. Gosson?"

"I did until now. Now I've made another arrangement."

We went to some of the restaurants, looking for Gosson. He wasn't at any of them, so we talked with the managers. The first was named Affor, and the second named Johnson, and the third was named Bennen. O'Malley asked them all the same questions and he got the same answers.

"Mrs. Gosson ever come here?"

"Sometimes."

"Ever see her with any man?"

"Not the way you mean."

"Are you sure, O'Malley," I asked, "this was done by a man?"

"If it's his hat. Besides, we figure a woman couldn't have stabbed her like that. This Gosson and his wife started out with one restaurant. They both worked in it. Then they got more of 'em.

A man's voice said: ... him. I couldn't for... face!" And a woman said: "That's the m... stopped in the dark ... a cigarette. I saw h...

Then Mrs. Gosson didn't wo... more, but she sometimes helped ...

The places were bright and at... The attendants wore uniforms. ... plain why they'd been a success. ... third restaurant they told us th... son had been there and they ... he'd gone home. So we went to ...

Gosson himself let us in. He ... good-looking man in his middle ... It was a handsome apartment. ... was a gray fedora hat on a ... the hall. O'Malley looked at t... of it.

"Your hat?" he inquired of ...

"Yes."

"You mind putting it on?"

Gosson appeared surprised but ... on the hat. It fitted all right.

"You got any idea who might ... killed your wife?"

(Continued on page 47)



"Here's a basic improvement in cigarette design!"



● Look around—America.

Look in the Service. Look wherever you see young people. A basic improvement in cigarette design is here.

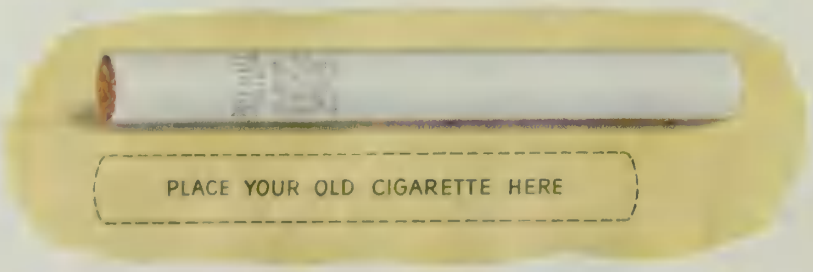
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THE CAR *Ahead!*



IT'S OLDSMOBIL

Intercollegiate Mile

Continued from page 25

ctual, and worse than that, I
). I was too furious to trust
say anything. I scrambled
before he could move to help
ade a beeline for the house.

vay early in the morning after
orrible night. Early enough to
adster for myself. Whatever
planning to do that day she
ned well use the sedan.
want Celia and Mother ask-
at kind of evening I'd had. I
nt to hear anything, or have
happen, that might remind me
ike Jones.
all the way to Winchendon to
ide. She'd been a camp mate
-oh, aeons ago—but I think
should have one Gertrude in

e is large and good-natured
ast bit dull, but because she's
any experience, she's passion-
rested in mine.
on to lunch and to dinner.
all about Spike.
e agreed all day that men
ess, but she said as she stood
r: "He can't be *completely*
it, to efface himself like that."
e first time Gertrude had ever
own. I drove home feeling
in. It was awfully late when
and Dad was roaring around
He was simply livid with in-
wrath, and Mother was try-
et him down.

IED that Bill had sent him a
box, but Celia had taken the
His rage was all about work-
rd so that his family might
rything, including two cars,
host certainly could not afford,
never being even one around
m anywhere on the very rare
when he'd like to go out him-

s equally sarcastic about
who'd never heard of public
tions, and apparently had for-
hv to walk.
could finally get a word in. I
"If you'll stop insulting me
ent, I'll be glad to drive you
"
he was certainly very grate-
Mother was getting him into
, and that he supposed if he
dibly fortunate perhaps his
ughter might consent to drive

le endless indignant remarks
rookline, but finally he began
own, and that was when he
why I wasn't going to the track
elf.
ought you were interested in
one—that boy who runs the mile
Bill."
ell, I been feeling punker and sad-
more mixed up about things,
wondering what on earth could be
matter with me, and definitely con-
us on a need for understanding and
path, and I knew Dad had been a
man, and I thought surely he
ld understand.
driving down Beacon I told him all
ut it and the silly system they had
ch let Bill Faxon grabbing all the
els and Spike with the also-rans.
didn't get sympathy. What I got was
ther explosion. Dad began to ges-
late again, and he wanted to know
heaven's sake, what *was* the matter
n me, what kind of girl was I anyway,
to know that in every worth-while
eavor there was always an unsung
n with a spade? And in my own terms, how about Evashevski in football? Where would Tom Harmon have been without *him?*

Dad said: "If you were high-hat with this Jones boy simply because he's willing to be what's best for his team, why I'm downright ashamed of you, Kit. I never placed better than a second in my life. And where would *you* be, young lady, if your mother had felt like you do?"

Of course I fell into that one. "Where?" I asked, like a stupe.

"You wouldn't be here at all," Dad said, and hitched around on the seat the way men do when they think they've been clever.

But I was beyond resentment by this time. I felt utterly sunk. I barely missed a truck on Canal Street because its lights were all fuzzy in my eyes—but I wasn't crying because I felt sorry for myself; I was crying for something else, and Spike Jones was all mixed up in it somewhere—I *knew* it by the time we reached the curb.

"Never thought I'd have a glory-headed pip-squeak!"—that was Dad getting out. Then he turned and looked at me. "Why, honey, what's the matter?" he said.

Aren't men unpredictable? Brutish one moment, and all tenderness the next. I guess I kind of wailed at him: "Take me in there with you, Daddy. I want to see Spike!"

"Well, my gorry," he said. "Stop crying. And hurry up and park the car."

BY THE time I got back he had a seat for me right next to his own. Dad can be efficient, when he wants to be. But I left him at our section entrance. I told him to go on up. I'd be coming right along. Waves of sound were beating down on me as I ran along behind the stands, and every once in a while I'd hear the boards drum and I practically prayed that it wouldn't be the mile.

I found an usher down by the tunnel where the contestants go in and out, and I said: "Which way to the locker rooms?"

He nodded toward two swinging doors. "But, lady, I wouldn't go in there. It ain't no place for you."

I took a half dollar out of my purse. I said: "*You* go! And find me a man named Jones."

He found *two* for me. One simpered, and wanted to know what I was doing later on. The other was annoyed as the dickens and said he'd never heard of another Jones named Spike. And I was getting more frantic by the minute, when all of a sudden Tony Bissell came walking out.

He remembered me, thank goodness, so I didn't have to go through all that. I said: "Where's Spike Jones, Mr. Bissell?"

"Both he and Bill Faxon are on the track warming up," he said. "They'll be calling the mile pretty soon now. I've got to get out there myself."

I GRABBED the sleeve of his sweat suit. "Will you take a message to Spike for me?" I asked. "And be *sure* to give it to him before the mile starts?"

"Gladly."

"Well, tell him this, please: I'm here, and it doesn't make any difference."

Tony Bissell smiled. "But I'm sure it will, to Spike."

"No, you don't understand—I mean his not winning isn't going to make any difference to me, whether he cares or not."



"Shucks, this is silly! I always wear gloves on a job!" JAY IRVING

"Aren't you a bit pessimistic?"

"No. You see he can't win. He's bait, or whatever he called it. He just sets a terrific pace and he thinks I don't like him because he does it, and goodness knows I gave him reason enough for that, and . . . oh, Mr. Bissell, I'm so mixed up and excited and anxious—won't you just tell him that I'm here?"

You never saw a man smile so warmly as Tony Bissell, he was grinning from ear to ear, and he patted my shoulder with one hand, really he was terribly nice, and he said: "Don't you worry, Miss Cavendish. I'll see that Spike gets it right away."

Well, there! I'd done it, and I'd meant it, and perhaps it did cost me something in pride, but that part didn't matter. For the first time since, well, since last night and that slow number I'd danced with Spike Jones I felt good. Even though I knew he might not give a hoot—still, he had said I was a sweet little dish.

I went up to my seat then, and there were Celia and Marge Hart and I even forgot to be mad at Celia for getting me in dutch about the cars.

Down below, the track was a swarm of color. Men in sweat suits jogging around. Green for Dartmouth, and blue for Yale, and gold and maroon for Hartnell, and the infield men were soaring over bars, and jumping into sawdust, and throwing things around.

I snuggled up close to Dad and whispered: "I got a message through." But Dad didn't even hear me. The funniest thing was happening to him. He'd tighten up all over and let out the most profound grunts, and after a moment I saw that he was watching some big men heave a metal ball.

"Why, you old darling," I said to him. "You're helping them shoot the pot."

"I'm what?" he looked terribly puzzled.

"You're helping them shoot the pot—over there."

"For heaven's sake, Kit"—Dad looked embarrassed. "That's putting the shot. Keep still!"

Men can be so technical. But just then I spotted Spike Jones. He and Bill Faxon were trotting along together and Bill was talking and Spike was nodding his head. And my heart went whomp! just looking at him, and then it went whomp again when I saw Tony Bissell catch up with them and run along beside them for a while.

The next time they came around, Spike looked up our way and his hands went up over his head. He clasped them together and shook them and broke out a great big smile. I knew what it meant. Tony Bissell had told him. I felt wonderful. He was glad that I was there!

I waved back, and Marge Hart—I could've *killed* her—helped me. "He really *is* cute, Kit," she said. "Tell you what— if he wins I'll trade you Tony Bissell for him."

I simply looked my contempt. Then the music was cut from the loud-speakers and a voice boomed: "Calling contestants for the mile!"

A SILENCE came over the Garden and all the men left the track except the milers. It seemed an eternity while they were assembling and their starting positions called out and a big yell went up for Tony Bissell, and another when Bill Faxon's name was called. If I hadn't been certain that Spike would be embarrassed I'd have cheered his name all alone.

Then they crouched, and I jumped when the gun barked, and there was a mad surge forward of flailing arms. And the crowd roared when they shouldered one another for position going around the first high-banked turn.

When they straightened out for the backstretch there was some kind of order at last. And there was Spike right where he said he'd be: out front and pulling away.

By the time they'd finished the first lap, Spike had a lead of ten yards; then running two and three, but close together were Tony Bissell and Bill. By the time they'd finished three laps the whole field was stringing out behind 'way down to a man who was dropping back very sadly—a forlorn-looking runner from Yale.

Remarks were going on all around me like: "Look at the pace that kid sets! He'll fold any minute! Can't maintain it!"

Someone else said: "It's only a trap! I saw him pull it at New Haven. But he's not fooling Bissell with it tonight."

Then Dad said: "A lot of swell running for nothing. Bissell's not being sucked in."

And I said, "Well, naturally, not after I—" but I stopped in time with a gasp. Oh, what a dumb bunny I'd been! Me, with my one-track mind! Spilling everything to Tony Bissell! Selling poor



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4. Wint-O-Green counts one word, Life Savers count two.
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8. Employees of Life Savers or their advertising agency, or their families may NOT enter.

Spike Jones out, just because I'd been so anxious to get a message to him that I hadn't thought about anything else.

My heart was breaking as I watched him, lengthening that precious lead of his. He was glancing over his shoulder now. I knew why. I knew that he was wondering why Tony Bissell wasn't dogging his steps.

I couldn't bear looking any longer. I dropped my face in my hands.

"What's the matter with you, Kit?" Dad was asking.

Then a sharp sort of yell went up.

"What's happened?" I asked, lifting my head.

"Jones just lapped the Yale man." Dad said. "They'll wave the Yale man off the track in a minute. Look at that Jones boy *run!*"

"You look at him, Dad." I begged. "Just let me know when he reaches the three-quarter post."

"He's coming down on it now." Then Dad gave a wild sort of roar, and the whole arena roared with him, and people began to stand up.

"Here comes the race!" yelled a man behind me. I had to stand up, too. After a moment, I saw what they were yelling for: Tony Bissell and Bill Faxon were stepping out.

They looked like two powerful, lean greyhounds—and Spike was the rabbit up ahead. But Spike hadn't slackened his pace any, though he'd passed the three-quarter mark. I knew he wouldn't until Bill Faxon passed him, but that wasn't going to take long, with Bill and Tony charging up there, and only the lapped Yale man in between.

Spike went into the turn again, and the Yale man came staggering along, and a tuxedoed official was waiting there, trying to wave the Eli off. But you know how a Yale man can be—they never, never give up. Just as he went into the turn himself, Tony and Bill thundered up.

Tony went wide to pass him, and the Yale man looked startled and swerved, and Bill was passing on the inside, and he and the Yale man bumped.

But bumped! It was awful! A collision! Both of them went down and rolled. The official had the Yale man by one arm and dragged him off just as the following herd came along. Poor Bill! He tried to get back in it. He got up and began to run again. But you could see at once that it was hopeless.

The crowd let out one of those long, diminishing: "Oh-oh-oh's."

I REACHED for Celia's hand. She looked stricken. I tried to squeeze it and tell her not to care, but I couldn't make myself heard in the bedlam that was breaking loose all around.

For Tony Bissell was out to make the kill now. He was fast overtaking Spike. I saw Spike look back again over his shoulder and I could *feel* him still digging in. He still had yards left on the backstretch, and he held them around the turn. Running down the straightaway before us I could see his head thrown back and the way he was sucking air in and the cords standing out on his throat.

A gun banged when both of them tore by us, and I screamed, but nobody heard, because everyone else was screaming. It was the gun for the last lap of the mile.

Dad was sort of chanting: "He can't do it! He can't do it! He can't stand off a bid like that!"

They were rounding the turn again, and Spike went into it holding fast to the pole. Going down the backstretch for the last time, they looked like a one-man silhouette, and I held my breath and prayed. I expected Tony Bissell to pull out front.

But he didn't! I started yelling in Dad's ear. "Spike will *never* give up! He'd let Bill take the lead a
him, but *never* anyone else!"

Spike still held the pole goin
last turn. I knew enough abou
to know that if he ever surre
he was done.

At the head of the stretch T
sell swung wide. He swung
open road to the finish. And
almost see his form break apart
no longer a smooth, perfecte
He was going out with every
had.

I was pounding the rail with
and pounding the other on po
back. The blinding lights for th
came on and it was ten yards,
yards, and then two yards with
them running abreast. And th
pulled out a last ounce of effort
ably didn't know he had. It
breast that broke the tape in
was Spike Jones—over the line

IT TAKES only a fraction of
to make a hero, especially i
tercollegiate mile. That was wh
thinking a few minutes later
teeming corridors down below.

Spike came out of the locke
dressed and wearing his laurels
wore them very well indeed.
swarmed on by a bunch of back-
Hartnell men, but he just grinn
estly and shoved politely throug

I was leaning against a wall
think of what I could *say*—that
ever came near me, for wasn't i
who'd nearly messed up the m
had I? I didn't know. I was al
up and trembly inside.

Bill Faxon stopped Spike and
his hand, and I'll say this much
he looked as happy about it as
won the race himself. Celia bear
looked positively *auntish*, whic
became her very well.

Then, before you could sa
fifteen, and six tenths, three pe
rived at my side—Tony Biss
Marge Hart and Spike. I near
cross-eyed trying to pick up a g
cue. Marge Hart had that pr
look. She was giving Spike the
business that said, "How'd you
have *me* for first prize?"

But did Tony Bissell take th
out of her! He said: "Marge, h
smooth little operator. I wish
take lessons from her once in a
She fooled me completely with
about Jones setting a pace that
wear him out. I believed her a
him get too far ahead of me—" t
smiled and put his hand out to
"Congratulations, Jones! Both o
running and your girl!"

You could see Marge deflate
Spike took it. "Thanks! Be seei
at the Penn Relays, Tony"—then
and I were alone.

"Well . . . ?" he was half smili
half frowning.

I said: "My fine Italian hand
thumbs. My . . . oh, Spike!" I co
go on being flip about it. "Hone
feel *awful!*"

"Well, *I* don't!" he said. "I feel
good about it. Winning certainly
points!"

I said: "But, Spike, can you ev
give me?"

"Kitten"—I'd never been calle
before; I liked it, too, tremend
"Kitten, if we could be alone I
give you in words of one syllable."

Well, something *had* to be done
that!

I saw Cele looking at me. "W
drive Dad home?" I called to her.

She nodded: "Yes!" very sw
and in the most co-operative way.

"Come on," I said to Spike. "I
the roadster," and together we st
for the street. Have you ever be
your way to be forgiven in words o
syllable? It's the most *exciting* fe

Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 18

ou; Stepmother and William Ashe—
id anced inside at the blurred stamp
fir l to the title page. As he was about
r lace them, his eye caught sight of
bc k that had been shoved behind the
he books. It was a small, dumpy vol-
me ound in brown calf.

H took it out and opened it. Very
ov he nodded his head. "*So I was*
gh he murmured. "Yes, I was right.
ut r the other—is that possible, too?
o. is not possible, unless . . ."

H stayed there, motionless, stroking
is ustache whilst his mind ranged
usi over the problem.

H said again softly, "*Unless*—?"

'CONEL WESTON looked in at the
door. "Hullo, Poirot, still there?"
"I rrive. I arrive," cried Poirot. He
urr d out into the corridor.

T room next to Linda's was that of
he edfern's. Poirot looked into it, not-
ng tomatically the traces of two dif-
ere individualities—a neatness and
din s which he associated with Chris-
ine nd a picturesque disorder which
ras haracteristic of Patrick. Apart
rom hese sidelights on personality the
oor did not interest him.

N t to it again was Rosamund Darn-
ey's oom and here he lingered for a
mor nt in the sheer pleasure of the
wn's personality.

H noted the few books that lay on
he ble next to the bed, the expensive
imp city of the toilet set on the dress-
ng ble. And there came gently to his
ost s the elusive, expensive perfume
hat Rosamund Darnley used.

N t to Rosamund Darnley's room
at th northern end of the corridor was
an den window leading to a balcony
rom which an outside stair led down to
he cks below.

Weston said, "That's the way people
go wn to bathe before breakfast—
hats, if they bathe off the rocks as
mos of them do."

In rest came into Hercule Poirot's
eyes He stepped outside and looked
low

Bow, a path led to steps cut zigzag
ead g down the rocks to the sea. There
was so a path that led around the hotel
to th left. He said: "One could go down
thes stairs, go to the left around the ho-
tel ad join the main path up from the
caus way."

Weston nodded. He amplified Poi-
rot's statement: "One could go right
acro the island without going through
the tel at all." He added: "But one
migh still be seen from a window."

"What window?"

"Two of the public bathrooms look
out hat way—north—and the staff bath-
room and the cloakrooms on the ground
floor Also the billiard room."

Poirot nodded. He said: "And all the
form r have frosted-glass windows and
one oes not play billiards on a fine
morn ng."

"Exactly," Colonel Weston assented.

He paused and then said, "If he did it, that's the way he went."

"You mean Captain Marshall?"

"Yes. Blackmail, or no blackmail, I still feel it points to him. And his manner—well, his manner is unfortunate."

"Perhaps," Hercule Poirot said dryly. "But a manner does not make a murderer!"

Weston said: "Then you think he's out of it?"

Poirot shook his head. "No, I would not say that."

Weston said: "We'll see what Colgate can make out of the typewriting alibi. In the meantime, I've got the chambermaid of this floor waiting to be interviewed. A good deal may depend on her evidence."

The chambermaid was a woman of thirty—brisk, efficient and intelligent. Her answers came readily.

Captain Marshall had come up to his room not long after ten-thirty. She was then finishing the room. He had asked her to be as quick as possible. She had not seen him come back but she had heard the sound of the typewriter a little later. She put it at about five minutes to eleven. She was then in Mr. and Mrs. Redfern's room. After she had done that she moved on to Miss Darnley's room at the end of the corridor. She could not hear the typewriter from there. She went to Miss Darnley's room, as near as she could say, at just after eleven o'clock. She remembered hearing Leathercombe Church strike the hour as she went in.

At a quarter past eleven she had gone downstairs for her eleven-o'clock cup of tea and "snack." Afterward she had gone to do the rooms in the other wing of the hotel. In answer to the chief constable's question she explained that she had done the rooms in this corridor in the following order:

Miss Linda Marshall's, the two public bathrooms, Mrs. Marshall's room and private bath, Captain Marshall's room, Mr. and Mrs. Redfern's room and private bath, Miss Darnley's room and private bath. Captain Marshall's and Miss Marshall's rooms had no adjoining bathrooms.

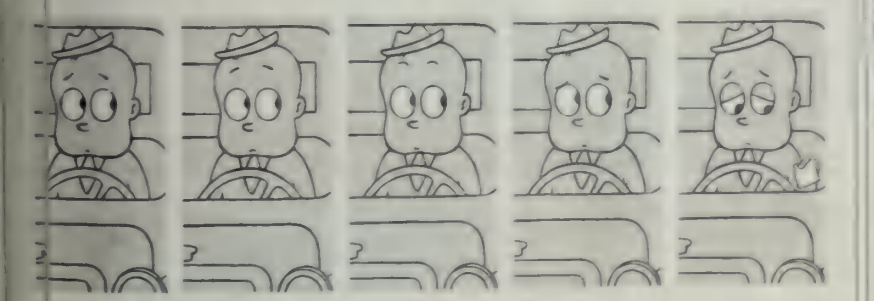
During the time she was in Miss Darnley's room and bathroom she had not heard anyone pass the door or go out by the staircase to the rocks, but it was quite likely she wouldn't have heard if anyone went quietly.

WESTON then directed his questions to the subject of Mrs. Marshall.

No, Mrs. Marshall wasn't one for rising early as a rule. She, Gladys Narracott, had been surprised to find the door open and Mrs. Marshall gone down at just after ten. Something quite unusual, that was.

"Did Mrs. Marshall always have her breakfast in bed?"

"Oh, yes, sir, always. Not very much of it, either. Just tea and orange juice



Traffic Cop

Mr. Indigo Blue and Mr. Beamish Bright



MR. BRIGHT: A glorious morning, Mr. Blue! I feel as joyful as a skylark!
MR. BLUE: And I feel as sad as a crow. All I know is trouble.



MR. BRIGHT: Here! Here! my lugubrious friend. Cheer up! There's Springtime in the air! Come walk down to the grocer's with me.
MR. BLUE: It's not springtime inside of *me*, Mr. Bright. If you only *knew* how many pills, purgatives, salts, laxatives and cathartics I've taken. Life is just a vale of tears.



MR. BRIGHT: (at the grocer's) Here's a present for you, my woeful one, that may show you the silver lining. Instead of *dosing* constipation why not try to get at its *cause?* If yours is the ordinary kind that's due to lack of the proper kind of "bulk" in the diet, crisp, toasty KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN may be just the ticket. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and watch the world grow brighter.



MR. BRIGHT: (sometime later) Well! Well! If it isn't the old king of the glooms. Isn't that "Happy Days" I heard you playing?
MR. BLUE: And happy days it *is*, Beamish, since you told me about ALL-BRAN's better way.

Join the "Regulars" with *Kellogg's* ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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and one piece of toast. Slimming, like so many ladies."

No, she hadn't noticed anything unusual in Mrs. Marshall's manner that morning. She'd seemed quite as usual.

Hercule Poirot murmured: "What did you think of Mrs. Marshall, Mademoiselle?"

Gladys Narracott stared at him. "Well," she said, "that's hardly for me to say, is it, sir?"

"But yes, it is for you to say. We are anxious—very anxious—to hear your impression."

Gladys gave a slightly uneasy glance toward the chief constable who endeavored to make his face sympathetic and approving, though actually he felt slightly embarrassed by his foreign colleague's methods of approach. He said: "Er—yes, certainly. Go ahead."

For the first time Gladys Narracott's brisk efficiency deserted her. Her fingers fumbled with her print dress. She said: "Well, Mrs. Marshall—she wasn't exactly a lady, as you might say. What I mean is, she was more like an actress."

"She was an actress," Colonel Weston said.

"Yes, sir, that's what I'm saying. She just went on exactly as she felt like it. She didn't—well, she didn't trouble to be polite if she wasn't feeling polite. And she'd be all smiles one minute and then if she couldn't find something or the bell wasn't answered at once or her laundry wasn't back, well, she'd be downright rude and nasty about it. None of us as you might say *liked* her. But her clothes were beautiful, and, of course, she was a very handsome lady, so it was only natural she should be admired."

COLONEL WESTON said, "I am sorry to have to ask you what I am going to ask you, but it is a very vital matter. Can you tell me how things were between her and her husband?"

Gladys Narracott hesitated a minute. "You don't—it wasn't—you don't think as *he* did it?"

Hercule Poirot said quickly: "Do you?"

"Oh! I wouldn't like to think so. He's such a nice gentleman, Captain Marshall. He couldn't do a thing like that—I'm sure he couldn't."

"But you are *not* very sure—I hear it in your voice."

Gladys Narracott said reluctantly:

"You do read such things in the papers! When there's jealousy. If there's been goings-on—and, of course, everyone's been talking about it—about her and Mr. Redfern, I mean. And Mrs. Redfern such a nice, quiet lady! It does seem a shame! And Mr. Redfern's a nice gentleman, too, but it seems men can't help themselves when it's a lady like Mrs. Marshall—one who's used to having her own way. Wives have to put up with a lot, I'm sure." She sighed and paused. "But if Captain Marshall found out about it—"

Colonel Weston said sharply, "Well?"

Gladys Narracott said slowly: "I did think sometimes that Mrs. Marshall was frightened of her husband knowing."

"What makes you say that?"

"It wasn't anything definite, sir. It was only I felt—that sometimes she was—afraid of him. He was a very quiet gentleman but he wasn't *easy*."

"But," Weston said, "you've nothing definite to go on? Nothing either of them ever said to each other."

Slowly Gladys Narracott shook her head.

Weston sighed. He went on: "Now, as to letters received by Mrs. Marshall this morning. Can you tell us anything about those?"

"There were about six or seven, sir. I couldn't say exactly."

"Did you take them up to her?"

"Yes, sir. I got them from the office as usual and put them on her breakfast tray."

"Do you remember anything about the look of them?"

The girl shook her head. "They were just ordinary-looking letters. Some of them were bills and circulars, I suppose, because they were torn up on the tray."

"What happened to them?"

"They went into the dustbin, sir. One of the police gentlemen is going through that now."

Weston nodded. "And the contents of the wastepaper baskets, where are they?"

"They'll be in the dustbin too."

Weston said: "H'm—well, I think that is all at present." He looked inquiringly at Poirot.

POIROT leaned forward. "When you did Miss Linda Marshall's room this morning, did you do the fireplace?"

"There wasn't anything to do, sir. There had been no fire lit."

"And there was nothing in the fireplace itself?"



"—then you add sugar and water and that's lemonade"

REAMER KELLER

"No, sir, it was perfectly all right."

"What time did you do her room?"

"About a quarter past nine, sir, when she'd gone down to breakfast."

"Did she come up to her room after breakfast, do you know?"

"Yes, sir. She came up about a quarter to ten."

"Did she stay in her room?"

"I think so, sir. She came out, hurrying rather, just before half past ten."

"You didn't go into her room again?"

"No, sir. I had finished with it."

Poirot nodded. "There is another thing I want to know. What people bathed before breakfast this morning?"

"I couldn't say about the other wing and the floor above. Only about this one."

"That is all I want to know."

"Well, sir, Captain Marshall and Mr. Redfern were the only ones this morning, I think. They always go down for an early dip."

"Did you see them?"

"No, sir, but their wet bathing things were hanging over the balcony rail as usual."

"Miss Linda Marshall did not bathe this morning?"

"No, sir. All her bathing dresses were quite dry."

"Ah," said Poirot. "That is what I wanted to know."

Gladys Narracott volunteered: "She does most mornings, sir."

"And the other three—Miss Darnley, Mrs. Redfern and Mrs. Marshall?"

"Mrs. Marshall never, sir. Miss Darnley has once or twice, I think. Mrs. Redfern doesn't often bathe before breakfast—only when it's very hot, but she didn't this morning."

Again Poirot nodded. Then he asked: "I wonder if you have noticed whether a bottle is missing from any of the rooms you look after in this wing?"

"A bottle, sir? What kind of a bottle?"

"Unfortunately, I do not know. But have you noticed—or would you be likely to notice—if one had gone?"

Gladys said frankly, "I shouldn't from Mrs. Marshall's room, sir, and that's a fact. She has ever so many."

"And the other rooms?"

"Well, I'm not sure about Miss Darnley. She has a good many creams and lotions. But from the other rooms, yes, I would, sir. I mean if I were to look special. If I were noticing, so to speak."

"But you haven't actually noticed?"

"No, because I wasn't looking special, as I say."

"Perhaps you would go and look now, then."

"Certainly, sir."

SHE left the room, her print dress rustling. Wetson looked at Poirot. "What's all this?" he said.

Poirot murmured: "My orderly mind; it is vexed by trifles! Miss Brewster, this morning, was bathing off the rocks before breakfast, and she says that a bottle was thrown from above and nearly hit her. *Eh bien,* I want to know who threw that bottle and why?"

"My dear man, anyone may have chucked a bottle away."

"Not at all. To begin with, it could only have been thrown from a window on the east side of the hotel—that is, one of the windows of the rooms we have just examined. Now I ask you, if you have an empty bottle on your ing table or in your bathroom w you do with it? I will tell you, yo it into the wastepaper basket. Y not take the trouble to go out o balcony and hurl it into the sea one thing you might hit someo another it would be too much t No, you would only do that *if y not want anyone to see that par bottle.*"

Weston stared at him. "I kno said, "that Chief Inspector Japp, I met over a case not long ago, says you have a damned tortuous You're not going to tell me no Arlena Marshall wasn't strangled but poisoned out of some myst bottle with a mysterious drug?"

"No, no, I do not think there wa son in that bottle."

"Then what was there?"

"I do not know at all. That's am interested."

Gladys Narracott came back. Sl a little breathless. "I'm sorry, sir said, "but I can't find anything m I'm sure there's nothing gone from tain Marshall's room, or Miss Marshall's room or Mr. and Mrs. fern's room, and I'm pretty sure t nothing gone from Miss Dar either. But I couldn't say about Marshall's. As I say, she's got s lot."

Poirot shrugged his shoulders. matter. We will leave it."

Gladys Narracott said, "Is there thing more, sir?" She looked fro to the other of them.

Weston said: "Don't think so. T you."

POIROT said: "I thank you, no. are sure, are you not, that the nothing—nothing at all, that you forgotten to tell us?"

"About Mrs. Marshall, sir?"

"About anything at all. Anythin usual, out of the way, unexpla slightly peculiar, rather curious—e something that has made you sa yourself or to one of your collea 'That's funny!'?"

"Well," Gladys said doubtfully, the sort of thing that you would n sir."

Hercule Poirot said: "Never what I mean. You do not know w mean. It is true, then, that you said to yourself or to a colleague to 'That is funny!'?" He brought ou three words with ironic detachment

"It was nothing really," Gladys "Just a bath being run. And I did the remark to Elsie, downstairs, th was funny somebody having a around about twelve o'clock."

"Whose bath, who had a bath?"

"That I couldn't say, sir. We hea going down the waste from this w that's all, and that's when I said wh did to Elsie."

"You're sure it was a bath? Not of the hand basins?"

"Oh! quite sure, sir. You can't take bath water running away."

Poirot, displaying no further de to keep her, Gladys Narracott was mitted to depart.

Weston said: "You don't think bath question is important, do you. rot? I mean, there's no point to it. bloodstains or anything like that to w off. That's the—" he hesitated.

Poirot cut in: "That, you would is the advantage of strangulation! bloodstains, no weapon—nothing to rid of or conceal! Nothing is needed physical strength—*and the soul o killer!*"

His voice was so fierce, so char with feeling, that Weston recoile little.

Hercule Poirot smiled at him ap getically. "No, no," he said, "the b is probably of no importance. Any

"Don't try to high-hat me..."

said the briar to the meerschaum



"But you *are* a cheap-looking bit of boxwood," replied the carved meerschaum pipe.

"Mebbe so," said the briar, "but I've lived and you haven't."

"I beg your pardon?" said the meerschaum, and every figure on it raised its eyebrows.

"You've never been smoked," said the briar. "You've never seen the look of solid satisfaction on a man's face as the smoke of fine tobacco rolls back over his tongue."

"Sounds great," said the meerschaum. "Does every tobacco give you this wonderful experience?"

"Not by a bowlful!" said the briar. "In all my years, I've known only *one* tobacco with the aroma and flavor that bring perfect contentment to a man and his pipe. That's Half and Half."

A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT IN THE BOWL OF ANY PIPE

Next time you settle down with your pipe, load it with Half and Half. It's a smoke a man can understand. It's companionship when you're alone. It's a smoke that comforts when you're blue—that calms you down when you're getting edge-y. It's a smoke that never nags. A friendly smoke. A kindly smoke that wouldn't bite the meanest man on earth. This fragrant, aromatic tobacco is contentment in the bowl of any pipe. That's what it is!

This quaint 1904 meerschaum is from Half and Half's $25,000 collection—a collection of unique pipes assembled in honor of a uniquely aromatic tobacco... Half and Half.

Remember, Half and Half comes in the patented Telescope Tin that gets smaller and smaller as you use the tobacco.

HALF AND HALF

A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT IN THE BOWL OF ANY PIPE

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The Little Church At The Corners

An Old American Institution

COOL AND WHITE it stands, where the straggling town lines meet the county road. Above the clustered maples its slender spire reaches toward the blue, a sturdy testament to humble faith. Well-built of honest oak and weathered pine with deep roots in the soil of America. Clean and simple of line, as befits the house of worship.

NOT large, still on occasion it can hold a surprising number and much activity, for the church of all the countryside is many things besides. It draws the tide of farm and home life to its door, and serves as newspaper, theatre. In very truth, the meeting house – the seat and center of social life for millions of Americans. A venerable and beloved institution, frequently built by its own members, from their own forests and quarries, it contributes untold riches in good works and character to the national life.

HERE, too, men come to worship in the manner they have chosen—and to meet and greet their kin and neighbors. Here, the ladies, in their best black silks and cashmeres, preside at many a worthy "social"—charity bazaar, strawberry festival or bake sale.

HERE, too, are held the great American feasts—the church chicken dinners! Wherein every proud woman strives to outdo with the dish for which she is particularly famous, and the larders and root-houses are fairly looted of the emerald jellies and ruby jams, ruddy ketchup, jade-green relishes, spiced peaches, quince conserve, cucumber slices! Only one place on earth's surface can conjure up such bounty—the American farmland!

TO ALL the past and present generations of mothers and grandmothers who have helped prepare these hundred thousand church suppers, the H. J. Heinz Company acknowledges a very real debt.

FROM them—the best cooks in the world—we have learned many of our choicest recipes. Many pa careful, old-time ways of doing things. Many ago arts of making simple and wholesome taste extra delicious.

THIS was the traditional wholesome fare to w the American institution of Heinz has devot deep respect and infinite care these more th years. It is preserved today in all its simple goo for the modern American table, by carefully rec recipes that were family favorites when Hein gan, by the same tantalizingly slow cooking, b same art of knowing how to do it just right. way your Grandmother made it when she was trying to create something extra special for the church supper—a long time ago.

H. J. Heinz Compa

An Old American Institution

ave had a bath. Mrs. Redfern be-
e went to play tennis, Captain
all, Miss Darnley. As I say, any-
here is nothing in that."
olice constable knocked at the
nd put in his head.
Miss Darnley, sir. She says she'd
see you again for a minute.
something she forgot to tell you,
's."
on said: "We're coming down—

irst person they saw was Colgate.
face was gloomy.
a minute, sir."
on and Poirot followed him into
astle's office.
te said: "I've been checking up
ald on this typewriting business.
oubt of it, it couldn't be done un-
hour. Longer, if you had to stop
nk here and there. That seems
retty well to settle it. And look
etter."
ld it out:

ar Marshall:
y to worry you on your holiday
ntirely unforeseen situation has
ver the Burley and Tender con-
. . ."

etera, et cetera," said Colgate.
the 24th—that's yesterday. En-
postmarked yesterday evening
d Leathercombe Bay this morn-
ne typewriter used on envelope
etter. And by the contents it was
impossible for Marshall to pre-
answer beforehand. The figures
t of the ones in the letter—the
hing is quite intricate."
" said Weston gloomily. "That
o let Marshall out. We'll have
lsewhere." He added: "I've got
Miss Darnley again. She's wait-
no."

OSAMUND came in crisply. Her
sm held an apologetic nuance.
htfully sorry," she said. "Prob-
y it isn't worth bothering about. But
dc forget things so."
Ye Miss Darnley?"
The chief constable indicated a chair.
e sh k her shapely black head.
'Oh t isn't worth sitting down. It's
nply his. I told you that I spent the
rnin lying out on Sunny Ledge. That
't q te accurate. I forgot that once
ring he morning I went back to the
tel d out again."
'Wh t time was that, Miss Darnley?"
'It ust have been about a quarter
st el en."
'Yo went back to the hotel, you
d?"
'Ye I'd forgotten my glare glasses.
firs thought I wouldn't bother and
en m eyes got tired and I decided to
in d get them."
'Yo went straight to your room and
t agn?"
'Ye At least, as a matter of fact, I
st lo ked in on Ken—Captain Mar-
all. heard his machine going and I
ough it was so stupid of him to stay
door typing on such a lovely day. I
ough I'd tell him to come out."
'An what did Captain Marshall
y?"
Rosamund smiled rather shamefac-
ly.
'We when I opened the door he
s ty ng so vigorously, and frowning
d lo ing so concentrated that I just
nt a ay quietly. I don't think he even
w m come in."
'An that was—at what time, Miss
arnle ?"
'Jus about twenty past eleven. I no-
ed t clock in the hall as I went out
ain."
'An that puts the lid on it finally,"
aid Inspector Colgate. "The chamber-
aid h ard him typing up till five min-
utes to eleven. Miss Darnley saw him at twenty minutes past, and the woman was dead at a quarter to twelve. He says he spent that hour typing in his room and it seems quite clear that he *was* typing in his room. That washes Captain Marshall right out."

He stopped, then, looking at Poirot with some curiosity, he said: "M. Poirot's looking very serious over something."

"I was wondering," Poirot said thoughtfully, "why Miss Darnley suddenly volunteered this extra evidence."

Inspector Colgate cocked his head alertly. "Think there's something fishy about it? That it isn't just a question of 'forgetting'?"

He considered for a minute or two, then he said slowly:

"Look here, sir, let's look at it this way. Supposing Miss Darnley wasn't on Sunny Ledge this morning as she says. That story's a lie. Now suppose that *after* telling us her story, she finds that somebody saw her somewhere else or alternately that someone went to the ledge and didn't find her there. Then she thinks up this story quick and comes and tells it to us to account for her absence. You'll notice that she was careful to say Captain Marshall didn't *see* her when she looked into his room."

CHINA SKY

BY PEARL S. BUCK

The Editors of Collier's are delighted to announce her most distinguished novel since The Good Earth

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Poirot murmured: "Yes, I noticed that."

"Are you suggesting," Weston said incredulously, "that Miss Darnley's mixed up in this? Nonsense, seems absurd to me. Why should she be?"

Inspector Colgate coughed. "You'll remember," he said, "what the American lady, Mrs. Gardener, said. She sort of hinted that Miss Darnley was sweet on Captain Marshall. There'd be a motive there, sir."

Weston said impatiently: "Arlena Marshall wasn't killed by a woman. It's a man we've got to look for. We've got to stick to the men in the case."

Inspector Colgate sighed. "Yes, that's true, sir. We always come back to that, don't we?"

Weston went on: "Better put a constable on to timing one or two things. From the hotel across the island to the top of the ladder. Let him do it running and walking. Same thing with the ladder itself. And somebody had better check the time it takes to go on a float from the bathing beach to the cove."

Inspector Colgate nodded. "I'll attend to all that, sir," he said confidently.

The chief constable said: "Think I'll go along to the cove now. See if Phillips has found anything. Then there's that Pixy's Cave we've been hearing about. Ought to see if there are any traces of a man waiting in there. Eh, Poirot? What do you think?"

"By all means. It is a possibility."

Weston said: "If somebody from outside had nipped over to the island that would be a good hiding place—if he knew about it. I suppose the locals know?"

"Don't believe the younger generation would," Colgate said. "You see, ever since this hotel was started the coves have been private property. Fishermen don't go there, or picnic parties. And the hotel people aren't local. Mrs. Castle's a Londoner."

Weston said, "We might take Redfern with us. He told us about it. What about you, M. Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot hesitated. He said, his foreign intonation very pronounced: "No, I am like Miss Brewster and Mrs. Redfern, I do not like to descend perpendicular ladders."

"You can go around by boat," Weston said.

Again Hercule Poirot sighed. "My stomach, it is not happy on the sea."

"Nonsense, man, it's a beautiful day. Calm as a millpond. You can't let us down, you know."

Hercule Poirot hardly looked like responding to this British adjuration. But at that moment, Mrs. Castle poked her ladylike face and elaborate coiffure around the door.

"Ay'm sure ay hope ay am not intruding," she said. "But Mr. Lane, the clergyman, you know, has just returned. Ay thought you might like to know."

"Ah, yes, thanks, Mrs. Castle. We'll see him right away. Ask him to come here."

STEPHEN LANE strode into the room with his usual vigor.

Weston said, "I'm the chief constable of the county, Mr. Lane. I suppose you've been told what has occurred here?"

"Yes,—oh, yes—I heard as soon as I got here. Terrible . . . terrible. . . ." His thin frame quivered. He said in a low voice: "All along—ever since I arrived here—I have been conscious—very conscious—of the forces of evil close at hand."

His eyes, burning, eager eyes, went to Hercule Poirot. "You remember, M. Poirot?" he said. "Our conversation some days ago? About the reality of evil?"

Weston was studying the tall, gaunt figure in some perplexity. He found it difficult to make this man out. Lane's eyes came back to him. The clergyman said, with a slight smile:

"I dare say that seems fantastic to you, sir. We have left off believing in evil in these days. We have abolished hell-fire! We no longer believe in the devil! But Satan and Satan's emissaries were never more powerful than they are today!"

"Er—er—yes, perhaps," Weston said. "That, Mr. Lane, is your province. Mine is more prosaic—to clear up a case of murder."

Stephen Lane said: "An awful word. Murder! One of the earliest sins known on earth—the ruthless shedding of an innocent brother's blood. . . ." He paused, his eyes half closed. Then, in a more ordinary voice he said, "In what way can I help you?"

"First of all, Mr. Lane, will you tell me your own movements today?"

"Willingly. I started off early on one of my usual tramps. I am fond of walking. I have roamed over a good deal of the countryside around here. Today I went to St. Petrock-in-the-Combe. That is about seven miles from here—a very pleasant walk along winding lanes, up and down the Devon hills and valleys. I took some lunch with me and ate it in a spinney. I visited the church—it has some fragments of early glass—also a very interesting painted screen."

"Thank you, Mr. Lane. Did you meet anyone on your walk?"

"Not to speak to. A cart passed me once and a couple of boys on bicycles and some cows. However," he smiled, "if you want proof of my statement I wrote my name in the book at the church. You will find it there."

"You did not see anyone at the church itself—the vicar, or the verger?"

Stephen Lane shook his head. "No, there was no one about and I was the only visitor."

Colonel Weston said pleasantly, "You mustn't think we're—er—doubting what you say. Just a matter of checking up on everybody. Just routine, you know, routine. Have to stick to routine in cases of this kind."

"Oh, yes, I quite understand," Stephen Lane said gently.

WESTON went on: "Now the next point: Is there anything you know that would assist us at all? Anything about the dead woman? Anything that could give us a pointer as to who murdered her? Anything you heard or saw?"

"I heard nothing," Stephen Lane said. "All I can tell you is this: that I knew instinctively as soon as I saw her that Arlena Marshall was a focus of evil. She *was* evil! Evil personified! Woman can be man's help and inspiration in life—she can also be man's downfall. She can drag a man down to the level of the beast. The dead woman was just such a woman. She appealed to everything base in a man's nature. She was a woman such as Jezebel and Aholibah. Now—she has been struck down in the middle of her wickedness!"

Hercule Poirot stirred. He said, "Not struck down — *strangled!* Strangled, Mr. Lane, by a pair of human hands."

The clergyman's own hands trembled. The fingers writhed and twitched. He said, and his voice came low and choked: "That's horrible — horrible! Must you put it like that?"

"It is the simple truth," Hercule Poirot said. "Have you any idea, Mr. Lane, whose hands those were?"

The other shook his head. "I know nothing—nothing. . . ."

Weston got up. He said, after a glance at Colgate to which the latter replied by an almost imperceptible nod, "Well, we must go on to the cove."

"Is that where—it happened?" Lane said.

Weston nodded.

Lane said: "Can—can I come with you?"

About to return a curt negative, Weston was forestalled by Poirot.

"But, certainly," said Poirot. "Accompany me there in a boat, Mr. Lane. We start immediately."

(To be continued next week)

The Starting Handle

Continued from page 13

The starting handle, a long and widery affair, was under the back seat, and, with some difficulty, Alan succeeded in cranking up the engine. Neglecting to remove the starting handle, he popped into the driving seat and, with his left arm encircling Molly, drove away into the gathering night.

At the foot of a long, steep hill, where a brook was spanned by a small bridge, Alan turned the car into a grassy sward and pulled up behind a clump of willows. The better to conceal it from observation, he covered the hood with a double armful of brush. Then, joining hands, the lovers tiptoed into the silence of the woods. Not very long after their encirclement, there came down the road one Edward Vicary, by profession, a bedger and ditcher, and, by recent enrollment, a Local Defense Volunteer.

As a bedger and ditcher, Mr. Vicary's attention was held by what flanked the road rather than by the road itself. It is not therefore surprising that he should have halted and scratched his head in perplexity at the unusual phenomenon of a quantity of brush growing upside down. Cautiously approaching, he discovered where Alan's car had been hidden. He peeped through the window and saw that it was empty. He tried the door and found that it was locked. He went around the front and, by the light of a match, found that the car was an Opel.

EDWARD VICARY was not a widely informed man, or he would have known that the possession of an Opel did not necessarily mean that its owner was a German, a fifth columnist, nor sympathetic to the Nazi cause. What he did know was that it was a car of German origin, and that the suspicious nature of its concealment pointed to the owner being up to no good. There had been rumors in the neighborhood of mysterious lights flashed at night on hills and in woodlands, for the purpose of directing the course of hostile aircraft, and he had no doubt that the owner of this car, assuming that it had not been dropped from the clouds a few minutes previously, was the author of these outrages.

It was a situation that called for immediate action, and the first to suggest itself was to immobilize the car by slashing the tires. But before putting the idea into operation, he felt that he should have the support of higher authority.

Less than a quarter mile away was a chicken farm where abode two spinster ladies, named Fishpingle, who enjoyed the amenity of a telephone. Thither he went with haste, his arrival synchronizing with the ladies' retirement to rest. He knocked hastily, then, stepping back from the front porch, shouted: "Is anyone about?"

The head of the younger Miss Fishpingle appeared, and with some confusion of ideas, she remarked: "What do you want? Go away."

"I got to use your telephone. There's Germans about," Edward shouted.

From the bed, the elder Miss Fishpingle asked what was being said, and the younger complacently replied: "There are Germans about."

"Well, fancy!" said the elder. "Let's go downstairs and make a cup of tea."

Confronted with the telephone, Edward Vicary showed a weakening of purpose. "I never could get familiar with these things," he said, "so p'r'aps one of you ladies would kindly speak for me."

Mr. Hughes was wondering what the device had become of Molly when the telephone rang.

"Hello? Who is it?" he shouted, and listened attentively while Miss Fishpingle relayed Edward Vicary's statement. "I'll come at once, and tell the man to stand by the car until I arrive. No, tell him nothing of the kind. There may be more than one of the devils. Tell him to strike across the fields and wait for me at the top of the hill."

Looking down from the first-floor landing, Mrs. Hughes beheld her husband slinging a shotgun across his shoulders.

"What is it?" she called.

"Germans," he replied, and rushed from the house.

A moment later she heard the roar of his motorcycle and said to herself, "So they have landed," but was sure that George would be more than a match for them.

FREEING herself from Alan's embraces, and rising from a bank of fern on which they had been reclining, Molly said, "I must fly, darling. There'll be an awful hullabaloo if I'm not in by twelve."

Alan said, "But it's understood, isn't it, that you'll marry me the very instant you come of age?"

"It may not be the very instant, darling, but it'll be as near the instant as possible."

They kissed again and sorrowfully returned to the car where a greater sorrow awaited them, for the starting handle was gone.

Even the sweetest feminine nature is apt at such a time to turn sour, and Molly is not greatly to be blamed for resorting to her father's definition of Alan and calling him a fool. His cheerful assurance that feet were invented before motorcars did not help.

"The thing to do is to steer a course nor'-nor'-west, across country, and hit the road a mile outside the town. With any luck we might pick up a lift and you'd be in before one o'clock."

"Yes," said Molly, "and I'll be out before two o'clock if Daddy learns that I've been with you."

"Take it from me, sweetheart, he never will."

On that understanding they took to the fields.

WITH recklessness born of national emergency, Mr. Hughes steamed along the road on his motorcycle. He was too well known for his identity [illegible] to be demanded at the barricades, steering perilously through the ranks of tar barrels, he turned into a lane and proceeded rapidly. The modest light afforded by a headlamp failed to disclose a prostrate object lying in the road. The object looked like half a swastika, but as a stone with one end slightly [illegible]. This end, struck by the front wheel of the machine, transformed the machine into a cup-cat, flinging it upward and causing it into the rear sprocket and driving chain.

Edward Vicary, approaching, witnessed the horrifying spectacle of Hughes leaving the saddle and describing a parabola through the air as if suddenly endowed with wings. [illegible] a three-point landing on [illegible] clear off the road and, rolling [illegible] over, came to rest breathless, [illegible] sprained wrist and ankle, at the [illegible] of the ditch. That he still [illegible] proved by a string of choice oaths [illegible] decency forbids should be [illegible]

"Blimey, master," said Vicary, [illegible] were a middlin' brawsh [illegible]

Then, stepping into the road, [illegible] the wreckage of the motorcycle, [illegible] tracted and exhibited a [illegible] handle.

"Whoever left it there," [illegible] Hughes, moaning over and [illegible] injuries, "ought to be shot as a [illegible] He tried to rise, but failed. "Try it, get on to the telephone. Not police. Get a car. Get an [illegible] Get out of my sight."

THE elder Miss Fishpingle was [illegible] to the younger. "Even if the Germans about we may as well [illegible] the sleep we can get, and as we [illegible] allowed two ounces of tea a [illegible] would be criminal to make [illegible] when the familiar voice of Edward Vicary once more hailed them in the night. This time both ladies [illegible] the window.

"Yes, what is it now?"

"Disaster's out of it. He [illegible] up like an old box. I reckon [illegible] short of a ambulance would [illegible] reach the hospital alive."

The younger Miss Fishpingle [illegible] "Gracious! Who did it? Germans?"

"No, there's no sich [illegible]

The elder Miss Fishpingle [illegible] wouldn't try to understand it. I [illegible] but if somebody's hurt we'd better [illegible] the van."

So they put on their clothes and [illegible]



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To a young man about to buy his first car—

YOU ARE DECIDING. In a few days you will buy. You do not want our advice, nor do we want to give you any. This is *your* adventure, and that is as it should be.

But some things we can tell you now that are more than mere advice. They are things that have held good since we made the first Ford 38 years ago.

The first one is to *buy* your car, and not just let someone *sell* you one. Look deep as you go, and look in your own time. Don't let anyone press or hurry you. Don't be afraid to ask questions. It is *your* money that you will spend. And the car that you will choose is to be *your* companion.

Look under the hood. That has always been a good idea. And look *behind* the prices you are given so that you *know* what they include. Take a long and testing try-out run before you settle on any car.

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ROOMINESS. Bodies were lengthened and widened this year, adding [illegible]" to seating width.

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Manual workers also said, "Less tired"! 208 men and women in exhausting manual jobs agreed to drink Knox Gelatine for 28 days. Included were painters, steel workers, bus drivers, farmers, many others. 145 completed the test. Of these, 137 said they were definitely *less tired!*

It all ads up to this: In 26 occupational groups, 2 out of 3 who began, and 9 out of 10 who completed the 28-day Knox test reported tiredness reduced! Most of those who said they were "less tired," noticed results at the end of 2 weeks. Whether your job is on the framework of a steel skyscraper or in an office inside it, don't these figures suggest Knox Gelatine may help give you more endurance? Try drinking Knox for at least 2 weeks.

TRY THIS YOURSELF...for 2 weeks

1. Drink 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine *every day* for 2 weeks. Then drop to 2 a day. After 28 days, drink as needed.

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KNOX Gelatine

A PROTEIN FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

to an outbuilding where the van used for taking eggs to the railway station (they had two hundred Cochin Chinas, forty-seven Wyandottes and a hundred and three Rhode Island Reds) stood immobilized in the event of capture by the enemy.

While one Miss Fishpingle replaced the distributor, the second fumbled along a beam for the switch key, knocked it off and spent several minutes searching for it in a litter of straw and sawdust on the uneven floor.

THE last quarter mile of the lovers' journey up a hill of one in eight, and across wet plowland dedicated to roots, tried Molly's patience to the breaking point. But for the physical weakness which had compelled her to accept the support of Alan's arm, it is doubtful whether any contact would have been made between them. Rain was falling when they reached the highroad at a point a great deal farther from the town than Alan had predicted.

"You really *are!*" said Molly, who was not dressed either for a tempest or a hike. "I'm beginning to wish I'd never come."

Then, like a star gleaming through a black, hopeless night, she saw the twinkling head lamp of an approaching car.

"Courage, duckie, the rescue party is at hand," said Alan, stepped boldly into the middle of the road, flashed his torch and brought the Fishpingle van to a standstill.

The elder Miss Fishpingle, who was at the wheel, transferred her grasp to a billet of wood and, holding it in a convenient position to strike, sweetly bade the young man approach and be recognized. Meanwhile, her sister had armed herself with the fire extinguisher and was ready to quench him should occasion demand.

It was fortunate for Alan that his features were revealed by the light of the headlamp and the need for handing it out to him where the chicken got the ax no longer existed.

"Well, if it isn't you!" exclaimed Miss Fishpingle. "And we were sure you were a German."

Alan saluted gallantly.

"I wonder if you'd give myself and a young lady a lift to Tidmarsh? She's a V.A.D. and her presence is urgently required."

"It is indeed," said Miss Fishpingle, "for there has been an accident and the unfortunate victim is in the back of the van."

"That," said Alan, "is absolutely terrific, and we'll throw in a few quick ministrations en route."

He hoisted Molly over the tailboard and lightly leaped in beside her, landing by ill chance on Mr. Hughes' sprained ankle.

"Hell and haddocks' eyes!" cried Mr. Hughes, lashing out abortively with the starting handle, which he had brought with him as an instrument of vengeance.

From Molly came a horrified: "Goodness! It's Daddy!"

While Alan, paralyzed by the news and the wind created by the starting handle, was frozen to silence.

HEAVEN knows what would have happened had not the voice of Edward Vicary announced from a corner of the van that the master, while on duty, had taken "a bravish scummer off his motorbike." This announcement synchronized with an urgent demand from Mr. Hughes to know what the blazes Molly was doing at that time of night with a young man whose society was forbidden. Then it was that Alan proved that M.I.5 had not engaged his services in vain.

"Looking for you, of course, sir, what else?" he declared. "Mrs. Hughes told us you were in danger."

"I don't believe it," said Mr. Hughes, which, for him, was moderate, must be remembered that he was l and reduced.

"Believe it or not," Alan cont "but that's our story and we're s to it. What's more, you can asl Hughes whether we're speakir truth, can't he, Molly?"

Molly supposed he could, but s hoped he wouldn't.

"If she says you are," sai Hughes, "there'll be three liars i of two."

At which Alan became almos lime.

"I resist," he said, "criticizing for bringing such an allegation ag wife who has put up with his ill- for I don't know how many years. ally, how many years have you married? Not that it matters, fo urgent things are at stake. Nov have the facts. You left the house And why? You proceeded where what happened to you? I ask, b in your present condition, it's o that the duty you set out to perfor never accomplished."

Mr. Hughes was dumfounde Alan, taking the war into enemy tory, swiftly threw in his reserves.

"Speaking professionally, and pose you've noticed that I hol Majesty's commission—wait a mi he produced the torch and flashe his shoulder insignia. "See that? do? Good. Well, as I was saying failure to carry it out, whatever i have been, is liable to have mos ous consequences. So now ope divulge, and quick about it."

Mr. Hughes said: "If I was possession of my faculties I'd bo ears—both of them."

"If you did," said Alan, "I sho compelled to put you under close a thing I'm reluctant to do to a pr tive father-in-law."

Mr. Hughes said: "You'll Molly over my dead body."

"Thanks for the promise," said "Now, on with the tale."

THAT he had contrived in so s time to assume so much aut filled Molly with admiration an Hughes with dismay. In the ci stances, he had no choice but to a statement.

During its narration, Molly cl Alan's arm with increasing anxiet even when the fact was revealed was their car which had brough Hughes forth into the night, anc starting handle which had laid hi Alan's *sang-froid* never deserte

"Am I to understand," he dem "that you took this action witho viously notifying the police?"

"There was no time," saic Hughes, "but I gave Vicary instru to do so."

"Which I never," Edward adr guiltily.

"Scandalous," said Alan throu teeth. "But fortunately the chie stable is a pal of mine and I'll best to get him to overlook it. G that starting handle. From now in charge of this affair and I'm mandeering this van for the purp

"Not until it's taken me moaned Mr. Hughes, who was acl every limb.

"It isn't taking you home, it's you to the hospital. Molly will s in, fix you up with a Thompson then pop along and tell her moth erything she ought to know." H plemented this remark with sug elbow work against Molly's r reception area, then raising his so that Miss Fishpingle could cried: "To the hospital and step

The power to command ac miracles, and Mr. Hughes was too low to prolong his resistance.

a defeated man, he said: "Do
darn' well like, but shut up

id not enter the hospital, but
Molly, Edward Vicary and the
ter to convey Mr. Hughes to a
rest.

ninutes later Molly reappeared
e shelter afforded by the back
, kissed Alan passionately and
y.

really do see how wonderful
she said, than which no pro-
usband could ask fairer. They
ain, and she flitted off to re-
er mother in what presently
aid, while the Miss Fishpingles
to the local police station,
ergeant Roberts—who, during
regenerate boyhood, had pur-
remorselessly in the course of
scapades—was on duty.

blow me tight!" he said with
"And all dressed up as an
What's the trouble now, Master

xplained and the sergeant, who
o liking for Mr. Hughes, went
f laughter.

be all right," he promised,
ee that he never finds out who
elonged to. The only way to
these 'ere bossy chaps is to
ngle 'old on 'em and keep it

to," said Alan, and rejoined
Miss Fishpingles on the front
e van.

riving some while in silence,
said: "I suppose the truth is
ar was yours, and that you
nice chubby girl were—isn't
petting?"

rd *is* petting," Alan acknowl-
d that *is* the truth, but mum's
darling."

ver time," said Miss Fishpingle,
quick to pick up the argot of
ung things on those rare and
ccasions when she found her-
ir company.

tted her hand.

a sport. I was afraid you
shocked."

k her head.

s who run chicken farms are
ocked. All the same, I don't
ow you're going to explain the
of that car to Mr. Hughes'
n. Patriotic men are so hard

tell him the truth," said Alan,
"nearly the whole truth, and nothing but that part of the truth that won't give the show away."

This project he carried out the next morning, speaking sternly from the foot of Mr. Hughes' bed in the accident ward.

"One of the gravest errors an investigator can make is to form conclusions on purely circumstantial evidence; it's liable to make him the laughingstock of the town."

"Anybody who laughs at me will very soon laugh on the other side of his face," said Mr. Hughes.

"Ah, but will they?" Alan replied, with point. "Will they? A nice fool you'd look if it went around the neighborhood that you'd dashed off into the night shouting 'Germans!' when all that had really happened was that a couple of young lovers had slipped into the woods for a bit of necking."

Mr. Hughes' jaw dropped.

"Are you telling me . . . ?"

"Yes, I *am* telling you, and I turned up just in time to restore the missing starting handle where it would do most good."

Mr. Hughes paled.

"Oh, dear! I'd be sorry if a story like that got into circulation."

"And I'd be sorry too, but blest if I know how it's to be prevented."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"That it's one of those conflicts between love and duty. Of course, if I were to marry Molly I wouldn't want everybody saying my father-in-law was a bit of an ass. On the other hand, if anything prevented me marrying Molly, I wouldn't give a hoot what they said, one way or the other."

MR. HUGHES communed with himself in silence, then said:

"A wise man should never be ashamed to admit when he's in the wrong. I was highly impressed with your conduct last night. Highly impressed. And I see no reason why you shouldn't go far."

Alan clapped a hand to his brow, reeled and gripped the iron rail at the foot of the bed.

"Why, my boy, whatever's the matter?"

"Amnesia," was the reply. "Loss of memory. Last night, you said? But I've forgotten everything about it, it's all a blank. Where am I?"

"In the accident ward of Tidmarsh Hospital," said Mr. Hughes, dryly. "But you ought to be in a lunatic asylum."



"Oh, you're paying for it now? That's funny, I always had an idea you were married"

BARBARA SHERWIND

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To men of 40 who want to retire in 15 years

"FIFTEEN years ago I made a discovery that changed my life. I believe it will interest you.

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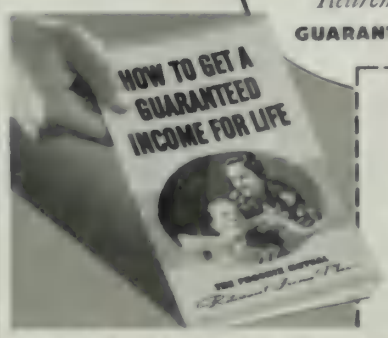
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NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

The Water Level Route... You Can Sleep

Taps for the New Deal

Continued from page 17

We were lucky enough to get stalled in a traffic jam of Washington economists and, oddly enough, understood quite a little of what was said. The meeting was about equally divided into three groups—one being strictly of the lotus-eater school; the second, graph draftsmen; and the third, tax assessors.

The lotus-eaters didn't contribute much of the talk further than to ask at intervals, "What, after all, does one want of life?" The gentlemen with graphs were much more convincing. As the national income rose (via the dynamite mills and the steel foundries) so would the government's borrowing capacity. As borrowing capacity achieved new ceilings so could appropriations. And as appropriations ascended, old agencies of the New Deal could be financed and new ones created. They readily agreed that no one worth listening to had any hope of paying this rearmament out of income and that to pass it on to future generations was but meet and right inasmuch as future generations would be the beneficiaries of the freedom insurance thus purchased. After all, said the lotus-eaters at this point, "What, after all, does one want of life?"

The third group merely flung their lips and wrinkled their noses, toyed with Phi Beta Kappa keys and talked about new taxation schedules. If what they predicted comes to pass you'll be working for the government from now on.

After the federal government has taken its cut of your income it will probably have to take your family too. As for state income taxes—well, they can't do any more than send you to jail. What, after all, do you want of life? We don't know, of course, how much these tax writers knew about the plans of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Morgenthau and the other authors of the new tax bill that Congress will be asked to adopt, but they offered the comforting thought that the bill that will be introduced into the new Congress will be a mere temperance leaflet compared to what you'll have to pay if we're actually wangled into war.

Hopes that Died Hard

Confusing as the experience was, we did not lose sight of our objective as we listened. Out of it we gathered afresh the conviction that the New Deal had run smack into a high, windowless, doorless brick wall at the end of a dead-end street. What might have become of it in the next four years had not Mr. Hitler given us something else to think about is brisk mental exercise, although a trifle on the time-wasting side. What it might have aspired to in loving hands can be guessed at only when you have some conception of the dreams of its hand-wringing prophets.

Such plans are now but gleams in the paternal eye. But we know that efforts were to be made to extend the lavender revolution into the public-school system. Federal schools were to be established, beginning at kindergartens and ending in colleges. Details did not get to the concrete stage but the rough idea is still alive. Preschool and elementary-school classes in the liberal manner would grade children according to their leanings and aptitudes. Mass methods of education along the old conventional lines would be abandoned and the individual pupil observed and catalogued for distribution into vocational or academic schools according to their capacities and susceptibilities. History and political-science textbooks would be rewritten, the bunk eliminated and the truth told.

A Department of Education with its head in the President's Cabinet would be asked for and into this new executive branch would be given the National Youth Administration, the CCC and all other governmental youth agencies. Its advocates vigorously deny that it would incorporate ideological propaganda activities. In spirit, at least, it has the sanction and approval of many modern educators. But it was sure to be opposed by state departments of education and local school boards, to say nothing of parochial-school authorities and sectarian educators.

The seeds of the plan have already been lightly sown by the National Youth Administration, according to The American Association of School Administrators, a department of the National Education Association. However, they seem to have run into an early frost. Citing the President's request for an additional $40,000,000 for the NYA, the school administrators have broadcast letters warning their membership that "the NYA is frankly and openly embarking on a training program. This means that the federal government is committing itself to a federal system of federally controlled technical education without regard to state and local educational authorities."

However, we may as well regard this extension of the New Deal as one of the activities that will die in the ground—for the present anyway. Mr. Roosevelt has already too much to worry about. The government's old resettlement activities were to be revived, revised, enlarged and made more alluring by a bonus and maintenance policy. Where the New Deal encountered many difficulties in lifting poverty-stricken peoples out of the scenes of the into more productive surrou would now make it financia while for the clients to co-oper pay them so much monthly ur gentle tutoring and urging, the self-sustaining. The new idea limit the payments to a specifi If in the administrator's opini settled family showed signs permanently unable to support subsidies might continue in But this, too, seems doomed to age.

Labor and Aliens

Before it became pretty ce the Wagner Act would be ame fore it became apparent that tional Labor Relations Board renovated in the interests of tisanship, there was much talk the latter much more arbitra Its rulings, were the interes Dealers to have their way, nonreviewable by any court. the more vigorous of these looking men and women were ing government confiscation of that resisted the board's mand what with one thing and anc cluding the war, nothing will this.

From a New Deal cranny we able to identify, although h abiding suspicion, was to come Administration that would mak ministration of our current imm and naturalization laws eve laboriously whimsical. Natu don't know what Congress w about this and other New De sions, but that doesn't matter merely setting down a few of t tions that were germinating armament moved in to eat u



"Mrs. Blake got a new fur coat. That's just going to raise hob with our budget"

l home. This Alien Adminis- whatever it might have been ld be a legal shelter for aliens ged to seep illegally into the nd whom the current law says eported forthwith or even sent rther, it would make life more le for aliens who are now lgered by fingerprint regula- who may eventually be barred om employment unless they more interest in becoming d citizens.

number of these inspirations ations of the more persistent ew Dealers were not going to lessing of Mr. Roosevelt. The suring us of this advised us ould know "some of the things to the President during the t years and turned down." they refused to be specific. . Roosevelt will write a book n some day. Or turn the job r. Ickes.

rtment of Propaganda?

the ideas that may be trans- law, even if we come no ctual participation in the war re now, is a Federal Press ch a suspicious agency would assured, resemble little Dr. acket, but under tough super- ight be quite a help toward news censorship and regula- ar as we know, it has got no an the mull-over stage. t would be no more than a se for all such news and overnment agencies and de- chose to release, we don't the idea seems to be one of ely few New Deal visions elessly around Washington that isn't regarded by the tes Army as plain foolish- Army, ever struggling to be nd where men are men and stories, has never sobbed its out in chorus with true New And the latter have never e Army as a fine humanitar- .

heory of "If you can't beat m," a number of the New nded social workers in the National Youth Administra- on are looking toward the aining camps with damp eyes.

As we got it, several of these ladies and gentlemen have appealed to the White House hoping that the social work in those soldier factories be made an independent government function and turned over to them. Such moral guardianship and direction would not be confined to the training camps, either. It would operate in munitions-manufacturing centers, old and new. Its eyes would be alert for the encroachments of the immorality which, legend has it, is ever the danger of congested industrial towns and always the menace of industrial boom towns. With superior intelligence too, workers would be cautioned against squandering their new high wages on champagne, silk shirts and other lovely rubbish. And, commendably enough, the virtues of thrift and rainy-day provision would be taught. If you don't think there are going to be such days, wait until this war's over and we've finished this rearmament drive.

But always these petitioners have been referred to the Rearmament Commission and the War Department. The result is always the same. The projecteers have emerged shortly and on the verge of a dead run, their faces red.

We don't know how many more New Deal extensions were smothered by the war and American rearmament but we suspect that there were quite a roomful. And there would have been more had not scores of the pure-wool minds that yearned to reorder our lives in the New Deal's adolescence been dropped from the Roosevelt rolls. But you get the idea of those that remain.

Mr. Roosevelt is about to rededicate himself. Twenty-two million people who hoped it would be Mr. Willkie this time will listen, shrug their shoulders and bid you wait and see. Twenty-seven million who voted for Mr. Roosevelt will listen with mingled feelings. Some of them voted for him because they were afraid to trust the management of our foreign affairs to an amateur. Some voted for him because they were afraid of reaction. Some voted for him because they wanted the New Deal to drive on to new social heights. And some merely because of the material benefits the New Deal had showered down upon them.

There will be large numbers of the last two classes who'll be wishing they had known on November the fifth what they're now about to learn.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

y and Marine Corps air ex- ould be cut into to do so, we in addition, to develop and organ- ds of inland waterports in erous times when every angle defense must be exploited to- ate and unassailable security. t numerical strength should d. A reserve of floats and skis half our Air Corps combat be money in the bank. Ger- n Norway used frozen lakes. where the United States is efense millions, commercial use skis much of the year; d bombers likewise. Skis n be quickly substituted for ey detract 10 to 20 per cent eed of a landplane; but that n being grounded or debased ang pinch. A further use of suggested by German prac- Baltic and North Sea coasts asoline and oil tanks deeply fficult to spot, more difficult

ts of flying boats, or adapted orts, could be held in reserve on strategic lakes, ready to shift whole armies from coast to coast overnight. Stripped planes in types now available can load 100 men each. Fifteen such planes could shift a regiment of parachute or conventional troops from Washington State to Washington, D. C., or from Chicago to New Orleans—put them down at threatened points on a dusk-to-dawn schedule. One hundred and fifty such planes—costing no more than a single Navy cruiser. $30,000,000, could transfer a whole division and all but its heaviest equipment.

Total war has a corollary—total defense. To prepare for anything less is not smart. Moreover, hundreds of thousands of private fliers are expected in the next decade as a result of the Civil Aeronautics Training Program, Army and Navy schools, and general stimulation of the war. An inland waterport system must be added to landports if pleasure fliers are to have advantages matching those provided for motorists by our highways.

And don't forget your water wings!—W. B. C.

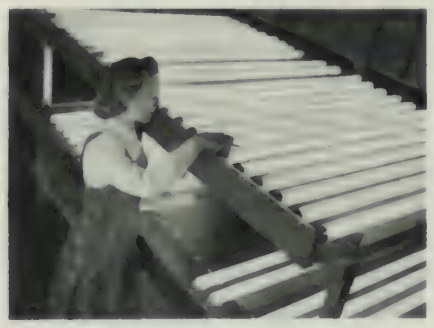


WHAT EVERY BUSINESS MAN SHOULD KNOW

about Fluorescent Lighting!

QUESTION. ***What is fluorescent lighting?***
ANSWER. G-E Fluorescent Lighting is a brand new light source, in which the light is produced not by a filament, but through fluorescent powders, coated on the inside of long glass tubes, which convert invisible ultra-violet energy into visible light.

Q. ***What are its advantages for me?***
A. Its higher efficiency and greater coolness permit higher levels of illumination than ever before. Since people see faster, with less fatigue in better light, you should expect increased production, better sales, fewer mistakes, improved employee morale when fluorescent lighting is properly installed in your factory, office, or store.



IN THIS *"life-test"* **G-E MAZDA F** *lamps burn day and night to help assure the high standards set by G-E research.*

Q. ***Why should I insist on G-E MAZDA Fluorescent Lamps?***
A. G-E MAZDA F lamps are the latest product of General Electric Research and Development, which for 61 years have been giving America more and more light at lower and lower cost. Since G-E MAZDA F lamps were introduced in 1938, efficiency has been increased as much as 40%, prices reduced as much as 45%. Today's G-E MAZDA F lamps are made to give maximum light output for current consumed... made to *stay brighter longer!*

Q. ***What about fixtures?***
A. General Electric cooperates with many fixture manufacturers, and does not make fixtures itself. Your G-E MAZDA lamp distributor can supply styles to fit every individual need.



TESTING *the brightness of fluorescent powders used in* **G-E MAZDA F** *lamps to assure maximum light output.*

Fixtures bearing the Fleur-O-Lier or RLM tag assure maximum fixture performance because they're certified by Electrical Testing Laboratories to comply with exacting specifications. Such certification may be obtained by any fixture manufacturer whose product meets required specifications.

Q. ***What should I do now?***
A. See your G-E MAZDA lamp distributor. He can help you choose the right fixtures, and draw on all General Electric's experience to give you fluorescent lighting properly engineered to your needs, at the lowest possible cost. Your lighting company can also give you valuable advice.



G-E MAZDA F LAMPS *are recommended for use only with equipment providing good power factor, and using certified ballasts and starters, such as Fleur-O-Liers or RLM Industrial fixtures. Label shown here identifies Fleur-O-Lier fixtures, made by over 35 experienced manufacturers.*

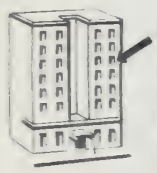
G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRICES REDUCED *on* **G-E MAZDA** *F lamps—effective Jan. 1st. See your* **G-E MAZDA** *lamp distributor for details.*



The Classified section in the back of your Telephone Directory is full of information that will help you meet emergencies and everyday needs. Thousands of cases in our files prove its usefulness as a shopping and buying guide. Here are a few:—



FOUND A HOME

Mr. K. was looking for an apartment, so he looked in the Classified and picked out two buildings whose advertisement gave information about their facilities. He rented from one.

WANTED AN AUTHORIZED STUDEBAKER DEALER

Mrs. H. had car trouble and needed quick service. She looked in the Classified and found a nearby dealer under the Studebaker trade mark.

SAVED A TRIP DOWNTOWN



Mrs. G. F. had patronized a downtown beauty shop but being pressed for time on one occasion she wanted one close to home. She turned to the 'yellow pages' and selected one nearby.



HELPED GET BIDS

A building superintendent used the Classified Section to find several firms from whom he received prices for a large supply of an article he needed.

Look it up first in the Classified Section

This 'burger Business

Continued from page 22

The boom in 'burger sales cleaned the larder. Mr. Sternberger laid in a larger supply of steer meat, process cheese and buns. Business grew by leaps. Customers flocked from all over the Los Angeles area to try the cheeseburgers. Time after time he enlarged the Rite Spot until it grew into a neon monster, with eighty assistants hustling 'burgers to the hungry customers at dinnertime. In the eight years before he sold out to a big "drive-in" restaurant chain for $165,000 cash, Mr. Sternberger figures he made and sold over ten million.

"You learn something making that many cheeseburgers," explained Mr. Sternberger, who doesn't mind imitators but who flinches when a competitor turns out a poor imitation. "You have to make them just right."

One trick, he says, is to use only prime steer meat, ground just before it is used, because air gets to ready-ground hamburger patties, even in the refrigerator, turning the meat dark and giving it a dark taste, too. Another is to use process American cheese and slice it just the thickness of a quarter. Some of Mr. Sternberger's competitors tried thicker slices of cheese, and some heated the cheese before they inserted it into the sandwich. That, says Mr. Sternberger, ruins the cheeseburger. There's only one right way to slice the cheese. That's the thickness of a quarter. Stick to two-bit thickness, he says, and you'll never go wrong. Plop your cheese on the lower slice of your hot toasted bun, slap your sizzling hamburger pattie on top, then lettuce, relish and the other half of the bun, and slip the whole works into an oiled-paper bag.

Psychology on a Roll

Of course, one great invention always inspires another great invention, and Mr. Sternberger's success with the cheeseburger sparked many a mind to experiment with improvements upon the humble hamburger. Soon there were so many 'burgers in southern California alone that 'burger-minded motorists could have a different one for lunch every day for almost a month on end, without repeating. In the Los Angeles area, drive-in 'burger palaces sprang up so fast that a recent count showed 123 of them ablaze in neon, counting only the superpalaces with magnificent marquees overhanging the customers' automobiles and staffed by the snappy little car-hops dolled up like drum majorettes, Dutch girls, usherettes, drummer boys or what will you. Many of them take in $10,000 to $20,000 a month for the bright minds that were able to think up just the right new 'burger to tickle the fickle public fancy.

Take Jimmy Shaver and his nut-burger, for instance. Mr. Shaver is a genial soul who runs the Colonial Drive-In out on the Sunset Strip, just outside Hollywood, and he has some very definite ideas about the business. In the first place, eighty per cent of his customers are women, which is one reason why all his "car-hops" are men. "Women like to be served by men," said Mr. Shaver. The other reason he uses men is that the cuties in tight gay uniforms attract too many gents who drive in, order a couple of bottles of beer and drink slowly while they try to date up the girls. "That ties up your parking space," explained Mr. Shaver.

While he is broiling prime ground steer beef, Mr. Shaver toasts his whole-wheat bun, fries his onions (unless customers prefer them raw-chopped) and has the ground nuts handy. These include peanuts, cashews, pecans, almonds ground together fine. The layer of nuts goes into the sandwich, next to the hot hamburger, which heats the nuts. Mr. Shaver's gray hair is partly due to nut-burger troubles in the old days when his chefs used to fry the nuts in the meat, scorching them and imparting a burned taste. Now the hamburger does the heating job, the sprinkling of nuts nestling in the mayonnaise between the hot meat and the lettuce, with onions and relish on the other side.

There's a lot of psychology in the 'burger game, we gathered, especially from a talk with J. E. Lardemer, the boss man of Simon's, which is pushing the twinburger to new heights. Mr. Lardemer is a former Viennese with a bent for fundamentals. Once he journeyed all the way to Hamburg, Germany, to see how hamburg steaks were served in their native habitat. This was something of an eyeopener, too. On the Hamburg water front, where Mr. Lardemer nonchalantly ordered his first hamburg steak, the butcher sliced off a slab of raw beef, laid it on a chopping block, drummed on it gently but diligently with the blades of two sharp butcher knives, one in each hand. Then he turned the steak, and repeated the chopping. Satisfied at last, he slapped the meat raw on a slice of rye bread, seasoned it with salt, pepper and mustard, capped it with another slice of rye, and handed it to his astonished customer.

"The funny part of it was that it was good," recalled Mr. Lardemer. "I guess the mustard cooked the meat in my stomach."

The twinburger, in which Mr. Lardemer specializes, is cooked like a regular hamburger, except that the patty is cut in two, and served in two small toasted sesame seed rolls, with a choice of garnishes, such as chopped onions, cucumber, tomato or pickle relishes in tiny cups, so that the customer seasons her own, the twinburger being a favorite with the women.

"They're always thinking about reducing," explained Mr. Lardemer. "Give a woman a full-sized hamburger and she worries about eating it so much she doesn't enjoy it. Give her two small ones, and she eats them without worrying about it."

It takes only a fundamental this to put a new 'burger in the dollar class. There's some bas ing, we discovered, behind alm 'burger that's on the up an 'Burgerville, which is, roughly Angeles metropolitan area. chickenburger, for instance, tured by several drive-ins. The chickenburgers were actually m chopped chicken, kept warm in sauce, and spread thickly toasted buns, with lettuce, oliv onnaise or a mild relish. A pre sandwich it was, too, but the c eyed them with suspicion beca were so mild in taste. So mo chickenburger artists switched tc turkey, and now everybody's h

Let 'Em Eat 'Burgers

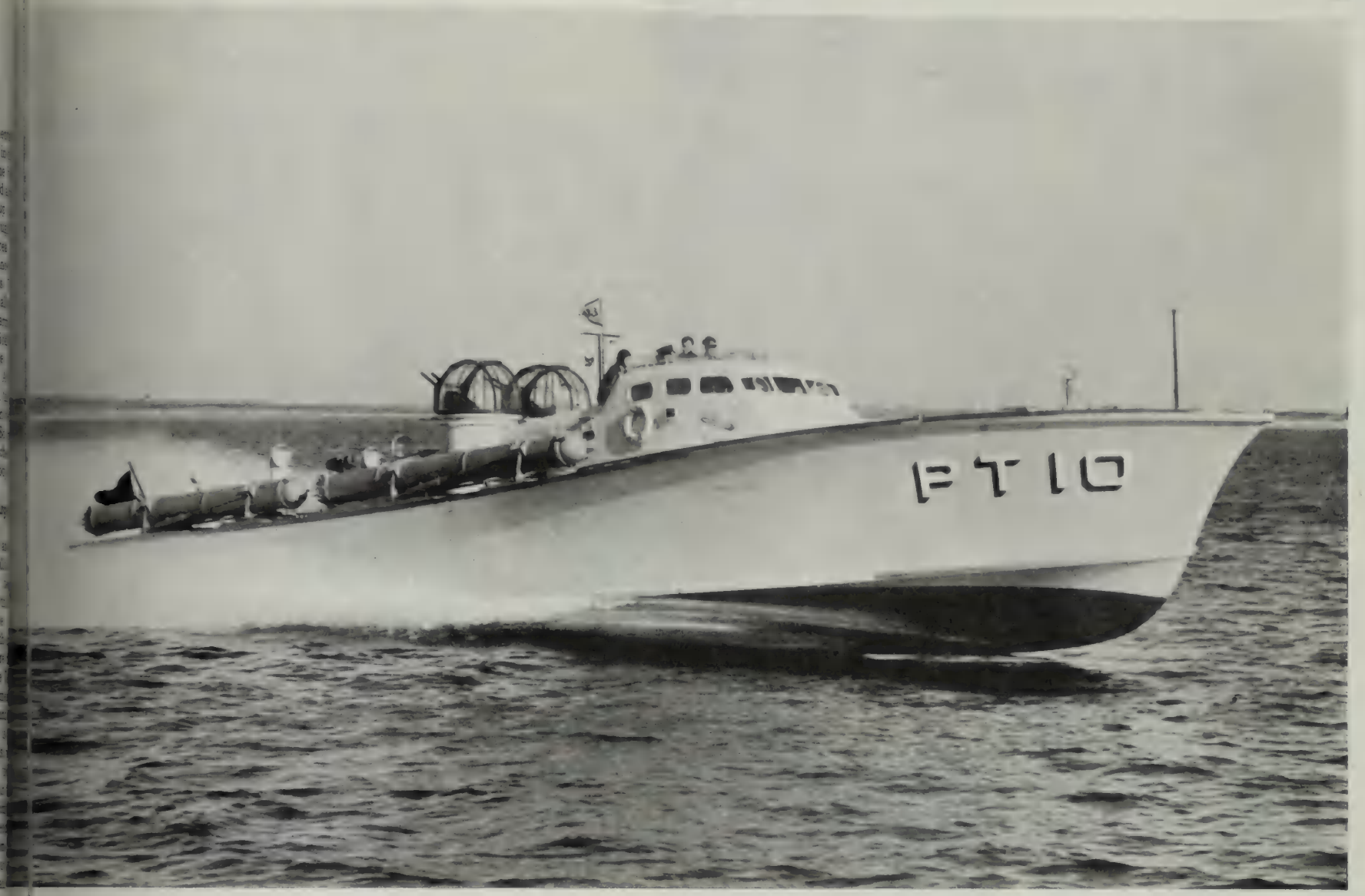
Busy as the fertile and i minds of the southern Californi been, the Texans have been them a close second in the or of novel 'burgers. The roy which is a hamburger with an e into the patty just before it is hails from down on the Texa and it is a right smart meal, t porkburger, in which ground por instead of steer meat, is cre "Doc" Jackson of Dallas, origi the Pigstands, probably the fu of drive-in restaurants in the

A lot of serious thinking, we ered, is going into the designin 'burgers. Two with some go chology behind them are th modeled squareburger and the size jumbo huskiburger. The other monster known as the ov hamburger, which includes, in to the ground steer meat, a c slices of tomato, a generous he pickle and a lot of lettuce. In salad bowl in a bun. Some of t new 'burgers, still in the designi stage, so to speak, are the tun the deviled-eggburger, the oyst (with coleslaw), the Dutc (melted cheese and ham), clam and crabburgers—the latter is fi in a bun, not half bad, w add. Another in the make is t cakeburger, hamburger betwe pancakes, preferably corn-mea Business is booming.



"Madam must not distress herself by listening to the measurement"

LEO



Packard powers the Water Wasps!

WITH UNCLE SAM'S newest sea-going weapon—the patrol torpedo fleet—came new problems in power, new demands for rugged speedability.

This is the kind of assignment Packard *likes* to tackle—a challenge to the engineering skill gone up in 40-odd years of building engines of almost every description—air, marine, car and tank. Packard is proud of the part it is once again playing in the national service, for Packard is powering the "water wasps".

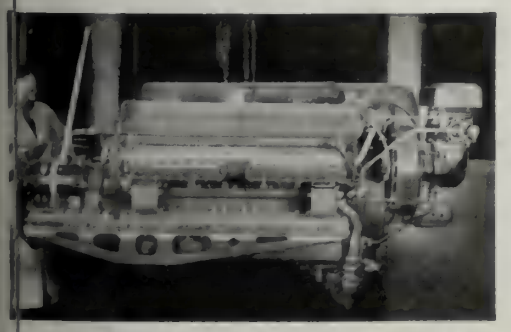
Heart and soul of the high-speed Elco fighting craft pictured above, of course, are the motors. The three motors in this *PT-10* torpedo boat churn up 1350 horsepower each—*4050 in all!* Hundreds of these super-marine engines are needed for this new development, and Packard is already fulfilling the trust that such a vital assignment indicates.

History repeats itself

Nor is this all. Packard also has been chosen to build the battle-tested aviation motors which power the famous Hurricane and Spitfire fighters. Already, Packard production experts are swiftly laying the groundwork for building thousands of these great power plants. Thus history repeats itself. For in the last war, Packard was co-designer and largest builder of that other history-making aviation motor—the Liberty.

These tributes to Packard's reputation as a maker of fine motors are important to the man who wants the utmost for his money in a car. For, admire as you will Packard's smart new styling and luxurious interiors, the power plant still remains the all-important heart of the car . . . a heart upon which its life span, and your motoring pleasure, depends.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN!



Heart of the Water Wasps—incorporating the latest in science and metallurgy, this 1350 horsepower Packard engine is the newest ultra-modern type of 60-degree V-12 liquid-cooled, super-charged design.



Heart of your Packard—one of the most dependable motors of all time. Despite its size, power, and fiery performance, its all-around thriftiness compares favorably with small "economy" cars, owners say.

Packard

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Men with a Past



CASANOVA CARL. Wonders ▶ why girls pass him by. His hair is a bowl, plastered with sticky, smelly messes that girls can't stand. Kreml greaselessly grooms hair, removes dandruff scales.



◀ SAMSON SETH. Water-soaks his hair when combing it. His tresses always look as if they need trimming. Water removes natural oils, leaves hair dry, unruly. Kreml controls hair, relieves dryness.



BEAU BALDY. Lives a lurid ro ▶ mantic life in his imagination —and no place else. Originally a Casanova or a Samson or both. Too bad. Beau, Kreml and proper care could've helped you keep your hair.



◀ MAN WITH A FUTURE. Uses his head in more ways than one. Kreml keeps his hair looking *naturally* well-groomed. Beneficial oils in Kreml, the greaseless tonic-dressing, keep your hair lustrous, soft.

GET that well-groomed look without getting your hair wet or greasy. Kreml—every day—solves your problem.

And notice how Kreml helps your hair by removing dandruff scales, relieving itchy scalp. And Kreml checks excessive falling hair.

Women won't let men monopolize the benefits of Kreml. It keeps coiffures more manageable, especially after permanents.

Next time you ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your drugstore and barber shop—ask for Kreml Shampoo, too. It is made from an 80% olive oil base—leaves your scalp tingling clean, your hair with a soft sheen.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES — CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Clouting Cossack

Continued from page 14

later. Frank Shellenback, the manager, signed him but Frank Lane, the owner, unsigned him rapidly, giving his opinion of brains in no uncertain terms.

Lou went back to softball, at which he was earning as much as $70 a game, an enormous sum in softball. He was content there but Rodgers wasn't. Joe sent him up to the Los Angeles tryout school next spring.

Truck Hannah, the Los Angeles manager, lent him his bat, a ponderous piece of ash so heavy that bat boys became invalids merely from dragging the thing back from the plate. Lou took that burden, picked a wild pitch off his ear and hit it a mile over the fence.

Los Angeles signed him and sent him to their farm at Ponca City, Oklahoma, where he hit .361 and led the league. Lou kept his pal, Joe, posted on his progress by air mail.

His first letter came soon after his arrival. He wrote:

"Well, Joe their trowing curves now and am I slaughtering them they can't fool the Mad Russian."

Next year he was with Moline, Illinois where he hit .367 and led the league again. His fielding had begun to improve and he had a great arm. When he came back to Los Angeles he thought he was going to stick, but they sent him up to Milwaukee on a hurry call. He was unhappy about that and still more depressed when Milwaukee took one look at his wild swings at the plate and asked permission to get him out of Wisconsin before he maimed somebody. When Los Angeles also showed some slight disdain for his worth and said Tulsa would be next step, Lou called up Joe Rodgers, who was managing the softball team at Long Beach, and announced his imminent return to his first love. Joe hustled up to see him.

"They gave me the run-around at Milwaukee," reported Lou, and now this Carl Dittmar, the coach, who never hit more than .230 in his life, is trying to tell me how to hit. I'm quittin'."

Joe gave him a sharp lecture, said he wouldn't give him a job at Long Beach if he came begging, and Lou went dutifully off to Tulsa and proceeded to massacre Texas League pitching. When Los Angeles got wabbling around feebly late in the season, they brought Lou back and he burned up the league.

Throw It and Duck

Up in Seattle one night Lou hit a curve over the fence, slammed a slow ball up against the fence and doubled off a fast ball. When he came up next time the Seattle pitcher yelled in to Jack Lelivelt, the manager, for advice.

"Toss it up there underhanded and throw yourself flat on your face," Lelivelt yelled back.

Lou was hitting the ball with such fury that Coscarart (brother of the Brooklyn player) pulled his hand away from a line drive one night, lest his arm be removed at the elbow. A drive through the box came so close to dismembering Ed Selway that observers swear Ed walked around for two days with his face a beautiful shade of bright green.

Last summer Lou was still clouting the ball with abandon, finishing the season with a percentage of .363 and causing discussion wherever he went. Old-timers claim he is the greatest right-handed hitter to come along in years, belonging in the great tradition of Al Simmons and Joe Medwick, which is to say, gentlemen who didn't care where the ball was so long as they could see it.

Novikoff has extremely small ... and feet for a big man, and at th... of the sprint, he waddles a bit ... duck. This gives the impression t... is slow but he is one of the fastes... in baseball. At the plate he lo... great deal like the famous Hack W... waggling the bat freely, sometime... ing flat on his nose when he mi... swing and doing all the damage w... wrists. He has a hitch in his swin... worries some experts but seems ... nothing to hinder his slugging ... worst fault is a tendency to take ... off the ball but he is correcting th...

Fun for the Fans

On the field he can be a clown w... being a nuisance. When a decisio... against him, he has been known ... proach the umpire with his arms ... gling at his sides and with the fright... appearance of a bear. He also gi... excellent imitation of a Russian ... tler, right down to the dumb look...

This summer he went into a slu... which he got only two hits in twent... times at bat and still had a perce... of .350. He explained that as ... caused by family trouble—his litt... had mumps and refused to be nurs... anybody but Papa. He stayed up ... night with her for ten days.

"Did my sleeping at the plate," ... Lou.

The idea that he isn't the g... player in the world has never occ... to the young man. Not knowing t... had once been a softball playe... folks up at Ponca City got him ... postseason game there of the s... sport. Lou wrote to Joe Rodgers ... it: "Struck out 19 batters in 7 in... just a mere trifal."

Since the Los Angeles club is a ... for the Chicago Cubs, Novikoff w... up with the parent club this year ... doesn't care where he plays: all he ... is a bat and somebody to throw to... In the Coast League they've tri... erything—slow balls, curves, hard ... knucklers, downers, uppers, shot... has conked them all.

In the winters Lou works on ... derrick for Joe Rodgers and runs a ... in debt. During the summer he ... ball and pays it back. He starte... Ponca City at $100 a month ... wasn't much for a man with a wi... baby. They finally boosted him to... At Moline he made $175; Tulsa m... $250; last year at Los Angeles h... $500. Now there are two chil... the outfit and also he helps his m... who still speaks only Russian and t... baseball is something crazy. Wh... first went away he had to tell her h... selling equipment for an oil-mach... house. The whole Russian colo... Los Angeles helped keep up the...

Novikoff is twenty-four, weigh... and stands 5:10½. He is so strong... if he even nicks the ball it's like... take the leg off a third baseman... doesn't drink and smokes very ... He has a loud singing voice but a... good one, plays the harmonica ... a really good sense of mimicry and ... tographs well. The movies had ... making tentative passes but Lou ... interested.

He married Esther Volkoff, who ... individual in her own way. One of ... Novikoff's small eccentricities is ... to the games and yelling at Lou ... he's up at bat.

"Strike the big bum out!" she h...

Mrs. Novikoff explains it very si...

"I like to holler," says Esther ... they can't strike him out anyhow...

Go Down, Moses

Continued from page 20

ere will be only the transpor-

ox?" Again she looked at him at expression curious and de- as though he were a child. "He andson, Mr. Stevens. When she n to raise, she gave him my fa- name. Not just a box, Mr. . I understand that can be done ng so much a month."

just a box." Stevens said. "Mr. is will want to help, I know. And stand old Luke Beauchamp has oney in the bank. And if you nit me—"

will not be necessary," she said. ched her open the reticule; he her count onto the desk twenty- lars in frayed bills and coins down to nickels and dimes and

"That will take care of the te expenses. I will tell her— sure there is no hope?"

sure. He will die tonight."

tell her this afternoon that he hen."

ld you like for me to tell her?"

tell her," she said.

ld you like for me to come out er then, talk to her?"

u will be so kind." Then she erect, her feet crisp and light, risk, on the stairs, ceasing. He ed again, to the warden in Illi- n to an undertaker in Joliet. ce more he crossed the hot, quare. He had to wait only a ile for the editor to return from

bringing him home." Stevens Miss Worsham and you and me e others. It will cost—"

" the editor said. "What

't know yet. It will cost about red. I'm not counting the tele- 'll take care of that myself. I'll ething out of Carothers Ed- e first time I catch him. I don't w much, but something. And fty around the square. But the is you and me, because she in- leaving twenty-five with me, just twice what I tried to per- r it would cost, and just exactly s what she can afford to pay—"

" the editor said. "Wait."

he will come in on Number day after tomorrow and we will Miss Worsham and his grand-

mother, the old nigger, in my car and you and me in yours. Miss Worsham and the old woman will take him back home, back where he was born. Or where the old woman raised him. Or where she tried to. And the hearse out there will be fifteen more, not counting flowers—"

"Flowers?"

"Flowers," Stevens said. "Call the whole thing two hundred and twenty-five. And it will probably be mostly you and me. All right?"

"All right," the editor said. "By Jupiter," he added, "even if I could help myself, the novelty will be almost worth it. It will be the first time in my life I ever paid money for copy I had already promised beforehand I will not print."

"Have already promised beforehand you will not print," Stevens said. And during the rest of that hot and now windless afternoon, while officials from the city hall and justices of the peace and bailiffs came fifteen and twenty miles from the ends of the county, mounted the stairs and stood in his empty office and called his name and then sat and waited and went away and returned and sat again, fuming, Stevens passed from store to store and office to office about the square—merchant and clerk, proprietor and employee, doctor and dentist and lawyer—with his set and rapid speech: "It's to bring a dead nigger home. It's for Miss Worsham. Never mind about a paper to sign: just give me a dollar. Or a half a dollar then."

AND that night after supper he walked through the breathless and star-filled darkness to Miss Worsham's house on the edge of town and knocked on the paintless door. Hamp Worsham admitted him—an old man, belly-bloated from the vegetables on which he and his wife and Miss Worsham all three mostly lived, with a fringe of white hair and the face of a Roman senator and the blurred pupilless eyes of the old.

"She expecting you," he said. "She say to kindly step up to the chamber."

"Is that where Aunt Mollie is?" Stevens said.

"We all dar," Worsham said.

So Stevens crossed the lamplit hall (the entire house was still lighted by oil lamps and there was no running water in it) and preceded the Negro up the clean, paintless stairs beside the



"N son simply detests parties but he tries to be a good sport about it!"





Enchant

came from the witch's song

TO be *enchanted*, in the usual modern sense, is to be highly delighted or charmed—something very different from the original meaning. The word is ultimately descended from the Latin *cantare*, "to sing"; more immediately from its derivative *incantare*, "to chant or utter a magic formula over or against one," "to bewitch." This became Old French *enchanter*, which English borrowed as *enchant*. The first English meaning was still close to the original: "to act on by charms or sorcery." Today *enchant* is used figuratively to mean "to enrapture," as with music, beauty, or the like.

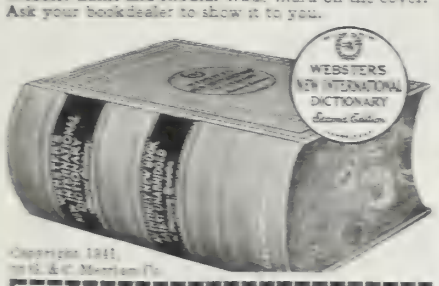
Bewitch is another word that has largely lost its original suggestion of evil sorcery; now it commonly means "to fascinate with something delightful." So, too, with the word *charm*, which goes back to the Latin *carmen*, "a song" or "an incantation."

These are but a few of the thousands of interesting word origins given in "the Supreme Authority"—

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MENTHOLATUM

faded wallpaper, and followed the old Negro up the hall and into the clean, spare bedroom with its unmistakable faint odor of old maidens. They were all there, as Worsham had said—his wife, a tremendous woman in a bright turban leaning in the door. Miss Worsham erect again on a hard chair, the old Negress sitting in the one rocking chair beside the hearth on which even tonight a few ashes smoldered faintly.

She had a reed-stemmed clay pipe in her hand, but she was not smoking it, the ash dead and white in the stained bowl; and actually looking at her for the first time, Stevens thought: "Good Lord, she's not as big as a ten-year-old child." Then he sat too, so that the four of them—himself, Miss Worsham, the old Negress and her brother—made a circle about the brick hearth on which the ancient symbol of physical coherence smoldered.

"He'll be home the day after tomorrow, Aunt Molly," he said. The old Negress didn't even look at him; she never had looked at him.

"He dead," she said. "Pharaoh got him."

"Oh, yes, Lord," Worsham said. "Pharaoh got him."

"Done sold my Benjamin," the old Negress said. "Sold him in Egypt." She began to sway faintly back and forth in the chair.

"Oh, yes, Lord," Worsham said.

"Hush," Miss Worsham said. "Hush, Hamp."

"I telephoned to Mr. Edmonds," Stevens said. "He will have everything ready when you get there."

"Roth Edmonds sold him," the old Negress said. She swayed back and forth in the chair. "Sold my Benjamin."

"Hush," Miss Worsham said. "Hush, Mollie. Hush now."

"No," Stevens said. "No he didn't, Aunt Mollie. It wasn't Mr. Edmonds. Mr. Edmonds didn't—" ("But she certainly won't hear me," he thought. She was not even looking at him, never had looked at him.)

"Sold my Benjamin," she said. "Sold him in Egypt."

"Sold him in Egypt," Worsham said.

"Roth Edmonds sold my Benjamin."

"Sold him to Pharaoh."

"Sold him to Pharaoh and now he dead."

"I'd better go," Stevens said. He rose quickly. Miss Worsham rose too, but he did not wait for her to precede him—he went down the hall, fast. "Soon I will be outside, then there will be air, space, breath," he thought. He could hear her behind him—the crisp, almost brisk yet unhurried feet, and beyond the feet, the voices:

"Sold my Benjamin. Sold him in Egypt."

"Sold him in Egypt. Oh, yes, Lord."

HE DESCENDED the stairs, almost running. It was not far now: now he could smell it, feel it—the breathless and simple dark, and now he could manner himself to pause and wait, turning at the door, watching Miss Worsham as she approached—the high, white, erect, old-time head approaching through the old-time lamplight beyond which he could now hear the third voice, which would be that of Worsham's wife—a true, constant soprano that ran without words beneath the strophe and antistrophe of the brother and sister:

"Sold him in Egypt and now he dead."

"O, yes, Lord. Sold him in Egypt."

"Sold him in Egypt."

"And now he dead."

"Sold him to Pharaoh."

"And now he dead."

"I'm sorry," Stevens said. "I ask you to forgive me. I should have known. I shouldn't have come."

"It's all right," Miss Worsham said. "It's our grief."

And on the next bright, hot day but one the hearse and the two cars were waiting when the southbound train came in. There were more than a dozen cars waiting, but it was not until the train came that Stevens and the editor began to notice the number of Negroes and whites both. Then, with the idle white men and youths and small boys and probably half a hundred Negroes, men and women too, watching quietly, the Negro undertaker's men lifted the gray-and-silver casket from the train and carried it to the hearse and snatched the wreaths and floral symbols of mortality briskly and efficiently out and slid the casket in and replaced the flowers and clapped to the door.

THEN, with Miss Worsham and the old Negress in Stevens' car with the driver he had hired and himself and the editor in the editor's car, they followed the hearse as it swung into the long hill up from the station, going fast in a whining lower gear until it reached the crest, going pretty fast still though quiet now, purring, until it slowed into the square, crossing the square, circling the Confederate monument and the courthouse while the merchants and clerks and professional men who had given Stevens the dollars and half dollars two days ago, and the ones who had not, watched quietly from doors and upstairs windows, swinging then into the street which at the edge of town would become the country road leading to the destination seventeen miles away, already picking up speed again and followed by the two cars containing the four people—the highheaded, erect lady, the old Negress, the designated paladin of justice and truth, the Ph.D. from Heidelberg—in formal component complement to the Negro murderer's catafalque, the slain wolf.

When they reached the edge of town, the hearse was going quite fast. Now they flashed past the metal sign which said in reverse, Jefferson, Corporate Limit, and the street vanished, slanting away into another long hill, becoming gravel. Stevens leaned forward and cut the switch, so that the editor's car coasted, slowing as he began to brake it, the hearse and the other car drawing rapidly away now as if in flight, the light and unrained summer dust spurting from beneath the fleeing wheels; soon they were gone. The editor turned his car clumsily, grinding the gears, sawing and filling until he was back in the road facing town again. Then he sat for a moment, his foot on the clutch.

"Do you know what she asked me this morning, back there at the station?" he said. "She said, 'Is you gonter put hit in de paper?' "

"What?" Stevens said.

"That's what I said," the editor said. "And she said it again: 'Is you gonter put hit in de paper? I wants hit all in de paper. All of hit.' And I wanted to say, 'If I should happen to know how he really died, do you want that in too?' And, by Jupiter, if I had said that and if she had known what we know even, I believe she would have said yes. But I didn't say it. I just said, 'Why, you couldn't read it, Aunty.' And she said, 'Miss Belle will show me whar to look and I kin look at hit. You put hit in de paper. All of hit.' "

"Oh," Stevens said. ("Yes," he thought. "It doesn't matter to her now. Since it had to be and she couldn't stop it, and now that it's all over and done and finished, she doesn't care how he died. She wanted him home, but she wanted him to come home right. She wanted that casket for him and those flowers and the hearse and she wanted to ride through town behind it in a car.") "Come on," he said. "Let's get back to town. I haven't seen my desk in two days."

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"ASK FOR IT IN EATING P... . . . AND AT HOME

Plenty of Hats

Continued from page 26

n't. I can't imagine why anyd want to do it. She wasn't f woman such a thing could ."

it's you they wanted to get h. You had any trouble with fired somebody?"

who would do that."

ow if she went out sometimes men?"

that she didn't. You can put ut of your head."

ey," I said, when we had left, noted these circumstances? d his wife have been married ny years. He's made a comnount of money. Mrs. Gosis startlingly beautiful. She's on's niece, you understand, lation to Gosson. With a girl n his home, maybe Gosson get rid of his wife. He wears ize hat."

heard people say Gosson's in he niece, but everybody says o to the ball."

EY went back to headquarHe was still there next day.

ase!" he remarked. "The ions we ask, the less answers uess we won't solve it. Mrs. cked off about three in the lt was a late party because restaurant people work at got stabbed in the back. Cops mes of about four hundred t was there when the killing ut other people had been coming and going away again all night, and we don't know who they was unless someone remembers 'em. We ain't got the knife. The guy that done the murder didn't know she'd be there, because, if what the niece says is true, till midnight she didn't know it herself. A guy that planned murder would figure not to leave his hat, but if he didn't plan murder why would he go there with a knife?"

"You're not sure it's his hat."

"Well, we got nothing else. Cops took the hat around to see if anybody remembered selling it. It was bought at a chain store and there's a lot of them stores. They'd sold thousands of that same kind of hat. Of course no clerk could remember."

He had a police plan of the hall. We studied it. It showed a huge room with a stage at one end. Entrance stairs led to the checkroom and a hall, and the hall continued along one side to make a narrow barroom, and other stairs led to the basement; in the rear, stairs and dumb-waiters went to a downstairs kitchen.

Mrs. Gosson had been killed in the big hall and close to the door which led to the basement stairs.

"See here, O'Malley!" I exclaimed, "this murderer didn't have to go to the ball, if he knew the place. On the night of the ball the basement door undoubtedly would be unfastened. He could come in that way, go up the stairs, stab Mrs. Gosson and run down the stairs again."



"Gosh, we've sure broken the record from Omaha—if we only had a witness to prove it!" JOE EASLEY

"We seen that. But how did he know Mrs. Gosson was there?"

"Gosson is the one most likely to have known. She may have phoned him she was going. I advise you to check his alibi."

For several days I didn't see O'Malley. Then we met on the street. He had on a new hat. It was exactly like the hat I had seen at the laboratory. He was going to lunch. We lunched at one of Gosson's restaurants. Gosson wasn't there.

"Have you checked Gosson's alibi?" I asked.

"Sure. His and a lot of others. Some of the people who work for him was there when his wife got knocked off, and some others had been there and had went away. Gosson claims to have been at his restaurants, but there don't nobody feel sure they seen him after about two o'clock."

"Then he has no alibi. If he's in love with the niece that shows motive, and if nobody saw him that shows opportunity; motive and opportunity are all you have to prove."

THEN Gosson came in and stopped to speak with us. "Come into the office," he invited.

We went. This was the original Gosson restaurant and from the small office at the rear Gosson managed his affairs. The manager Bennen was there. We hung up our hats and coats and made ourselves comfortable. A tray was filled with the stubs of cigarettes.

"Have a cigarette," O'Malley offered Gosson.

Gosson didn't smoke. I took one and Bennen took one and we lighted up. I watched Gosson intently.

"What have you learned?" he asked casually.

We discussed the case. I was surprised O'Malley told so much. He said the police believed the man had come out through the basement.

"There's your man, O'Malley," I declared, when we had got outside.

"How come?"

"I guess you weren't watching Gosson. He's far too anxious to know what the police are doing, and he's nervous because he feels that you are getting close to him."

"You got it all solved."

I looked in the morning paper to see if Gosson had been arrested. He hadn't. O'Malley phoned me that night.

"You feel like going over to the precinct station house?" he asked.

I WENT to the station house. Gosson was there and O'Malley, and some detectives and other cops, and some people whom I recognized as Gosson's employees and others I had never seen before. We sat in the squadroom and talked and nothing happened. Then suddenly the lights in the squadroom and the hall and some other rooms went out.

"A fuse blew," one of the cops asserted, importantly.

He went to get it fixed, and we waited in darkness, and some other people came in but in the dark I couldn't see who.

"Have a cigarette," O'Malley offered, but he wasn't speaking to me.

Somebody scratched a match and lighted a cigarette and I saw by the light of the match that the man was Bennen.

Then a man's voice said: "That's him. I couldn't forget that face!" And a woman's voice said: "That's the man! He came out of the basement door and



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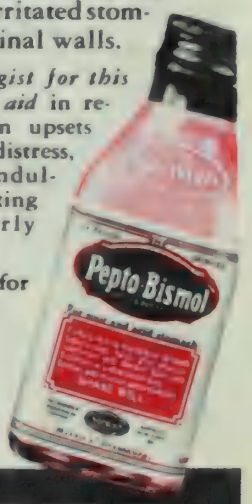
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he stopped in the dark and lit a cigarette, and I saw his face, and there was blood on him, and he didn't have any hat."

Then the lights went on, and Bennen stood palely staring around at us.

"All right," he said finally. "It was me."

"I don't get it, O'Malley," I said, a half-hour later.

"Yeah? What? You heard the guy confess."

"I heard him admit he killed Mrs. Gosson, but I don't know why, because then you took him away."

"Sure, he give us all that in his statement. This Bennen had been crazy about Mrs. Gosson for a long time. He seen her often because Gosson's office was in back of the restaurant Bennen managed, but she wouldn't pay any attention to him. She never said anything to Gosson or nobody else about Bennen, because I guess she figured a thing like that was likely to happen when a woman's in business. Bennen was the one that started that story about Gosson being in love with his niece, because he hoped maybe she would get jealous and that would give him a chance with her; but when Mrs. Gosson heard the story she didn't believe it."

"APPARENTLY nobody else did, either," I remarked.

"Well, you did. Bennen didn't have to work the night of the ball and he went there. He wasn't expecting to see Mrs. Gosson there, but she come there, and he asked her to dance but she wouldn't do it, and she wouldn't pay any attention to him. A guy that's as much in love with some woman as this Bennen was with her is likely to go nuts if the woman won't have nothing to do with him."

"But," I objected, "Bennen had an alibi."

"Sure. He said he left the ball about one A. M. and that looked to be true because nobody had seen him there after that. What the guy done was go down and sit in the basement. He says he sat there in the dark for two hours, smoking cigarettes and throwing the butts in the furnace, which was why we didn't find 'em, and thinking how when the ball was over Mrs. Gosson would be going back to Gosson. Finally he couldn't stand thinking about it no more. One time when he lit a match, he seen a box of tools and a knife was among 'em; so he took the knife and went up the basement stairs. He had the knife under his coat and was starting to go into the ballroom, but then he seen Mrs. Gosson talking to some people close by the door at the top of the stairs.

"When Mrs. Gosson left them people, she walked past the door and he stepped out and stabbed her and then run back down the stairs. It happened no one was looking till Mrs. Gosson screamed, and by then she'd run a few steps from the door. So then Bennen put the knife in his pocket and come out on the street through the basement door."

"And foolishly," I remarked, "stopped to light a cigarette."

"SAY! Don't be dumb. This case was this way: Cops that questioned everybody found no one suspicious, because the killer had got away; but them people couldn't remember nobody else that had been there at the time. The knife in the toolbox didn't belong there, but come from the kitchen, and they weren't using the kitchen that night and everything in it was locked up, and we couldn't learn if some knife was missing or not. We had only one thing to go by."

"The hat?"

"Right. If it belonged to the killer, them stores had sold so many of that kind of hat that it couldn't be traced. Still, I figured we maybe could make use of the hat."

"How?" I asked.

"Well, what would a guy do that had done a murder and left his hat behind?"

I didn't know.

"Say, boy! He'd buy a new one exactly like it, so no one could notice that he didn't have it."

"Of course."

"With all them stores selling all them hats, we couldn't trace out who might have bought one. We couldn't connect Mrs. Gosson with no man; so I figured it must be some man that seen her in one of them restaurants. It might be an employee or it might be a customer, because some others than restaurant people had went to that ball."

"I see."

"Sure. The hat was my size, so I bought me a few like it. Then I watched the employees when they come to work, to find out what kind of hats they had on, and I ate in them places and looked at the hats of the customers. If the guy was a customer, he probably wouldn't stop eating where he usually did, because he'd think that would be suspicious. The laboratory said the guy used a hair restorer, so I figured he might be a little bald. I didn't find no employee at first that wore that kind of hat; I found some customers. When I found one, I hung my hat up beside his, and if his hat was the right size, I took it when I went out, like it was by mistake. No guy could very well kick when I left him a brand-new hat just like his own. Then I sent his hat to the laboratory, and a plain-clothes cop that I had outside followed the guy and found out who he was."

"Smart business!"

"Well, it looked like it wasn't going to get me nothing. Till today I hadn't got around to that restaurant Bennen managed. Then Gosson asked us back in his office. Bennen's hat wa there and it was just like Bennen's a little bald. So I hat beside his and took his went out, and the laborator used that hair restorer."

"You had him!" I said.

"Yeah? How? You can't guy because he leaves his when he goes to a ball. If he figured he got out through ment, and I found Bennen suit that he hadn't worn sinc so it maybe had blood on it got rid of the suit, and we he'd thrown the knife down a we had to get proof out of Be self."

"WAIT a minute!" I said. " there weren't any witne

"Say, you're waking up! a lot of cigarette butts in a t office, and only Gosson an used the office, and Goss smoke. So Bennen must sm time he had a chance. A smokes like that lights a cig of times without realizing he' I figured Bennen was excited ous after the murder, and he be able to remember if he cigarette when he come out of ment or not."

"I see."

"Sure. We took him in th we'd had the lights put out and know who was there, and I two phony witnesses there they'd seen him. I offered hi rette and he was glad to get he lighted it, he heard two peo they'd seen him leave the after the murder."

"It broke him," I said triu

"Yeah; and if the departme me pay for all them hats, I'm be broke myself."



"He handles the publicity for this resort"

Eagles Over England

Continued from page 13

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radi must be installed; oxygen
be p in the airplane and a bullet-
winc ield added. There are other
es b they are in the category of
-hus"
o mo ths ago it took the factory
vorki hours to get a Mohawk
to f Today it takes 110 hours.
vork n have become skillful at
ther elicate job of adjusting this
o he new nationality.
e've t to get out thirty a week,"
ctor superintendent said gloom-
"I do t know how we do it but
doin it. Beaverbrook told us we
o do t. He won't take excuses."
w the Mohawk is ready for her first
She sn't as pretty as a Spitfire
Toma awk. She looks a bit like a
cane. Her cockpit hood (what the
. la call the greenhouse) is
l. S looks a little humpbacked
ut fo her radial air-cooled motor
ight e mistaken for a Hurricane.
est pot hopped in and in a mo-
ment the Mohawk was flirting with clouds. A half-hour later he landed her.

"What can she do?" he smiled. "She can do everything that a Hurricane can do. She's a lovely airplane. I took her to 16,000 feet and found three Spitfires up there. I had a grand dogfight with them. Found I could dodge them nicely. I've flown fifty-four types of aircraft as a test pilot and this is the friendliest airplane I ever flew. It isn't as fast as a Spitfire, but what is? She's the most maneuverable aircraft I have handled."

The Mohawk had a great success in France. It was the only French air fighter that could cope with the Messerschmitt. I saw Mohawk squadrons in France that had bagged dozens of Germans. The French pilots liked the Mohawks, which are just going into combat here in England. There is no doubt that the English pilots will like them, too.

The Fighter's Choice

Then there is the Curtiss P-40, which will soon be as well known in England as the Spitfire. It is known as the Tomahawk. It is a pretty lass somewhat on the lines of the Spitfire. It has a long nose and it is a sleek, imperious-looking creature. The Tomahawk has the liquid-cooled Allison motor. It is no secret among members of the aircraft industry that there were several "bugs" in the Allison. One by one they have been eliminated. Today the Allison ranks with the Merlin, which has always been considered the best liquid-cooled motor in the world. The success of the Spitfires and Hurricanes proves that point.

I watched a test pilot put a new Tomahawk through its paces. He did something I've never seen done with a Hurricane or a Spitfire—he climbed the Tomahawk almost vertically.

"How do I like it?" the pilot exploded when he had landed. "How could anyone fail to like it? It's a grand airplane. I've flown all of the fighter aircraft and in combat I'd rather have this than any. It is more maneuverable than a Spitfire. It isn't quite as fast as a Spitfire but what is?"

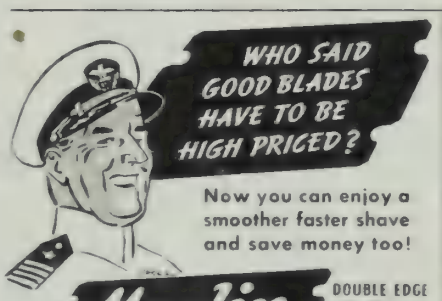
I visited the Eagle squadron, which was using the Brewster Buffalo. The Brewster is lightly powered with its 890-horsepower motor. This is a midwing fighter, a maneuverable plane that has everything in the world but power. It was designed especially for taking off from aircraft carriers. It has no equal in the fleet air arm. The Brewster makes up for its lack of speed by carrying more fuel than any of the other fighters. It is excellent for the Channel patrol. It is so maneuverable that a German has to get in very close before he can get a good shot at it.

The Glenn Martin bomber is another American aircraft that has won its wings with distinction. It is not permitted to say just where each type of aircraft is in action. Beaverbrook showed me a cryptic cable he had received from a squadron-leader friend of his. The cable merely read, "Mr. Martin doing very nicely here. Did some boxing yesterday and won by KO."

American aircraft good only for training? England wishes she had five times as many as she has.

Fresh from the flying fields of England came this report of American planes in action. In forthcoming issues Collier's will give you firsthand and comprehensive reports from the flying fields and factories of America in articles by W. B. Courtney.









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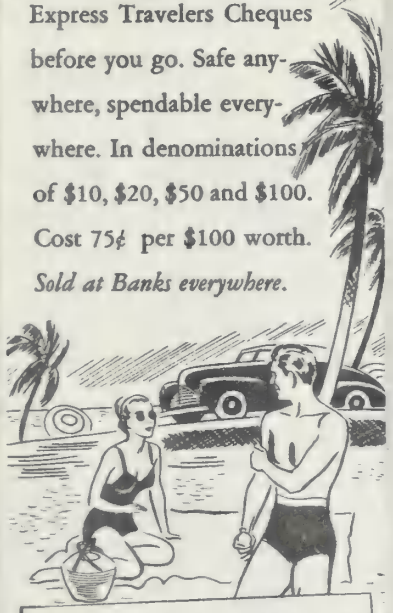
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Sold at Banks everywhere.



AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 23

up at the arcs, before the crowd sensed that anything had happened. Then a roar swelled up from the stadium.

Eddie half walked, half staggered to a neutral corner. He tried to breathe, but the air choked him as though someone had thrown ice water into his open mouth. He heard the crowd, he even caught a glimpse of Feets' ebony face, distorted with an agony of hope.

Dixie took the full count. He was a smart lad, this Dixie. He went into a crouch, and Eddie realized he was waiting for an opportunity to clinch.

Eddie Gordon knew that it was now or never. He dared not clinch with Dixie, dared not wrestle with a man who knew how to protect himself until the numbing effect of that last punch should be dissipated.

Eddie circled his foe. For the first time in that battle he was concentrating. There was nobody in the world now save himself and this man before him.

He eluded Dixie's groping arms. He watched Dixie come in.

Dixie's right exploded against Eddie's jaw.

But that was what Eddie had waited for. Again his own right traveled upward: short, sharp and murderous. It was his best punch, his last punch . . . and he felt a hideous pain in his right hand as it landed.

But he knew that it was enough. He groped his way toward a neutral corner. He clung to the ropes to keep from falling. Then, above the howling of the thrill-satiated mob, he heard the announcer:

"The winnah—an' the new middleweight champeen of the world . . . Eddie Gordon."

THE dressing room of the new champion was jammed. Sports writers, photographers, real and would-be friends, hangers-on, rabid fight fans.

Ever since the moment when Eddie had recovered his strength sufficiently to leave the ring, ever since his arrival in this room, they had poured in: excited, eager, vociferous—and, in some cases, sincere. While Feets cut the bandages from Eddie's hands, while the club doctor inspected his swollen right hand and pronounced it nothing more serious than a sprain, questions poured at the winner. He answered them as briefly and honestly as he could. . . . And then the door opened and Feets looked up to see Pat Mallory standing there, alone.

Mr. Johnson swung into action. Using considerable tact and even more physical strength, he shooed everybody from the dressing room. They surged past the slender, pretty girl in the doorway. Some of them knew who she was and others neither knew nor cared. She waited until they had all gone and then she walked into the room. Eddie was still seated on the rubbing table, and Feets was busy at a locker in the corner. He pulled over his head the new white sweater with the black letters: EDDIE GORDON, WORLD'S MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION. He grinned broadly and said, "Ise a consid'able prognosticator, ain't I, Mistuh Eddie?"

The big Negro looked with deep affection from one to the other. He moved to the door, and stood there for a moment with his hand on the knob. "I reckon," he said, "that you-all two chillun has got plenty to talk about . . . so Ise gwine stand right outside this heah do', an' see that nobody don't bother you."

He disappeared, closing the door gently—very gently—behind him. Pat moved forward slowly, her evening coat falling back so that Eddie could see the firm, young lines of her figure. She came close and held out her hand. She said, "Congratulations, Eddie."

He met her eyes and said, "Thanks."

Then they were silent again. Eddie was aware of an uncomfortable feeling, as though something impended. He was embarrassed and didn't know why. He was relieved to see the faintest ghost of a smile appear on her lips, even though he realized that there was no mirth in it.

Pat said, "I had a beautiful speech all thought out, Eddie—but I've forgotten the words."

He asked awkwardly, "What difference does it make?"

"None, maybe." She hesitated, and again tried to smile. "You gave me quite a scare."

"Yeah . . ." He looked straight at her. "I fought a lousy fight."

"It wasn't your best. What was on your mind?"

"Something . . ." He shrugged it off. "But I snapped out in time."

Pat fumbled with her evening bag, as though having trouble collecting her thoughts.

Eddie watched her curiously as she took out a folded document.

"Do you know what this is, Eddie?"

He nodded. "Yeah—sure I know. It's our contract."

"That's right. . . ." Her clear eyes held his, and he saw something there that was new and strange and unfathomable. "It's our contract."

Her hands moved. Slowly, methodically, deliberately—as though it was an act rehearsed a thousand times—she tore the contract across, and then across again. She placed the bits of worthless paper on the table beside him.

She said gently, "It *was* our contract, Eddie."

It had come too fast, too unexpectedly. He shook his head in bewilderment, and said weakly, "Hey . . . wait a minute . . ."

Her voice was steady. She said, "I've waited months."

"But, good Lord . . . Max offered you forty thousand for that thing."

"That's right, Eddie. Ma something—even to you."

He stared at her with n less comprehension.

"I don't get it. On the l doesn't add up right."

"I didn't think it would."

"But you've got to expla

"Do I?" She was calm n like speeches, Eddie—not than you do."

"This is different."

"All right." She moisten "Before Pop died, Eddie—th very easy. Even before yo —from the day that silly mine was accidentally publis been on the left foot. It us Pop, and it worried me, too. what I did, it was wrong. went double. Then when Po She put out her hand as h interrupt: "Let me finish, just putting things down for I suppose neither of us will for sure if we've done the r

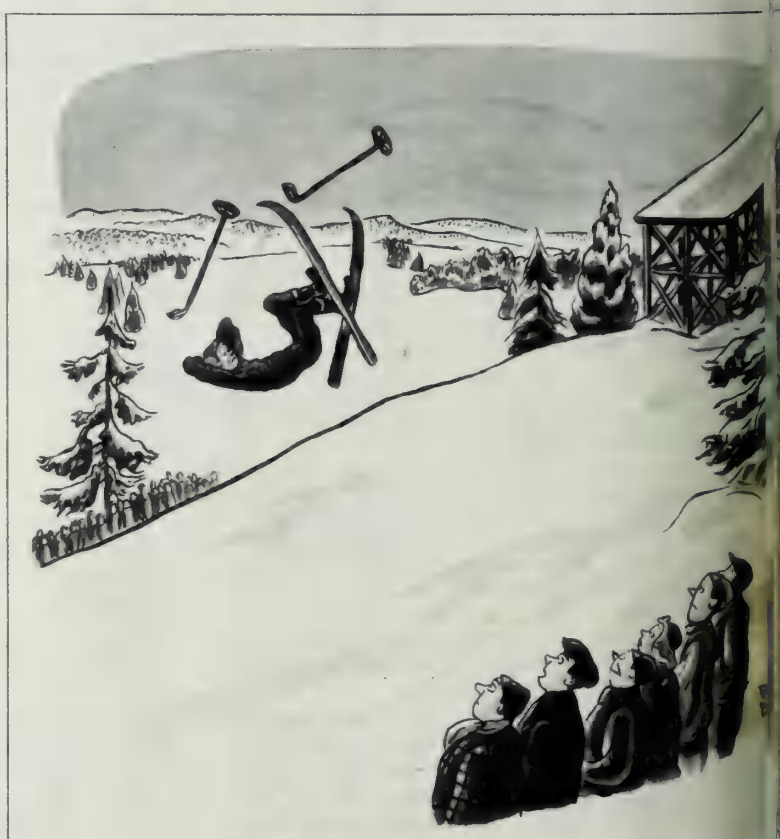
"IT CAME out all right. I w tonight."

"I finished what Pop start pretty hard for you to believ my idea, wasn't it? You c much confidence in my hon

"Honesty? Sure, I did. squawked about that."

"I mean honesty of sentim I talked about doing this thought it was best for you.

He shook his head. "I'm confessed. "But since you things for the record, so wil never believed you. I coul it any way except that you s thing financially, and were sm to grab what you could get. that until five minutes ago. eyes drifted to the bits of pa table beside him. "That's knocked me for a loop, Pat. I take an awful beating for sev



"Burton is learning to fall relaxed"

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Western Electric *. . . is back of Bell Telephone se*

the minute the going gets soft, up the contract."

miled. It was the smile of an wiser person. She said quietly, to make it a little clearer. Ed- m the beginning I've loathed racket. I hate the sordidness louble-crossing. I hate the peo- I even hate the smell of it. If what I really wanted, I'd have ut long ago. But I determined until my job was done—until was done, and . . ." Her voice ff as though she had run out of She made a helpless little ges- l her voice was scarcely more hisper. "I—I guess that's about is, Eddie."

. ." He had picked up the bits ntract and was staring at them. rst place, this isn't fair to you." ir enough. My only ambition is far away from the fight game I never want to see a boxing ain. Fortunately, I've got a at I can struggle with. So what

damn it, Pat—I'm not reacting that way."

She smiled. "I hit you when you weren't looking."

"That isn't it. I've wanted this contract. I've tried to get it. Now . . . I *should* be howling Hallelujah, and instead of that I'm asking myself questions. The only thing I'm sure of is that I'm all mixed up."

"I'm not," she said steadily. "I never have been."

A MINOR bedlam broke suddenly just outside the dressing-room door. They both looked in the direction of the noise, and they heard Feets' big, bass voice raised in protest.

"But you-all cain't go in yonder," Feets was saying vehemently. "'Tain't right nor fitten, an' I anyway ain't gwine permit it."

"Try to stop me . . ." Pat and Eddie looked at each other as they recognized the voice of Babs Ellison. They instinctively drew away from each other as the door burst open and Babs led the procession into the room. Behind her were Joe Barton and Cliff Halliday, but it was Babs who swept down on Eddie, flung her arms about him and kissed him soundly.

"Congratulations, Champ," she said. "You were magnificent tonight. You killed me three times over. I tell you . . ."

Her voice trailed off. She noticed that Eddie was paying no attention. He didn't know that she had kissed him. He didn't even know that she was there.

He was standing next to the rubbing table, and in his hands were a half-dozen scraps of paper. Babs asked petulantly, "What's the matter, Eddie?"

Eddie Gordon raised his eyes. In them there was doubt, uncertainty and the beginning of an idea.

"The matter?" he repeated slowly. He shook his head and looked down at the bits of paper again. "That's just what I'm trying to figure out," he said.

THE Penguin Club was smart, expensive, noisy, gay and uncomfortable. Just inside the entrance was a long, narrow passageway, flanked on one side by a gleaming bar and on the other by tiny tables, checkrooms and four telephone booths. At the far end of the bar, the room bulged suddenly, and it was in the center of that rectangle that the postage-stamp area, which was designated ■ dance floor, was to be found.

Tables occupied every available inch of space, so that the resplendently garbed patrons rubbed elbows with whoever happened to be occupying the adjoining tables. Hustling, bustling waiters shoved into you, too, as you worked at enjoying yourself.

On ■ miniature rostrum an American orchestra was now holding forth. The midnight hour had passed and the milder dances had been abandoned in favor of the more blatant jive.

The din was terrific, the cigarette smoke thick, the conversation and laughter loud and the dance floor so packed that couples moved slowly—and with greatest difficulty.

Joe Barton's table was at the ringside. He was well known to every employee of the Penguin, both as the son of a powerful political figure and also—on his own hook—as a ridiculously lavish tipper.

There were five persons at the table, and champagne stood in front of four of them. Joe Barton raised his glass.

"Another toast," he proclaimed, "to the new middleweight champion."

They touched glasses and smiled at Eddie who grinned back through puffed lips.

"And that," remarked Cliff Halliday, "is your eighth toast, Joe."

Babs Ellison said maliciously, "He'll

NNY-BUSINESS MEN

Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 23



eciding at the age of six (in 1912) that he'd rather be an rtist than President, Barne Tobey dabbled with pa t and brush until he was ol enough to work in an adve ising agency and study at e Art Students League in Ne York. Now he produces co mercial drawings and ca ons (see following page) an has a yen to make a sk ching tour of the U. S. on fo Likes chess, Margaret Su avan, badminton and Pica o.

eces of paper mean. Eddie— t th y mean to us—is good luck— go by."

wa an odd experience, watching a n thk. Pat could almost see his n rking. He'd get an idea and t t express it, and then close his as though realizing that he was ng ain. He said, finally, "It doesn't e ot even. There's got to be an wer I've iven it to you."

Nop." He was very positive about t. "e got a feeling you've only told ere's bound to be something something I don't understand."

oke carefully: "There are lots you don't understand, Eddie. thing should be clear: You're a get now. You won't have me clut- u up any more. I figure that ake you happy."

he answered slowly, "it He looked up suddenly and s head in amazement. "But

THEY'VE GOT THE IDEA—



IT'S easy to understand that when you do inhale — consciously or unconsciously — there's increased exposure to irritation! Here's something vital—long known to eminent medical authorities:

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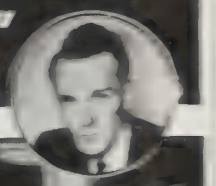
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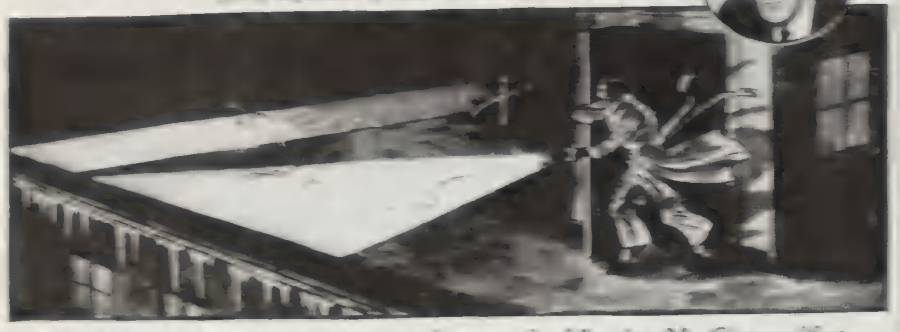


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"NEARLY FROZEN TO DEATH, I had an inspiration. Flipping the aerial loose, I tied the lighted flashlight to it, and swung it over the side of the building. Luckily the light attracted someone in an apartment below. Thanks to those dependable 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries I was saved.

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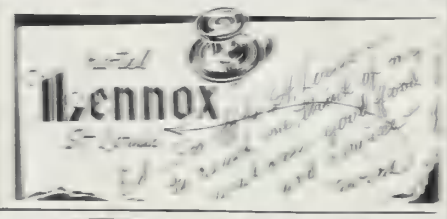
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TRADE MARK

drink 'em so long as the liquor holds out."

Halliday looked across at Eddie Gordon. "You've done good places," he remarked. "Nothing in the world to worry you."

Eddie nodded, and then smiled at Pat. None of them were paying any attention to Joe Barton.

Barton's cold grey eyes were narrow, his young face was hard. He stared across the room through the maze of afternoon dancers. He saw a big, black-eyed man who looked not too monogrammous in white tie and tails, and seated beside him an ambidextrous creature in a demure evening gown and silver-fox evening jacket. A close observer might have observed that the hand he stretched out toward his whiteglass was not quite steady.

THE tall girl in the demure gown caught Joe Barton's glance and turned to the man at her side. She said, "That's Barton, ain't it?"

"Yeah."

"Maybe he was givin' the signal."

"Maybe he wasn't." Morrie's voice was low. "Take it easy, Rita. You're gettin' jittery."

"So I'm jittery." She tossed off the remainder of her fourth highball. "But I can't help it."

"Lay off that dhertee. You ain't gonna go female on me, are you?"

"No-o . . . But look, Morrie—I ain't used to knowin' in advance. I wish it was time."

"It will be—soon. Crowd ain't steamed up enough yet. Barton'll know when. He ain't no screwball."

"I hope not. . . ." Rita was staring across the room. "They're havin' a swell time. Laughin' an everything. . . ."

They were having a good time, though there seemed to be no uniform quality to their merriment.

Definitely, Joe Barton was under a strain. More of a strain than he had believed possible. This was hitting him harder than he'd anticipated. He wasn't weakening . . . but it was a tough assignment, holding Morrie off until the crowd got thoroughly oiled and the music too loud. Yeah—that was the hard part: waiting and watching.

Babs Ellison was gay, with a caustic brittleness to everything she said. She, too, was under a strain. It hadn't taken her long to see the difference in Pat and Eddie. Pat was brighter . . . as though nice things were happening. And Eddie . . . for all his homely face with its pugilistic bruises, for all the purplish eye . . . he looked gentle. "I'd say shy," thought Babs, "if it wasn't such a crazy word to use about Eddie."

Cliff Halliday alone seemed normal self. His shrewd and inalienably sensitive Pat's face she's. He, too, had detected quality which had upset Babs he wasn't observing over it. Not ever had any real hope . . . but was a bit tough for a man through life carefree and hap there to fall for a girl who was with somebody else. Cliff was gracefully out of a picture he fitted into and he knew that to be feeling noble and hero only trouble being," he reflected I'm human—and therefore I fee

But he didn't show it. He for self to be gay and witty and c He danced with Babs and kid along, he danced with Pat and dumb. It was a swell party, he . . . swell. Everybody having a time except most of them. H happy. Babs definitely wasn't that she was well on the road to plastered. And Barton . . . not Barton was acting. Tense, alert a man with something on his m

Cliff tried to shrug it off. He be was going sappy, what with eral strain of things. Wasn't throwing that party? Wasn't he? Not genial, exactly—but the h the same. He welcomed the n tion of an obsequious headwai placed a sheaf of telegrams in Eddie Gordon.

"They sent these down from drum, Mr. Gordon," he said resp

Eddie picked up one of the te and said, "Shall I?" and they s he should. He started openin and he looked pleased.

"It's got me," he stated, ma effort to conceal his pleasure. " congratulations . . . from ever ever knew, and a lot of folks heard of."

ONE by one he opened the tel Friends — known and unk who congratulated him and wis well: casual acquaintances wi making their first attempt t ome his head wagon . . . two charity appeals. He opened telegram. It was longer than the Eddie read the first few words at the signature, and instin moved the paper closer to m Cliff Halliday caught the gest

He watched Eddie read the m and then reread it. He saw a light appear in Eddie's eyes. Th sort of expression he'd seen whe was in the ring and things weren well. He said quietly—and as



"No more for Roland. He has to drive me home"

could—"Something interesting.

h . . ." Eddie looked across the gnificantly. "I'd like to talk to a minute, Cliff."

day shoved back from the table. drift out to the bar. A guy can't nself think in here."

started off together. Pat Mal- ked after them, and there was rown of annoyance on her fore-

walked to the extreme end of where there were few people. d, "Let's have it, Eddie."

's eyes were level and his voice "This," he said, "is a wire from ingham police department. The at killed that fellow down there d from Joe Barton's gun."

's interesting—but no surprise." be . . ." Eddie moistened his didn't mention names when I the Birmingham police, but this orders me to have the owner gun arrested and charged with

said, "Wow!" and reached for drink the bartender had set in him. "Joe Barton, eh?"

. . ." Eddie shook his head. checks it up to me, doesn't it?"

hmm." Cliff was doing some king. "It comes out even, all arton kills that guy in a brawl s you quick because you're the y in Birmingham who might him later—he wants the gun it's the one piece of tangible that can get him into a major hires Jimmy Watson to put the me, figuring Pat has the gun it doesn't mean anything to Mister, it doesn't look healthy." was speaking quietly. "I've the evidence," he said. "The mber, the ballistics informa- and you to back it up. What g to figure is—"

tell me. I know. It's Barton." What's he got up his sleeve? ty hasn't ever looked right to hates my insides. You don't ."

sn't any time for thinking, Ed- on is either going to do some- he isn't. But if he is—it'll be

's my move?"

ine, first of all. That telegram'll t good. With Barton's old man power he is, it might've been get him nabbed on your say-so. New York cops will act on the of that wire."

ing . . . ?"

ot friends at headquarters. I'll the dope. They'll probably a tail from the homicide squad."

ts picked up here?"

not? We've got proof enough dangerous. We also know he's a trifle nuts. You go back to Play sweet—as though noth- happened. Be your natural, self. But listen, kid . . ." Cliff a friendly hand on Eddie's "Stick close to Barton. If he sit. If he dances—you dance he makes a move . . ."

shook his head. "The thing is Cliff."

s my Aunt Hannah . . . but she ke trouble. I'm not saying planning to play that way, but coppers get here, you're the who can't afford to take This whole setup has a noxious ie. Not only the murder epi- but we mustn't forget that Mr. what folks might call 'insanely

it," stated Eddie. "But I'll silly."

," responded Halliday, "is a r than feeling awful dead. Re-

member now . . . keep that eagle eye of yours on Barton. He's the guy you're interested in."

Eddie shrugged and started back toward the main dining room. A Cuban aggregation had usurped the rostrum and the wail of trumpet and beat of bongo was filling the crowded space with wild, rhythmic din.

As Eddie seated himself he was acutely conscious of Barton's arctic eyes. Those eyes had always bothered him . . . but now . . . knowing what he knew . . . He heard Pat ask, "Where's Cliff?" and he tried to smile "Little girls mustn't get too curious," he parried, hoping that it went off as he wanted it to.

The music became madder and wilder and louder. The rumba changed into the savage beat of a conga. Drums. Claves. Trumpet. Maracas. Dancers' eyes shining. Feet stamping. Bodies swaying. Pound-pound-pound . . . beat-beat-beat from the jungles . . . long, wailing, eerie notes that set your blood to tingling. One-two-three-*mmmmph!* One-two-three-mmmmph! Someone yelled "*Agua!*" at the frenzied, perspiring musicians and the beat came louder, faster, more savagely.

Barton tossed off a glass of champagne at a gulp and turned to Babs. He said sharply, "Let's dance."

The grotesque situation . . . the wild music . . . Cliff Halliday's advice . . . they were crowding Eddie Gordon's brain and pitching his emotions high. He rose and said to Pat, "Shall we tackle it?" and she said, "Yes . . ." and joined him, sliding contentedly into his arms.

"Close," thought Eddie . . . I've got to stay close to Joe. Close enough to do something. . . ."

He didn't notice—nor would it have meant anything to him if he had noticed . . . that a couple got up from a tiny wall table on the other side of the room: a big, burly man in formal dress—a man who was wearing white gloves . . . and a tall, slender, exotic-looking creature whose cheeks were unnaturally pale.

Morrie pulled her toward the dance floor.

"Come along, kid," he said gruffly. "It looks like this is it."

FOR the first few seconds of that dance, Pat Mallory let herself relax. Eddie was holding her tight, as though to shield her from the mad, gyrating horde on the floor. He was dancing simply, indifferent to the fancier steps of the conga, and she was content to have it that way.

At the beginning, he maneuvered so that he remained close to Joe Barton and Babs. He felt a trifle silly about it, yet the apprehension persisted. He was determined to do as Cliff Halliday had advised, to stick close to Joe, to watch every move he made. It wasn't easy to figure out what the hard-faced young man might be planning; difficult, indeed, to convince himself that he was planning anything drastic . . . and certainly not on this crowded dance floor.

Eddie heard Pat's voice as though from a distance. He didn't hear the words: just the voice. He looked down and grinned apologetically. "Sorry, Pat. . . ."

She met his eyes squarely and said, "Why can't you tell me, Eddie?"

"Tell you what?"

"Whatever it is that's worrying you."

He shook his head. "That'd take the next five years."

"So-o? Well, suppose you tell me the most important part."

He opened his lips to say something, but found himself saying something else. He said, "You!" and wondered where the word came from, marveled at how much truth there really was in it.

She knew that her cheeks flushed, and



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hoped he'd attribute it to the dancing. She said, as lightly as she could, "Not trying to kid me, are you, Mister?"

"I'll be darned if I know." He was suddenly awkward and boyish and shy. He said, "Look, will you promise not to collapse if I pay you a compliment?"

"That's a large order, but I'll do my best."

He said, steadily, "You're beautiful."

She tried to laugh off the thing that hit her. "I suppose that's part payment for tearing up your contract, isn't it?"

"No-o . . ." He wasn't smiling any more. He wasn't looking at Joe Barton, either. "It's a sort of confession of utter stupidity, Pat. And, frankly, I don't understand any part of it."

"Any part of what?"

"Me. And the way I feel. For more than three years I've been hating you . . . except that I haven't."

She said quietly, "You've given a swell imitation."

"So I've been rotten—"

"I didn't say that," she broke in quickly. "And I didn't think it." Her heart was doing funny tricks. "What is it that you're trying to tell me, Eddie?"

"I'm trying to tell you that I'm punch-drunk," he explained slowly. "I know what I'm thinking, but it doesn't make sense. Yesterday, you were a colossal pain in the neck. Today . . ."

"Today . . . ?"

"Today you're a pretty girl that I like to look at. You're somebody that I enjoy talking to. You're somebody that . . ." His cheeks flushed and he laughed with embarrassment. "Aw . . . it's crazy."

"Keep on being crazy, Eddie."

"I will," he said grimly—almost defiantly. "You're somebody I like to have my arms around."

She didn't hear the music any more, didn't know that she was being bumped and shoved by other couples who were dancing with too great enthusiasm. There seemed to be no one else in the world, no sound save Eddie's voice.

She looked at him and asked, simply, "Why?"

"Why?" he repeated, and did not know that his arms tightened. "That's a silly question, Pat. Maybe it's because your body is soft. Maybe it's because there isn't any reason. And maybe you're the answer to something else."

"That's sweet," she said, "even if I don't know what you mean."

"Maybe," he explained, "maybe you're the reason why I've never fallen in love with any other girl."

PAT was finding it pretty difficult to talk. Even thinking was no simple matter. She said, with an embarrassment that matched his, "I'm afraid the music is going to your head."

He frowned. "All right, smart gal," he said gruffly. "Laugh! Have your fun. You've earned it—the hard way. So I'll give you a real good time. I'll poke my chin 'way out." His manner was forbidding, his tone belligerent. He said, "I'm in love with you."

There wasn't any music then, or any crowd, or any movement. The whole world stood still, and Pat just let her body sway with his. Then she heard his voice: urgent and pleading:

"Funny, isn't it, Pat? It sounds twice as crazy to me as it does to you—and a damned sight more serious. For three years I've been trying to tear loose from you. Tonight you set me free—and now I don't want it that way. *I love you.*"

He saw her head move, felt her fingers tighten on his arm, heard her say, "And I love you, Eddie. . . ."

For a brief time he danced that way: close against her, unmindful of everything else in the world. Then a semblance of sanity returned. The name "Joe Barton" flashed into his mind, and he raised his head quickly. There was an instinct . . . a sixth sense . . . sent a little electric shock throu

He looked around. Joe Bart close to him—Barton and Babs ton's face had an odd, unusual He was staring over Eddie's sh staring beyond him. Babs was something, but Barton wasn't li

Eddie saw Joe Barton nod. S head bob. Saw the flicker of over cold, gray eyes. He heard P ing something:

"Eddie . . ." She had caught his fear. "There's something going on. The big fellow . . . w tall blonde . . . I'd swear I saw hi ing a gun under her fur jacket."

EDDIE was thinking fast. It stinct with him: the instinct trained athlete who reacts with orderly arrangement of thought. had been looking across his shou looking in the same direction Pa lory had been staring. Big ma blonde. Fur jacket. Those thing tered.

He whirled. He heard Pat's s "Eddie! Look out!"

The man, the blonde, the fur the gun . . . Eddie saw them all fraction of an interminable insta time to think things out. There —the vague thing he had been for. Coming from an unexpecte ter.

Eddie's right fist flashed up. It on the side of Morrie's jaw. It square, and it landed hard.

The big man went down. A screamed, and then another a other. An automatic dropped Morrie's hand and clattered ac polished dance surface. Men their female partners away. The the beginning of crowd hysteria blond woman—Rita—stood and not screaming, not talking, not

Big, burly waiters—trained to gencies—rushed onto the floor. as they could see, this was m battle between two cash custome had been celebrating not wisely b It was an old story . . . something handled with a proper admixture and force.

Morrie was out cold. Eddie quested through the crowd. He s Barton edging away. Again it stinct rather than intelligence wh tuated his move.

He leaped for Joe Barton. G him. Spun him around, and h hard—with his left. Barton, too down under the impact. There growl of protest and anger from spectators who had been willing one big man battle another, but sented an apparently unprovok sault by a big man on a small one surged forward. . . .

The waiters became more en too. They knew Joe Barton knew that he was the son of an i tial man and a lavish customer own right. They converged on E

The Cuban orchestra was m pale attempt to keep the music Women were screaming, men grunting and shoving and cursi

The waiters and bouncers lan Eddie, and they weren't gentle it. He was fighting as best he cou one hand. And he was doing a good job, considering. The noise melee swept out through the bar curb where Cliff Halliday was cepting a police car as it swung the curb.

"I'm Halliday," he snapped as t plain-clothes men hustled out of t "Chronicle-Express . . ." He wa pelling them into the Penguin talked. "I'm the guy who telep I've got a wire from the Birmi police ordering a man picked murder."

...licemen shoved through the ...ah—we know about it," one of ...g over his shoulder. "Bir... ...wired us, too."

...ell Now, suppose you get busy ...st p that fight."

...to leaped into the milling ...e of the policemen sounded ...ist. It was shrill and command... ...nd he waiters fell back. Cliff ...d two men who were pounding ...st te Eddie Gordon. One of the ...ne yelled, "We're police. Back ...ir bles—everybody."

...y oved away, slowly . . . sul... ...E ie Gordon struggled up to a ...p ture. He was pretty badly ...ed, but he managed to grin at ...an to say, "Thanks . . ." He ...d his feet. The room was swim... ...H saw Pat, and then he saw a ...Pat. His head was that way.

...rie was on the floor. So was Joe ...n. he latter was holding his jaw ...oan g. Cliff Halliday designated ...a a said to one of the policemen, ...s t guy you want," and the pro... ...c the Penguin asked, "For ...a l Halliday said, "Murder." ...od in the crowd repeated the ...ind swept through the suddenly ...d r m.

...ida was quiet and efficient. He ...to ddie and then to the second ...na "The big guy . . . he tried ...Ed ie Gordon. Better take him ...to

...cr d was under control. Pat ...y k Eddie's arm and led him ...hai There was no color in her ..., b her voice was steady. She ..."Are you hurt, Eddie?"

...aise, that's all. And this right ...doe t feel so good."

...loo d at him. "The gun . . . was ...nea for you?"

...hin so."

...rto idea?"

...at's he way it looks to me."

...po eman in charge walked over ...hem He said, "You all right for a ...own, Gordon?"

...ah . I'm all right."

...ey'll want some dope right away."

...at's kay."

...'re aking Barton and this other ...Fo w us down, will you?"

...re." Eddie looked at Pat. "We'll ...be t re."

...lida smiled at both of them. "I'm ...wit the coppers," he said. "Be ...yul"

...y b ught cold towels and ice to ...P helped straighten him out, ...t he ooked less unpresentable.

...she ished working over him, she turned—and, there dabbing at her tear-stained face, was Babs.

"Oh, Pat!" Babs said. "Isn't it dreadful! I never *dreamed*. I . . ."

Pat flicked a glance at Eddie. "No, of course you didn't, Babs," she said gently. "And now everything's going to be all right."

"Yes," Babs said slowly, and, catching Eddie's eye, somehow managed a smile. "It looks that way. Good luck!"

Then, wheeling swiftly, she walked away.

Pat and Eddie went to the door, got into a taxi and said:

"Center Street." Eddie leaned back against the upholstery and said, "What a night . . ."

THEY turned southward. Overhead the elevated roared, and street lights seemed to jump at them out of the darkness. Pat edged closer and—somewhat timidly—took his hand.

"Feeling better?" she asked.

"Sure. That's the chief advantage of being ■ pug."

She hesitated briefly and then said, "What about Barton? And that other fellow?"

"They've got plenty against Barton," Eddie answered. "And that removes one prime, first-class worry from my mind."

The taxi was passing along lower Third Avenue. On either side of them were squalid shops, malodorous restaurants, red-brick tenements, unsightly flop houses. But Eddie Gordon wasn't looking at them. He was staring at Pat. Tentatively, as though fearful that she might stop him, he slipped his left arm around her body.

"Any objections?" he asked.

"No."

They rode for ■ few minutes in silence. Pat let her head rest against Eddie's shoulder and it seemed only natural for him to lean down so that his cheek touched her hair.

It was Eddie who spoke first. He took his arm from around Pat, and sat back in the seat so that he could look directly at her.

He said, "This is going to be awful tough."

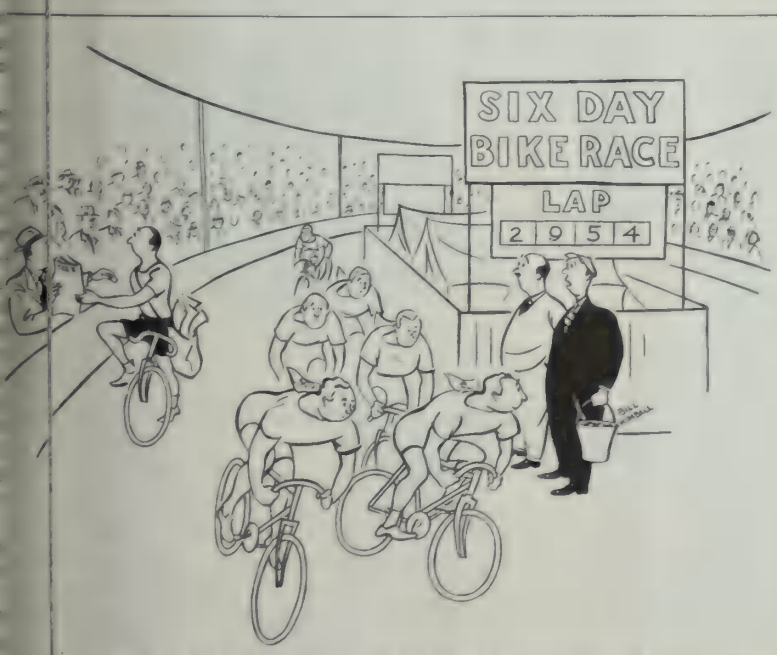
Pat looked up at him. "What is?" she asked.

"Saying even half the things I'm thinking. Honest, I've been such ■ heel that I'd feel silly trying to make love to you."

Pat smiled.

"Go right ahead," she suggested. "I've been in love with a heel so long that I think I'm beginning to like it."

THE END



"I'm afraid Joe had better give up his paper route" BILL KIMBALL

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H.M.S. Kelly, torpedoed, lists badly, but reaches dock for repair. Others have been sunk, weakening Britain's sea control

Full Speed Ahead

WE TAKE it that most Americans now are agreed on the following items: That for better or for worse the United States is unofficially but inextricably in the war on Britain's side . . . that if Britain loses decisively and Hitler gets the British navy or any considerable part thereof, we shall be in a most serious spot . . . that if Britain loses, the least disagreeable thing we can expect thereafter will be to have hostile fleets heaving to off our richest coastal cities, one after another, and offering them the choice between paying heavy tribute and being bombarded. . . that you can draw your own picture of the most disagreeable thing we can expect if Britain loses.

We take it, too, that most Americans now are informed and believe: That Britain in all likelihood cannot hold out against Hitler unless our shipments of planes, munitions, guns, etc., to Britain speed up enormously in the next month or six months . . . that British ship construction no longer is outrunning, as for months it did outrun, British shipping losses by German submarines, dive bombers and commerce raiders . . . that Britain cannot go on forever paying cash for everything it buys from us.

These things being understood and agreed on in this country, will most Americans okay without hesitation practically any measures Congress and the Administration may take to equip Britain and ourselves to see this crisi

We believe the answer to that ques

Or if the answer is No, we'd bette think of how best to fight a heartbr fensive war against the Axis and J some further thought on how best t possible ignominious loser's peace aft

Collier's is not urging a military di or curtailment of civil liberties or wartime hysteria.

We do suggest that public opinion up the government in any steps c with our present state of semiwar and ened actual war, and that the word fo is full speed ahead and damn the tor

14,000,000 Pennies

WELL, the Children's Crusade for Children, which we had the pleasure of endorsing on this page a few months ago, wound up with almost $140,000 deposited in mite boxes posted in schools all over the country. The money was split roughly as follows for the relief of child war victims: $22,500 each for Chinese, French, Polish, British and Jewish children; $7,500 each for Dutch, Finnish and Belgian children; $2,000 for Norwegian children.

To the children of the United St gratulations on possibly the finest, m ous, most constructive single deed anywhere on the globe during the en ing year of 1940.

Soldiers' Tearooms—Well, Why Not?

MODERN, commodious regimental tearooms are being rigged up for the soldiers of the 27th Division at Fort McClellan, Ala., and the news has set jesters jesting, old Regular Army top kicks muttering in what would be their beards if they wore beards and retired generals striving to think of other things lest they have apoplexy.

What we say is, what of it? Why shouldn't men of the new draft forces have as pleasant surroundings as may be?

The new Army should be a democratic outfit to which it is worth a man's while to belong—though, of course, with all the essentials of first-class modern military training. Don't baby the boys; but don't make their year in the Army equivalent to a year in ja

We're for the tearooms, for goo hostesses around canteens and post e and for any other trimmings that w make life in the new Army enjoyabl the way you build a strong, enthusias loyal fighting organization—by makir thing a man likes to belong to.

Wings for the Border Patrol

WHAT is your own opinion of what those planes or that plane is carrying into the States?" we asked one of the patrol inspectors. We were starting back to El Paso, the Mexicans having just dragged three truckloads of corn meal across the Rio Grande.

"Personally," said he, "I'd say it ain't corn meal."

Thus ended Walter Davenport's recent Collier's article on the Border Patrol, and how it prevents overland smuggling and unlawful entries into the United States from Mexico but can't prevent aerial shenanigans because it has no airplanes of its own. In times like these, it is no joke to have our southern border open to any airplane whose pilot cares to fly over without reporting to the Border Patrol.

Mexico is crawling, currently, with radical refugees from the Spanish civil war. Ultra-radicalism has about ruined Mexico, which has accordingly swung to the Right. In the bosoms of many of these refugees, however, still burns the holy ambition to wreck as many countries as they can in the name of St. Marx and his prophet Stalin. Many of them want to come to the United States and get busy on the work here.

We'd better equip the Border Patr adequate flying force, and do it with These pilots had better be instructe down undocumented border-jumpir and shoot them down if need be. I again one of these patrol planes shou Mexico in performance of this d Avila Camacho, new Mexican preside repeatedly as how he wants to be a ours, with a capital F.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

February 1, 1941

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Don't take chances with your smile! Let Ipana and Massage help you to healthier gums and brighter, more sparkling teeth

Q. *What is there in the habit of Ipana and massage that can help you all your life?*

A. Just this. Ipana and massage helps you not only to have bright, sparkling teeth—but also helps you give your *gums* the daily care they must have.

Q. *Is gum massage so very necessary then?*

A. Indeed it is! For today's soft, creamy foods require little chewing . . . so naturally our gums don't get the exercise and stimulation they must have! That's why it is so important to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth.

Q. *When stimulation is lacking—what happens?*

A. Gums tend to lose their firmness and strength. They often become weak, tender . . . and flash that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *Is "pink tooth brush" serious?*

A. It may be and it may not be. Your dentist can tell you very quickly. Probably, he'll tell you that your gums need stimulation and work. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Q. *How can Ipana and massage help guard against "pink tooth brush"?*

A. In this important way. Ipana, you see, does more than clean teeth brilliantly. For Ipana, with massage, is specially designed to aid the gums to better health. That's why Ipana and massage is so important in helping to keep your gums healthier . . . in guarding against "pink tooth brush."

Ipana Tooth Paste

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COVER T. D. SKIDMORE

ANY WEEK

AN old-time friend of ours, Mr. Tom Finnigan of Kansas City, Missouri, has just informed us that the world has gone to pot locally as well as generally. In the old days, when it was illegal in Kansas City to be law-abiding, Mr. Finnigan knew his way around. But of recent months he has been content to sit on the side lines observing the wonders of municipal reform. Just to check up, Mr. Finnigan strolled into a haunt of yesterday. When he knew the place and it knew him, it was a trifle tough. You kept your hat on, your coat collar turned up and your head bowed as a safeguard against flying glass. They needled the beer with nitric acid or something like that. Only one barkeep had two ears. Anyway, Mr. Finnigan dropped in. The place



was so clean that he felt a little nauseated. The barkeeps were young gentlemen with a drugstore look about them. There wasn't a bawdy picture nor a salty motto on the walls. The place had become a cocktail lounge and they served napkins with drinks. However, at the far end of the bar, Mr. Finnigan recognized a couple of his contemporaries but only after considerable scrutiny. Reform had hit them too. Their hats were off, their neckties on and instead of arguing they were clearly discoursing. Mr. Finnigan approached cautiously. But he left without disturbing them. He got just close enough to hear one of the erstwhile mugs say to the other: "Actually, Frank, the only thing I have against that gentleman is that he wears a derby when he hunts rabbits." Mr. Finnigan bids us, a little heartbrokenly we think, to avoid Kansas City.

AND Mr. Paul Rhodes of Fort Worth, Texas, reports that a slender young man entered a local draft board office with his questionnaire in his hand. Thereon he had answered every question with a meticulousness that aroused considerable curiosity. His living expenses for example. He apologized for that saying that it was incorrect by precisely two cents. From a pocket he drew about ten yards of adding machine paper which showed that his yearly income was exactly $1,373.21. Before the draft board could stop him he produced an even longer paper accounting for the disposition of his income. It came to $1,373.19. "I'm sorry," said he. "I've checked and rechecked. I'm afraid it's the best I can do unless you'll give me more time. I know that the government expects every one of us to be accurate." However, they refused to pin his statements of income and disbursements to his questionnaire and he departed saying: "Well, I hope I'm not blamed if your records are incomplete."

WE think we told you two or three weeks ago that we've been keeping in touch with the personnel of our new Army. One of the lads dropped in the other day and wanted to talk about these new defense bases we've acquired in the Atlantic from England. We're afraid we limped a little as we tried to explain. However, we did say that in the main we thought it was a pretty good transaction and that we thought it was pretty fine of England to let us have them for fifty second-hand destroyers. Our young friend wasn't so sure. "What I want to know," said he, "is how did England get these bases in the first place. What did she give us for them?"

PERHAPS we should have shown him a letter we'd just got from Mrs. Carrie F. Lannighan of Springfield, Massachusetts. Mrs. Lannighan had just read Kenneth Robert's Oliver Wiswell and was considerably churned up as a result. "As I see it now," writes she, "the least we could do to repair the fearful wrong we did England in the seventeen-seventies is to plunge forthwith into this war and give her our all —money, blood, steel and food. It may not yet be too late to make amends for the injury and insult we heaped upon George the Third and his Generals Howe, Cornwallis, Burgoyne and Clinton. Let us adopt the attitude of the erring child come home to rescue the parent to whom we did such wrong in our crude, cruel youth. And having done that perhaps she'll forgive, forget and take us back."

NOT that Mrs. Lannighan's views will have general acceptance. We've just learned that the twice-rejected Thirty Dollar Every Thursday movement is to be set up again and offered to the California public as More Money on Monday Morning. To make it timely and to commend it more strongly to an erstwhile skeptical electorate, the revival will carry a powerful antiwar rider. Mr. Jeff Tomassen of Santa Clara, California, is carrying the banner, promoting the publicity. It sounds grander and grander. "Who hasn't been busted on Monday morning?" asks Mr. Tomassen. "What a cure for the Monday blues to have a nice check waiting for you in the mailbox." Mr. Tomassen has but one apprehension. "Let us hope," says he, "that we won't get into the war before we can go to the polls. If we do we'll have to drop the antiwar rider and it may injure the movement as a whole."

THE situation in the Oui country is gradually being cording to our lower O Colonel Bob Berry of Men The colonel was driving in direction of Missouri wh Mr. Theo Brimbel. Mr. elderly gentleman, was dr of mules and pulled up tidings with the colonel. colonel that he'd been u where he had heard the al that Congress was fixing t many. "Most of the b Noah's," said Mr. Brimb won't come off because much excitement fightin fellow twice."

THE last we saw of Mr. C of St. Paul, Minnesota, h way to Washington, D. C Quinn to attend the i ceremo..es. Mr. Quinn wa what he assured us was ar But Mrs. Quinn was going ride, having announced that she wasn't going t scene at all. The Quinns ent and unflinching Repu haven't missed an inaugu 1916. Mrs. Quinn told hadn't felt much pain in much in 1937. But it is tude to stand it this time. lieves the third-term trad "I'm going," she said, "bu he'd have had the decency have changed his name at



UNTIL we heard from Burnite of Salem, Oregon of war taxes has been pre ful to us. All taxes, in fact, after seeing what legislati what we've given them to with. But Mr. Burnite se softened the blow a bit. is," he reports, "that Mor those fellows haven't any All they do is to stand up we got to dig down for m buy guns with. I have Morgenthau making a fre latest idea. Instead of ho more taxes for more guns the President get on the r for a special silver offerin up after a special Firesid offering to be devoted to work among the benighte

NO buttons, please. . . .

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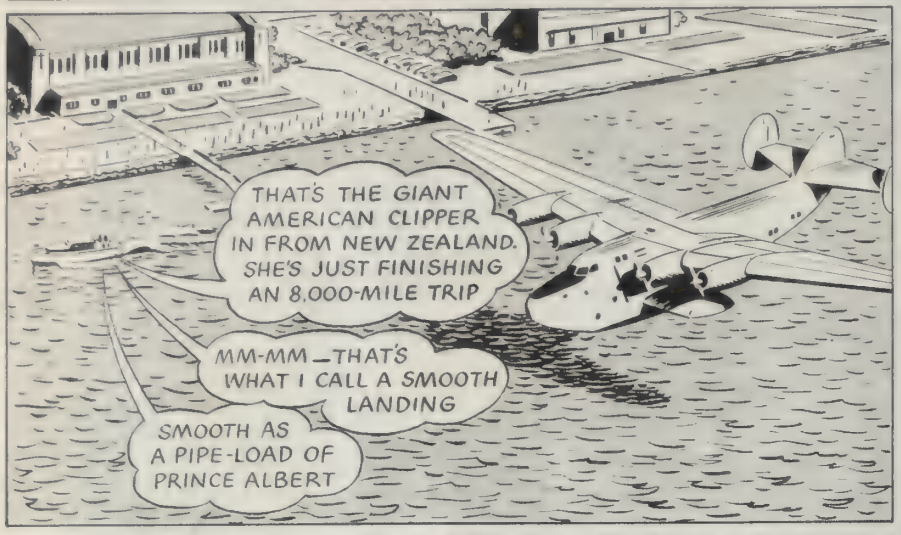
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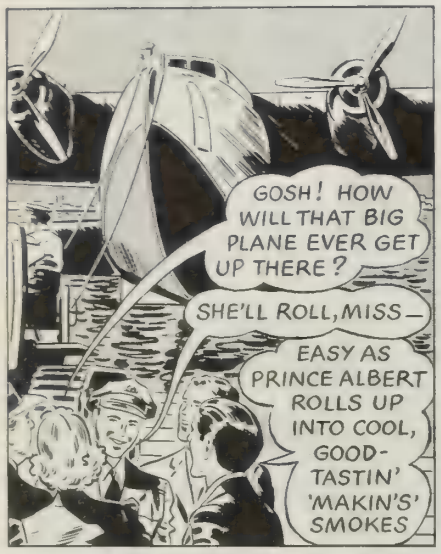
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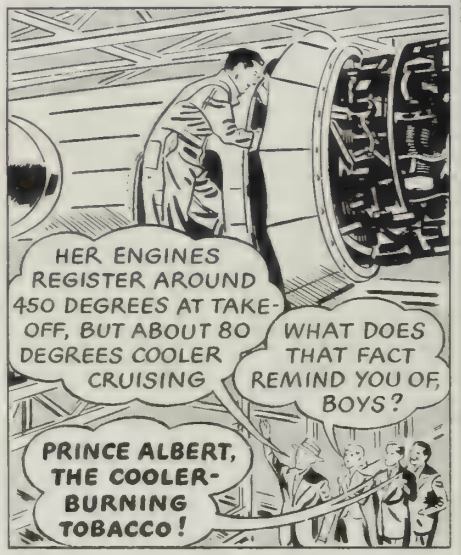
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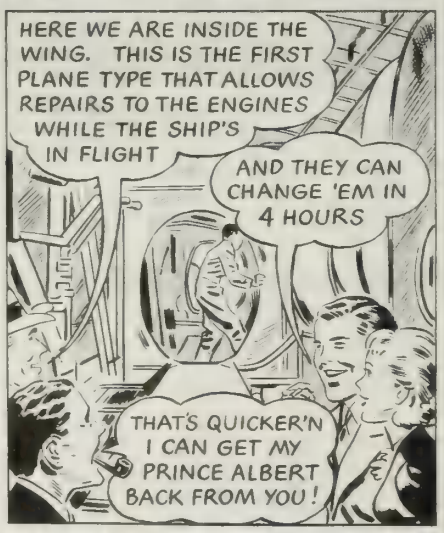


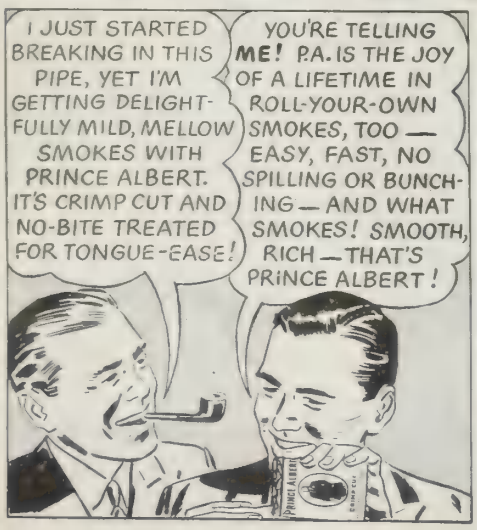


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86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— *COOLEST OF ALL!*







Wing Talk

THE UNITED STATES, home of most of the "firsts" of peaceful aviation, has just chalked up two more. . . . You remember, in gentler days when you crossed oceans by steamer, how pleasant it was to look forward to each day's shipboard newspaper? Now Chicago & Southern Airlines present the first and only airlines newspaper.

It differs from shipboard papers in some respects. It is larger, and printed on regular newsprint. It is similar in gossip about passengers, crews and the geography and virtues of its routes and cities. The name and destination of each passenger to whom the paper is handed after take-off is printed on the front page.

Stewardess Josephine Larson becomes the first official flying reporter. She interviews passengers at airports and on ships. And ranges from the Great Lakes to the Gulf in search of items.

If C. & S. don't mind a suggestion from an old globe-trotter, their paper could be given more point, novelty and timeliness if they delayed handing it out until flight is well under way, left a blank space on the last page and had the stewardess type in on each copy latest radio advices received by the pilots. Or at least that much information which he now customarily dispenses undecipherably penciled on a card, to wit: "We are over McGehee, Arkansas; air speed 180, ground speed 200, outside temperature 10, inside temperature 72, landing Shreveport 10:18, on time". . . .

THE second of our latest "firsts" is the world's only "Union Station of the Air," now open for business on Forty-second Street and Park Avenue, New York. This is the area known as Pershing Square, which now becomes—with the airlines terminal, Grand Central Station across the street and the Baltimore & Ohio bourn down the block—a transportation center of formidable proportions. Appreciation of this great fact does not yet seem to have staggered everybody, for when the air people with their Hollywood tricks wanted searchlights for the opening they found the only suitable place to mount these was on the other side of the street. The railroads said no.

The undampened airlines, however, continued to perceive "more than the opening of a depot." They saw a monument to the faith of air-travel op
who for years have been sellin
in poky converted shoe and hat
ery stores, that aviation is here t

The airlines terminal cost $5
It is on the site of the famous
mont Hotel, in the downstairs
which you could get the best ho
beef sandwich on earth. After
mont was demolished The Mut
Insurance Company, stuck w
valuable but profitless hole, rea
in with the notion of an airlin
station broached by Mr. Flo
Brown of the Bethlehem Eng
Corporation. Mr. John B. Peterl
the plans. With all due respect
architect and realization, the avi
dustry thinks the greatest achi
was Mutual's success in getting
line operators to agree about so

Upward of ■ million of you
through the airlines terminal t
You will enter a glittering world
tal and stainless steel and tra
plastic, of symbolism, of vivi
and ultramoderism. You are e
to a huge rotunda waiting ro
with adjuncts, occupies the en
ond floor. Here are separate
for each line, with names c
dum-blasted into glass borde
skyline dome—soundproofed,
loud-speaker declarations will n
your ears either with raucousne
intelligibility—is supported b
foot band of gold-colored stainl
wall. There are decorations
aluminum sculpture by René
bellan, which include a zodiac s
and a 22-foot figure who is t
best to fly right out of the
abetted by an eagle that "parti
American achievements in the a

Elsewhere in the building yo
guile your waiting time in a
theater or a sky bar. The w
story building is welded, not
steel: which preserved the goo
the neighbors. More thought
expressed in the 200-ton gadge
roof—an airport-type beacon
ating green and amber lights,
shaded and dimmed to spare an

Anyhow, federal airways re
wouldn't have permitted a rea
in midtown. Else you might
conventional passengers trying
there.

To avoid the bus trip. W



The rotunda of the world's first union station for airlines



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I also wanted a car that was safe and easy to handle—here again Pontiac led them all. Truflex Steering, Safety Shift, triple-sealed brakes and the lightning-quick engine make child's play of driving even in congested traffic.

"Then, too, I wanted an inexpensive car—and that's where Pontiac gave me the biggest thrill of all. For Pontiac is priced so close to the lowest that, by spreading the slight difference over the time I drive the car—I have it figured out that I'm paying only a fifth of a cent a mile for the extra luxury, prestige and beauty of a Pontiac.

"Is it any wonder, then, that I'm telling *all* my friends to buy Pontiacs? Why don't *you* see your Pontiac dealer today?"

** Delivered at Pontiac, Michigan. State tax, optional equipment, accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

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GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD

by Paul V. Barrett



International Correspondence Schools will observe their 50th Anniversary in October, 1941.

These Schools originated in a newspaper column which answered miners' inquiries regarding the prevention of fire damp and many hazards of coal mining. Later, special texts were developed to bring home-study courses to men unable to attend evening classes. Since then more than 4,000,000 ambitious men have enrolled for I. C. S. Courses in 400 business and technical subjects. I. C. S. training has helped thousands of men to achieve leadership in business and industry.

C. S. Ash, President of the Differential Wheel Corporation, Detroit, enrolled with the I. C. S. at the age of 18. Almost every wheel that rolls the ground today has been built under one or another of Mr. Ash's patents.



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A course for draftsmen was most popular during 1940 at I. C. S., but the trend is toward mechanical and engineering subjects.



When I. C. S. student Marvin Pipkin was a private in the U. S. Army, World War No. 1, he developed a gas canister composition that proved to be one of the big achievements of the Defense Section of the Development Division.

Shortage of skilled workers during the past few years has brought about a rapid growth of apprentice training programs. I. C. S. now has agreements with more than 2300 companies covering more than 5000 plants



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KEEP UP WITH THE WO

By Freling Foster

America's record high jump for a horse with a rider is held by Great Heart, which cleared the bars at eight feet and 13/16 of an inch at the South Shore Country Club in Chicago in 1927.—*By John Dowling, Seattle, Washington.*

Some alloys such as Wood's Metal, composed of bismuth, lead, tin and cadmium, have a much lower melting point than any of their constituents, while others, such as one composed of antimony and aluminum, have a much higher melting point than any of their individual metals.

During the last fifty years Congress has passed only one out of every thirty-five bills that have been vetoed by the Presidents of the United States.—*By G. W. McRory, Annapolis, Maryland.*

The new 200-inch telescope now being installed in the Mount Palomar Observatory in California, although eight stories in height and 520 tons in weight, is to be so delicately mounted that it will move under the pressure of a single finger. — *By Charles R. Marshall, Washington, D. C.*

In 1933, a group of Danish scientists formed a society with 25,000 members to perpetuate the memory of the mythical island of Atlantis. Today this organization, called "The Principality of Atlantis," even has a monarch, a flag, postage stamps and currency.—*By James W. Mayer, Oakland, California.*

Although ghost writing has existed for more than two thousand years, it has never been officially recognized as an occupation until recently when it was included, in this country, in dictionaries, classified telephone books and the 1940 census.—*By Helen Gray Solomon, Nashville, Tennessee.*

Many of the giant Sequoia trees of California have bark that is two feet thick, ■ root system that spreads over an area of three acres and contain enough lumber to build 150 five-room houses.—*By Mrs. Vincent Bick, St. Louis, Missouri.*

Tobacco Road was a fa it opened on Broadway ir banned later in such citi cago and St. Paul, denour Congressional Record and to thirty-four lawsuits. played to 5,000,000 perso hundred cities and towr ing some that had never s before, such as Harlingt and others that demand turn engagements, such bus, Ohio.

Radio City, New York, exhibit to teach the pro color in the home. It cons miniature rooms eighte long, and a special optic with which a spectator st fore the exhibit sees hi duced to about eight height, standing in the ce room.

Many colleges are owr dividuals as an investme many as fifty such institu been offered for sale in a at prices ranging from $250,000.

No city, town or villa United States is officially an apostrophe in its name many of them, such as Gr ing, Kings Mill, Martins Penns Park, are in the case.—*By Edith Coffin Muscatine, Iowa.*

Of the several church world dedicated to St. D "Good Thief" and patro those condemned to death one in the United States side the north gate o Prison in Dannemora, N

The trucks of a coal co Rochester, New York, ha horns that sound the firs of the song "Keep the H Burning."—*By Burt Ho chester, New York.*

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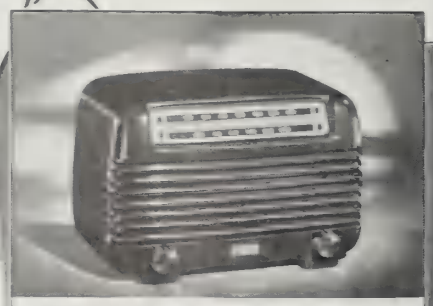
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Collier's THE NATIONAL WEEKLY FOR FEBRUARY 1, 1941

CHINA SKY

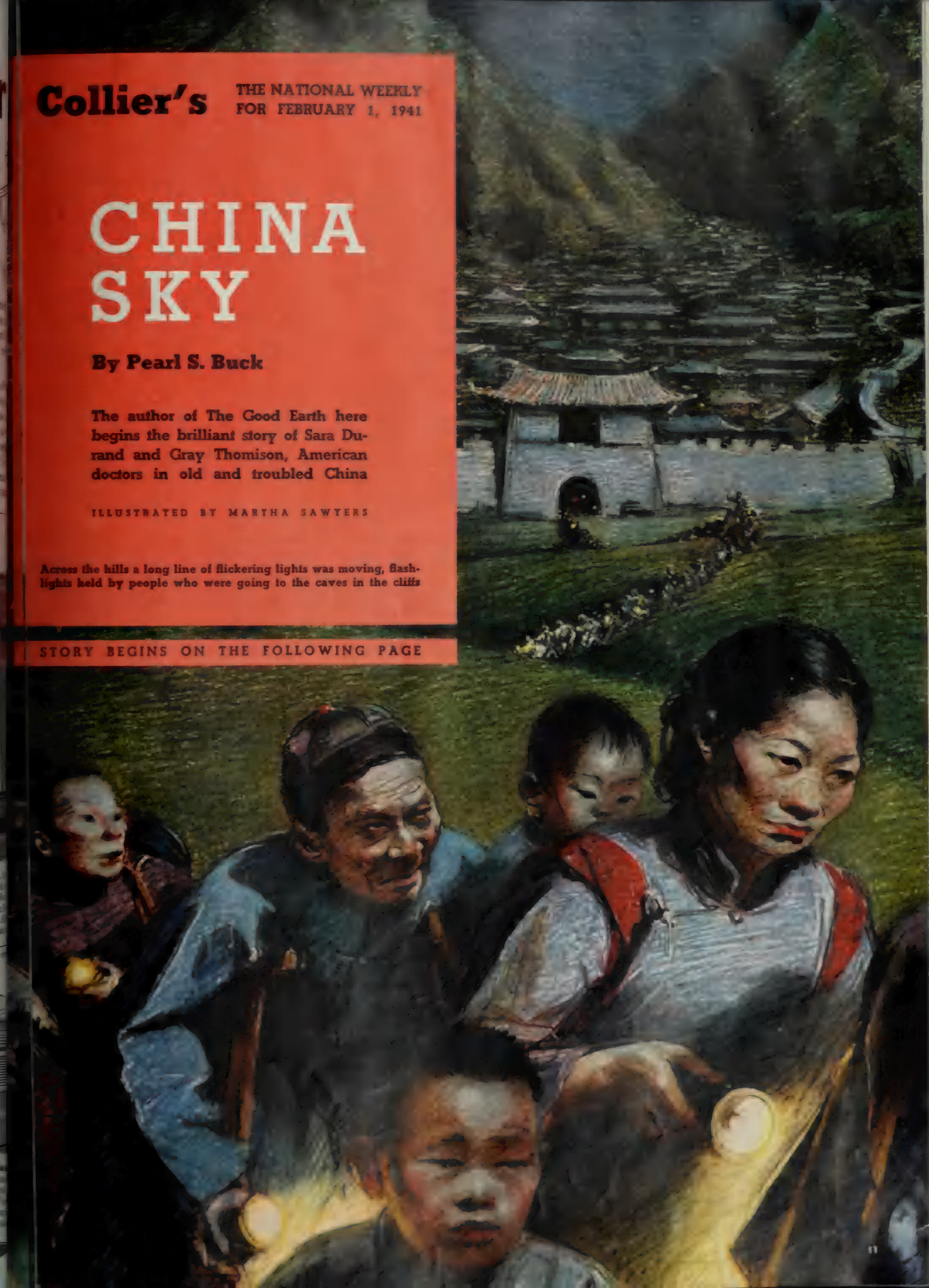
By Pearl S. Buck

The author of The Good Earth here begins the brilliant story of Sara Durand and Gray Thomison, American doctors in old and troubled China

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Across the hills a long line of flickering lights was moving, flashlights held by people who were going to the caves in the cliffs

STORY BEGINS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE





Sara Durand

THE long wail of the first air-raid warning of the night shrieked through the unlighted Chinese city and rebounded from the darkening hills outside its walls.

"Thank you," Sara said to the blue-coated coolie from the cable office. She had been in the women's ward to see a patient upon whom she had operated that day when she had heard her name called from the door and there was this cable. She thrust it into the pocket of her white surgical coat. There was no time to read even a cable—no time, either, to go to the hospital office and open the cash box and get a tip for the coolie.

"You had better go into our shelter until this is over," she said. "The Japanese come quickly these days." The length of the long city lay between the hospital and the cable office on the river.

The man hesitated and then shook his head. "I have a new American bicycle It will be too quick for those Japs. As for what you are thinking of, do not remember it. Take it for my thanks to you that you do not leave us as many white women do."

He darted off, and Sara hurried to the top floor smiling. She must remember to give him something, all the same. . . . Babies were on the top floor, and the new mothers. They were always first.

"Everybody to his place," she said quietly as she went, speaking to one after the other of the Chinese orderlies and nurses who, as they had been taught, appeared along the corridors. At the sound of her voice they disappeared. Within five minutes all the hospital seemed to be moving down the ramps out into the soft autumn night. Everything was dark except for the enormous hanging moon—"a beacon to the Japanese," Sara thought bitterly, upstairs in the baby room. By the light of a broad moonbeam falling through an open window she lifted one tiny form after another from its cradle and tucked it into a long wagonlike carriage she had designed especially for this purpose. The Japanese had been bombing Chen-li so long that she had had time to invent every means of this sort. Only the sure-to-dies were left behind in an air raid now, those who if they were moved at all would die the sooner.

The second warning sounded. She glanced out of the window. Across the dark and rocky hills a long, thin line of flickering lights was moving, lights as small as fireflies. But they were not fireflies. They were flashlights held by thousands of people from the city who were going to the caves in the cliffs. She had seen them hundreds of times by daylight, mothers with their babies on their backs and, in their hands, baskets of food and little three-legged stools. The floors of the caves were wet from the dripping roofs. But the rock was seventy feet thick over their heads.

"Off with you," Sara said in English to the tiny Chinese babies. Two blue-clad Chinese nurses wheeled them quickly away. But she always packed the babies herself, ever since that awful night now nearly a year ago, when one of them had been smothered. She and Gray had worked hours over that small, motionless mite while bombs crashed around them. It was certain even then that the Japanese wanted to hit the hospital. It had been hit again and again. But they always patched it up. . . . Ah, but she was tired! Five months she had been here alone while Gray was in America getting money to go on patching up the hospital. After the war he was going to tear down the whole patched-up pile, he said, and build an up-to-date, modern American hospital and let Chen-li see what a hospital really was.

If the war ever ended!

"Mothers all out?" Sara asked of a young Chinese woman who was waiting.

"Everybody is out except the eight sure-to-dies you said were not to be moved—and you," the young woman replied.

She stood immobile in her white interne's uniform.

Sara laughed. "Now, Siu-mei, you need not look at me like that, for it is you who go and I who stay. Hurry and catch up with the babies. You must be with them in the shelter."

"No, Elder Sister!" Siu-mei cried out. "If I die, there are others like me, but who will take your place? Thomison doctor is far away in America. We have only you."

"Nobody can kill me," Sara said gaily. The third siren sounded and immediately heavy planes drummed across the sky. "Quick—quick!" she screamed soundlessly. But the Chinese girl did not move. Sara took Siu-mei by the shoulders and pushed her toward the door. It was no use. The girl was strong and stubborn and she turned and clutched Sara.

"Here—in the door!" she shrieked. They stood, their heads bent, their mouths open to relieve the tension of the fearful roar around them. The planes dived downward until it seemed from the noise that they would crash through the roof. Automatically the two women crouched and hung their heads between their knees and pressed their fingers in their ears.

THE bomb fell. There was an explosion that shattered the air and dried it up so that they could scarcely breathe. Then there was the crash of falling walls. Sara lifted her head.

"That's the wing of the men's ward," she said, but her voice was still soundless. Siu-mei pushed down her head.

"It is not over!" she shrieked.

They crouched, waiting. Three times more the planes dived, three times the air seemed dried up around them. Sara put her hands upon her breast to ease it so that she could draw the breath that was sucked out of her lungs. Then she remembered the cable. There it was, still in her bosom where she had thrust it. No time yet for anything except this life-and-death business! But what if it were from Gray? Only why should Gray cable her when he had written his plans out so carefully in his cool, businesslike letters? And everything, he said, was going according to plan. There was no urgency in Gray to communicate with her.

The planes receded somewhat. She leaped to her feet.

"I must see to the sure-to-dies," she told Siu-mei; "now go, you, and see what is happening in the shelter."

She hurried ahead without waiting for answer, her small flashlight guiding her feet. Into the men's ward first—that young Chinese doctor fresh from American medical school was taking Gray's place there, but she could not be sure of him. He was never quite to be found either in his place or exactly out of it. "I don't trust Dr. Chung," she had written Gray recklessly in one of the letters that she tried to make nothing but reports, "and I can't say why."

"Don't go feminine on me," he had written back sternly. "He's come with a brilliant record and recommendations beyond anything *I* ever had."

But tonight Dr. Chung was in his place in the men's ward. A pencil of light crossed hers and his face came into her sight as hers came to his.

"What was hit?" she asked.

"The west corner, Doctor," he said calmly. "Too bad, when we've just finished repairing it."

"That makes you short of beds, doesn't it?" She held his smooth oval face in the light. His black eyes looked flat and opaque.

"Eight men with no beds to come back to, Doctor."

"Pallets in the dining hall."

"Yes, Doctor."

SHE wished he would not "doctor" her so much. He was still displeased that Gray had put her in charge of the hospital when he went to America. Gray had been so angry that he had told her what Chung had said.

"A woman!"

"No, my colleague, Dr. Sara Durand," Gray had replied haughtily.

"A woman," the Chinese had insisted sullenly.

"I wanted to hit the fellow," Gray had told her. "But I didn't dare—not when I've got to leave. Better watch your step, Sara!"

She had watched her every step, ignoring Chung's sullenness and the edges of rudeness in his manner. It was difficult to tell what was rudeness in these modern young Chinese who purposely put aside the traditions of Chinese courtesy as old-fashioned and yet did not know what Western courtesy was.

"Is there anything else?" she asked.

"I can manage, thank you, Doctor." Again the flicker of insolence in the smooth, bland voice and in the long, handsome black eyes.

"Very well—good night, Dr. Chung."

"Good night, Doctor."

She let his face go and turned and was aware of fear. As surely as she could see it she felt the needle point of his light upon her back. He was watching her. Instantly she turned and flung her light at him. He had not moved.

"What is it?" she demanded.

His narrow eyes widened. "I was merely casting my light on your path," he said gently.

She was ashamed of herself as she shut the door between them.

"I'm overwrought," she thought. "I'm beginning to imagine things. It is time Gray came back."

She put her hand to her breast and felt the crackle of paper. When she had one moment—but she had not, yet! Five of the sure-to-dies were in the women's ward and she must get around before the patients came back from the shelter. There would be plenty to do then—people exhausted and needing stimulants and children needing food.

She hurried into the ward where two women lay motionless, a few empty beds between. Were they—no, they were alive. Two heads turned weakly and one of the women put out a hand.

"I knew you would come, Foreigner. They don't hit foreigners, do they?"

"Everybody is safe," quietly, putting thermom mouths. Even as she spoke sounded again for safety. I again for the night—for a fe perhaps even for a day until night. She glanced out of t toward the hills. Out of the c tiny firefly lights were be waver down the slopes. Peop ing back to their beds. Her e denly burned with tears. Th brave, these Chinese people, plaining, so unyielding. Day i night after night—they en horrible life, shifting their hou patiently to meet necessity grumbling, not a word of gi the enemy.

"A people worth giving m she thought with that mingli derness and determination most herself. "I'm lucky," sh "So many have to work for b —my bread is incidental."

She and Gray had talked a

"We're lucky," Gray had sa moment here is worth living, die death's worth it, too."

She took out the thermome was dangerously subnormal whipped out a hypodermic ful lant from the small emergenc carried. Otherwise these tw worse.

"Rice gruel will come in a utes," she said. "Drink it an peace."

"Peace!" one of the women

"Buddha send us peace!" whispered.

"Peace will come," Sara Somehow, sometime! What w like to live and work in pea Gray must tell her how it was in America.

She visited two private room a young woman was already asleep; it was the woman sh erated on this afternoon. She temperature without waking h near enough to the margin of s

IT WAS only when she went last room that she found th on the high hospital bed was was a very old lady who brought in a week before, dyin

"Let me die," she had said came in. "Why do you make

"I never let anybody die," answered, smiling into the sr of an old face.

"It is time for me to die," woman said.

Perhaps it was, Sara thought down now the shriveled claw that she had taken up. Thi death was not horrible—only Peace! Perhaps this was it. suddenly very tired and she sat the bench by the bed. In the br the little dead woman looked e she had alive, except for the pe her face.

The hospital was full now slurring noises. The patients ing brought back. She must since there was no more to be —move on to the living. But would be there looking after She had a moment in which to

And then she knew that all had been watching and waiting moment she had been too cons to take. She wanted it not for r open the envelope in her pock first, let her think—if it was Gray, then no disappointment had written her faithfully and There was no reason why a cabl come from him—unless he w poning his return. If it was t was simply too tired.

"Oh, you big fool!" she cried self. "Go on—open it! Beside

(Continued on page 26

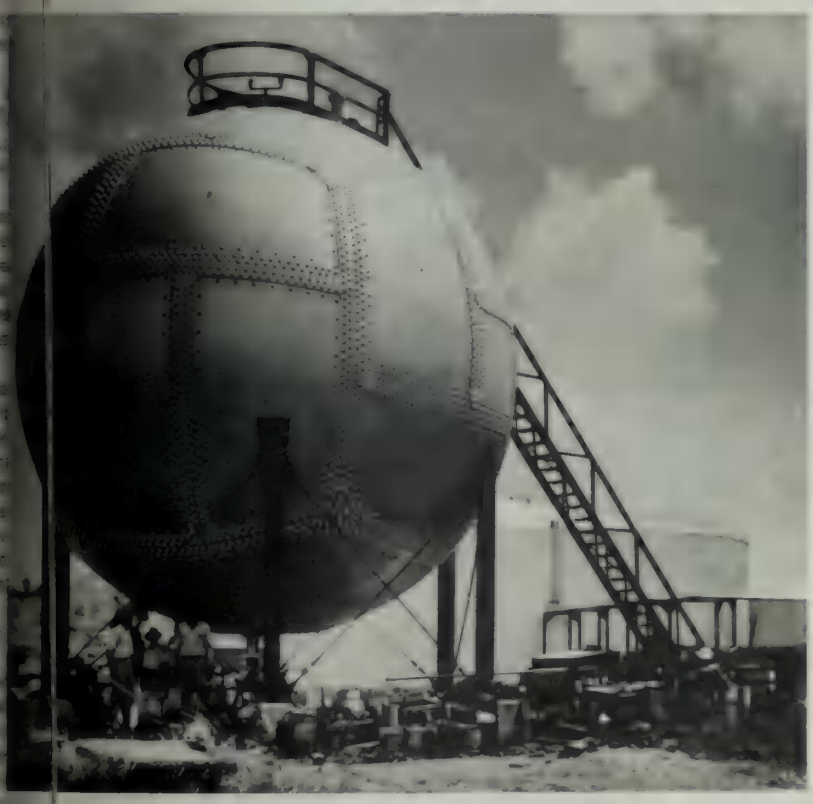
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BLACK STAR



Favorite new topic of Trinidad's famed Calypso singers is Uncle Sam and the benefits natives are certain he is going to bring them



Symbol of Trinidad's importance as a naval base is this oil-storage tank. Annual crude production of Trinidad is 18,000,000 barrels

IN TRINIDAD the jungle troubadours raise their black faces to the flat, distant moon and sing. In the swing rhythm of the Calypso they invoke the protection and favor of America. They rhyme Roosevelt with liberty, Washington with Lincoln. They make the tropical night quiver with their ballad of thanksgiving to the millions of Americans who voted for Franklin-Dee instead of for Mr. Will-Kee.

"For thus," the minstrels sing, "was the world saved for Democracee."

When the black men of the West Indies say world, they mean, specifically, the one that encompasses the Caribbean. It includes the Bahamas, Jamaica and the Lesser Antilles. In it are located the islands where the United States obtained the right to build naval, military and air bases on leased land in exchange for fifty reconditioned destroyers.

This West Indian world, with a mixed population of nearly 2,500,000 people and a total area almost as large as that of Maryland and New Jersey combined, includes:

Mayaguana Island, in the Bahamas. There, at Abraham Bay, the United States intends to build a naval base and seaplane base as the easternmost outpost of our new sea frontier with a warring Europe and Africa.

Jamaica, lying just inside the Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti, at the point that corresponds to the Straits of Gibraltar of this American Mediterranean, the Caribbean. On Jamaica's harbor at Kingston, Portland Bight, there is to be an important base.

Antigua, in the small Leeward Islands, where there is a sheltered bay, Parham Sound. Flying boats and warships are to be stationed here to keep the vigil of the Atlantic approaches to the Panama Canal, the Suez of the Western Mediterranean.

St. Lucia, a lumpy pincushion of an island with smooth water at Gros Islet Bay for our patrol planes.

And Trinidad, a lush, green island rich with oil, at the southernmost extremity of the chain of the Lesser Antilles. Lying within sighting distance of the continent of South America, it is separated from Venezuela by the channel of the Serpent's Mouth, a turbulent body of narrow water, whose currents, affected by the Orinoco and the Gulf Stream, gave Christopher Columbus unhappy moments as he sailed into it on his third voyage, sighted the trinity of the island's peaks, and called it La Trinidad.

Negroes and various Negroid mixtures make up the bulk of the population—these are natives awaiting the opening of a market

All Set for Prosperity

Of all the bases involved in the destroyer deal, with the possible exception of Bermuda and Newfoundland, Trinidad is the most important. The deep, quiet harbor of the Gulf of Paria has only two gateways — the Serpent's Mouth, the Dardanelles of the Caribbean, and the Dragon's Mouths. Here naval, seaplane and military air and land bases are to be built. In most cases the sites of the bases have not been chosen.

There are a thousand details to be worked out, including the question of extraterritoriality for the Americans in the base zones. Land is yet to be condemned. Final surveys are yet to be made. The sum of $25,000,000 has already been earmarked for preliminary work on the bases. When they are completed they will cost at least $60,000,000, but men engaged in the work indicated that the eventual cost—of the bases alone—will exceed that figure, perhaps double it.

When President Roosevelt announced the deal, the natives on the islands knew their world was changing. They didn't

(Continued on page 32)



Strange Things Happen in Brooklyn

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK AGNEW

What troubled Juley was that she didn't seem to eat like a beggar at all

How love came to Joe Juley via Scranton, Pa. A demonstration of the superiority of the heart over the head when it comes to sizing up a fellow citizen

NO ONE laughed. None of the hackies in the diner thought it was funny. Chuncery was big and clumsy. He had a round, homely face and a voice like Bob Burns' bazooka on the radio, but his wife had left him nearly a week now and they could understand how he felt. They were all married men, too—all except Joe Juley.

"That's what you get for looking for trouble," Juley said.

"I didn't go looking for trouble!" Chuncery said, almost bawling. "What did I do? I just got married."

"That's what I mean. Did you have to go and do it?"

"Well, holy smoke . . . what the hell . . . a guy can fall in love, can't he?"

Juley took a good look at him. He swallowed. "Very romantic. They ought to make a movie with Charles Boyer and Ginger Rogers."

The other hackies couldn't keep quiet any longer. They resented Juley. He was the only bachelor, he was some years younger than they were and altogether too hard-boiled and cocky for his age. As married men they couldn't help taking personally everything Juley said to Chuncery and finally one of them, a driver named Spencer, banged his coffee mug on the counter.

"Don't be so positive!" he said. "The man feels low. He feels rotten."

"It's no tragedy. He'll live through it."

"You don't realize! You wouldn't know!"

"Everybody ain't made out of rock like you," a hackie called out.

"Everybody can't live like a hermit," another man said.

"People are human!" Spencer went on. "They got feelings in them! Hearts! There'll come a day, Juley, there'll come a day . . ." He was too indignant to finish. He walked out to his cab in the street and soon the place became quiet.

"Naturally," Chuncery said, grieving to himself again, "being married to a sloppy guy like me, naturally it gets pretty monotonous after a while. So I don't really blame her for getting sick and tired."

"All right, stop crying," Juley said. "I sent Frenchy to her mother's house to talk to her again. I'm working on it, ain't I? Give me time. I'll fix it all up."

"No. You can fix a lot of things but not this. She'll never come back."

"Don't mope!" Juley said. "Put on a tie. Look neat. Take a shave and change your shirt sometimes. If you have to get married, then why don't you accept the responsibilities? . . ." There was a draft on his neck. He turned. "Hey, slide the door back! The cold is blowing in."

It was Spencer, the hackie, who had just walked out.

"Hey, Juley!"

"What's the matter now?"

"There's a girl in my cab! I sitting there—a girl!"

"All right. You found her, her. She's yours."

"No! Listen, Juley. She ain thing to eat. She's broke. Sh place to sleep tonight. Juley, help her!"

"She's a phony!" Juley sa old are you? Don't you kno handler when you see one?"

"With you everybody's go fake," Spencer shouted, gett nant again. "With you ev looking to gyp people."

A hackie came down the co mouth still full of food. "Yo cynic—all brains, no heart," and then Juley found everyo place piling on him.

"All right," he said. "Lay her in. I'll show you in five she's a phony or not."

Spencer hurried out.

She was a blonde. She weig a hundred pounds and she w kind of leather jacket with a

(Continued on page 4

etty Pat

Kyle Crichton

Morison's triumphs
been on the milder
at she has survived
location trip to Lone
you'll be seeing her



WE SHALL endeavor to report quite calmly on an afternoon spent at the home of Miss Patricia Morison in Beverly Hills, California. Miss Morison is a cinematic performer for Paramount Pictures who lives in a nice white house with her father and mother, her brother, a male cousin and a female cousin from London and a dog. This latter adjunct is of the friendly variety which needs a touch of kicking at intervals. The others are friendly and need no kicking.

The cordiality of the combined Morison welcome was genuine and warm beyond question. Your correspondent was slightly unmanned by such attention and sat tentatively on the edge of a divan and broodingly nursed his suspicions.

"You'll have a spot of tea with us, of course," said Mrs. Morison gaily, with the positive air of a lady who knows what bountiful tokens she is conferring. Mrs. Morison was looking at the tray of tea paraphernalia with the rapt gaze of a True Believer and Patricia was edging about with the expression of an early Christian martyr.

"Crumpets!" cried the female cousin from London, aged nineteen. She uttered this with the same voice Captain Sutter may have used at the discovery of gold.

At this Patricia really seemed to go through the Great Agony. Her bulk has been increasing, her employers have been sharp in warning and yet here were the crumpets.

"Oh, I guess one wouldn't hurt me," she said, and then added, "Have one, won't you?" with the obvious intention of including a victim in her crime. The interviewer took one. He also found himself taking a cup of tea and a twig of napkin which he balanced on his knee. It was plain to him now that he was cornered in a small, hallowed sector of the British empire. One bite of the crumpet convinced him that the English are a valorous race who will never be conquered. Jumping from the frying pan into the fire, he took a gulp of the tea, spluttered in a whalelike fashion and ended by nearly strangling to death.

"Maybe he'd rather have a highball," suggested Patricia nervously.

"Yes," said our hero faintly.

"Yes, what!" said Mrs. Morison in an unbelieving voice.

"Yes, I want a highball," said our man, who has been known as a boor for many years.

Mrs. Morison took one step backward and looked at him, without saying a word. Patricia, not wanting to be accused of destroying the Freedom of the Press, went tearing out of the room. From the direction of the kitchen her plaintive cries of "Whisky! whisky!" could be heard in the distance. The niece turned away in sympathy. Mr. Morison looked as if he wanted to come over and put a protecting hand on our hero's shoulder.

When Patricia came back with the drink, he took two quick gulps at it, looked about with a new air and began to ask questions. That is why the interviewer became indescribably tangled up with talk about British agents, counterespionage, Mexican bullfighters, English refugee children, Patricia as a comedienne, Patricia as a glamor girl, Patricia as a singer and a general discussion of the New York housing situation.

The Morison family came to this country from England in 1905. Patricia was born here and had reached the age of two months when the folks decided in 1914 to go over and help end the German menace. Papa was turned down by the navy because of age but Mamma worked with the British Intelligence.

"Not exactly a spy," explains Mrs. Morison. "More a counterspy. Opening letters. Keeping people from blowing up things."

It was pretty exciting business and it has tended to make Mamma suspicious of individuals in wartime.

The family came back to New York in 1920, where Patricia first attended public school and then spent a year in Westchester at what she calls Miss Sniffton's School for Snobs. She came back to Washington Irving High and majored in art. At home she was given to impersonations, which kept the family beside itself, so they sent her down to the Neighborhood Playhouse where

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

Marta Oatman taught her acting, poise and deportment.

She got a walk-on in Growing Pains and then worked as a model in a department store. By selling twenty bucks' worth of tickets she got a part in a Greenwich [illegible], put on in an old stable known as the Provincetown Playhouse, and sang a naughty song called Naïveté. The thing lasted one night. She played with Lenore Ulric on the Subway Circuit and was then understudy for Helen Hayes in Victoria Regina, the easiest job in the world because if anybody but Hayes had dared to do that part there would have been lynchings in the orchestra seats. What brought her to Hollywood was the notice she got in The Two Bouquets, which is one of the least remembered of Marc Connelly's ventures. Warner's hired her to sing the lead in The Desert Song and then shelved the old chestnut and turned Morison's contract over to Paramount. She arrived in Hollywood, was given a brief going over by the publicity department and dubbed the "girl with the chameleon eyes," and then was ushered into the presence of Harold Hurley, who thrust a gun and a script into her hands and ordered her to get up on both of them. The picture was Persons in Hiding and J. Edgar Hoover had palmed it off on the boys and it set Morison as a brunet menace instead of the amusing dame she featured herself as being.

"I tell them I can sing, too," she says, "but what difference does that make?"

Her success has been steady and by now she is regarded as a property and to prove it the studio sent her on a personal-appearance tour last year. In Seattle they gave her a totem pole. In Brockton (Mass.) they gave her a pair of shoes. In Portland (Me.) they handed her a lobster. In Waltham they gave her a watch. In Taunton, famous for bronzes, they presented her with a statue. She stayed carefully away from Worcester, which is said to be famous for grinding machinery.

After this triumph, she went to Mexico. In Mexico City a handsome toreador became so enamored of her that he followed her around all the cafés. One day at the bullfights, he came right over in front of her box and saluted. The crowd cheered and clapped their hands, shouting, "EEE-hah! EEE-hah!" Miss Morison stood up and took a bow. At the same moment a rather paunchy gentleman stood up behind her and took a bow.

"It turned out to be Señor Almazan—to whom the matador was dedicating the bull," says Patricia, sourly.

The Señor Makes His Point

Her best fun the last year was centered at Lone Pine, the famous movie location. On this jaunt nothing happened except that Richard Dix got shot in the face with a blank cartridge; Preston Foster was thrown by a horse; the same horse ran away with Miss Morison, and she came down with a fever of 103. Some of her associates thought she was shamming and wanted her to keep on working. At this a young man from Montevideo (ah, me, these Latins!), who was playing a part in this sequence, got so mad he took his teeth out and threw them down a ravine. Work was suspended while the crew scrambled down the precipice after the valuable molars.

By the time they had been recovered and wired together with choice bits of the local ore, Miss Morison had regained her health. The Montevidean made his point, whatever it was.

Another Morison experience had to do with Orson Welles, who scared Patricia long before he became the Man from Mars and frightened the hell out of America. She had been told to come to his offices in the St. Regis Hotel in New York to audition for a part with the Mercury Theater. Welles met her at the door, garbed in a flowing dressing gown and with a hunk of beefsteak clutched to his brow. It seems there had been an unfortunate altercation with a taxi driver in which the driver had stabbed Welles with a short left while Orson was reaching for his sword.

"We talked about painting, science, writing, politics, handball, music, diplomacy, sculpture, the WPA, the TVA, the Abbey Players, books and taxicab drivers—but he never did mention anything about the audition for the Mercury Theater."

The lady's full name is Ursula Eileen Patricia Fraser Morison, which seemed to please the various relatives who had an interest in the matter. She probably has her interest in the theater from her mother, who, in the days before she became a sleuth, was considered the image of Maude Adams and had encouragement from her loyal friends on that platform. Mrs. Morison got her comeuppance as an artist when she answered an advertisement for an actress and found that what they wanted was a woman who could hang by the back of her knees from a trapeze and hold a strong man in her teeth. It discouraged her.

Candy vs. Career

As for Patricia, she is a strange one. She has the appearance of oomph but acts singularly unlike it. At the moment she is heart-free and nobody is climbing up the trellises in quest of her hand. Her worst trouble is an appetite for candy and ice cream and the Paramount people have waved a stern finger at her about it. Either sweets or a career, they say harshly; you can't have both. The press department declares she is as trim as a streamliner, which is slightly south of the truth. The only man she was ever in love with was Count de Gueroan Morny but that business is now washed up.

Her main concern is in keeping the family intact and that is harder than ever now that she is helping her relatives. The situation became grave when she met her English refugee cousins in New York and brought them back to Hollywood. She had just been on the aforementioned personal-appearance tour of New England and was out of folding money. She had enough for the train tickets and a few bucks for pemmican and gumdrops but that fund had evaporated by the time they reached Albuquerque.

When the steward, noting their reluctance to get started in quest of fodder, asked if they wanted their dinner brought to their drawing room, Patricia gave him the lifted brow and a bored pat of the mouth, expressing distaste. At this juncture she discovered that a bountiful gentleman, touched by the faint and mousy wails of the starving young male cousin from England, had invited him in to dinner. The ladies virtually dislocated their necks getting in the way of that invitation.

"Just sort of hooked on to the parade," says Patricia.

What this proves beyond the fact that Hollywood personalities eat like mules and go broke regularly is not clear, but for the purposes of history it may be added that Morison was getting her first real break on that location trip to Lone Pine. They were making a little shambles known as The Roundup and she was being starred and her name would be in big block letters and the front office had notified her that if she gained ten pounds more a little man would come around at an appointed hour and shoot her like an overstuffed quail.

This has given her pause. ★★★

OUR NEW ARMY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEO[illegible]



Skeet shooting is a lot like sho[illegible]



"My men come first, General. You're out o[illegible]

In past issues, Collier's has printed reports from its own correspondents in camps and forts and armories of the new American Army, depicting progress in varied sections of the country.

This week there are reports from the high country in Utah; the industrial Midwest; the far Pacific Northwest. In future issues other sections will be pictured so that, every few weeks, a complete idea of what is going on may be obtained by readers.

INTERMOUNTAIN: Utah National Guardsmen, last in the nation to be called up, found out one way to make up for lost time. Sergeant Leland A. Pickett and Private Conrad F. Hoff, Jr., both of Salt Lake City, stopwatched each other getting into old-style and new-style uniforms. Result: Slacks take thirty-nine seconds less to get into than breeches; khaki leggings save forty-five seconds over the old wraps; the new work suit goes on in half a minute less than the old. . . . Nearly two minutes more to sleep.

Salt Lake City clubwomen are quite interested in hearing about the Air Service—especially from good-looking officers. One program-committee chairwoman even added to her organization's request for a speaker: "Will the captain please wear his uniform?" He did.

Private Robert Pohl, lives his life amid bombs, bullets and other modern gadgets of death at the Fort Douglas air base. In his spare time he prowls the canyons of the Wasatch Range for wood from which he makes bows and arrows. Just in case.

Air Corps officers in the Rockies have their troubles. Once they had a bombing range of three million acres of wasteland. Now they have only 1,560,000 acres. Sheep and cattle ranchers, who used some of the former range for grazing; and objected to even dummy bombs dropping among the stock, howled to Washington. So that ironed out, bombing practice started on uninhabited islands in Great Salt Lake as targets. Bird lovers yelled that the homes of pelicans, blue herons and sea gulls were wrecked. So Lieut. Col. E. G. Harper, base commander, had to send out ground crews to shoo the birds away from some islands—and issue orders not to bomb Bird Island at all.

MIDWEST: "You know why I'm doing this?" queried a despondent rookie of the 138th Infantry, Missouri National Guard, peeling spuds at Jefferson Barracks. "Well, me and another guy are standing beside the parade ground and this soldier comes by on a bicycle. I call out to him, friendly like: 'Hi, Junior, where y'going?' He stops, so I asks him can I have a ride on the handle bars. Then he gets off and I see them little silver things on his shoulders. It turns out he's a captain and just rides around for exercise. He's still riding—and I'm still on K. P."

Because Camp Robinson, Arkansas, wasn't ready for them, most of the boys of the Missouri National Guard were quartered in the new St. Louis Armory. And, although a third of them could have gone home nights and most of them could have left after five in the evening, more than three quarters stayed for supper. That was because the food allowance was $1.26 a day a man and T-bone steaks were daily chow.

The 138th, incidentally, has a long, varied history. It dates back to the First Missouri Volunteers of 1846, who marched through Mexico with General Doniphan. In '61 the outfit was captured intact by Union General Lyon and Franz Sigel's German volunteers, and its members disarmed and paroled. Some of the men fought for the Union; others for the South. In the Spanish War the outfit was left in Georgia, but it distinguished itself in the Argonne in 1918.

Sergeant William Schneider of Company B of the 138th tried to discourage his son, William Jr., from enlisting. The boy joined the Air Service, won a commission at Randolph Field, Texas. Now, father has to salute son.

Officers of the 110th, Observation Squadron, Missouri National Guard, are training for shooting down enemy planes by means of skeet equipment. Cases of clay pigeons and shotguns are standard equipment. Skeet and plane-shooting are much alike—you have to keep ahead of your target in each case.

●

PACIFIC NORTHWEST: In muddy, rain-swept Fort Lewis, south of Tacoma, Washington, the man "who once refused to serve a general" was figuring out how many hot dogs the boys would need after a twenty-mile hike.

"Though they say it'll be twenty miles," reflected Staff Sergt. William Gubbins, 15th Infantry, a short little ex-British soldier, "it'll probably be only about ten. And when they get through tramping, there'll be frankfurters and steamin' coffee and chocolate cake waitin' for 'em. They used to be lucky if they got met at all."

He turned to one of his kitchen helpers, and told him, "Never mind the raspberry jam for the hike. It would just spread all over everything." Then he continued:

"Everything's different now. We take these big field stoves along with us in a truck, and we'll be cooking the food on the way. They're slick rigs, I tell you. Of course, all the young fellows grumble. That's nature. They all get more than soldiers ever did—and they want more. We waste more food than European soldiers eat. I can remember, when I was in the British army—we were lucky even to get beef on Sunday. And I can remember right in this Army, when I made ten heggs do for French toast for a hundred men. Now, humph. They use seven dozen heggs for it."

Sergeant Gubbins has been cooking all his life. For all his gruffness, he is the kind of old Army man who likes to break in young boys: the kind that is stern and fair. He was born within the shadow of London's Tower bridge. He joined the British army in 1904—to cook for the troops. But before the World War broke out, he already was an American, in the Army, and cooking over here.

He knows all the old Army tricks—such as adding a couple of pounds of cornstarch to a batch of omelets—to pad it out. But he said proudly, he doesn't have to practice them any more.

The young fellows in his mess speak with evident awe of Sergeant Gubbins' exploit at "refusing to serve a general." He himself half denies the story: "Well, that's not exactly so. I've been in this Army 25 years, and I know one thing: you don't go around giving your superiors the devil!"

The incident—believed solemnly throughout M Company of the 15th—occurred overseas. Sergeant Gubbins, at the front, was running out of food for his own men. In walked a general, and asked to be served.

"My men come first," the sergeant told him. "And I don't have enough even to feed them properly. You're out of luck."

It may not have happened, but M Company wouldn't "put it past" Gubbins. ★★★



...y clubwomen like lectures from good-looking officers



The boys can get into the new uniforms faster



Comes the Revolution

By Harry Sylvester

"I'll go down and tell them myself," Markham said in English. There was no chance to stop him

Of Alice Calhoun, Bannon might have said her form was logic but her essence was confusion. He will never forget her

SANBORN'S—the new one in Monterrey, not the old one in Mexico City—is always crowded on a Saturday night. The usual tourists are there and with them the week-end crowd, down from San Antone or Dallas with their wives or girls.

I had got there early and I had a booth alone and the hostesses were looking at me and wondering when I was going to get out and let a party move in. But I felt like eating slowly and a lot. One of the hostesses came over and asked if I would mind if a couple sat with me. She said that the man said he knew me. I doubted this because no one but my office knew I was down here, but I said I wouldn't mind.

The hostess came back with a kid about twenty-four and he had with him one of the best-looking girls I'd ever seen. She was dressed in a dark, severely tailored suit.

"You're Joe Bannon, aren't you?" he said. "I saw you the minute I came in. Maybe you don't remember me?"

"Oh, I remember you," I said. "How are you?" His name was Keith Markham and his father owned the paper I used to work for before I went with the Times. He had worked on the paper a while himself and then we didn't hear much more about him. He hadn't been too bad and he hadn't been a nuisance.

"This is Miss Calhoun," he said. He was a little awkward and you could tell he hadn't had much experience traveling around the country with unchaperoned young ladies.

"Alice Calhoun," she said, giving me a thin but very firm hand. Her mouth tightened a little in a sort of professional or public-appearance smile and her full name was supposed to mean something to me but I couldn't place it at all.

"Sit down," I said. "How have you been? I sort of lost track of you after I went with the Times."

"Oh, I've been around," he said. "You've been down here on assignment, haven't you?"

"Kind of," I said. I wondered how he knew. We had hoped to get an exclusive on the beginning of a revolt.

"You were in San Luis?" he went on.

THERE was no use denying it, although I wondered how he knew. He saw it in my face and grinned boyishly.

"I suppose you're wondering how we knew?" he said. The girl looked at him with a sharp, sidewise glance and her mouth went almost grim. I began to remember some things.

"I was the only one of the boys down there," I said, "so naturally I didn't think anyone knew. I didn't send a single story to the paper. I was there six weeks, waiting for the damned thing to come off. I don't think it will now."

"It will within the week," Alice Calhoun said. The grimness had gone from her face but it was unsmilin
her now.

"Is that why you're down
said.

She nodded slowly, then lit
before speaking. "We want t
and workers down here to
their American brothers a
them."

"You're national secreta
American Intercollegiate L
Aid to the Working Class, are

She nodded off-handedly
I should have known that a
saw her. "I'm doing field w
she said.

"I remember you from that
ing of your outfit at Smith.
my class reunion at Amherst
over to your place. You we
there, then. When was it,
ago?"

She nodded again. Alm
thing was clear now. "Ho
know I was in San Luis?" I s

She let herself smile a littl
one is interested in the C

(Continued on page

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

...ory Thus Far:

...ne August morning, Hercule Poirot, ... Belgian criminal investigator, goes ...ch just below the Jolly Roger, an old ...n English south-coast island where ...ying a much-needed rest. There he ...f the guests—Arlena Marshall, who ...usband, Kenneth Marshall and all ...uests are well aware) has been hav... ...air" with Christine Redfern's hand... ...and, Patrick.

...reets the Belgian. Then, after asking ... no one he has seen her, she climbs ... and paddles away. She goes, alone, ...ve, where, later that same morning, ...dered—strangled to death.

...e no witnesses; and, assuming that ...s a man, Inspector Colgate, Chief ...Weston and Hercule Poirot are soon ...ged in looking for evidence, asking ... Among the guests at the hotel, in ... those already mentioned, are: ...shall, Kenneth's daughter by his ...Miss Emily Brewster, an old maid; ...d Stephen Lane; two Americans— ...ardeners; Major Barry, a veteran ...n service; Rosamund Darnley, who ...en in love with Marshall; and Hor... ...well-to-do fellow with a liking for ...f his own voice.

... has a good alibi—at the time of ... he had been in his room, typing ...ll Gardener had been on the beach, ...e and other guests. Major Barry ... had been taking a long walk. The ... who supplies any information of ...s Christine Redfern—she says that ...ght, on the beach, she had over... ...one—a man—trying to blackmail ...shall. . . . The three investigators ...Marshalls' rooms. In Arlena's they ... letter addressed to Arlena and ..."

... their investigation, Colgate, Wes... ...ot interrogate Miss Brewster, who ...n that she had been bathing off the ... the hotel (before breakfast on the ...he murder) when a bottle, thrown ... room, had almost struck her. The ...ephen Lane is then questioned. ... he had spent the morning walk... ... obvious that he knows nothing of ...Well," Weston says, "we must go ...e." To his surprise, Lane asks if ... the party. "Certainly," Poirot ..."Accompany me in the boat, Mr. Lane. ...mediately."

VIII

...R t... second time that morning ...Patric... Redfern was rowing a boat ...nto ...xy Cove. The other occu... ...s of ...e boat were Hercule Poirot, ... pale ...with a hand to his stomach, ...Steph...n Lane. Colonel Weston had ...n the ...and route. Having been de... ...l on ...he way he arrived on the ...n at ...he same time as the boat ...ided, ... police constable and a plain... ...es s...geant were on the beach ...dy. ...eston was questioning the ... as t... three from the boat walked ...nd jo...ed him.

...geant Phillips said, "I think I've ... over...very inch of the beach, sir." ...ood, ...hat did you find?"

..."s al...ogether here, sir, if you'd ...o con... and see."

...small...ollection of objects was laid ...eatly ...n a rock. There were ■ pair ...issors ...an empty cigarette packet, ...pater... bottle tops, a number of ...mat...es, three pieces of string, ...or tw... fragments of newspaper, a ...nent ... a smashed pipe, four but... ...the ...umstick bone of a chicken ...an em...y bottle of sun-bathing oil. ...eston ...oked down appraisingly on ...object... "H'm," he said. "Rather ...rate ...r a beach nowadays! Most ...le see... to confuse a beach with a ...c rub...sh dump! Empty bottle's ...here...ome time by the way the ...'s blu...ed—so have most of the ... thin..., I should say. The scis... ...are ne..., though. Bright and shin... *They*...weren't out in yesterday's ...Wh... were they?"

"Close by the bottom of the ladder, sir. Also this bit of pipe."

"H'm, probably dropped by someone going up or down. Nothing to say who they belong to?"

"No, sir. Quite an ordinary pair of nail scissors. Pipe's ■ good quality briar —expensive."

Poirot murmured thoughtfully, "Captain Marshall told us, I think, that he had mislaid his pipe."

"Marshall's out of the picture," Weston said. "Anyway he's not the only person who smokes a pipe."

Hercule Poirot was watching Stephen Lane as the latter's hand went to his pocket and away again. He said pleasantly, "You also smoke ■ pipe, do you not, Mr. Lane?"

THE clergyman started. He looked at Poirot. He said, "Yes. Oh, yes. My pipe is an old friend and companion." Putting his hand into his pocket again he drew out a pipe, filled it with tobacco and lighted it.

Hercule Poirot moved away to where Redfern was standing, his eyes blank. He said in a low voice, "I'm glad—they've taken *her* away . . ."

Stephen Lane asked: "Where was she found?"

The sergeant said cheerfully, "Just about where you're standing, sir."

Lane moved swiftly aside. He stared at the spot he had just vacated.

The sergeant went on: "Place where the float was drawn up agrees with putting the time she arrived here at 10:45. That's going by the tide. It's turned now."

"Photography all done?" asked Weston.

"Yes, sir."

Weston turned to Redfern: "Now then, man, where's the entrance to this cave of yours?"

Patrick Redfern was still staring down at the beach where Lane had been standing. It was as though he were seeing that sprawling body that was no longer there. Weston's words recalled him to himself.

He said, "It's over here."

He led the way to where a great quantity of tumbled-down rocks was massed picturesquely against the cliff-side. He went straight to where two big rocks, side by side, showed a straight narrow cleft between them. He said, "The entrance is here."

"Here?" Colonel Weston said. "Doesn't look as though a man could squeeze through."

"It's deceptive, you'll find, sir. It can just be done."

Weston inserted himself gingerly into the cleft. It was not so narrow as it looked. Inside, the space widened and proved to be ■ fairly spacious recess with room to stand upright and to move about.

Hercule Poirot and Stephen Lane joined the chief constable. The others stayed outside. Light filtered in through the opening, but Weston had also got a powerful torch which he played freely over the interior.

(Continued on page 46)



He pulled himself up. "Hullo," he said, "there's a box up here"

Zivic Pride

By Lester J. Biederman

There's a split in the five
boys. Two of his brothers
Fritzie is the family cham
the other two say Pete is.
just before they come
Ma Zivic steps in with h



Left, Fritzie Zivic of Pittsb
who added a welterweight
the laurels of the battling

THE first thing Fritzie Zivic did after he won the welterweight title from Henry Armstrong was practically go off his nut. He waltzed over to the microphone and hurtled into it: "Hello, Mom! Hello, Joe. Hello, Pete, Jack and Eddie. Set 'em up for everybody."

If Fritzie ever had any doubts about his popularity in Pittsburgh, they were dissipated that night. His brother Pete's bar was crowded to the doors. His father-in-law's saloon was jammed with thirsty Zivic fans.

"If they didn't have that two-o'clock Pennsylvania closing law I'd 'a' been busted," says Fritzie, mistakenly.

This was all meat for Pete who keeps a sign posted over his bar which modestly proclaims: "Pete Zivic—the oldest, lightest and smartest of the Zivics." Not only is the sign there for everybody to see but Pete believes every word of it. Every Zivic thinks he could, in his prime, have licked every other Zivic. The entire family of brothers, Pete, now 39; Jack, 37; Joe, 33; Eddie, 29; and Fritzie, 26, have at one time made a living with their fists. Quite contrary to Pete's boast, there are competent observers who believe that the only smart Zivic was Joe, who had two fights, hung up the mittens and turned to business.

Papa Zivic came over from Russia in 1890 and settled in the "Strip" district of Pittsburgh, where a man either fought or left the neighborhood in a defunct condition. He worked in the steel mills and the five Zivic battlers were born into that atmosphere.

What started the boys on th
was a man named Jack Merz
crooked nose and wears gla
thick lenses and is a nut on bo
He induced Pete and Jack t
the Willow Club for lessons.
broke into this little idyll but
took them up again and then
Olympic titles in 1936. Pe
professional and won fifteen
fights; Jack was right behind
cess. Papa Zivic didn't like th
once burned the boxing glove
sternly, "You're both big en
go to work."

The boys took this as the
foolishness and won. Mamma
their side by coming home
fights and dumping part of the
in her lap. Mamma still does
good English and the hash t
over the radio on the night
is just a lot of silly noise t
she gets the idea when the bo
dumping act with the folding

Pete decided he had enou
Carl Tremaine knocked him o
of his neck one night in Pittsb
kept going higher and h
reached his peak the night h
Lew Tendler the only knock
career. Tendler later reverse
cision and Jack quietly retire

After that there was a lull in
because Eddie and Fritzie wer
young for the wars. As an nth
short pants, Fritzie worked
Bitner on the old Chronicle-T
doing a bit of amateur smack
side. Eddie and Fritzie decid
taneously that the money
made for them and that was
jobs and high school.

Eddie was the puncher. Fr
boxer. Eddie was the better
but Uncle Luke Carney, who h
managed the two lads, secretly
highest hopes for Fritzie. T
brothers, Jack and Pete, thou
were both terrible. It reached
where friends of the family
refrained from mentioning B
Fritzie in the presence of Jack
Fritzie, who knows what is ex
sportsmanship from a new
disdains all talk of this animos

"When Eddie and I were you

(Continued on page



"Don't do like dat, Daughter," the Widow Duck urged. "Cuttin' ain't right"

l!
veet-Talk
oby

lo rk Bradford

TED | WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

kie didn't like to waste
ne t king of love. But
w low to if necessary.
e found that he had to

LDICIE was a medium-small
an, aceable by nature and long
ffering in adversity. Had he been
pla a life for himself, he would
ad de devoid of all conflict and
and. Even his marriage to
y Dawn was the kind of calm af-
s quiet soul liked. It had been
thin outgrowth of a situation
each other of them had any con-
thereon the result of any emo-
the art of either.

Dawn had grown into a mar-
ble young woman with no dis-
ting characteristics to cause the
men to flock around her, and so
was passing her by like an eve-
ness. Buldickie, as any other
eede a wife to chop his cotton
ok his meals, but no woman on
Bee end plantation had made
effort to marry him.

Dawn," said Buldickie one
evening, "Giles is fixin' to git
up a my own, next year, and I
de house back er de puck-
ove. done got me a stove and
and Widow Duck gonter gi'
. All I got credicks on de books
mmissary. Le's I and you git
up.

Dawn slowly rolled her eyes
med er mouth twice before she
peak. "Married up?" she re-

" Buldickie said.

took me consideration. Daw-
wn udied her mind. "Most
he tally suggested. "git dey-
se 'ves cou'ted a little befo' dey gits mar-
ried up. You ain't cou'ted me a lick,
Buldickie."

"Nor neither ain't nobody else cou'ted
you," Buldickie pointed out.

IT WAS a fact and Dawthy Dawn knew
it. She made one more bid for ro-
mance: "I hyars dat de mens most gen-
ally buys dey gal a pair er stockin's to
cou't wid befo' dey gits married up." She
giggled in an effort to be coy. "I hyars,"
she went on, "dat Newman Dykes puts
de stockin's on his gals, and den don't
marry up wid 'em, dat ole devil!"

"Newman Dykes is a sinner man for
dem' a gal like dat."

"Some er de gals," Dawthy Dawn said
archly, "is already married up when
Newman Dykes puts dem sockses on
'em—f'm what dey says."

"Det ain't no skin off'n my back,"
Buldickie told her. "He do like he do
and I do like I do. Den, when he die
off, he gonter punch chunks down in
hell. But me, I'm gonter fly about
Glory, chatterin' wid de angels and
blowin' my harp—"

"I didn't know you c'd blow a harp."

"I can't. But I kin learn how."

Conversation stopped. Presently
Buldickie stood up. "Well," he said, "I
reckon I'll be gittin' 'long."

"Wait," Dawthy Dawn said, "so I puts
on my Sunday dress."

"Better put on yo' shoes and socks,
too," Buldickie advised. "Hit's bad luck
to stand befo' de preacher on yo' bare
feets."

And so they were married; and nothing
ever caused less excitement or
comment. Even B'r Charlie put little
enthusiasm in the ceremony.

However a wedding is a stirring event
to a young couple, no matter how dull
it may seem to others. As they walked
down the tumrow toward the pecan
grove, Buldickie took his bride's hand.

"You hyared what de preacher say,
Dawthy Dawn? He say I and you was
a man and his wife. I like dat."

Dawthy Dawn nestled against him.
"Me, too."

As far as Buldickie was concerned,
the honeymoon ended with this ex-
change of pleasantries. To his bride,
however, it had only begun.

"S'posin'," she asked coquettishly,
"dat when you axed me to marry up
wid you, I'd 'a' tole you to git 'long."

"Hit's a gal over on Duke's Bend,"
Buldickie explained flatly, "dat is about
due to git married up and ain't had no
takers. I'd 'a' got her—name er Eula."

Still hungry for a crumb of romance,
Dawthy Dawn squeezed his hand. "But
you axed me first, hush?"

"You," Buldickie said practically,
"was closter to home."

They settled down to a life of sober
domesticity. Buldickie had winter
plowing to do in dry weather and on
such days Dawthy Dawn spent a dutiful
afternoon on the bayou bank fishing
for a small garfish for their supper.
When it was too wet for field work, Bul-
dickie roamed the swampy woodlands
hunting rabbit and squirrel.

Yet, Dawthy Dawn continued to feel
cheated of romance; and as the dull days
went by she decided to do something
about it. Her first step took her to the
cabin of Modom Aw-Bear, the hoodoo
woman.

"HIT'S about my husband," Dawthy
Dawn explained.

"You' husband, *hein?*" the old witch
woman repeated. "He wawkin' de bayou
already, *hein?* And you don't be mar-
ried a mont'? Dat ain't good."

"Naw'm, he ain't wawkin' de bayou
on me."

"Ah! Den he don't buy you grub and
no clothes, yes?"

"He buy me all er dat," Dawthy Dawn
admitted.

"But he don't love you?"

"Yas'm, he love me."

"*Aieee!*" Modom Aw-Bear exploded.
"What all you, *mere de Dieu!*"

"I 'ain't know'm," Dawthy Dawn said
plaintively. "He jest got married up—
like dat. Buldickie didn't cou't me a
lick. He jest say, come on, he's got mar-
ried up, and so we got. And den us acts
like us been married a hund'ed years."

"Aha!" Modom Aw-Bear chuckled.
"No what you call de romance, *hein?*
No sweet love he make wid you? No
tawk-tawk he make wid you 'bout how
purty you look, no?"

"Yas, dat's jes'."

Modom Aw-Bear sighed heavily.
"Sweet love for a young gal," she de-
clared, "is mo' gooder den de money.

(Continued on page 45)

To South America with the Birds

By
T. Gilbert Pearson

We speak of wild birds as "our birds" but many of them spend more time in tropical countries than here. And many of them never live to come home



"The Day of the Birds" is an annual event in Buenos Aires, when thousands of wild birds, many captured especially for the ceremony, are freed from cages



Rheas are nearly extinct in parts of South America. Here's one reason—a rhea-feather blanket, price $50, which accounts for over 300 birds

Yellowlegs are protected in Canada and the U. S., but not in the West Indies. Here's part of a day's bag of 268 shot in Barbados Island



IF SOME of our birds did not take such amazingly long migratory flights, it might be easier to protect them from human enemies. While the bluebird, the song sparrow and others merely drift to warmer regions of the United States, many fly to lands south of the Rio Grande and the Florida Keys. In fact, millions of individuals of 421 species leave Canada and the United States after rearing their young and do not come north again until the approach of the next breeding season. Some stop in Mexico or Central America, but many go on to the jungles, beaches, Andean regions and the pampas of South America.

For some time there has existed the uncomfortable feeling that our migrants have scant legal protection after they leave our boundaries. It was to learn firsthand something of this subject that in autumn of 1939, when the migratory birds began to leave, I went with them to South America, and spent ten months of continuous travel, observation and inquiry.

In the nine Latin-American republics visited, the situation affecting wild life is about as it was in the United States in those days many of us recall, when ducks hung by thousands along South Water Street, Chicago; and quail, snipe, doves, meadowlarks and robins were sold in Norfolk, Raleigh, Atlanta and New Orleans.

In the early years of this century, small groups in North America seriously began the work of arousing our people to the need for bird preservation. In South America a few earnest men today are organizing for the same purpose, but, as with the pioneer bird protectors in our country, they have undertaken a big job. It is no small task to educate ninety-four million people in any line and to keep them educated.

Forty-one kinds of shore birds, including yellowlegs, godwits, curlews, plovers and snipe, migrate southward along our Pacific and Atlantic beaches, some, in places, even taki... able flights over the sea.

The most eastward of th... dian islands is Barbados. ... swarms of them stop to rest ... food, and it was here that I ... such migrants. Upon arri... feathered voyageurs behold ... of shallow water in whic... wooden "mock birds" have ... tioned, and behind wire enclo... sight of some of their own spe... despite shot-broken wings, ... walk about.

These attractive-lookin... grounds are artificial ponds ... times are supplied with w... wells dug for the purpose. L... are called "swamps." Men ... descent sit hidden in blinds ... shotguns rake the flocks of w... as they come to the decoys. ... photograph of one of the... showing a part of a bag of ... birds that he killed one Sept... These appear to be mostly ... In a letter from the principal ... this occasion, he stated: "T... is the most elaborate one in ... and cost the owner over $10... pense, but it is a dream!" A... a local newspaper article, th... goes on "from the middle of ... the end of October," and ... shot are all migrating and ... from North America to South ...

The United States governm... determined effort to preserve ... birds from extinction, has p... fine of up to $500 or six mon... or both, for the man who s... one of them. However, there ... restriction in Barbados—th... who kill them violate no law ...

I found shore birds in the ... Paraguay, on the Paraná Ri... the shores of the Rio de la ... in Uruguay, also in Colom... Chile and as far south as Pun... the Straits of Magellan; but ...

(Continued on page ...

The Men of Yore

By Georges Surdez

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

...e saves three old fight-...n from the fate of France

...E middle of June, 1940, Louis-... Ga...on Morlane, Count of Brolly, ...an... John Evelyn Bruce, British ...y, r...red, had known each other by ...fo... more than fifteen years and ...no...exchanged thirty words. Yet ...na...net twice a day for six months ...e y...r, from April until fall, on the ...try...nes radiating from the village ...roll...

...ajo...Bruce was always on foot, ...ging...is stick, smoking a pipe. Mor-...wo...l be on horseback in the morn-...on...ot in the afternoon. And at ...me...ing, each one would raise his ...ha... to the brim of his hat cour-...ly,...alf smile and pass on. In a ...s, th...were rivals, although prob-...not...onscious of the fact. For the ...pe...e called the Britisher "an ec-...ic," ...while they had dubbed the ...t "a...original."

...orla... de Brolly, of course, be-...rd... the region. His "castle," ...h w...in reality only a large man-...co...paratively recent, as it had ...ere...ed during the reign of Louis ...I t...eplace a statelier residence ...oye...by the revolution, stood on ...id o...ned by his family since Mero-...an ...ys. He himself was of the ...nal ...lebrities, a man who had ...d in...e army with distinction, who ...arti...pated in two famous voyages ...plor...ion in Cambodia. After his ..., th...e would be a bust of him ...whe... on the village square, or at ...ery ...ast a marble plaque bearing ...ame...

...ice ...s known simply as "the Eng-...an"...even the village shopkeep-...sted...s accounts under that title. ...ad fi...t come fifteen years before, ...ente... a small villa belonging to ...nayo... three hundred meters from ...llage...on a road leading to the cas-...There...was no doubt that he was ...tric,...r, without buying the place, ...d in...alled a shower stall at his ...xper...e. Moreover, his servant, an ...oma...o whom he did not address ...dred...ords a season, reported that ...eakf...ted on tea, sausages and ...som... ignoble fish preparation:

...wou...arrive during the first week ...ril a...l remain at the villa until ...ctob..., with only one break, the ...betw...n August tenth and seven-... T...e regular absence caused ...erab... gossip, was explained with ...rom...tic inventions in the cafés, ...o Fr...chman could conceive the ...reas...on—that the major went ...for a...it of grouse shooting, which ...on t...e twelfth. Thus are mys-...crea...d.

...le in...rance, his habits were regu-...lock...ork. He walked and walked, ...gs a...d afternoons, a lanky sil-...e in ...ownish tweeds, crested by ..., bat...red hat. At night, accord-...he s...vant, he would read, listen ...rad... drink three stiff brandy

(Co...inued on page 37)



...arm...ed machine slid forward, ...the ...ree old men fired. Rico-...ting ...ullets whined overhead

Fraternity

By Mary C. McCall, Jr.



Don remembered a country, in one of his storybooks, where everything was upside down. This was upside down for Hugh

DON went slowly down the stairs. Angus, the Scotty, brushed by his dawdling legs and catapulted down to greet the new smell.

They came in the door, the three of them—Don's mother, Don's father and Hugh.

Dad said, "Well, son—here's Hugh!" and Mother said, "Here's Hugh, Donnie!"

The English boy said nothing. He looked anxiously at Don. His eyes were large and brown.

"Hello," Don said.

"How do you do," Hugh said, and put out his hand. Each of his words stood by itself, completely said.

Don took his hand. He could never remember shaking hands with another boy—only grownups. Hugh gave his hand a jerky kind of pump, hard and brief.

Angus was standing with his mouth open, eyes shining, tongue lolling, his head cocked to one side.

"Is that your dog?" Hugh said.

"Sure," Don said.

"What's his name?"

"Angus."

"Good boy, Angus," Hugh said. "Good chap." He knelt and scratched Angus behind the ears. That was where Angus liked to be scratched. He bent his head and stretched himself, responding to the touch, liking it. Don felt a hard lump in his chest. He looked up quickly and saw his father and mother smiling their overeager smiles, not looking at him, looking at Hugh petting his dog.

"Take Hugh upstairs, son."

"Okay."

The two boys went upstairs together. Angus pushed past them, jumping from step to step.

"Well," Don said in the room, "this is it."

"It's a jolly nice room," Hugh said.

Jolly nice! What kind of thing was that to say?

"What form are you in at school?" Hugh said.

"6B, but it's not a form. It's a grade."

"Oh. Grade. I shall have to remember that. I expect it'll be a bit awkward at first, the different names for things."

"Yeah, I guess it will, all right."

"I say—where's the lav? I'd like a wash."

"The *bathroom*'s next door," Don said.

Don sat down on his bed and began to pet Angus. Angus rolled over in complete surrender, presenting his stomach to be scratched. Don's father came in, carrying a small trunk. "Well, son, getting on all right?"

"Sure."

"Seems like a nice kid."

Don said nothing.

"Bring him downstairs. Your mother has some tea for him—for all of us."

Don's head jerked up, but his father was on his way through the door. Tea! Tea was for women—for Mom's bridge club.

Hugh came back, his face shining, his hair slicked down.

"We better go downstairs. We're having *tea*."

Angus jumped down. Don heard the plop of his landing, and turned on him, rough, angry. "You stay here."

"Oh,—mayn't he come along?" Hugh said.

"No," Don said. "He's not allowed out o' here, except when I say he can. He's a one-man dog. He's liable to bite strangers." He banged the bedroom door shut, almost on Angus' wet, black, indignant nose.

ALL through the unaccustomed tea, Don sat, sullen and withdrawn, watching his parents as they talked to the stranger, the way they talked to grownups they didn't know very well.

After tea, he and Hugh took a walk. His mother suggested it. It was cold now. Only the pale last of the light was left. The ruts in the road were stiffening.

"Your father said he'd take us to a football match on Saturday."

"Game," Don said. "Football *game!* . . . Say—if you ask me, the way you talk stinks."

Hugh stopped dead. "Look here," he said, and his voice was high and angry, "if you really want to know, it's you who has the wrong names for things, you and your tortoise-shell spectacles and hot dogs and talking through your nose. I didn't ask to come to your silly old States. I'd sooner have stayed home, a million, trillion times!"

"Well, why didn't you?"

"Because there's a war on, though you Yankees don't seem to know it."

"What do you mean we don't know it?"

"Well, you're jolly well letting us fight it!"

They stood facing each oth toe to toe on the gray road i the house. The door opene a rectangle of gold light in the

"Come on in, you kids, and for dinner," Don's father said

Dinner was a repetition of worse. Afterward, they playe checkers. Don's father beat only two moves. "Well, Dc father said, "you'll have to do practicing before you can give a game! You play chess, Hug

"Oh, yes, sir. Father's a top player. He taught me when I small."

"Good! I'll take you on night."

The two boys got ready f stony silence. Don's mother c say good night to them. She k first, and then went and sat bed. "We're very glad to have Hugh," she said. "Sleep well, bent and kissed him.

Son! He wasn't her son! she have to call him son for? him. All she could think of no English boy who could play c liked the way he talked, like s the movies. She liked Hugh b him. She'd forgotten the birc stand he'd made for her at the day last week when he'd dahlia bulbs down to the cell and she'd called him a ban gardener and hugged him and a dime.

HE LAY awake listening to t ger breathing in the next stranger in his room, in his h stranger his mother and fa better than they liked him, t ger who would be here for a years, maybe forever. Ang round ball of warmth against ach, but he got no comfort fr Angus had run to Hugh as s came into the house. In a his dog would be just as mu dog as his own.

He swung his legs out ont floor—he had to have this thin his father and mother. Angus jumped off the bed. Don wal bend of the stairs. There h Downstairs in the living room and father were listening to He was still determined to sa must say, but he knew he here on the stairs and get ready.

He could hear the radio clea don is enduring another night bombing. For the fourth week, Londoners were roused by the air-raid sirens and a ear-shattering explosions. Th has not yet sounded, at four don time."

Don sat on the stairs, liste mother and father were right ting together in front of the f beds were waiting for them up and warm and safe. That w Hugh lived—London. In o storybooks there was a coun everything was upside down upside down for Hugh. It mi other way. He, Don, might place where lav was the right match and jolly and form, sc where all his words were wron side-down names for things.

He got up and went back to Hugh was crying. His head w in the pillow to muffle the thick sound of his crying, but Don c him. Quickly he bent over an up the warm, furry lump w Angus and dropped him on H

"Here," he said. "You tak night. He likes you."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY C. C.



Ho[illegible] ownership is aided by life insurance dollars inv[illegible]ed in first mortgages on private dwellings



Life insurance dollars invested in utility bonds help bring light and power to factories, homes, streets, schools and public buildings



Farmers benefit from life insurance funds invested in first mortgages on farms

How your Life Insurance money works

HA[illegible] **YOU HAVE WONDERED** what a life in-
nce [illegible]mpany does with the money you pay as
niu[illegible] on your policy.

ayb[illegible] you have thought of this money as being
awa[illegible] under lock and key. But, actually, that
of [illegible] known as reserves, which is not needed
urr[illegible]t claims and expenses, is invested with
r fu[illegible]ds for the benefit of policyholders. If
wer[illegible] not the case, your life insurance pre-
ns [illegible]uld be higher because, when the Com-
[illegible] ca[illegible]ulates your premiums, it assumes that
rese[illegible]es will be invested to produce a stated
of i[illegible]erest. The reserves must be increased by
rate[illegible] interest each year the policy is in force.
here[illegible]re, the money representing such reserves
t to [illegible]ork in many forms of human endeavor
n al[illegible]parts of the United States and Canada.
nd if [illegible]ou could take a trip from coast to coast,
woul[illegible] see public schools, hydroelectric plants,
s, ho[illegible]es, office buildings, dams, sewer sys-
, hos[illegible]itals, and highways in which life insur-
ance funds have played an important part.

Life insurance dollars, invested in federal and municipal bonds, for instance, are busily at work all over the United States and Canada, helping to finance new bridges, better roads, modern school buildings, and a host of other public improvements.

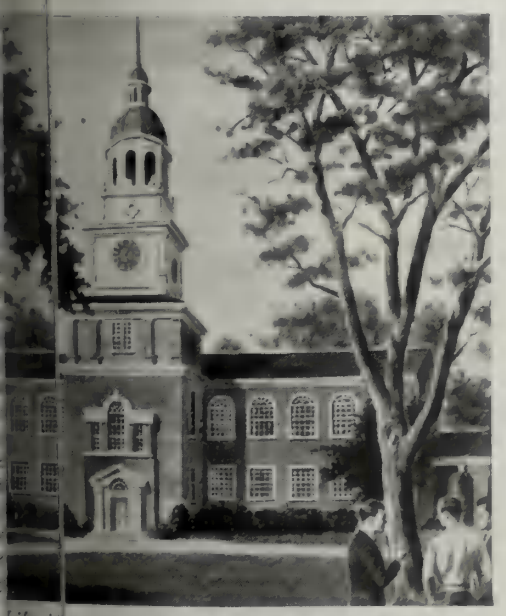
►On your trip, you would see also private homes, apartments, stores, and office buildings that Metropolitan Life insurance dollars, invested in bonds and first mortgages, have helped to build.

Other life insurance dollars, invested in farm mortgages, are helping farmers to buy their farms, keep farm buildings in proper repair, purchase needed machinery, protect the fertility of the soil, and produce better crops.

Metropolitan has other dollars invested in the basic securities of railroads that serve the public. This money is at work helping to provide new equipment and to move the raw materials that keep factories humming, men in jobs.

►Other millions of dollars of policyholders' money are invested in plants that help provide light and power for homes, farms, and businesses. Still other millions are at work helping industrial concerns to build better mills, lighter, cleaner, safer manufacturing plants, make better products, and to establish new industries.

Of course, your primary interest in life insurance company investments is to know that they are in sound securities and that they earn the interest which, as previously explained, helps to keep your premiums lower than they otherwise would be. You are also interested in having the Company earn the highest rate of interest consistent with security of principal, for any interest earned in excess of the rate assumed as the basis for the premium may further reduce the cost of your life insurance through dividends. In the meantime, your life insurance dollars are also playing an important part in the social and economic structure of the nation.



Life in[illegible]rance dollars invested in federal, state [illegible]nd mu[illegible]cipal bonds help bring you better schools, roa[illegible] and public improvements of all sorts



Better living conditions are fostered by life insurance dollars invested in first mortgages on modern apartments

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This is Number 34 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

How to knock your boss down . . . and keep your job!



1. I was riding my bicycle home, first day of my new job, when who should I run smack-dab into but my new boss! I knocked him flat, skidded across the sidewalk, and went through the biggest plate-glass window in the drug-store!



2. Nobody was hurt much, but my bike was ruined. The boss was so mad he fired me on the spot. The druggist wanted to call the police . . . until I promised to pay for the window. Then he gave me a cup of coffee.



3. "One for you, sir?" he asked the boss. "No!" the boss snapped. "Never touch it! The caffein keeps me awake." So I piped up, timidly: "Have you tried Sanka Coffee? It's 97% caffein-free, and can't keep you awake."



4. "That's right," said the druggist. "I serve Sanka Coffee myself." The boss said: "In that case, I'll try a cup." He drank it. His face brightened some. "Hum—good!" he grunted. "But are you sure it's 97% caffein-free?"



5. I showed him, on a can of Sanka Coffee, where it said: "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' "



6. Next day I got a note from the boss. "Thanks for telling me about Sanka Coffee. It's wonderful, and it lets me sleep. Come to work tomorrow . . . I can't lose a smart boy like you. P. S. I paid for the broken window."



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Sanka Coffee is real coffee . . . all coffee . . . a blend of the finest Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.

TUNE IN . . . "WE, THE PEOPLE"—Tuesday evening. See your paper for time and station.

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he moved into the servants' quarters behind the bungalow and began cleaning his kitchen.

It was too late to see to anything. The drone of the heavy enemy planes dived near to the earth and she crouched and hung her head. There was the high scream of the lighter Chinese planes soaring and then plunging upon the enemy from above. She lifted her head—had to lift it to see this.

"Brave—brave!" she cried aloud. Two Chinese planes against twenty! The Chinese had so few planes that they sent up one—two—against the vicious flock beneath them. But the Chinese pilots were nimble and quick. Their small planes buzzed and darted and whirled, firing, evading, firing again. She ran to the window and shouted at them.

"Oh, brave — brave — brave!" she shouted. The enemy formation was breaking up and whenever that happened the Japanese airmen became confused and soon they would withdraw. But before that came about she saw a bomb drift down, veering a little in the wind. It was headed straight for Gray's house. She watched it, her hand to her mouth. Would the wind be strong enough to push it beyond the compound wall? It came down, a long, silver slant, pointing a little to the south, a little more, enough. She put her hands to her ears and opened her mouth and felt the explosion all through her body. A great spray of earth and bricks flew up. But Gray's house was still safe. She saw it still whole, debris piled against it.

SHE went out after it was all over and the hospital ordered again and stepped into the house. The men were already back, plastering the walls, nailing down new boards where white ants had eaten away the floor, putting in new screens at the windows. Siao Fah was there to hasten them.

"You are all safe?" she inquired.

They laughed back at her for answer, and one of them spat on the board he was nailing down, and then remembering that the floor was for a foreigner wiped it off with the sole of his shoe.

"Thomison doctor's house will be ready, Lady Doctor," Siao Fah said. "Don't fret, don't excite yourself. You have said he comes in seven more days, and in seven more days all will be finished."

"Don't forget I must have furniture in and curtains up," she said. "Two days for that, if the Japanese allow it."

"The gods decide, not they," Siao Fah said calmly.

"I'm not so sure," she said.

"Ah, but we are," he replied.

She went away, full of that deep, aching pain that was with her now night and day. "I must get used to it," she thought. "I must just get used to it."

So she went out one rainy day between operations, a day when the good gray clouds protected the city, and bought for the price of American cheesecloth Chinese-figured silk to make curtains for Gray's house and clean, straw-colored matting for the floors and plain, heavy Chinese furniture. She piled everything on rickshas and took one herself and followed her caravan back to the hospital. And that evening she measured and cut and the hospital sewing women came and helped her and Siao Fah sweated and pushed the furniture into place, and so the house grew under her hands into Gray's home. And the next day before the air-raid hour she went with two hospital coolies and Siao Fah into Gray's rooms and watched them take Gray's things out of this place, where he had lived alone into the house where he would live with Louise.

It was the first time she had ever been in his rooms. She stood there looking at his belongings which she had never seen, his books, his few pictures. of his parents she had seen. brought them to her one day.

"These have just come," he "They are my mother and fat

She had studied the hand faces, very gentle faces, his delicate and too sensitive. "I wonderful when I told them I ing to China," he said tenderly. as well have said I was going t their only one, you know. But me to go ahead."

She had grown up in a houseful of children, a bustli her father. "Don't see why Ka good enough for any child of had grumbled, and grumbled letter to this day.

And Louise—would she be l the child of plenty and peace rooms were simple and plain b where there were the signs o ents' plenty—the sheets on hi were linen, and she had never tween linen sheets in her lif closet a blue dressing gown forgotten, a heavy American his initials monogrammed on t A folded silk handkerchief w pocket. She pulled it out and cheek upon it. Gray's smell, fragrant of piney soap, was "I'll keep it," she thought. He would not miss it.

Into the house went his t easy chair, his heavy Chinese books. She was glad she had carpenter to build the bookc opened the books, one after Marco Polo, crisscrossed with and queries—a Chinese *materi* written by a missionary doct and poetry again. She had n no, she would have no right wh came, but now Gray had aske

She came back the next nigh hospital was quiet and the rain ing, a curtain of safety all da down in Gray's chair, and book. Everything was ready house was not bombed in the or two days or at utmost three would come into it, into the had made for him. She had m him, for him alone, not for Lo into the bedroom she had pu bed like his, and from an old shop she had bought a sma table of blackwood and a car But everything else was for h

BUT when he came in, she mu She had in these few days love running in and out of this was sweet to open the door come in, to move a chair, a tab amine the way a picture hur range a cushion, to imagine hov look to Gray when he first saw agine—to imagine it was for for herself. She leaned back chair and let herself imagine, of Shelley open upon her kn could not read it, after all. Sh full of her own longings to other's.

"I almost wish," she thoug wish it—that a bomb would fall now—upon me, in this house."

There was a loud crack of n leaped and the book fell from with a crash. What was that bomb, of course—only a door, shut.

She heard a heavy step, ar she could rise a man stood in way, a tall young Chinese, i blue uniform. The light of th lamp fell upon his face and sha —an angular, harsh, resolu youthful and strong.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Are you the American wor tor?" he demanded. She coul was a man of authority.

"I am."

"I n come to the hospital. I have e ere who must not die."
"If t is a man, the Chinese Chung ct will take care of him. I care for w men."
"A hinese cannot take care of this n, e said. "He is a Japanese."
"A apanese!" she repeated. "But w- hy do you, a Chinese, say a pa se must not die?"
"I ve my reasons," the young man d isquely. "Come, woman doctor. er s no time to talk. He is bleed- ."
She ose. "Nevertheless, he must go the nen's hospital," she said firmly. "I e nothing of where he goes," the n d. "But you must be responsi- fo im."

E EPT at her side as she walked th gh the dark rain. He had the all shlight that every Chinese had se ys and poured a moving pool of it on their path.
"I c not be responsible if the Japa- e l mb the hospital as they have ny mes and he is killed among ers she said.
He reed to that unwillingly: "No, tha alone I will not blame you. But he c s in another way—if he is poi- ned r made away with or if he eds death or if—"
"He ill not be murdered in my hos- al, can promise you," she said ight.
"The you must make yourself re- nsil ," he said sternly.
"Wh are you?" she retorted. "How e y come upon me in the middle of nig and command me as though ere ur servant!"
I an Chen-Ta, called The Eagle, and m ch f of the Long Mountain guer- as," e said.
Sara oked at the man again. So this s the agle! Who did not know him? wen on: "This Japanese is my cap- e. W engaged the enemy four days in t northern part of the province I him took with my own hands, after ad w nded him. He is my prisoner."
And ou want me to cure him so that I ma kill him more fully?" They e in e hospital now and now in her ce. Se put on her surgical coat and an t scrub her hands.
Do n waste time washing," he said atien y.
It is ot waste," she said, "you do und stand these things."

But she made haste, for at that moment Siu-mei came into the room.
"Chung doctor has examined the Japanese and says he will operate, Elder Sister."
"That he will not!" the young man shouted. He put his hand on the knife of untempered iron at his girdle. "No one but this American woman shall touch him. He is mine and I say this for a command."
"I will operate," Sara said evenly. "Do not excite yourself. Siu-mei, let the man be taken into my own operating room. Make him ready yourself. Ask Chung doctor to be ready to assist, but only if necessary." She turned to the young man. "Tell me quickly what is wrong."
"He is wounded in the belly," the chieftain said.
"With what?"
"With this." He pulled the thick-bladed knife out of his girdle.
"Did you stab him?"
"How else would he be mine? He was escaping, the fleetest foot I ever saw. I rushed at him sidewise. He tripped me and I fell, but I thrust him while I did it and ripped the side of his belly. Even so he was trying to escape, holding his belly together in his hands."
"A brave man and therefore strong to survive," she said.
"He is no common man," the chieftain agreed.
She hurried into the hall and he was close behind her. "You cannot come into the room while I operate," she flung over her shoulder.
"I will come in," he declared. "It is my right to see that the man lives."
"I will not allow you in," she called back.
"Nevertheless, I will come," he maintained.
She let him come and let him stay when she saw the Japanese. There was no time to waste in argument. The man's life was flowing away in minutes and seconds with the blood that flowed from his side. She plunged her hands into disinfectant and drew on her rubber gloves and her mask. Around the table Siu-mei and Dr. Chung were ready and two Chinese girl nurses held the instruments. She wavered for one instant about the anesthetic.
"Siu-mei, you," she said. Why did she not quite trust Chung? The chieftain, perhaps—he was standing there glowering at them from the corner. She



"This one's for beginners"

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson



Professor: Look here, you two, why didn't you attend my lecture? A fascinating subject: "The function of vitamin B_1 in the optimum dietary."
Dolly: But professor! We *know* our vitamins and all about "pep appeal"! Come join us for lunch and see!



Professor: What do you mean, *pep appeal?* It sounds like utter nonsense to me.
Sue: Why professor, you've said yourself we couldn't have pep without vitamins. You know, *pep, oomph, zip-zip, whiz!*



Dolly: There, professor, you have vitamins de luxe. In crisp, toasted curly flakes of wheat—that scrumptious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP. Rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant and thus most needed in ordinary diets—vitamins B_1 and D.
Professor: But what a taste! What a flavor! And to think that all the textbooks in the library hadn't told me about KELLOGG'S PEP.



Professor: (sometime later) Well, I'll see tonight how your *pep appeal* idea works.
Dolly: You know what the philosopher said, professor: "Where there's pep there's hope!"

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's* Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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wondered for an instant, waiting for the anesthetic, what he was thinking, used to death and violence. The mercy a knife could be was new. She took one quick look at him. His eyes were upon Siu-mei's face, absorbed in her task. He was staring at her, his black eyes unblinking.

"Ready," Siu-mei said clearly.

She picked up the shining scalpel and forgot everything. . . .

"Will he live?" the Eagle asked.

"He will live," Sara replied.

She straightened herself and folded her stethoscope. It was morning. The Japanese was still unconscious but he was breathing normally since she had given him a transfusion at five o'clock. There had been a fuss about blood. No one had wanted to give a Japanese blood, though his type was ordinary enough. Suddenly to everybody's surprise Dr. Chung had come into the room.

"Take mine," he said.

"No!" It was Siu-mei's voice crying out. "No, I don't want—"

But Dr. Chung's face moved slightly in an ironical smile. "A little Chinese blood will do him good."

He was scarcely paler when Sara had drained off the blood, but he took the cup of broth Siu-mei had run to fetch for him, and together they had left the room. The Japanese man's heart had strengthened instantly.

"Then I will go back to the hills," the Eagle now said. "In seven days I will return to fetch him."

"It will be more than seven days before he can be moved," Sara said.

"How long?"

"Make it three times seven."

THE young chieftain looked at her sternly. "But by that time I shall be pursuing the enemy far from here."

She smiled at his certainty. The Japanese armies were advancing upon the city, not retreating from it. The regular Chinese army had fallen back. Everybody was looking to the guerrillas for help. If the guerrillas failed, the city was lost, people were saying. The rich were already sending out their women and girls. At the treaty port miles away by the river American and English businessmen were sending away their wives and children in chartered airplanes. And here in her presence was the chief of the guerrillas!

"Why do you linger?" she asked. The Japanese lay unconscious between them. "You know the people look to you."

"Will you promise he will not die?" The chieftain's strong black eyes were upon her—a handsome fellow, she thought irrelevantly, and wished Gray could see him. Gray so ardently admired these men of the hills.

"I cannot promise. I can only say he will not die," she replied.

"It is the best you can say?"

"The very best," she replied.

"You are honest," he said. For a moment something warm passed between them. He was a Chinese guerrilla, the son of Chinese peasant parents; she was the daughter of an American farmer—continents apart, oceans between, but they stood face to face and she liked him, and he liked her. She smiled.

"But if I keep him alive and return him to you, you must make me a promise," she said.

"Is it just to demand a promise from me when you will give none?" His voice was full of hearty humor.

"No, but this depends upon your own will," she replied, still smiling.

"I will give it to you," he said instantly. "What is it?"

"If I heal him, do not kill him."

"I had no thought to kill him, if he lives."

"Why, then, should you keep him?" she asked.

"I told you, I have my own use for him," he replied, and turned and went away. . . .

The Japanese was conscious that same night. Sara went in when the first air-raid warning sounded and he looked at her and saw her plainly—a white woman, English or American. He chose English out of the four foreign languages he knew. It was unusual for a Japanese to know so many foreign languages, but he had often wished in the last six months that he could exchange them all for Chinese. He understood not a word, not a sign, not a laugh of these Chinese, especially, never their laughter.

"What is that noise?" he asked faintly.

"We are about to have an air raid," she said, surprised at his English. This was indeed no ordinary Japanese. Was he, in spite of all she had said to the guerrilla, a sure-to-die?

"Have you—shelter?"

"Certainly," she said, "we have ample shelter."

God forgive her, she thought, it was not ample, but she would not tell a Japanese so!

"Then—move me!" The voice, so faint, was imperious.

"You are afraid of your own planes?"

"Assuredly, they are excellent marksmen."

"Yes," she agreed. "They hit the hospital regularly."

"Ah," the Japanese said, "I am sorry."

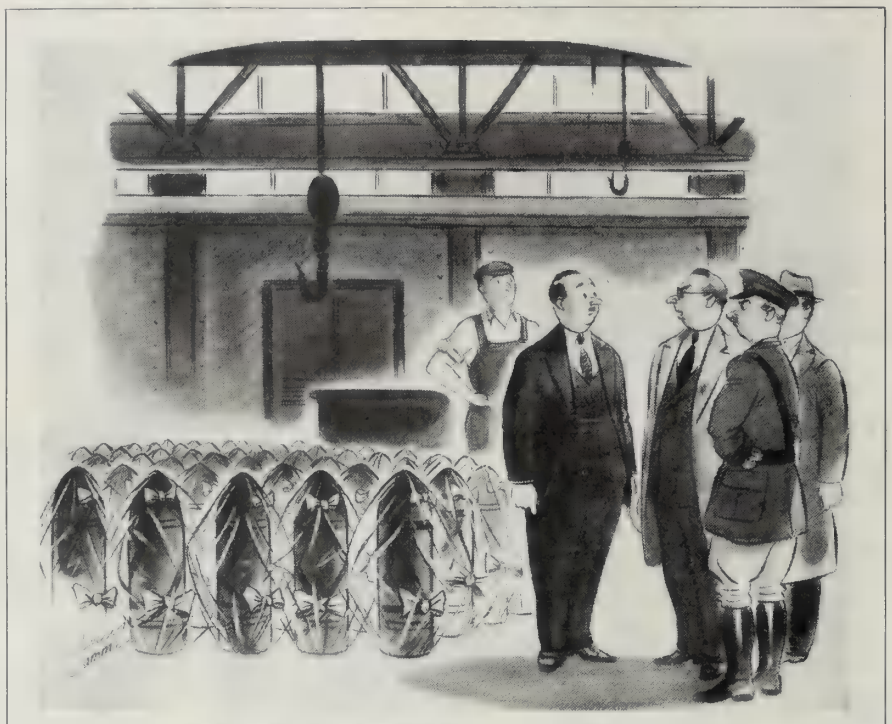
She saw to his moving and watched him wheeled away. Dr. Chung went with him. It happened that all the sure-to-dies this day were women—one of them a mother whose baby she had delivered an hour ago. She sent the baby away and sat down in the ward beside the unconscious mother.

THE bombs were falling again. One crash and she might be in a heap of ruins. The girl moved and Sara took her hand and held it to quiet her. It was hot and dry and lifeless. She felt in her bag for a hypodermic and while the earth shook and the air cracked and split she thrust it into the girl's arm. She was getting used to the bombs, so that now all that really seemed unendurable was the oppression upon her chest of the air rent and driven by the concussion.

Then there was a crash that silenced everything else. She cowered upon the bed and held herself in a knot, waiting. Surely the walls must fall! But they stayed. And after a moment she straightened herself.

There was the familiar hiss and spit of the defending Chinese plane—only one this time, one solitary fighting plane darting and springing hither and thither. Was the girl dead? Yes—a moment's examination told her that this one life was over. The riven air had been death to her. What about the little baby, then? Perhaps the family would not want it in these times. Maybe she could keep it—why not? One must have something.

SHE was glad the raid was early today. She glanced out of the window. The little house was quite safe. She could go and put chrysanthemums in it. Then she saw the gatehouse had been struck. The brick pillars were in piles and the heavy wooden gates, bound in brass, were splintered. The hospital sign that the magistrate of the city had once given them when his son's appendix had been taken out safely was cracked in two. "House of Mercy" it had said in high black and gold letters. But now "Mercy" lay tossed aside.



"In this case, I think we can dispense with making the product look attractive" LOUIS JAMME

"I'll have to get that mess cleared up," she thought. "If Gray should come, they can't get in."

But she had no time for it. The patients were coming back in wheeled chairs and stretchers and leaning on nurses and orderlies, and the babies were screaming and hungry. It was the Japanese, though, who terrified her. He had gone unconscious again. Dr. Chung hurried at his side.

"I doubt—" he began.

"Take him in at once," she ordered. "Have you given him a stimulant?"

"All I dare—"

"I'll try that new X compound of mine," she said. She had been experimenting with special stimulants for shock. The ordinary ones were too often harmful to hearts fluttering into silence.

. . . Two hours later she and Dr. Chung looked at each other over the gray face on the pillow.

"What is your opinion?" she asked.

"He is better than he was half an hour ago."

"I think so—and if he is, it is you must have the credit."

Dr. Chung shook his head. "Your X compound."

"But you administered it so exactly, I timed your doses—each had just the right effect. Very delicately d tor."

"Thank you, Doctor."

She wanted to say that it w more admirable because this an enemy. The Chinese doct were admirable even if she di him. Modern medicine was n old country and modern medi newer. But the thing was d express and as she was thinkin heard the popping of firecra jumped. That could mean but —Gray had come! For days I and Siao Fah had had string crackers ready for the instant w would appear.

She ran to the window and s climbing over the debris of t gate, a laughing Gray, looking instantly, brown and happy a —not the tired, white-faced had left in the summer heat And he had his arm around girl, a girl whose face she coul under the brim of her hat. He while her dainty feet went slip the plaster and broken brick, Wang and Siao Fah stood sid holding the long string of pop crackers and, from all over pound, nurses and orderli running to welcome Thomiso and his bride.

She turned, to find Chung at "Will you go down—or I?" sh

"You, of course—I will stay."

She thought of her promis Eagle. No, it was not a promi responsibility. She must not l Japanese alone with this Chin yet, and yet, had he not saved t life? Twice he had saved the l enemy, once with his blood once more by his skill.

"I shall not be long," she sai

"Be as long as you like, Do replied.

Under the suavity of his voic the smooth gleam of his eyes cerned the laughter of his know her. She stiffened and refuse knowledge anything that he kn

"Thank you, Doctor," she s she went down to meet Gray.

AT THE wide-flung door of th tal she met him. She had how beautiful he was, his bro the sun on his brown head. He h suit—she saw everything at or even a new hat in his hand, a tie, the wine-red she loved. S out, "Oh, Gray!"

And then as though she ha into a mirror she saw herself i of cool, amber eyes, very pret black-lashed and wide. She stammer:

"I haven't—I'm filthy—we've an air raid—the mother of on babies died. I haven't had time my hair or wash my face."

Gray laughed aloud. "Sara you're just exactly the way I kne be. Louise, this is Sara."

"How do you do," Louise s soft voice, pretty and clear, face.

"How do you do," Sara sai she turned to Gray: "Your hou ready, except chrysanthemum sorry I can't go over with y there's a Japanese I ought to—b ably you'd rather go alone."

They were both staring at h Gray in laughing amazement at

"A Japanese?" he cried.

But she did not hear him. S not bear to see these two—ei them.

"Excuse me," she muttered.

She turned and left them s there and fled up the stairs an own room. There, there Gra never follow.

(To be continued next wee

Proving that *Sky Chief* gasoline starts quicker than a jack-rabbit!



Get the jump on winter with . . . this fast-starting luxury gasoline!

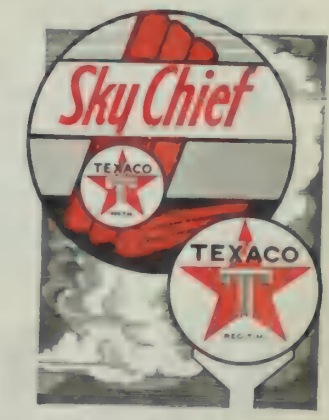
STAND back, folks—you won't have to wait long to see a real thoroughbred gasoline in action. When you push the starter *SKY CHIEF* starts . . . winter or no winter!

You know at once you are driving with a *luxury* gasoline. You can tell by *SKY CHIEF'S* flashing response . . . by its rapid warm-up . . . its swift, smooth hill climbing.

SKY CHIEF'S instant *volatility* and high anti-knock give you these extras. You can sense *SKY CHIEF'S* extra surge of power! It sweeps you through traffic and up hills without constant gear-shifting. At the same time, *SKY CHIEF* actually reduces gasoline waste and returns to you a generous *mileage-bonus!*

SKY CHIEF is for those who want the best. Yet it costs no more than other premium-priced gasolines. Enjoy the thrill of luxury driving. Try *SKY CHIEF* today.

TEXACO DEALERS



SKY CHIEF sells for about half the price you paid in 1920 for the then regular gasoline, illustrating the continued success of the petroleum industry in providing the public with better products at lower prices. *Sky Chief* is available in all 48 States and in every Province in the Dominion of Canada.

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2 GREAT RADIO PROGRAMS
FRED ALLEN and a great cast in the lively full-hour Texaco Star Theatre Program every Wednesday Night—CBS—9:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.S.T., 10:00 M.S.T., 9:00 P.S.T.
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GUYAS WILLIAMS

The Vitalis "60-Second Workout" helps the success of every fellow who still has hair!



The Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

50 seconds to Rub

Vitalis with massage wakes up your scalp circulation—needed oil is supplied—hair looks alive.





10 seconds to Brush

Vitalis keeps your hair in place—lustrous, trim, well-groomed—with no "patent-leather" look.

SUCCESSFUL men know the fellow who "looks well" gets attention fast. Appearance in this competitive age is your passport to opportunity. And—socially or in business—good-looking, well-groomed hair counts plenty in your favor.

If you're grooming yourself for success, pay attention to the grooming of your hair. It's so easy to acquire that trim, successful look with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout".

Massage Vitalis into your scalp with authority. Feel that refreshing, tingling glow as sluggish circulation is stirred to activity. As the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement the natural scalp oils, your hair begins to look alive! It takes on a natural lustre and when you comb it in place, it stays in place but without that "patent-leather" look. Try it and see the difference one vigorous, healthful Vitalis grooming can make in your appearance.

But that's not all. Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" routs loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair—helps you keep your hair. So get a bottle of Vitalis today.

VITALIS

Helps keep your hair healthy and handsome



Down Payment on Empire

Continued from page 13

and don't comprehend the legal technicalities involved. They don't foresee the gradual reorientation of the economy of the islands toward New York and away from London that American presence in the islands will bring. Nor do they foresee the less tangible but nevertheless real changes in the life of the islands which will be wrought by modern plumbing, American movies, the hot dog and the ice-cream cone.

All they know is that the leases we obtained in exchange for the destroyers are for ninety-nine years and that's a long, long time. All that the natives know is that the "Americans are coming." They take it for granted that their new boss will be Uncle Sam because John Bull is busy somewhere else.

On November 9th, three days after Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President for the third time, I sat on the terrace of the Queen's Park Hotel, in Port-of-Spain, and heard the gratitude of the trou'badours of "Iere," which means, in Carib Indian language, the Land of the Humming Bird.

Don't Mention Imperialism

The minstrels sing in polysyllables, but their thoughts are direct and monosyllabic. The re-election of Roosevelt confirmed the islanders' conviction that the "Americans are coming." How right or wrong they are, nobody knows. For the United States to admit that it wants those islands permanently, that it sees no reason why the flags of Britain and France should fly over Trinidad, Dominica, Antigua, Martinique or Guadaloupe, would cause many to shout "imperialism," and that word has unpleasant connotations of power and conquest and militarism. It would worry sensitive South Americans. The home-grown intelligentsia who still think the world is filled with sweetness and light would yelp too. So nobody's saying anything about imperialism.

But those black men know. At least they think they know. They are wise with the wisdom of centuries and they are aware of danger with primitive instinct. They are aware, on those islands, that forces of colossal proportions are at work beyond the rims of white surf that encircle their island worlds.

Once these natives were slaves, brought to the islands by white men from Africa by the tens of thousands. They killed off or otherwise absorbed the Carib and Arawak Indians who peopled the islands. They worked as cattle in the cane fields and made sugar, rum and molasses and millions for the white men.

So wealthy did their masters become that once King George III, annoyed by the display of wealth of a planter visitor from Barbados whose coach and liveried servants dimmed the splendor of George's own at the Court of St. James's, was moved to shout, ". . . sugar, all this, sugar . . ." and perhaps that is how what Damon Runyon calls potatoes came to be called sugar.

The planters' splendor never touched the slaves. When taxes were levied against the planters so that some of their wealth could be siphoned into the exchequers to help finance imperial wars in the New World, the slaves merely worked harder, ate less. Planters bred Negro slaves as you breed horses. They owned big buck Negroes, kept them at stud. Morality received a wallop from which it has never recovered. They didn't marry slaves then and their descendants don't bother marrying now, despite church, government and every moral pressure the white ma to bear.

Then the slaves were freed away to the hills and raised and drank rum and refuse There were riots and distur the cane had to be cut and Indian labor was imported dians were bonded for period years to planters at a wage ing a day.

As these were released f age at the expiration of tracts," they remained on A small proportion moved u the merchant class. Again a shortage. Chinese were impo are comparatively small gro nese in all the British island dies. In Jamaica there are n with 18,669 East Indians.

Most of the islands are po yond the capacity of the soil them. Others are either ent habited or populated by h people. These, however, are tively unimportant islands be watched only to prevent ment thereon of secret fuelin enemy submarines or warsh

The blacks, whites, East I Chinese mingled. Between there is a band of people of m The whites, smallest group remained dominant by not blacks or those of mixed bloo bred freely into the Negro ra half-castes and those of m and black blood of varying p The East Indians remained of the nonwhite races, but m what with the Chinese. Mo native islanders of European have black or Indian blood. socially, a class apart, th people of the islands. Many of course, pure white, but cially with the half-castes and fore, despised by the white g

The effects of miscegenat seen clearly in the statistics fo where the population, accor latest census figures, is abo Of these only 15,000 are liste with 660,000 blacks, 158,000 or people of mixed black blood, and 19,000 East Indian unidentifiable racial origin, n East Indian, Chinese and N with perhaps a bit of white make up the rest.

Something to Think Al

A white merchant in T prominent and affluent citize told me that that island's mo problem is the racial one. He complete intermingling bet white and black races as the solution. In a few more decad the Negroes, whose birth ra creased with the introductio mentary sanitation, will over whites in numbers even mo portionately than they do now

Sanitation and health co the islands, although vastly during the last three decade something to make American think before reaching down Indies, if it is true that t States is flexing imperial mus islanders are a malnourished, lot, ridden with malaria and

The report of Major G. S Browne to the crown, compil and entitled "Labour Condit West Indies," starts by sayin diseases principally affecting ers are "hookworm, malaria

monary tuberculosis," and con-
s hat complete figures are not
a e.
e eport admitted that the investi-
g ommission suspected most of
licted with social diseases didn't
t or treatment, or were hospital-
o y when their condition became
e. his is borne out by the fact that
fi her study of health conditions
v tigating commission found that.
ie largest number of cases
ec vere injuries incurred in work.
presented only 9.5 per cent of
ot number of people admitted to
te —2.77 per cent of the total were
li ases and 2 per cent gonorrhea.
wi e a native will go to the hos-
t have a broken arm set or a
d essed, the chances are 99 to 1
os go for treatment if he has
ii r another social disease. Pri-
es nates in Trinidad of the per-
ge the population suffering from
l c eases varied from a low of 40
en o a high of 80 per cent. The
ng philologist in Port-of-Spain,
M ssiah, said he believed 50 per
fo yphilis alone and 65 per cent
yp is and other social diseases
d p bably be correct. He ought to

e ands are a happy hunting
nd r patent-medicine salesmen.
au Blood Purifier and Sarsapa-
Co ound, excellent specifics, the
s se for "pimples, ringworm, ma-
bo and dangerous tumors," are
ed: nes most widely advertised in
dad local magazine, Calaloo.

Equality Not Even in Theory

me the islanders are free. They
lot of fun electing local mayors
egis tors. The proletariat attends
ass elections like the recent one
ort- Spain, and they cheer and
an boo the parliamentarian go-
on. ey are as amused as anyone
s, bl k candidates who expound in
an cents on the private lives of
etit office seekers. But as eco-
c un the natives are still slaves.
are rrounded by the fine houses
me ant whites and they tend the
ns a clean the drains of the white
h o s and they drive the auto-
es— t they are neither the po-
n economic brothers of the
s. I theory, the black man has
opp tunity with the white man in
ica. he islanders don't know this
rely theory.
ey liv in slums like the "Barracks"
rt-of pain, where entire families
th "average" family in the
is co ains seven members, which
s the are plenty of families of
ten mbers—live, eat, sleep in
windo less room next door to a
ur wi owless room where another
y liv , eats, sleeps. One of the
c-wor projects of which Trinidad
oude is a development in the
abov he Cocorite swamps where
fami s will be able to rent two-
hous containing a shower bath
oilet f four dollars to nine dollars
nth. The houses will cost $900
to bui and will take care of about
nativ s. This is the first major
-clear ce program undertaken in
esser Antilles. It took years of
distu ances and severe criticism



by the watchful Trinidad Guardian to bring it about.

Here are some daily wage rates listed in Major Orde Browne's report to the crown that will give you an inkling of the enormous economic and social problem the islands represent to England now, and to whatever nation assumes England's responsibilities eventually in the Caribbean.

The average work week in the oil industry fluctuates between 45 and 56 hours. The minimum wage for blacksmiths, carpenters, motor mechanics is 9 cents an hour. Maximum wage is 26 cents an hour. Bosuns, stewards and firemen get about $1.60 a day and their keep. Sailors on the tankers get as little as 66 cents a day and food.

In the sugar industry, wages are much lower still. A grown male will get from 45 cents to 85 cents a day; a woman, 25 cents to 45 cents a day; and children, from 14 cents to 40 cents. This work, of course, is seasonal, lasting generally from mid-January to mid-May or early June. The rest of the time these people have little or no work. They constitute the bulk of the population.

In the defunct cocoa industry, workers *used* to receive 45 to 50 cents a day. The weekly earnings of cocoa workers are between $2.50 and $4.00. For the whole island, including all categories of work, a dollar a day is considered pretty good wages. Whole families buy their rice, codfish and rum on six dollars a week. Rents in the "Barracks" are low —one dollar a week being considered steep.

The natives want economic freedom. The wages they receive now were won only after riots and bloodshed. The report of the Royal Commission investigating the labor riots that resulted in the killing of a white police chief and the killing and wounding of a score of natives in June, 1937, found the root of the trouble in low wages and "the indescribable lack of elementary needs of decency . . . for which . . . monthly rentals varying from 12 to 15 shillings are paid." There is no available record of the wage scales paid before June, 1937.

The natives see America as the Great Liberator. Their God is Lincoln. Even as merchants think in terms of trading with and making profits from America, the Calypsos improvise songs about Radio City and New York and the fortunes to be made on the radio. They don't sing of Piccadilly.

A Boon to Businessmen

The white men, the big landowners, sit on the verandas of their hilltop haciendas and brood over the wind-ruffled green fields of ripening cane. They wonder where, in this warring world, they are going to sell this year's crop of sugar, rum and molasses.

Most of them are mortgaged to the hilt to local banks. Unless the crop is sold, they will be bankrupt sooner or later. They might survive this year, but not the next or the year after that. They too are economic slaves. They too have heard that "America is coming." They hope for profits from land to be sold for American military and naval bases. They foresee thousands of American soldiers, sailors and airmen spending pay envelopes in the shops and bazaars of Port-of-Spain and Kingston and elsewhere.

Since war began, the island merchants have been hard hit. The island economy has always had as its slogan "Buy British." Tariffs on American goods insured that the islands bought British. The duties on cars, refrigerators, food and clothing from the United States increased the cost of articles from 100 to 600 per cent. British rice, for example, is imported into Trinidad under a tariff

Everybody knew it but Ellen



That's the humiliating thing about BAD BREATH . . . you don't suspect it in yourself. Yet the odds are more than 3 to 1 that you may have this all-too-common fault. For dentists say . . .

76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath.





See for yourself how Colgate's brightens teeth, gives you a more sparkling, a more attractive smile! Enjoy its flavor . . . its penetrating, refreshing foam! Such a pleasant way to combat bad breath!

Play Safe! TWICE A DAY— AND BEFORE EVERY DATE—USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

MAKES TEETH SPARKLE · QUICK AND FOAMY · DELICIOUS TASTE · POLISHES SAFELY · CHILDREN LOVE IT · COMBATS BAD BREATH

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

of 24 cents per hundredweight. The tax on American rice is 48 cents per hundredweight. British beef pays a duty of 25 cents per hundred pounds; American beef, $1.00.

Shipping was drastically reduced. Port-of-Spain, at the crossroads between the North and South American continents and one of the two Caribbean gateways to the Panama Canal, was a busy, noisy, ship-filled port. Britain needs ships elsewhere now. Aside from the tankers that call to take away the islands' oil—total production figures are kept secret now, but the industry employs about 20,000 workers—there are few ships in the harbor. This has meant unemployment among stevedores, reduction of profits to commission agents, shippers, importers, exporters and the insurance agents who live by handling goods and vessels.

Since the islands raise little or no food, there has been much hardship, largely due to the fact that scarcity of commodities has brought about an increase of from 20 to 35 per cent in prices. This doesn't matter so much to the white middle and upper classes. It has affected largely the man in the hills.

The merchants, landowners and sugar men want economic freedom as much as the workers do. They aren't allowed to trade with America, and the war and risks of the submarine-infested seas make it impossible to trade profitably and regularly with England. An automobile dealer in Port-of-Spain ordered a tractor from Britain in July. He hoped to get delivery by the end of January.

There are electric refrigerators to be sold in tropical Trinidad and near-by Tobago and the other large islands. Even when some of the more esthetic citizens buy them, they put the gleaming white mechanisms in their drawing rooms. A refrigerator is a symbol of affluence. I found one in the corner of a cultured doctor's living room with old silver, gleaming mahogany and an original Rubens on the wall and tiger-skin rugs on the floor. Every electrical gadget we have can find a market in Trinidad.

The Islands Go Pro-American

There is a need in all the islands for cars, clothing, machinery of all kinds, leather goods and coal to operate the sugar plantations. Deliveries from England have either stopped or are tardy. Aside from England's understandable desire to protect her trade in this market at America's doorstep is the wartime necessity of conserving dollar balances. Every dollar Trinidad or any island in the Indies spends in the United States is a dollar less in British funds in the banks in New York, a dollar less for airplanes and guns to whip Germany.

Recently, Canada has been receiving favored-nation treatment in the Indies trade. Canada will be selling machinery, bottle labels, textiles and a hundred other commodities to the islands this winter. American ships will carry most of this freight.

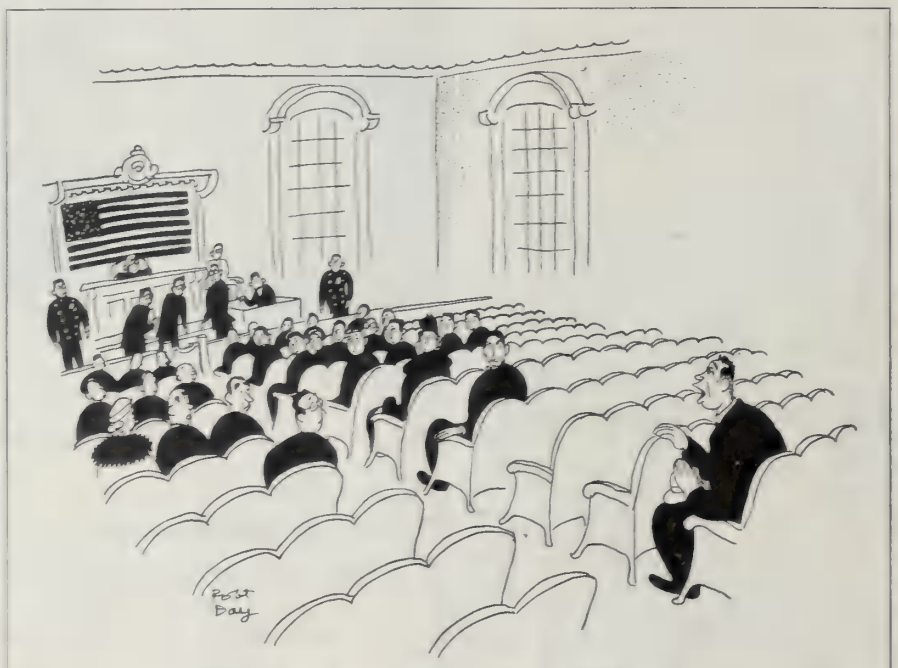
The entry of America into the islands, however, will mean the accumulation of dollar accounts in island banks and perhaps greater freedom of trade with the United States. At least, the merchants hope so. This section of the island population, mired economically, has become very pro-American.

What they would like to see, of course, is something of a compromise whereby the United States takes over the islands, the islands' products continue to be sold at favorable subsidy rates to the mother country, and free trade with America for importation of American goods at favorable prices and with favorable credit facilities. They want, if possible, to retain their identity as British subjects. They, the top crust of island society, have a good life. They dress for dinner.

But they realize this millennium might be a bit difficult to attain. Faced by the bald reality that the islands may be set adrift by an England which may win but be bankrupt as a result, island loyalties have received a terrific jolt. The people quake at the thought of a German victory. They know that in such an event America would assume stewardship of the islands anyway. So, they reason, why not reorient themselves toward America before the inevitable happens.

Economic Nuisances

Militarily, the value of the Indies to England diminished rapidly with the end of imperial competition between Spain, Britain and France in the Caribbean and the emergence of America after the Spanish War as a major naval power. The United States expelled Spain from the Caribbean after the Cuban affair and the liberation of Haiti and Santo Domingo and Puerto Rico. France became England's friend. Both England and France became America's friends. There was no longer need for naval and military sentinels in the Caribbean.



"How much raucous laughter would one contempt-of-court charge entitle me to?" ROBERT DAY

Long ago, at least thirty-eight years ago, when the Anglo-French Entente Cordiale took definite form, the "bases" of England and France in the Indies became mere coaling and fueling places for ships. I found Trinidad, except for British warships which hovered on the distant horizon, "defended" by two motorboats.

Economically, the islands took a nose-dive whose curve paralleled the one of diminishing military importance. The Indies raised cocoa in competition with the groves of British West Africa, where the product was superior, labor cheaper and the haul to London markets shorter than from the Indies. The islands' sugar competed with beet sugar grown at home. The price of rum, for which there is little appetite in whisky-drinking and ale-drinking England, depreciated. But the islands had to be fed, clothed and muscled with machinery anyway. They became, economically, a nuisance.

A crushing victory for England and her recapture of world markets would, of course, alter again the islanders' loyalties. The America that is now the white hope of the black world would become a despised money-grabber and opportunist. Right now they look forward to the "coming of the Americans" with the enthusiasm of an impecunious family about to marry a son into wealth and position.

The Negro taxi driver, for instance, was explicit. He had been offered a job by one of the local merchants driving a truck at one dollar a day. He turned the job down. He would wait for the Americans. He would earn that much in an hour. He would earn in one day what he earns now or would have earned working for his new island employer in a week.

The white islanders will assure you, however, that any wage over and above the subsistence minimum of seven dollars a week will be spent by the natives in rum, seegars and women, silk shirts and wide-brimmed hats and dollar watches. Their "standard of living" won't be improved. Their families won't get any more shoes, rice or codfish.

The Negroes, of course, as well as the East Indians, dispute the white men's charge that they are a shiftless, lazy lot. "We are not shiftless," the natives say, "just tired. We are not lazy," they maintain, "merely exploited."

On Trinidad, their spokesman is an able East Indian named Adrian Cola de Rienzi, which wasn't his name at birth. He was born, some thirty-four years ago, Krishna Deonarine, the son of bonded East Indians. His father died in poverty. In 1928 Krishna was a solicitor's clerk earning five dollars a week reading law for the firm of L.C.C. Hobson. He wanted to go to America and changed his name to that of the famous Italian consul, believing the lot of Italians is easier in America than that of East Indians. He was graduated from the University of Chicago School of Law, returned to Trinidad to become first a labor agitator, then a labor leader, now the first citizen among the workers. He's pro-American, too. He believes America would work out a planned economy for the islands, make Trinidad grow corn and rice and other food and complement the agrarian economy of one island with that of its neighbor. He hasn't heard, of course, about Puerto Rico. That island is as much an economic headache to the United States as the Indies have been to Britain.

He is bitter against the British government for what he calls such outrages as the fact that gasoline is produced by the workers in the unions he heads to be sold at a profit on the world market at six cents a gallon while the same gasoline is sold to islanders at 35 cents a gallon. An export tax of a few fractions of a cent per gallon, he ins
enable the local governmen
dad to tear down every sl
island and replace them
sanitary houses for the work
line is exported, instead, ta
difference between the export
cents per gallon and the re
35 cents, Rienzi maintains,
of the enormous profits local
make.

Mr. Big Landowner was a
pro-American as were the
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owned a swamp, six thousa
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that the United States woul
was one of several sites
American naval experts wh
Trinidad to examine locatio
bases. It was turned do
squashy thump. But Mr.
owner is still hoping. We
what he'd take for it. Witho
of the eyelids he said he'd
one million American dollar

No Profiteering!

I found at least ten pers
about Trinidad to find plots
be eventually purchasable
cans, or might be near Ame
and serve as sites for hot-dog
loons or places of tropical a
Everybody is waiting for th

Details of the Anglo-Amer
regarding the bases, their lo
their territorial extent have
so secret that most of the get
boys are really casting in the
don't know, for instance, tha
for our bases is not going to
acquired by the United State
be bought by their own g
through condemnation proce

The United States plans to
Trinidad its own skilled lab
build its own houses from Am
terials and establish comm
feed and supply the thousan
ers to be brought to the islan
ports. Prefabricated houses,
and temporary shelters of all
be employed, and the islande
forward to sale of large qu
building and other materials
ably be disappointed.

Economically, none of the
dies produces anything Ame
or wants. We obtain all the
require from Cuba, Louisiana
ippines and Puerto Rico.
sources supply rum and
Puerto Rico's sugar quota
sharply cut this year to avoi
ply and consequent deprecia
world market price.

To any nation with adequa
of those commodities that
produce, the West Indies ar
mous liability and this should
portant factor in any imperi
contemplated in Washington

But the military importa
islands in a world growing sm
day may outweigh the econor
Even now this may be true
there isn't an airplane in ser
least known to be in service.
tential enemy countries of E
can fly from European or ev
points, bomb the Panama
return home.

Such an airplane may be
any day. New tactics may be
by a determined enemy which
able it to make a mass assaul
continent. In Western Hemi
fense, the Caribbean area is
sive area of the Panama Ca
is also the connecting link,
and economically, between th
of North America and those
America. It might be best t
deficits and the worries of the
let the cash go.

WHEN LOW PRICE BUYS ALL THIS LUXURY



S IT WISE TO PAY MORE?

Countless thousands of people, including many who formerly bought higher-priced cars, are asking themselves this question after *eyeing* and *trying* Chevrolet for '41—and are answering the question by *buying* Chevrolets!

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"QUALITY QUIZ" AND YOU'LL CHOOSE CHEVROLET!

	CHEVROLET	NO. 2 CAR	NO. 3 CAR
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ED KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO	NO
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DAL FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION	YES	NO	NO
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ONLY CHEVROLET AS A... THESE QUALITY FEATURES

T--TRY IT--
UY IT!

Again CHEVROLET'S the LEADER!

The Haddock that happened in Michigan



1. I'm from Boston. And all my life I've been tipped on ocean fish. I mean really *fresh* ocean fish . . . so fresh-pop-of-the-water they're still got a wiggle or two in 'em! Then I'm transferred to Michigan . . . 1,000 miles from my most favorite meal, a prime shore dinner!

2. Then I come home one night to a heavenly vision . . . no less, a chin-high plate of real ocean-flavored haddock, sizzling sobly-up at me! I'm delighted but confused. Here I'm eating the darkest haddock I ever tasted anywhere . . . in Michigan, of all places! "Look, dear," I begin . . .



3. But Irene interrupts. "I've [illegible]" she [illegible] "They're Birds Eye Haddock Fillets . . . [illegible] haddock that roam the cool, green sea! They're cut, rushed to shore, and *Quick-Freezed* just [illegible] the boats dock! All their tasty flavor is [illegible]





4. "Birds Eye *Quick-Freezes* only the sweet [illegible] from the top of the boatload! They're cleaned, [illegible] buried, and wrapped in cellophane. I buy [illegible] . . . flip-flop, ready for the pan! They save me [illegible] scraping and cutting bother! And, speaking [illegible]



5. "There's no waste on Birds Eye Haddock [illegible] that manner, on any Birds Eye Foods! It's all haddock . . . flavor and all . . . so equal a 1-lb. Birds Eye Haddock Fillets 'You can see how Birds Eye Foods really are!'" I can. And we'll [illegible] the Birds Eye Foods from now on. . . begin[illegible]

This Birds Eye Haddock Dinner... SPECIAL THIS WEEK!

And with it, Birds Eye Broccoli and Red Raspberry Sparkle. "Your Birds Eye grocer has that dessert on glacial this week."

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on the wrapper . . .

on the package →

BIRDS EYE
BRAND
FROSTED FOOD
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Men of Yore

Continued from page 23

das, never two, never four, write letters and turn in. His bony his physique, were British. But e was French, people claimed, as mbled Clemenceau more than a There was the same rather small he keen eyes under the bushy the thick, walruslike mustache. rench was fluent, with a foreign But he spoke little. Occasion- would stop to address a farmer ields, ask him a few questions, n some advice as to just how vere done better in his country. e whole, Major Bruce was popu- had a kind heart, for when Ma- etiton's husband was killed at rry, he sent her two thousand ithout being asked. When she ped him on the road, to thank had colored a bit, nodded and off. Also, it was known that he n a soldier, an officer, for he eared at the village feast fair, icially invited, with miniature ons on his lapel, the French f Honor and the War Cross con- among them. But he had reso- politely, turned down all efforts m.

eur Morlane de Brolly was er, crowding eighty, but vigor- ctive as a youth. He was gen- o, but in a lofty fashion, and entioned francs in his speech. as divided into *louis* and *écus*. re six or seven servants and ilies at the castle, but Morlane deal directly with them. His service was assured by an old elestin, who had been his or- he army.

two formed a queer pair, with tastes. The count had provided ts with a small motorcar, for allowed them to own radios. he came to the station to train for Paris, or when he on unavoidable visits, Celes- hitch two superb bay horses fashioned carriage, and turn There was no radio in the uarters, and while the serv- s and the stables were lighted Morlane read in his spa- ry in the soft radiance of an When he retired, Celestin cede him to the bedroom, oft a four-branched candle-

ly, Morlane was a sort of wide, still-straight shoulders ands knotted with blue veins. imed that *he* looked like an , because his face was long, d clean-shaven. In fact, he the portrait of a namesake, an obscure artist who signed vard, which hung in the main chap had commanded an ship under Louis XV, and her until she sank, his bleed- stumps stuck in a barrel of saw-

de Brolly was naturally pre- be a royalist. One of his had been captured at the Qui- ing by the republicans—and Nevertheless, when the legit- e region had sought to en- cially, reminding him of his bears who had died for king he had refused flatly.

ere present can boast having ancestors in the service of my orderly, Celestin. You'll me a better reason."

started, but life went on as Brolly.

did not purchase a radio, but Celestin would hover close to the servants' quarters to listen. On some pretext, he would go to the library, putter about until the count asked him casually: "Anything new, Celestin?"

After listening to the tidings of defeat, with his long, aristocratic face expressionless, he would pick up his book, pretend to resume reading. Neither of the old men ever yielded to a show of emotion.

When the population started to leave before the threatening advance of the enemy, Morlane immediately granted the servants permission to go. He opened a cash box, distributed money, and advice. But when one of the women made bold to beg him to come along, he grew very cold.

"Celestin and I shall remain."

He did not consult Celestin, there was no need. So some took the shopping car, others used the carriages and horses.



"The name of our organization has aroused suspicion. We're being investigated for subversive activities"

DAVE GERARD

Silverware, ornaments, most of the cellar stock, many of the paintings had been swathed in thick cloth and canvas, buried somewhere on the estate. That had been done almost automatically, for it takes more than a few generations to alter the cautious habits of a race, and this region had been invaded often in the past.

ONLY dribbles of the beaten French army passed near by, the refugees drained southwest. Suddenly, the roads were empty and a strange quiet settled over the countryside. Celestin reported that he had "overheard"—for even the mention of the word radio annoyed Morlane—that an armistice was being arranged, that the war was over. A spokesman, from Bordeaux, had asked that no further resistance be offered, to avoid reprisals.

"Thank you, Celestin. You may bring me a small glass of cognac in the library." He was careful to specify the brand and the year. "Also, do not forget to inform me when those gentlemen arrive."

This would be the second time he saw Germans in the castle. When he had been a small boy, the place had been occupied by brown-coated Brunswick Hussars of Friedrich-Charles' armies. This very room had been headquarters of a brigade, and Morlane's father had often told the story of how the general in command had asked him to take away a gilt clock from the mantel, as a souvenir "of such a charming house."

CELESTIN came to the door, his face bewildered. Morlane thought the invaders had come, and looked at his man sternly: One should not show perturbation to one's victors. But the old orderly came forward, laid a tray on the small table. There was a rather large visiting card on the tray, a name followed by a number of initials.

"It's the Englishman, *Monsieur le Comte*."

"The Englishman? Ah, yes. Show him in."

The lanky fellow appeared, strode forward, and Morlane rose to greet him. There was a pause, an exchange of smiles, and the count offered his hand. "I hope you will forgive my addressing you in French, Major. But my last study of English dates back sixty-odd years. Please sit down." He looked for Celestin, who had gone. "I trust you will accept a slight refreshment. My man should be back very soon. I believe we have whisky, somewhere."

"Cognac, if you please—"

Celestin reappeared, bringing in the cognac and a seltzer syphon, without being told. Morlane, despite his other concerns, gave him a glance of approval.

"You have decided to remain, Major?"

"Yes, Monsieur. As you have."

"Our situations are not alike, Major. I am no longer a belligerent." Morlane felt that something should be said to this ally of yesterday, of this morning. It was atrociously embarrassing, but in courtesy it must be said. "I must confess that this is a great grief to me, this —surrender, Major. You must understand that—"

"Oh, perfectly, perfectly." The major was very polite. "No nation is altogether free from such disappointment. We, in England, have had to endure embarrassment also, recently—" the Britisher caught the count's glance of wonderment, explained: "The abdication, you know."

And the rounded cheekbones above the mustaches were tinged with red. Morlane was amazed by this chap who placed the foolishness of an individual, even a king, on a level with a national shame. Major Bruce sipped his brandy, hesitated.

"I might as well come to the point at once, Monsieur," he resumed. "I have a favor to ask of you—I understand that you were in the colonial army, that you did a bit of exploration. Therefore, you must have hunted big game."

"Oh, yes. Any number of times. And you, Major?"

"The usual routine thing, Monsieur. A few cats, an elephant or two, you see—I served in India, South Africa, West Africa. In fact, we were within four or five miles of each other once, when I was stationed in Nigeria. We disarmed some of Ahmadu's *sofas* which your column pushed across our border. Odd thing—" Bruce chuckled, "recalled your name perfectly, because it is the same as that of the captain of *L'Indomptable*. Read about him in class, you know—"

"I know—" Morlane indicated the painting. "There he is."

EVEN in effigy, the sea wolf and courtier of Versailles could not hide from the enemy. Major Bruce smiled and lifted his glass. Morlane imitated him. Celestin refilled them promptly.

"But you were saying, Major, that I could be of service. Rest assured that anything I can do will be done."

"It's a very simple matter," Bruce resumed, with some awkwardness. "Have you by any chance kept a hunting rifle and a few rounds somewhere about? I shall need one. Found a rifle this morning, but a military issue piece, not made for precision shooting. You see, I have a theory."

"A rifle? There must be half a dozen, Major. Celestin—"

But Celestin, after filling the glasses a third time, had gone.

"He will be back in a moment. So you do not think much of our Lebel rifle?"

"Oh, it's very good for troops, almost as good as ours. But those mass-production weapons are seldom satisfactory to one who is used to his own piece. You have to become accustomed to their peculiarities, and I shall not have the time." Major Bruce looked at his watch. "They should be here shortly before noon. They were reported fifteen kilometers away this morning."

"But you are a civilian now, Major, and resistance will call for reprisals—"

"I have thought of that, Monsieur. However, I have a British flag—brought it to hang beside the flag of your country on July 14th. The proper thing to do, you see. I shall hang that flag over my home, and that will make it clear that no Frenchmen are involved."

"But you yourself, Major—"

"I?" Major Bruce grew somewhat shy, but contrived to express himself. "I feel their coming here a personal matter, you see. A few years ago, I resigned

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telling how *you* may try reducing tiredness. Write Knox Gelatine, Dept. 70, Johnstown, N. Y.



KNOX Gelatine

A PROTEIN FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

from the British army. Did not get along, you know. I was right in my views, as proved now, but that is small satisfaction. Came here, because I had always wanted to see the region, never had the chance. You see, my people fought around here, under Talbot. Oddly, I felt good here, better than anywhere else. As if I belonged. Can't just up and leave, you know."

Morlane nodded. He heard Celestin enter the room. "You will look for my guns, Celestin, please."

"I've brought them, *Monsieur le Comte*."

He lined several long cases on the big table. Then shuffled away. Morlane snapped the boxes open, revealed the guns, laid out neatly, each piece occupying an upholstered nest.

"You'll probably prefer this one, Major. British make. Very good barrel. If I remember rightly, it shoots a shade high and to the right. For myself, I prefer this one. Specially made for me in St. Etienne, adjusted stock. Perhaps a bit long for you, as I have long arms."

CELESTIN had brought boxes of cartridges in a basket. Major Bruce took the British rifle, for which one hundred and fifty rounds were located, and a British revolver. He looked at his watch.

"I must be going. Need I say, Monsieur, how much I appreciate—"

"But you were saying you had a theory, Major. As I should like to know what it is, I shall accompany you as far as your home. Celestin will carry our guns."

The trio left. They walked along the tree-lined road, between trees every one of which was familiar to all three. Major Bruce had lighted his pipe, Morlane smoked one of his thin, long cigars. Celestin chewed, and spat from time to time, practicing as he went, aiming at a stone, or a twig. The day was clear, warmish, and the songbirds were in full voices. Spring was lingering through the immense catastrophe.

"You were saying, Major?" Morlane prompted.

"Quite right, my theory. Well, it is based on the fact that for many years now, everything concerning rifle firing in action has concentrated on obtaining results by volume of fire rather than by accuracy. On the principle that if one bullet misses, the others will strike home. How many men can shoot—I am speaking of soldiers—very quickly and very accurately at short ranges? Yet, we both know such shooting is possible. I am not extraordinarily gifted, yet I contrived to drop a charging rhino at seventy-five feet, stone dead. Because my reflexes were trained to meet an emergency in a split second. You yourself, Monsieur, must have had some such experience—"

"Naturally. On the Chinese border, in 1901, if I recall correctly, a tiger already wounded by a comrade circled and broke through the bush less than forty feet from me. He crouched for an instant, leaped. There was no time for conscious thought or planning. No time to aim, really. Nevertheless, he was dead when he landed, at arm's length from me."

"Where did your shot strike him?"

"At the root of the nose, almost through the left eye."

"Through the eye, practically. That is what I am driving at. A tank must see, and to see, holes must be left for the eyes to peer through. Also, one must remember that the field of vision of a man in a tank is narrowly circumscribed. From the flank, the attacker is relatively safe at close quarters. I firmly believe that a calm man, with a steady hand, can put a bullet through a tank's slit. Even if he but nicks the edge, there is a strong chance that the driver will duck, lose vision for a second, or even be hurt by flying fragments. . . . Well, are. My housemaid has left, from actual fear of the Ger from fear of a disappointme they arrived is not for me to

The little villa was surrou a stone fence four feet high. pretty structure, roofed with with only one floor divided i rooms. One was a kitchen, an the maid, while the master's consisted of parlor, dining ro bedchamber. Aside from fo shelves of books, the major ha duced little personal note.

"Charming place," Morlane s looked out of the parlor window in the direction of Brolly. The straight almost to the village. "V really remain here, Major."

"No. They'll undoubtedly the house. There is an angle of that is much better." He pick sheet of paper from a table. figured out ranges and heights Monsieur. And I have found not easily reached from a tan brings me quite near enough for pose." He opened an album, tu pages until he reached diagrams and armored cars. "This is exce formation—"

Celestin had gone into the worked efficiently. He served lunch, a farmer's omelette, with leeks, potatoes and diced fat ba flanked the plates with some bottles of Pomard. And the two tlemen ate standing, drank s tireless, animated, consulting th walking out from time to time the angles.

At last, Major Bruce opened a unwrapped a flag from protecti paper. A ladder was brought, helped the Britisher to hoist h in a conspicuous place.

"If they're logical," Bruce co "they'll take their reprisals at think it is plain enough that t British establishment. I hope not mind, Monsieur—but the flag might mean trouble for the

"I am honored," Morlane stat he took Celestin aside, and e matters to him. "You see, n friend, it is the only way to k risk to ourselves."

"If *Monsieur le Comte* think right, it's all right." Celestin d "I don't like it, because I'm not but you can't always get just w like in life. Does *Monsieur le* authorize me to shoot also?"

"Yes. You have the Americ bine."

"With all respect, *Monsieur le* I brought my own rifle. The gentleman can say what he li give me a Lebel carbine any tim *sieur le Comte* may recall that altogether clumsy."

"You shoot like William Te fessor, Celestin."

Morlane turned and joined Bruce.

"Excellent chap, that," Majo commented.

"A very old comrade, Major.

THE nearer roar of motors had for some minutes at the village were very few planes overhe somehow one could "feel" that longer expected combat. The machines were grounded while th ish were busy enough protect coast, covering the embarkation last fugitive battalions on the C shore.

The three old men were toge the angle of the wall, and th ceased speaking. The major hac a case from a pocket, placed a glasses on his nose. It changed pearance, made him appear st Morlane had never needed spe

ately. Celestin, who was a year
e seventy, had glasses for reading.
the open, he had the eyes of a
r.
ng chap, Celestin. He had once
Morlane, wounded, for two hun-
rds, when the count weighed all
w hundred and twenty pounds!
h was a loud crepitation of mo-
d files of dark objects darted out
e illage. The emergency was upon
suddenly that they had no time
. Morlane spoke over his shoul-
Celestin, "The carbine—" for
e as no need to use the heavier
on motorcyclists.
e were in grayish uniforms,
huddled, like rapidly darting
nder the bucket helmets. With-
king, Morlane applied a prin-
ambush learned long ago, in the
Shoot at the rear men first, the
es have more ground to cover
safety. His heart pounded a
his eyes were clear, his hands

Unexpected reports stopped the
detachment, fifteen men at
. At the short range, under one hun-
rs, it was impossible for marks-
experience to miss. Morlane
his repetition-lever open and
times. Major Bruce's heavy
led like a baby howitzer. And
a most familiar sound, the de-
of the Lebel carbine handled
n. A sound that Morlane had
three continents.
the machines receded at maxi-
d toward the village. From
e of the fallen motorcycles,
rted in a steady stream. But
hap did not even know where
was, his bullets pattered
e façade of the villa, tore
ndows.
not, Monsieur—" Bruce called
y.
thank you." Morlane aimed
squeezed the trigger. There
of dust beyond the mark.
ruce fired in his turn. The
rm half rose, sank down
rlane nodded appreciation.
movement on the road, men
ome of them leaving dark
the dirt. These headed for
nd the three old men did not
em.
outh, bulky objects rolled
out of the village, hurtled ahead, leaving trails of dust: Tanks. Exactly what type, Morlane did not know. He had never been interested in tanks. He regretted that now, feeling that the Englishman probably knew precisely what they were up against. The larger tank opened fire as soon as the British flag was visible. It used a small cannon, probably a thirty-seven millimeter. And the gunnery was not bad, even on the move, for the shells tore into the villa, with great, crashing sounds.

Morlane turned, saw the flagpole knocked askew, the cloth hang down, a smear of colors against the plaster. He laughed inwardly—odd for him, Morlane, to end fighting under that flag.

The three crouched behind the wall.

The tanks had slackened speed, possibly through caution, probably to thread their way among the men and machines scattered on the road. The one in the lead drew very near, slowly, progressing at perhaps eight miles an hour. On the left side, beneath and ahead of the machine-gun turret, there was a heavy steel shutter, pierced by narrow, oblong slits. No, Major Bruce's scheme was not very practical, putting a bullet through one of them would be a hard shot.

Then, as he watched, there was a metallic creak above the purr of the idling motors, and that shutter started to lift. The driver evidently believed that the motorcyclists had been ambushed by a roving band, which had taken flight at the arrival of the rolling fortresses.

Major Bruce fired.

The tank continued to creep forward, the shutter clanged shut. Then the massive vehicle started to swing in a semicircle, chugging steadily. Morlane had seen a badly hurt animal stop thus in his tracks and turn about as if seeking the cause of the injury. Then, like many wounded animals, the tank spurted ahead quickly, fetched up in the ditch, nose down. A hatchway on top of the turret lifted, a head appeared, slowly.

Morlane fired. The man dropped out of sight, the metal cover remained up.

"Careful, Monsieur," Bruce called. "There are three men in those."

The second tank was near in its turn. Morlane aimed at the slot in the left shutter. His first shot rang on solid metal, the second one did not.

This tank stopped, for two or three seconds, then resumed its slow, constant



"Keep their lawn up nicely, don't they?" TONY BARLOW



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MAKE HER SECRET YOUR OWN

Her secret is very simple. She has learned how to attract people. She has read many things. Her mind is keen and alert, and people feel instinctively that she is worth knowing.

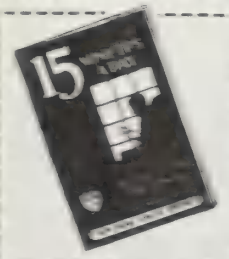
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motion forward. The flat-topped turret, with its rounded belly, swung around deliberately; the muzzles of the guns wavered a bit, like feelers. It was true that these monsters were nearsighted, almost blind. The Englishman had studied their habits, their ways—and chosen the spot hardest for them to locate.

The machine gun and the cannon both opened fire, the uproar was deafening. The wall crumbled, but several yards to the left. The armored machine slid forward along the road, and the three old men fired at the slots. Ricocheting bullets whined overhead. Again, the lumbering monster came to a halt, swung about heavily, returned, and the heavy rifles thudded, while the metal beast seemed to sniff for them angrily with its guns.

MORLANE swore under his breath. An immense fatigue tormented his brain, pulled at his aged muscles. He felt consciousness leaving him.

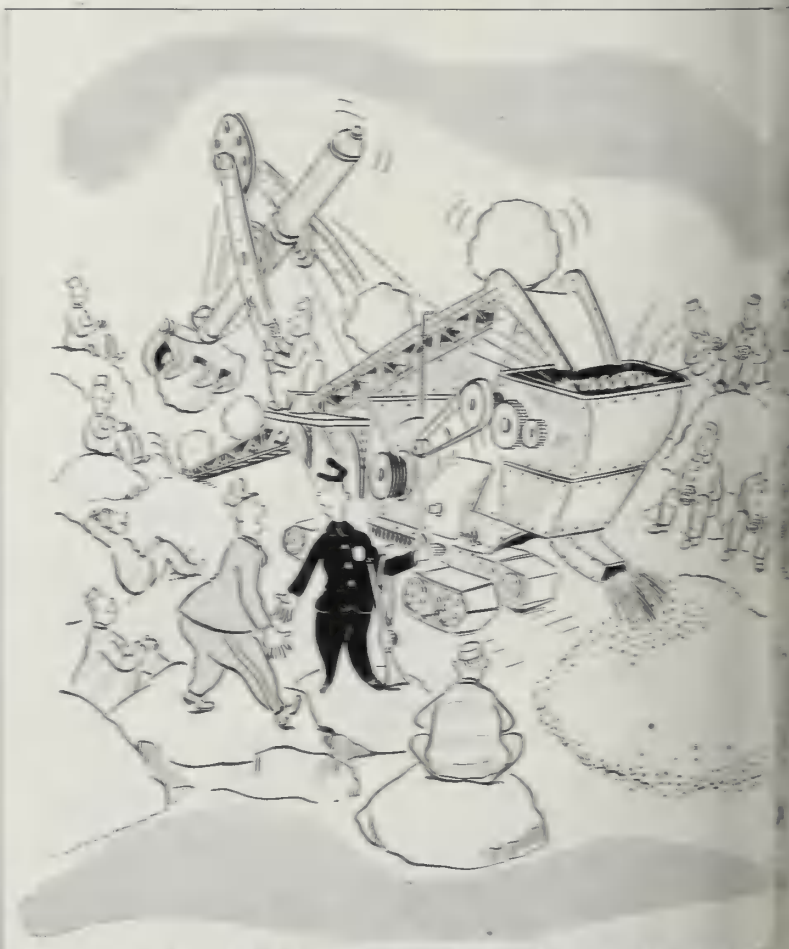
Then pain awoke him. He was on the ground, looking up into a smooth, beardless face, shaded by the rigid brim of a bucket helmet. A German, a young German, certainly not over twenty-four. Morlane tried to rise, fell back with a muffled groan. His whole frame was melting into one immense twinge of fusing pain.

Strong hands beneath his arms lifted him erect. He managed to stand. He looked about.

There was Celestin, stretched full length, face to the dirt, in the lee of the demolished wall. The major was kneeling, his head resting on a stone, what was left of his head. Morlane de Brolly's old knees buckled, two of the soldiers started forward to hold him. He shook his head, stiffened, and they stepped back.

The young officer was speaking—in English. "I do not understand you, Lieutenant," Morlane said, in French.

"Ah, so!" The young man smiled and went on in French: "Who are you? Why did you do this? You did excellently, however." He turned to indicate the flag. "But I do not quite un
Morlane explained in a few
"Ah, so! A courageous g
All courageous gentlemen.
you, you are French?"
"French origin, Lieutenant
said, tearing the words out w
fort, "but in British service
The young officer appeare
Then his teeth flashed in a sm
derstanding, and he nodded.
"Ah, so! To avoid reprise
villagers? Very good. I think
sure you that the village sh
held responsible. That is
wished, no? However, you
vilian clothing, you have
qualifications. Yes. You are
and waiting for court-martial
suffering. Needless, no? Ah,
gret, but you understand. Se
have been killed. Personally
pliments. Ah, so! Very bra
German produced a case. "C
"Never use them."
"Ah, so! I regret—" the y
uttered a string of guttural
A half-dozen men moved t
villa trailing their carbine
laughed and joked as they wa
formed in line.
"I think the wall would be
Monsieur."
"Quite right," Morlane agr
He gathered his strength, w
short distance unaided, his
enough. His big hand, with
truding veins, lifted to brush
hair, and he turned to face hi
"Here? Will this do?"
"Oh, quite."
The young lieutenant tosse
rette stub aside, then step
carefully. He spoke, the carbi
to the shoulders. Morlane s
but his soul was elsewhere
With the man of his race who
a firing squad after Quiberon
man who had fought on with
in sawdust, with the man
charged down the hop fields
brown, with all Frenchmen
known when and how to die
splendid soul of a vanquishe



"What can I do? They chipped in and bought it themselves"

Strange Things Happen in Brooklyn

Continued from page 14

h back of her head that looked
e a kid's skull cap. The thing
tl way she walked in. She was
r d smiling, her lips apart as she
ec t the drivers, greeting each one
ne with her eyes as though this
't diner but some apartment liv-
oc full of old friends. She wasn't
st woman panhandler. Generally
c ne quiet and ashamed, their
s wn. Juley whistled.
ve day something new. Every
hc think up something different."
or talk like that," a hackie said.
'll ake her feel bad."
ll ght. I'll apologize." He went
h "Sister, it's like this, ain't it?
is e first time. It's an accident.
all ou got a very good job wait-
or u by the end of the week but
do h ran out and you need a little
to ep you going. Isn't it strictly
ut"
hy es!" she said. Her big eyes
big r. "How did you know about
Wl told you? Only, it's not to the
f tl week. It's just until Thursday
"
k er," Juley said. "All right.
so see. Sister, you are hungry?"
o I frank, yes. I could eat a
"
ste ou could use a half a buck?"
cer nly would help some."
ll ri t. Sit down. You're getting
one out of us but you can eat all
vant He gave the high sign to the
erm n. "Pile it up. We'll see."
at w what they always did when
oche came along. If his story was
he e. If he was a professional
ng beat just for dimes and quar-
he d to suffer and try to stuff
lf w food. Now the taxi drivers
ood ound the girl and waited.
e co terman brought the plates—
slab of roast beef, mashed pota-
veg ables, plenty of bread and
r. T little blonde fixed her napkin
pron ly began to eat. She was
y. ou couldn't mistake it but it
t th she kept on eating. What
led ey was that she didn't seem
like beggar at all. She was cheer-
iend, even proud, and she didn't
her ble manners. As she chewed
she ised her head, smiling now
s hac e, now at that one. It might
been party.

NCE waited until the plates
re cl n and then stepped up to
"W l, do you believe her now?"
e wa I look at it—no."
heart f rock," the driver said, and
aside ith the other men to figure
me p ce for the girl to sleep that
She at perched in the center of
still appy, still beaming fondly
m, p sed by it all. The hackies
n gal ng but weren't getting any-
and nally Juley cut them short:
lk, tk—but action? It would
a der k."
y all ame back to him for help.
u're g-hearted heroes," Juley
"You noble. You all got homes.
why n't you take her home and
r stay ere? It's easy."
of t hackies spoke up and ex-
d the trouble: "We're married
Juley. Just suppose I take her
ne and ay to my wife, 'Hey, Ruth,
is a p r girl. We got to let her
here. Well, naturally! Ruth
ln't be ve me. You know. She's
ade!"
t you in't got a wife to argue,"
er we on quickly. "You ain't
ed. Juy, you could let her stay
ir plac with no trouble or fighting."

"No. Not me. I don't get myself involved. I'm no dope."

"You got to do it!" Spencer said. "You're working night shift. You're out of the house most of the night anyway. Juley, be a good guy for once!" The cab drivers all chipped in, pushing him around and hollering at him until he put his hand up to make them stop.

"Always me. You always come to me. What's the matter with Chuncery over there? Temporarily he's exactly the same as me, ain't he? He ain't got a wife either."

They had forgotten all about him. The big man was over in a corner of the diner, slumped and faraway in his troubles. The drivers swung toward him and started talking fast.

"Who? What? Listen, I don't know if I'm coming or going." He took the key out of his vest pocket. "Take it. Take my house. Take my cab. I don't care. I don't know if I'm dead or alive. . . ."

Spencer clutched the key in his hand. He put his other arm around the girl's shoulders and stopped a moment at the door. His face positively glowed.

"People can't be heels," he said to Juley. "I'll take her there myself right now." He led the girl out to the street.

THE other hackies didn't go back to work. Instead of cruising or playing it off the board outside, they hung around the diner, killing a quarter of an hour to tell one another what great guys they were and feeling warm and cozy. Then the door slid open with a blast of cold air and Frenchy came bouncing in. The hackie's honest eyes were shining.

"Congratulations! It's all fixed!"

Chuncery got up. "Who? What?"

"Your wife!" Frenchy told him. "Just like Juley told me. A reconciliation!"

"When?" Chuncery said, and his face began to fall apart.

"Starting right away! She left her mother's house when I did. She's probably back home right this very minute!"

Chuncery was choking. He fell back on the stool. He was a big man, two hundred and twenty pounds at least, but he caved in and started blubbering like a baby. Frenchy looked at him, completely mystified.

"Hey, what the hell? Did I do wrong? Did I do something bad?"

No one answered. There wasn't a sound in the diner, and when the hackies finally did begin talking they weren't worried over Chuncery. They had promised the little blonde a place to sleep in until Thursday and they knew Chuncery's wife would throw her out the minute she saw her.

"A promise is a promise," one of them began, and then they went to work on Juley all over again.

"No! No!" he kept on shouting, but it didn't help. He couldn't push them off him. He slammed the counter with his hand.

"Always me! Always me! If a guy's in a hole, if he can't make out or has wife trouble—any kind of headache—they always come to me. I'm the mayor of Flatbush. Do I get thanks for it? No. Am I a sucker? Sure. All right! I'll take her in. I'll let her stay in my place But only up to Thursday night. After Thursday I don't want to see her!"

"Hey, Juley. I don't get it," a driver said, beginning to wonder. "What's all the racket? What are you so afraid of anyway?"

"Dammit!" Juley said, and kept on slapping the counter. "Dammit!"

"One little thing, my dear Count Firenze, one little human miscalcula-

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tion. You who were so sure, so ruthless. . . You showed the world whether you were the slave of power or its master, and yet you forgot. You erred as men before you have erred. Ah, my dear Firenze, you failed to remember that I was—a woman!"

Juley closed the door. "What's going on?"

"Nothing," she said. "Out of my memories. I was just amusing myself with some idle recollections."

That was the remarkable thing about the girl. Nothing that happened tripped her or ever caught her off guard. Juley had to scratch his head and grin. It was the second day that she had spent there. The arrangement was that she could have the place to herself after six when he went to work, and she didn't have to be out until seven in the morning. It was about nine o'clock that evening but it was his own home and he told himself he didn't have to make excuses if he dropped in any time he felt like.

"That was when you were on the stage, wasn't it?"

"Oh, years ago, in stock. Not that I ever had a big part. I never was a star or anything."

"Sure, I know." He sat down in the only big chair he had in the place and put his feet up on a little table she had found somewhere around to go with it. "You told me. You were first starting out. You just got out of that fancy school in Switzerland but your father made you quit. He didn't like the idea of the stage for his only daughter. Your father—the guy with the timber land up in Canada."

"Yes, but he doesn't own it now. He isn't rich any longer. Not that we're exactly poor now. I suppose people would still say we're well-to-do."

"You're here in Brooklyn just for laughs. It amuses you. You got pride and you want to be independent. Isn't that the way it is?"

"Strange as it seems, yes."

SHE went into the small kitchen and came back with a cup of coffee. Juley looked at it in silence. That was just what he felt like having—a cup of hot coffee. She put it down on the little table before him.

"Mr. Juley," she said, suddenly but in great earnest, almost breathlessly, "I admire you."

"Don't admire me, please."

"No. I think it's wonderful the way the boys all call you their mayor and go to you when they need help."

"You know why they all come to me?" He lay back in the chair and spread himself out lazily. "Because I'm the only one without a load on him. Fact. I can move around. Take the average hackie. He meets a girl and every girl, one thing, they're always looking for some guy that he should marry them. So she flatters him. Subtle things. Feminine things. She gets him feeling good and then, boom—he's a goner."

"How much sugar?" the girl said.

"Put in two spoonfuls. And then what happens after? The guy lays around the house, say, and listens to the radio and now the wife always kicks and nags. 'Hey, get off the bed,' she says, 'some day you'll get stuck to it.' Like that. So why do I want that? Why does a guy need a wife to fight around with? I got eyes. I'm not blind. It pays to keep free and single."

She sat on the floor, near the table and she looked up at him as she watched him drink the coffee. "But don't you," she said, her voice low and faltering a bit, "don't you sometimes feel a little lonely?"

He took time to finish his cup. "Sister, that was one good cup of coffee. No. What I don't know I'll never miss, and I never let myself get mixed up too much with people. Never trust nobody and you'll never get your heart broken with disappointment."

"You just say that," the girl said. She smiled and shook her blond head at him. "Oh, I know. You don't really mean it."

"It's my motto." She had a box of cigarettes near by and there were matches with it. It was neat. You didn't have to get up and go hunting every time you wanted a smoke. Juley lit a cigarette and inhaled. He rose to his feet. "I won't end up like the rest of those hackies. Not me." He walked to the door, picked up his cap and slapped it on his head. "Sister," he said, "listen. You can cut out the big eyes and the flimflam flattering. And please don't admire me so much." He shut the door behind him.

HIS taxi hummed as he sent it cruising down Ocean Avenue, and when he reached the diner he jerked the car up to a stop. He hadn't been in the place more than once or twice since that night and now he felt he might as well go in and report while all the boys were there. As he stepped out to the curb, he saw Chuncery leaving his cab, finished with a call. It was a completely different Chuncery. Juley didn't know what to make of him. The big man was smoking away on a cigar and seemed perfectly contented.

"Hey, Chuncery, didn't you catch it when you got home that night?"

"Oh, boy, she give me hell." He shut his eyes. "These days my wife's a tiger—a tiger in the jungle. Suspicious. 'Sam, the truth! The truth!' She's burning up to find out all about the blonde and she won't rest a minute. I tell her and I tell her but she always says I'm lying."

"Then what have you got to be so happy about?"

"There's angles. In addition, see, she's attentive. She aims to please. Nothing like the old days."

"What do you mean? What happened?"

"After all, it's not so very peculiar." He held the cigar well out beyond him and carefully tapped the ash off. "See, I followed your advice. I started changing my shirt twice a week, regular. I began to shave every other day like clockwork. And then there is this thing with the blonde. So what the hell—my wife figures, if the blonde saw something in me, well, hell, maybe I got something. I don't know," he said, really at a loss. "Juley, what would you say? You think I got something?"

"That's right," Juley said, and poked him. "You're the Clark Gable of Flatbush, didn't you know it?"

Chuncery suddenly lost control and broke out wildly into a fit of hoarse giggles. Juley started laughing with him and they went up the steps into the diner.

"Hey, look, he's laughing!" The hackies were all staring at Juley. "He's laughing like a person!"

"He's getting downright human!"

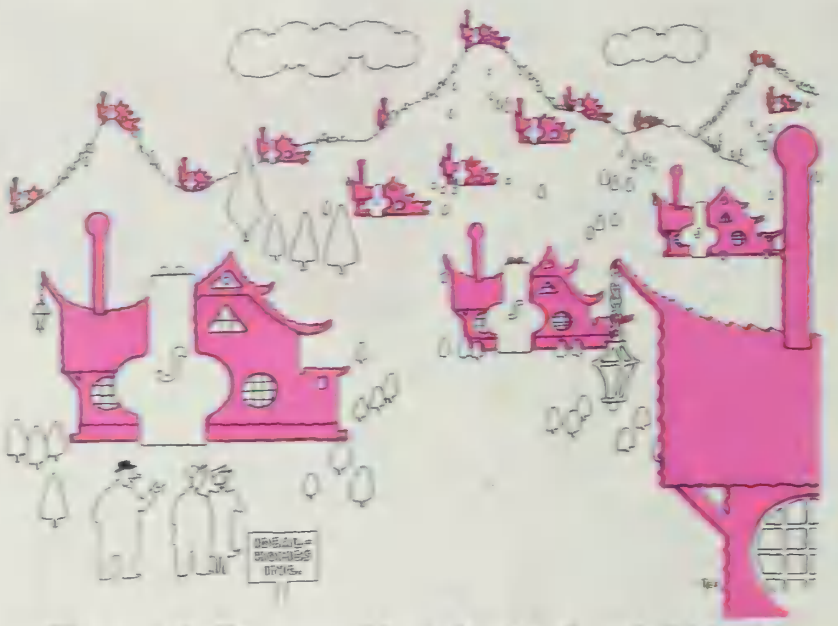
"It must be the blonde," Spencer said. "She's making a regular transformation, no kidding."

"It's the girl, sure," a driver said. "That's why we never see him around here any more. He sticks around the house to be near her."

The smile on Juley's face froze and went sour. "Bunk. You know me better. I been busy working. I got a living to make."

"No! It always works out like that," Spencer insisted, speaking seriously. "It's just like that book we had to read in high school. There's this guy Silas Marner, a louse, a heel, and then he meets up with a little kid and she changes his whole life for him. After her he's okay and becomes a good guy. It's the same thing now with Juley."

"Go away, you're crazy!" Juley said, suddenly furious, shouting: "I'm practical. I got some brains in me. I'm not letting myself get involved for no good reason. . . ." He caught himself. He didn't have to give them a lecture. He didn't have to lose his temper. The whole thing was crazy. He waved his hand at them in disgust, turned his back without another word and walked out to his cab. But when he cruised up Ocean Avenue now, he felt somehow troubled and uncomfortable and those sure, high spirits he had had before were gone.



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AFTER that he made a point of staying away from his flat while she was in it. When he wasn't in his cab, he kept close to the diner, letting the hackies razz him, listening as Chuncery gave him the latest news about his wife. But on that last night, on Thursday, he found himself going in a circle around the street he lived on. He drove around three full trips before he realized exactly what he was doing and then he stopped the cab and went up. He came in just in time to catch her at it again.

"Life is such a gamble, don't you think?" she was saying. "It has all been such good fun and the only pity of it is that it cannot go on forever. Shall we end it with a smile, with a glass of pink champagne? Dear Eric, I boy . . ." She stopped as sh

"Your memories," he said impulsively, crudely. "Yo actress. In stock. Some da in trouble telling lies like the

"They're not lies," she s wondering at the look on "They're true. They're true

"Valerie LaTour!" he s name is Emmy Dahbach an from Scranton, Pennsylvania girl. A girl that cleans." He to say goodby, to find out happen to her, and instead h angry. He was practically her. He didn't feel like holler senseless but he couldn't stop

"You came to New York t tions on an amateur hour, the got some nutty idea you want an actress, a movie star. My Eric," he mimicked his voice going wild. "One little thing miscalculation—memories! my eye! You were getting ticing your impersonations."

SHE didn't try to protest thing. There wasn't any ing now. She just stood before him, her face pale, but all. He was being dumb, mea hurting her and he didn't w her but he kept it up, shout in spite of himself:

"You weren't fooling a knew it. The hackies all knew cery's wife found out all abou followed you the day you we your rooming house on Tw Street and tried to get your su The landlady there told her story and how you would ps the minute you became fam suitcase's been waiting for diner since yesterday. . . ." H He was miserable. He had bl out and now he only felt guilty.

"So I made up stories," finally speaking. She held he She didn't cry. "So I said my rich and everything. I didn body any harm, did I? I knew crazy stories, that nobody them, but I told them anyw to. They helped me—"

"Helped you? Dopey litt them? What kind of help?"

"I needed them! They m better. They gave me a sort I could feel proud—as if I r somebody in the world, not all by herself. You know you don't. It was like getti seeing everything covered with the sunshine dancing o kind of vanilla taste in the a

"What vanilla?" he broke He had to keep his eyes on "What are you talking about don't dance! Be realistic! Be

She kept silent for a mom were tears in her eyes now bu spoke again her voice was d ter. "Never trust anybody "A dollar is a dollar. Time You're very smart and wise change on my account. Sta way you are. I won't stop y never see me again."

She picked up her leather the little hat that was more cap and she ran out of the ro

The moment she was gone saw exactly why he had been why he had hollered so. It fectly clear now. He hadn't w to go. He just hadn't wante of never seeing her again. It stories she told. She could b up a million lies and they wou made any difference. No m she told him, no matter whom to imitate, she was alway Emmy Dahbach. She had



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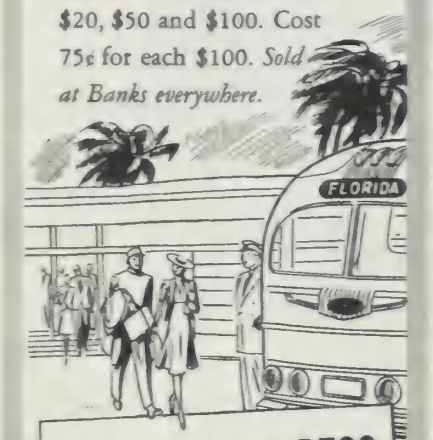


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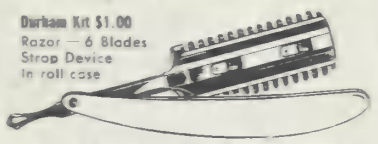


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rare within her, something sweet and fresh and altogether out of this world, and nothing she might do could ever succeed in disguising it.

Joe Juley realized she was the most beautiful thing that had ever happened to him, and he had stupidly yelled at her, chased her away. And now she would be going to the broadcasting station. She wouldn't become an actress or a movie star. She wouldn't win the amateur contest or get anything out of it. She'd only be hurt, disappointed, laughed at again. Juley hated himself. He couldn't stand there moping and doing nothing. The hackies were right about him: He was a heel.

FOUR boys, authentic quadruplets from Dayton, Ohio, sang a swing version of Von Suppe's Poet and Peasant. A sixty-year-old grandmother did a tap dance and reproduced various animal cries on a musical saw. From Tampa, Florida, a shoemaker played all of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, playing it on his teeth and head with the use of small hammers.

"Wow!" Chuncery said. He was squeezed in the trunk space in Juley's cab, listening to the broadcast. "That finishes it. The shoemaker gets all the votes, hands down. The little blonde ain't got a chance."

"Shut up," Juley said.

They had to hear a lady violinist and a one-man band before Emmy's turn came up, but as she was being introduced a couple in evening clothes appeared and asked to be taken to Times Square. They bundled in but the cab didn't move.

"You'll have to wait," Juley said.

"Wait?"

"And keep quiet."

The man in the top hat was too puzzled to answer. Emmy began. She did her imitations of Greta Garbo, of Ronald Colman and Bette Davis, quoting lines from movie roles they had played. The couple in the back grew restless.

"Hey, what's this, anyway?"

"Quiet!"

"Let's get going. Come on. We're not going to sit here and listen to that junk."

"Then get out of here. You don't have to stay and listen. Find another cab," Juley said.

"Well, I will!" The man glared and reached out for the door.

"Hey, Juley!" Chuncery said. "You can't do this. It's a three-buck fare to Times Square. It's a rip!"

"Let them go. Shut up."

THEY sat in silence, now undisturbed again. On the first call the quadruplets got four hundred and twenty votes, the grandmother about five hundred, but the shoemaker went all the way up to seven hundred and nine. Chuncery groaned. "He'll run away with it all by himself," he began but had to stop as Emmy's vote was given. A little more than five hundred and fifty had phoned in votes for her.

"Not so bad," Chuncery said. "She might still have a chance."

They listened to a two-toned whistler, a tenor, two sopranos and a bottle player from Staten Island, and then the second call was heard. The quadruplets and the grandmother were even at about seven hundred. The shoemaker had gone beyond the twelve hundred mark but then the count for Emmy came over —two thousand and twenty-one!

"Hot dog!" Chuncery said. "All she needed was a little time. She'll make it!"

"Take it easy," Juley said. "Don't get desperate."

On the third call Emmy had three thousand, eight hundred and twenty-eight votes. Chuncery howled with glee.

"She'll win it! She did it! She'll get a job with a stage unit now for sure. In Dallas, Texas, or in Milwaukee. She'll work her way up and become a regular movie star some day. It's very true to life. That's the way it happens with all the stars. Look at Dorothy Lamour!"

Juley didn't feel happy or excited and he didn't see what there was to crow about. He sat listlessly, bent over the steering wheel, and then suddenly he found he couldn't bear to listen to Chuncery any longer.

"Get out. I'm going cruising for a fare." He had put more force in his voice than he had intended. Chuncery looked at him, startled sober.

"Cruising? Cruising where?"

"Anywhere. I don't care. In Prospect Park."

"Hey, Juley, that's nuts. You don't pick up fares in Prospect Park and you know it."

"So what?"

"So what? Hey, Juley! You're a mad-

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 24



Charles Addams is twenty-eight, tattooed and nervous, but none of these facts is particularly noticeable. After attending Colgate, the University of Pennsylvania and Grand Central Art School he settled in Westfield, N. J., but works in a Manhattan studio. Swims, walks, reads, once collected armor as a hobby, likes to drive cars and really enjoys drawing cartoons like the one shown on Page 46. According to a fortune recently told by a weighing machine he is easily discouraged and just as easily encouraged, but he confesses only to being stubborn and liking crowds.

man tonight! Throwing dough away left and right—"

"Money! Money!" Juley shouted, finally blowing up. "A dollar is a dollar. Time is money. Get away from me! Money ain't everything in this life. It don't give you true happiness, happiness that lasts, does it? Get out of here! Leave me alone!"

HE SLAMMED into gear and shot out to the park. He drove around but the park didn't seem to help him and so he headed for the new belt highway and took a trip all around the city. He kept going steadily for two hours but whatever it was boiling inside of him kept on boiling. He was just as angry, just as unsatisfied and miserable as he had been ever since Emmy had left him that night, and finally he drove back to his home.

The little table she had p
chair was still there and J
cigarette box and the m
near by. The place was
same as it had been before
and yet it wasn't the same.
spasm Juley kicked the
overturning it and spilli
over the floor. He picked
and started banging it. A
denly he stopped.

"One little thing, Count
little miscalculation. You
sure, so ruthless. . . . You
world whether you were
power or its master and ye
You erred as men before yo
Ah, my dear Firenze, you
member that I was—a wor

She was standing at the
Juley stared at her, gawki
hung down over his eyes.
was still open, the muscle
stupid and loose. The smil
had now seemed mischiev
ing him.

"So you came back!" H
what he said. "To rub it i
good time. Sure, you show
a wise-guy dope and now y
revenge. All right, laugh. L
want!"

"I didn't come for that," s
going away and I just wan
you—"

"Thank me? Me? Didn
Didn't you know? I'm Jo
louse. Joe Juley, the heel
ing to be a great actress. Y
on your way but I had n
Don't thank me. Thank
They're the ones . . ."

HE DIDN'T finish. For
he saw her crying, reall
longer proud or defiant.
understand it, and as he w
anger slowly faded, becam
went out of him.

"Yes, you," she sobbed.
You're kind. You can't hi
why the boys all go to you
you helped me. And don't
an actress. I won't be a
soon. I know the votes t
weren't really mine. Don't
on lying. I found out afte
cast when I went to the din
suitcase. Chuncery told
went to all the garages, ho
the drivers go out and g
telephone votes in for me.
how you even handed out
nickels for the calls. I'm g
Scranton," she wept. "I ca
ing girl again. . . ."

"Emmy, Emmy, listen.
know what to say or how to
His hands were clumsy as
out and took her by the sh
guy like me—you mustn'
Because everything he say
the opposite. Emmy, I'm j
a dumb hackie with no bra
and I don't know better. E
I want to tell you . . ."
struggling. The door had
Chuncery was in the roo
suitcase in his hand. Juley
him.

"What are you doing here

"I brought it. Don't get s
a hunch."

"A hunch?"

"Human nature," Chunc
his bazooka voice. He see
getic as he shifted his grea
his feet.

"Talk sense," Juley said
you mean, human nature?"

"Well, I figure you can't
it indefinitely. I figure in
every guy gets married.
wrong, I can take the su
again. Juley, do I take it do

"No!" He looked at E
No. No!"

Zivic Pride

Continued from page 20

P e used to give us a cuffing but
s pical of a famil
it
e ory from other quarters differs.
y ie time the kids got old enough
a it out with the others in the
ey got married and their wives
e m stop it. Otherwise, it'd have
a assacre."
ck ides with Pete and Pete sides
J , agreeing that they were the
fi ers in the family. Eddie and
t nonfighter, vote for Fritzie.
n e five get together, Mamma
s l has to bring out the broom
ee re order.
tz s complaint about his brothers
t ete is always trying to give me
e d Jack always finds fault with
igh ." The top was reached last
in ttsburgh when Fritzie knocked
oh y Rinaldi in nineteen seconds
e st round. Jack bounced into
dre ng room after that one and
d:
ou im—lettin' him last that long!
sh d have got him with the first
h!"
at' why Fritzie was so insistent
his ndlers bring Jack to his dress-
roo in Madison Square Garden
he cked Armstrong. When Jack
in Fritzie screamed in his high-
ed ice: "Now do you believe it?
cha . I licked the great Henry
stro , the guy you said I wouldn't
ble touch. Did you see him on
loo t the bell? Who's the best
er i he Zivic family now?"
e re reason for Jack's complaints
at thinks Fritzie should have
cha ion years ago.
e co ld be a great fighter but he
i't w k at it the right way." Jack
to l his friends in Pittsburgh.
trie o be a cutie and he's been
l ple y. He doesn't care much for
ain grind. The way I sized him
as t he didn't feel much like
ng a always hoped the other guy
rin elt the same way."

Br her Pete Loses a Bet

ene Brother Pete starts pop-
off a ut being the smartest of the
, Fr ie stops him with the story
the stranger who walked into
s ba ne day, ordered a drink and
d hi for ten bucks.
at P e Zivic," said the stranger,
ng u "A bum if I ever saw one."
e wi d off his bar and slowly
d to rn up.
o you now Pete Zivic?" he asked
rang
now n!" cried the stranger. "I
him well as I know you. I used
arou d with him."
s wa too much for Pete. He
l out en-dollar bill, laid it on the
d be he stranger he didn't know
Zivic. The stranger pulled out his
d th proceeded to pick up the
ns.
! H he shouted, as he headed
e doo "You're Pete Zivic. And
took ou for a drink, too."
s stor pleases Fritzie immeasur-

ever x Fritzie may have been
traini , he has fought everybody
ot. I seven years he has fought
mes d lost only twenty. He's
on th loor five times. He once
Lou mbers' jaw with a single
and t n lost the decision. Among
ponen have been Sammy Angott,
Kapla Lou Ambers, Billy Conn
Billy as a shrimp), Milt Aron,
Herre Harry Dublinsky, Chuck
Woods and Al Davis. Any
time a promoter waved a fist of bank
notes, Fritzie was right there.

Eddie might have been the best of the Zivics but his own virtues ruined him. In a fight with Johnny Page of Texas several years ago in Pittsburgh, a blow from Eddie's right floored Page as if he had been cut down with an ax. His head struck the floor and when they picked him up he was dead. Eddie wasn't much good after that and then Henry Armstrong came along and knocked him out.

They made a lot of that in the build-up for Fritzie's fight against Armstrong but Zivic's anxiety to get in the ring with Henry came the first time Fritzie laid eyes on the champion. When the match was originally made for the Dapper Dan Club in Pittsburgh, Fritzie was so confident of success that he told Promotor Al Abrams to offer Armstrong a $25.000 guarantee and he (Fritzie) would fight for expenses.

When Mike Jacobs heard about the fabulous guarantee, he thought anything that good was also good for New York and the match was put on in Madison Square Garden. Zivic read the comic pages in his dressing room before the fight. He was that cool. At the end of the fourth round he came back and told Carney, "Luke. I'm going to win the title. I can lick this guy."

Lesson for Salesmen

The day before the fight, Fritzie announced that if he won he was going to "buy a big sixteen-cylinder car, first thing." The day after the fight ten salesmen waited for him in the lobby of his hotel. Zivic's gift of gab is phenomenal and this was a great opportunity for him.

"Where were you guys yesterday?" he demanded. "Didn't think I had a chance, did you? Well, I bought a station wagon from a guy at the radio station last night. What the hell I want with a station wagon I don't know but *he* thought I was going to win. Goodby."

Fritzie's inspiration is his wife and two sons: Fritzie, Junior, aged seven, and Charley, just past one. All three stayed up to listen to the fight the night he lifted Armstrong's title. As soon as he could get back to the hotel, he grabbed the phone and called his family. Young Fritzie, who is obviously going to get somewhere in this hard world, came on the wire and greeted his father.

"Hello, Champ," said little junior. "How much dough did you get?"

After his triumph over Armstrong Fritzie won his next fight on a foul when Al (Bummy) Davis ended by kicking Fritzie, the referee and anybody who climbed through the ropes. A Pier Four combat with Lew Jenkins, the lightweight king, ended in a good draw. And then came that return fight with Henry Armstrong. Wow!

The brothers are reconciled to Fritzie's success because Pete's business is better and Jack even has an explanation for it all. It seems that Fritzie came down with pneumonia in 1937 when he was training for a fight with Vince Dundee. The doctors shook their heads and put him under an oxygen tent. Only blood transfusions would help. Among the donors was Brother Jack. He has been taking advantage of that circumstance ever since.

"Fight!" he cries in astonishment. "Why shouldn't he fight? He's got some of my blood in him. He was never any good before that, was he?"

It's just the old family spirit.



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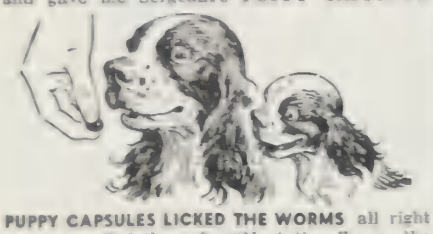
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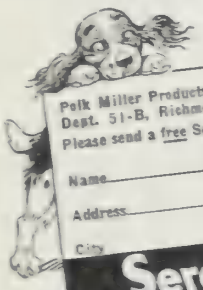
I WAS AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER! I got worms, from my Mother, before I was born! And the worms nearly got me—till the Master caught on and gave me Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES.



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DON'T LET WORMS GET A START in *your* pups or grown dogs. Beat them early with SURE SHOT or PUPPY CAPSULES. At drug or pet stores—and a *free* Sergeant's DOG BOOK, too!



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Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 19

He observed: "Handy place. You'd never suspect it from the outside."

He played the torch carefully over the floor.

Hercule Poirot was delicately sniffing the air.

Noticing this Weston said. "Air quite fresh, not fishy or seaweedy, but, of course, this place is well above high watermark."

But to Poirot's sensitive nose, the air was more than fresh. It was delicately scented. He knew two people who used that elusive perfume. . . .

Weston's torch came to rest.

"Don't see anything out of the way in here," he said.

Poirot's eyes rose to a ledge a little way above his head. He murmured: "One might perhaps see that there is nothing up there?"

Weston said: "If there's anything up there it would have to be deliberately put there. Still, we'd better have a look."

Poirot said to Lane, "You are, I think, the tallest of us, Monsieur. Could we venture to ask you to make sure there is nothing resting on that ledge?"

Lane stretched up, but he could not quite reach to the back of the shelf. Then, seeing a crevice in the rock, he inserted a toe in it and pulled himself up by one hand.

"Hullo," he said, "there's a box up here."

In a minute or two they were out in the sunshine examining the clergyman's find.

Weston said, "Careful, don't handle it more than you can help. May be fingerprints."

It was a dark green tin box and bore the word "Sandwiches" on it.

Sergeant Phillips said, "Left from some picnic or other, I suppose."

He opened the lid with his handkerchief.

Inside were small tin containers marked salt, pepper, mustard, and two larger square tins evidently for sandwiches. Sergeant Phillips lifted the lid of the salt container. It was full to the brim. He raised the next one, commenting: "H'm, got salt in the pepper one, too."

The mustard compartment also contained salt.

His face suddenly alert, the police sergeant opened one of the bigger square tins. That, too, contained the same white crystalline powder.

Very gingerly, Sergeant Phillips dipped a finger in and applied it to his tongue.

His face changed. He said—and his voice was excited. "This isn't *salt*, sir. Not by a long way! Bitter taste! Seems to me it's some kind of *drug*."

"THE third angle," said Colonel Weston with a groan.

They were back at the hotel again. The chief constable went on:

"If by any chance there's a dope gang mixed up in this, it opens up several possibilities. First of all, the dead woman may have been in with the gang herself. Think that's likely?"

Hercule Poirot said cautiously, "It is possible."

"She may have been a drug addict?"

Poirot shook his head. He said, "I should doubt that. She had steady nerves, radiant health, there were no marks of hypodermic injections—not that that proves anything; some people sniff the stuff. No. I do not think she took drugs."

"In that case," said Weston, "she may have run into the business accidentally and she was deliberately silenced by the people running the show. We'll know presently just what the stuff is. I've sent it to Neasdon. If we're on to some dope ring, they're not the people to stick at trifles—"

He broke off as the door opened and Mr. Horace Blatt came briskly into the room.

Mr. Blatt was looking hot. He was wiping the perspiration from his forehead. His big, hearty voice billowed out and filled the small room:

"Just this minute got back and heard the news! You the chief constable? They told me you were in here. My name's Blatt—Horace Blatt. Any way I can help you? Don't suppose so. I've been out in my boat since early this morning. Missed the whole blinking show. The one day that something *does* happen in this out-of-the-way spot, I'm not there. Just like life, that, isn't it?"

Mr. Blatt came to anchor in a chair, pulled out a cigarette case and offered it to Colonel Weston, who shook his head. He said, with a slight smile, "I'm an inveterate pipe smoker."

"Same here. I smoke cigarettes as well—but nothing beats a pipe."

Colonel Weston said with sudden geniality, "Then light up, man." Blatt shook his head. "Not got my pipe on me at the moment. But put me wise about all this. All I've heard so far is that Mrs. Marshall was found murdered on one of the beaches here."

"On Pixy Cove," said Colonel Weston, watching him.

But Mr. Blatt merely asked excitedly, "And she was strangled?"

"Yes. Mr. Blatt."

"Nasty—very nasty. Mind you, she asked for it! Hot stuff—eh, M. Poirot? Any idea who did it, or mustn't I ask that?"

With a faint smile Colonel Weston said. "Well, you know, it's we who are supposed to ask the questions."

Mr. Blatt waved his cigarette. "Sorry—sorry—my mistake. Go ahead."

"You went out sailing this morning. At what time?"

"Left here at a quarter to ten."

"Was anyone with you?"

"Not a soul. All on my [own] some."

"And where did you go?"

"Along the coast in the [direction of] Plymouth. Took lunch wi[th me]. Much wind so I didn't actu[ally go] far."

After another question o[r two] Weston said: "There's nothing y[ou can] of that might help us?"

The other shook his head. "[Can't] think of a thing." He added[, "That'll] make a bit of a stir, I im[agine]. The press will be on to it like [a shot]. There won't be quite so m[uch] high-toned exclusiveness ab[out the] Roger in the future. Jolly R[ather]. Precious little jollity about[it]."

Hercule Poirot murmured "[I hope you've] not enjoyed your stay here."

Mr. Blatt's red face got s[till] der. He said:

"Well, no, I haven't. T[he] all right and the scenery a[nd the] ice and the food—but there [is no] *ness* in the place, you kn[ow]. mean! What I say is, my [money is] good as another man's. We [all have] to enjoy ourselves. Then w[hy not] together and *do* it? All th[ose] and people sitting by them[selves] giving you frosty good mo[rning]—good evenings—and Yes, ve[ry fine] weather. No joy de viver. I['m sick] up dummies!"

Mr. Blatt paused—by no [means] indeed. He wiped his for[ehead] more and said apologetica[lly]: "[Don't] pay any attention to me. [I get] worked up."

HERCULE POIROT murm[ured]: "[And] what do we think of Mr Blatt?"

Colonel Weston grinned.

"What do *you* think of hi[m]?" "You've seen more of him th[an I have]."

Poirot said softly, "There [are many] of your English idioms th[at describe] him: The rough diamond! [A self-]made man! The social clim[ber]—as you choose to look at [it]—ludicrous, blatant! It is a [matter of] opinion. But I think, too, [that he is] something else."

"And what is that?"



"Now, Mr. Smythe, exactly what did your wife say when she cast this spell over you?"

Poirot, his eyes raised to the
urmured:
t that he is—*nervous!*"
r Colgate said, "I've got those
ked out. From the hotel to
r down to Pixy Cove, three
That's walking till you are
ht of the hotel and then run-
hell."
raised his eyebrows.
quicker than I thought," he

ladder to beach, one minute
quarters. Up same, two min-
t's Constable Flint. He's a
athlete. Walking and taking
in the normal way the whole
kes close on a quarter of an

nodded. He said, "There's
ng we must go into, the pipe

said:
nokes a pipe, so does Mar-
does the parson. Redfern
arettes, the American pre-
Major Barry doesn't smoke
re's one pipe in Marshall's
in Blatt's, and one in the
hambermaid says Marshall
es. The other chambermaid
bright girl. Doesn't know
pipes the other two have.
y she's noticed two or three
ir rooms."
odded.
else?"
ked up on the staff. They
te okay."

TO pulled at his mustache. "By
—we've got a new angle."
the discovery of the sand-
the cave.
a tap on the door.
" said Weston.
ptain Marshall.
Can you tell me what ar-
I can make about the fu-

e shall manage the inquest
after tomorrow, Captain

u."
Colgate said, "Excuse me,
to return you these."
over the three letters.
Marshall smiled rather sar-
e said, "Has the police de-
n testing the speed of my
e my character is cleared."
ston said pleasantly:
ain Marshall, I think we
a clean bill of health.
take fully an hour to type.
u were heard typing them
rmaid up till five minutes
d you were seen by an-
at twenty minutes past."
Marshall murmured, "Really?
s very satisfactory!"
Darnley came to your
ty minutes past eleven.
busy typing that you did
er entry."
Marshall's face took on an
expression. He said:
Darnley say that?" He
a matter of fact she is
see her, though she may
of the fact. I saw her in

ured, "But you did not
typing?"
d shortly, "No. I wanted

minute, then in an ab-
said, "Nothing more I

you, Captain Marshall."
Marshall nodded and went

with a sigh, "There goes
ful suspect—cleared!
season."
ame in with a trace of
his manner. He said:

"That's a nice little death lot you sent me along."

"What is it?"

"What is it? Diamorphine hydrochloride. Stuff that's usually called heroin."

Inspector Colgate whistled. He said, "Now we're getting places, all right! Depend upon it, this dope stunt is at the bottom of the whole business."

THE little crowd of people flocked out of the Red Bull. The brief inquest was over—adjourned for a fortnight.

Rosamund Darnley joined Captain Marshall. She said in a low voice, "That wasn't so bad, was it, Ken?"

He did not answer at once. Perhaps he was conscious of the staring eyes of the villagers, the fingers that nearly pointed to him and only just did not quite do so!

"*That's 'im, my dear.*" "*See, that's 'er 'usband.*" "*That be the 'usband.*" "*Look, there 'e goes . . .*"

The murmurs were not loud enough to reach his ears, but he was none the less sensitive to them. This was the modern-day pillory. The press he had already encountered—self-confident, persuasive young men, adepts at battering down his wall of silence, of "Nothing to say" that he had endeavored to erect. Even the curt monosyllables that he had uttered, thinking that they at least could not lead to misapprehension, had reappeared in this morning's papers in a totally different guise. "Asked whether he agreed that the mystery of his wife's death could only be explained on the assumption that a homicidal murderer had found his way on to the island, Captain Marshall declared that—" and so on and so forth.

Cameras had clicked ceaselessly. Now, at this minute, the well-known sound caught his ear. He half turned—a smiling young man was nodding cheerfully, his purpose accomplished.

Rosamund murmured, "*Captain Marshall and a friend leaving the Red Bull after the inquest.*"

Marshall winced.

Rosamund said, "It's no use, Ken! You've got to face it! I don't mean just the fact of Arlena's death—I mean all the attendant beastliness: The staring eyes and gossiping tongues, the fatuous interviews in the papers—and the best way to meet it is to find it funny! Come out with all the old inane clichés and curl a sardonic lip at them."

He said, "Is that your way?"

"Yes." She paused. "It isn't yours, I know. Protective coloring is your line. Remain rigidly nonactive and fade into the background! But you can't do that here—you've no background to fade into. You stand out clear for all to see—like a striped tiger against a white back cloth. *The husband of the murdered woman!*"

"For heaven's sake, Rosamund—"

She said gently, "My dear, I'm trying to be good for you!"

They walked for a few steps in silence. Then Marshall said in a different voice: "I know you are. I'm not really ungrateful, Rosamund."

THEY had progressed beyond the limits of the village. Eyes followed them but there was no one very near. Rosamund Darnley's voice dropped as she repeated a variant of her first remark: "It didn't really go so badly, did it?"

He was silent for a moment, then he said, "I don't know."

"What do the police think?"

"They're noncommittal."

After a minute Rosamund said, "That little man—Poirot—is he really taking an active interest?"

Kenneth Marshall said, "Seemed to be sitting in the chief constable's pocket all right the other day."

"I know—but is he *doing* anything?"

You'll like yeast  this new way





HERB: Yeast certainly did me a world of good, and I know it. But I couldn't learn to eat it. Didn't like the taste.

JEAN: Well, you can stay with it now and get *all* its benefits . . . and believe me there are plenty of them! . . . because it's delicious in tomato juice. Gives it the flavor of oven-fresh bread. Twice a day for me, and I feel better every week.



HERB: I believe you. You look better, too. Must be something in what the authorities say . . . yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex, that lots of us don't get enough of.

JEAN: Something? There's a world of good sense, and good feeling, and good results in it! Drink it first thing in the morning, last thing at night, and watch for that "riding high" feeling!



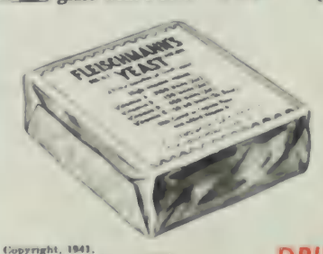
MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!



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REGENT
CIGARETTES

BOX OF TWENTY 15¢

THE FINEST CIGARETTE YOU EVER SMOKED

"How should I know, Rosamund?"

She said thoughtfully:

"He's pretty old. Probably more or less gaga."

"Perhaps."

They came to the causeway. Opposite them, serene in the sun, lay the island.

Rosamund said suddenly, "Sometimes—things seem unreal. I can't believe, this minute, that it ever happened. . . ."

Marshall said slowly:

"I think I know what you mean. Nature is so—regardless! One ant the less—that's all it is in nature!"

Rosamund said, "Yes—and that's the proper way to look at it really."

He gave her one very quick glance. Then he said in a low voice, "Don't worry, my dear. It's all right. *It's all right.*"

LINDA came down to the causeway to meet them. She moved with the spasmodic jerkiness of a nervous colt. Her young face was marred by deep black shadows under her eyes. Her lips were dry and rough.

She said breathlessly, "What happened—what—what did they say?"

Her father said abruptly, "Inquest adjourned for a fortnight."

"That means they—they haven't decided?"

"Yes. More evidence is needed."

"But—but what do they think?"

Marshall smiled a little in spite of himself.

"Oh, my dear child—who knows? And whom do you mean by they? The coroner, the jury, the police, the newspaper reporters, the fishing folk of Leathercombe Bay?"

Linda said slowly, "I suppose I mean—the police."

Marshall said dryly, "Whatever the police think, they're not giving it away at present."

His lips closed tightly after the sentence. He went into the hotel.

As Rosamund Darnley was about to follow suit, Linda said, "Rosamund!"

Rosamund turned. The mute appeal in the girl's unhappy face touched her. She linked her arm through Linda's and together they walked away from the hotel, taking the path that led to the extreme end of the island.

Rosamund said gently, "Try not to mind so much, Linda. I know it's all very terrible and a shock and all that, but it's no use brooding over these things. And it can be only the—the horror of it, that is worrying you. You weren't in the least *fond* of Arlena, you know."

She felt the tremor that ran through the girl's body as Linda answered.

"No, I wasn't fond of her. . . ."

Rosamund went on:

"Sorrow for a person is different—one can't put *that* behind one. But one *can* get over shock and horror by just not letting your mind *dwell* on it all the time."

Linda said sharply, "You don't understand."

"I think I do, my dear."

Linda shook her head. "No, you don't. You don't understand in the least—and Christine doesn't understand either! Both of you have been nice to me, but you can't understand what I'm feeling. You just think it's morbid—that I'm dwelling on it all when I needn't." She paused.

"But it isn't that at all. If you knew what I know—"

Rosamund stopped dead. Her body did not tremble—on the contrary it stiffened. She stood for a minute or two, then she disengaged her arm from Linda's.

She said, "What is it that you know, Linda?"

The girl gazed at her. Then she shook her head. She muttered, "Nothing."

Rosamund caught her by the arm. The grip hurt and Linda winced slightly.

Rosamund said, "Be careful, Linda. Be very careful."

Linda had gone dead-white. She said, "I *am* very careful—all the time."

Rosamund said urgently, "Listen, Linda, what I said a minute or two ago applies just the same—only a hundred times more so. *Put the whole business out of your mind.* Never think about it. Forget—forget. . . . You can if you try! Arlena is dead and nothing can bring her back to life. . . . Forget everything and live in the future. And above all, *hold your tongue.*"

Linda shrank a little. She said, "You—you seem to know all about it!"

Rosamund said energetically, "I don't know *anything!* In my opinion a wandering maniac got onto the island and killed Arlena. That's much the most probable solution. I'm fairly sure that the police will have to accept that in the end. That's what *must* have happened! That's what *did* happen!"

Linda said, "If Father—"

Rosamund interrupted her: "Don't talk about it."

Linda said, "I've got to say one thing. My Mother—"

"Well, what about her?"

"She—she was tried for murder, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

Linda said slowly, "And then Father married her. That looks, doesn't it, as though Father didn't really think murder was very wrong—not always, that is."

"Don't say things like that—even to me!" Rosamund said sharply. "The police haven't got anything against your father. He's got an alibi—an alibi that they can't break. He's perfectly safe."

Linda whispered, "Did they think at first that Father—?"

Rosamund cried, "I don't know what they thought! But they know now *that he couldn't have done it.* Do you understand? *He couldn't have done it.*"

She spoke with authority; her eyes commanded Linda's acquiescence. The girl uttered a long, fluttering sigh.

"You'll be able to leave here soon," Rosamund said. "You'll forget everything—everything!"

Linda said with sudden unexpected violence, "*I shall never forget.*"

She turned abruptly and ran back to the hotel. Rosamund stared after her.

"THERE is something I want to know, Madame."

Christine Redfern glanced up at Poirot in a slightly abstracted manner.

"Yes?" she said.

Hercule Poirot took ve
tice of her abstraction. H
the way her eyes follow
band's figure where he w
and down on the terrace
bar, but for the moment h
terest in purely conjugal p
wanted information.

He said, "Yes, Madam
phrase—a chance phrase
other day that roused my a

Christine, her eyes still
said, "Yes? What did I say

"It was in answer to a q
the chief constable. You d
you went into Miss Lind
room on the morning of th
how you found her absent
how she returned there an
that the chief constable ask
she had been."

Christine said rather
"And I said she had been
that it?"

"Ah, but you did not sa
You did not say 'she had b
Your words were 'she said
bathing.'"

"It's the same thing, su
tine said.

"No, it is not the same!
your answer suggests a cer
of mind on your part. Lir
came into the room—she
a bathing wrap and yet—f
son—you did not at once
had been bathing. That
your words 'she *said* sh
bathing.' What was ther
appearance—was it her
something that she was
something she said, that le
surprised when she said s
bathing?"

CHRISTINE'S attention
and focused itself entire
She was interested.

"That's clever of you," s
quite true, now I remembe
just faintly, surprised whe
she had been bathing."

"But why, Madame, wh

"Yes, why? That's just
ing to remember. Oh, ye
was the parcel in her hanc

"She had a parcel?"

"Yes."

"You do not know what

"Oh, yes, I do. The stri
was loosely done up in the
in the village. It was c
were scattered on the flo
her to pick them up."

"Ah," said Poirot. "Can

Christine stared at hin
"You seem excited, M. Pc

(To be continued nex



"Why can't you be bright and cheery in the morning like othe

The Sweet-Talk Toby

Continued from page 21

e ıst time I got a man he didn't
o Dat's Franch tawk for sayin'
ıad a dime. But he had de
l, yas. De honey she drip off
!"
h Dawn nodded ecstatically.
ıt de way I'd like to make
do."
doo woman studied her pa-
ully.
he decided, "you ain't got
t stuff what us Franch calls
uaw." She frowned. "You
chick. You got to dress up,
n yo' Sunday dress and put
on in yo' hair, and put de
me yo' lef' year. And den,
Run-Johnny-Run sack full
d and salt and make you a
vear dat toby hid under yo'
nobody don't see him."
ll make Buldickie say sweet
" the young bride asked.
ted Modom Aw-Bear, "will
bits."

TH DAWN paid and left. Back
own house, she followed
Bear's instructions, then sat
for Buldickie to come home.
e said nothing when he
work. Tonight it was dark
ved and instead of waiting
is supper, Buldickie spoke

in' out my tracks," he vol-
iles put me on Newman
le buster after Johnnie T
d ole Hawk and Eagle and
ht' nigh wore me down."
wman Dykes at?" Dawthy
l to know.
aughed. "He at home in de
her. "Giles been pickin'
n his hide, like a crow
w-planted cawn." He sat
table and filled his plate.
frivilin' wid a lady over
and her husband didn't

hy Dawn beamed. Buldickie had
been so talkative.
Modom Aw-Bear's and got
day," she said hopefully.
got up from the table,
hed and went to bed.
k, Dawthy Dawn clung
toher toby, but after seven
ays, she admitted that
ear's hoodoo was no good.
try the Widow Duck, who
no hoodoo woman but
inly the smartest some-
Lite Bee Bend plantation.
Duck heard her story with
understanding.
ight not be like yuther
Widow Duck leaned back
d indulged in nostalgic
: "Ah, Lawd, when I tuck Big
ay f'm dat frail brown
's Bid, I wored fancy clothes
out somethin' scan'lous."
ward and chunked up the
ner gal, den," she added,
ean, I didn't keer who
hit."
sinner!" Dawthy Dawn
hy, Mis' Duck!"
tn de world!" the old
ut hit didn't git Big Jim
dat ail brown."
you git him?"
Lawd, the Widow Duck re-
'I use my haid. I figgered in
dat ig Jim didn't want me
wa'n hard enough to git. So I
le myself hard to git."
'd you lo hit?"
me ar her man, and dat made
want , bad."

"I ain't got no yuther man," Dawthy Dawn complained. "Buldickie is de onlies' man ever paid me any mind. And he ain't paid me much."

The Widow Duck laughed. "Mens," she declared, "ain't hard to git. Name any man on de place which might make Buldickie jealous."

Dawthy Dawn shut her eyes and bid as high as her imagination would stretch. "Newman Dykes," she said.

"Dat boy makes 'em all jealous," the Widow Duck chuckled. "Now, you go home, whilst I makes some tawk wid Newman. He owe me a favor, anyway."

Dawthy Dawn pondered. "But you knows I ain't no sinner, Mis' Duck," she protested. "And I 'on't want Newman to fall me f'm grace."

"Newman ain't gonter do you nothin'," the Widow Duck promised. "You jest mind yo' own and keep yo' mouf shet. Newman jest gonter start 'pearin' out de puck-korn grove ontwell de tawk git about, and when Buldickie hyar 'bout dat he gonter figger jest like any yuther husband figgers when he hyars dat Newman Dykes has been around de house."

"But s'posin'," Dawthy Dawn insisted, "dat big ole scound'el come to my house and change my mind?"

"I swear, child," the Widow Duck told her, "maybe you ain't as smart as I figgered you was, or maybe you don't know Newman Dykes as good as me. And den agin, maybe you ain't stood up and looked in de lookin' glass in a long time. Now you go 'long home. Newman ain't gonter do you nothin'."

Dawthy Dawn went home and once more took up her unexciting domestic routine. At least once during each day, Newman Dykes would pass by her house and the Widow Duck took it upon herself to see to it that these journeys of the plantation's big lover did not escape notice and comment. Buldickie, however, said never a word.

"Maybe," Dawthy Dawn told the Widow Duck, "he don't keer efn I'm snake-in-de-grassin' wid Newman."

THE Widow Duck would not even consider such an unorthodox possibility. "Buldickie ain't what you call no rale prime smart man," she said. "But he a man, and ain't no man gonter like hit when he figger his woman is snake-in-de-grassin' him. You go 'long—I'm fixin' to speak wid Buldickie right now!"

When Buldickie and his team reached the turnrow, the Widow Duck was waiting for him.

"You ain't comed to git dat weddin' pig I promised you, son," she said reproachfully.

"No'm," Buldickie admitted. "I been fixin' to, but jest gittin' strung out bein' married and all, I ain't had de time hardly to build me a pen."

"I didn't know," the Widow Duck said slyly. "I figgered maybe you and Dawthy Dawn wa'n't gittin' on so good. I figgered maybe you wouldn't want dat pig efn you was fixin' to divo'ce her off befo' spring sot in."

"Naw'm," Buldickie said. "I ain't fixin' to divo'ce her off. She do all right."

"But what about all dis tawk goin' on?" the Widow Duck said. "Hit ain't for me to pack a tale, but I reckon hit ain't no news to you dat Newman Dykes been gittin' 'round de puck-korn grove since he got well enough f'm dat load er buckshot he picked up on Red Chute."

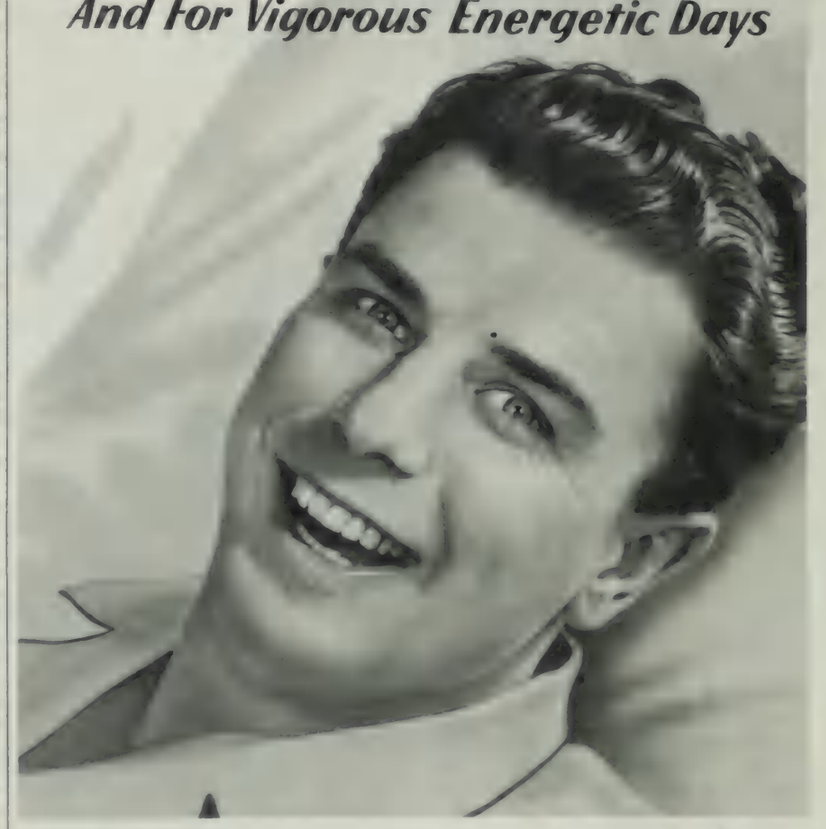
"Yas'm, I hyared de tawk."

"And you ain't jealous? You know good as me, Newman Dykes is de biggest snake-in-the-grasser in Bossier Parish."

"Naw'm, I ain't jealous," Buldickie

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told her. "Dawthy Dawn ain't no sinner gal."

"Big ole Newman Dykes is a dog!" the Widow Duck warned. "Now I ain't speakin' a word agin yo' wife, but Newman is jest de kind er man dat kin fall any gal f'm grace, efn he sot his mind to hit."

"Newman Dykes won't sot his mind to fall my woman f'm grace," Buldickie stated firmly. "I'm de onlies' man on de place ever give Dawthy Dawn any love. Dat's how come I married up wid her. I ain't always got to be watchin' my back do'."

The Widow Duck shrugged. "Son, yo' faith sho will move mustard seeds," she said, "but you mind out you don't 'find a mountain goin' out yo' back do' when you comes in de front. So say de Sperrit, son. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

She walked away disgusted. "Dat boy," she reported to Dawthy Dawn, "ain't got sense 'nough to pour *nothin'* outn a boot! Efn I didn't hate ole Satan so bad, I'd make Newman come hyar and fall you f'm grace."

Dawthy Dawn was interested. "I c'd git redeemed agin," she suggested.

"Nawp," the Widow Duck decided. "De Senior Usher at Ole Ship er Zion ain't fixin' to git mixed up in no kind er sin. Nor neither I ain't gonter let no member like you do dat. But you know what I'm fixin' to do?"

"Naw'm," Dawthy Dawn was dejected.

"I'm fixin' to make Newman Dykes come hyar and set in de kitchen ontwell Buldickie come in f'm work," the Widow Duck planned. "And when Buldickie come in de front do', Newman got to jump up and knock over a table and den run outn de back do'."

"Will dat do any good?"

"Efn hit don't, den I quits tryin'," the Widow Duck said. "And I most gen'ally don't quits tryin' ontwell I gets what I sot out to git."

COACHED by the Widow Duck, Newman Dykes put on a good show. When he heard Buldickie's footstep on the porch, he shoved Dawthy Dawn through the kitchen door and overturned the table. Then he ran through the cabin, almost colliding with the returning husband, and went dodging behind trees in the pecan grove.

Buldickie understood, almost immediately. He watched until Newman was out of sight, and turned to Dawthy Dawn, who was waiting expectantly in the middle of the big room.

"Dat," Buldickie accused, "was Newman Dykes!"

Dawthy Dawn looked surprised. "Who was Newman Dykes?"

"Dat man which might' nigh runned over me gittin' outn my house."

"Aw, dat man."

"Yeah."

An awkward silence fell. Buldickie seemed to be trying to get the visual facts straight and Dawthy Dawn was waiting to see what would happen when he did.

When she could stand the suspense no longer, she suggested meekly, "Yo' supper's all ready."

The words pulled Buldickie awake. "Aw, I ain't hongry, now," he said, and walked out of the cabin.

Dawthy Dawn was puzzled. She had done exactly as the Widow Duck advised but Buldickie had not acted as he had been due to do. She was glad when, a few minutes later, the Widow Duck appeared.

"Buldickie be back soon," the Widow Duck promised. "He jest stepped out to cool off inside his mind. He been plowin' too hard to stay off long widout no supper."

The Widow Duck and Dawthy Dawn sat down to wait. An hour passed and full darkness came. Another hour and the moon came up. They both jumped when they heard a scratching sound on the batten blind.

"Who dat?" Dawthy Dawn demanded.

"Hit's me, Modom Aw-Bear," a hoarse whisper answered. "You put a buzzard feather in de toby and den you put de toby onder yo' hosband pillow—"

"Cissy Ringgold!" the Widow Duck called angrily. "You git away f'm dat window. Come on in de house like you was somebody or git on back to yo' shanty. Don't stand at de window and screech like a ha'nt!"

"Duckie Meeler!" the hoodoo woman yelled. "You break de gree-gree!"

"You come in dis house, or I'll break yo' haid!" the Widow Duck threatened.

Modom Aw-Bear came inside, sucked through her teeth at the Widow Duck and then hunched down in the chimney corner. The Widow Duck was about to speak, when Buldickie returned.

He was not alone. On his arm was a strange young woman, not too good to look at, and none too certain of herself.

"Dis whar I live at, Eula," Buldickie said. "Yonder my kitchen, in yonder. See kin you whup me up some supper."

KEY TO SAFETY-

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In Next Week's Collier's

Eula glanced wall-eyed around the room but did not move.

"And de rest er y'all ladies," Buldickie continued, "kin step out er my house whilst my new wife gits lot-broke."

"Yo' new wife!" the Widow Duck demanded.

"You git dat 'oman outn my house!" Dawthy Dawn yelled.

"I tole you, Duckie Meeler, you break de gree-gree," Modom Aw-Bear put in.

EULA, evidently beginning to feel "lot-broke" and more at ease, spoke. "Y'all hyared what Buldickie say," she told them. "He say git out." She stepped aside as if to allow passage. "And I'm tellin' you de same! Dis my house, now, and I don't want no womens to hang about my house."

"You hold on, dar!" ordered the Widow Duck. "Buldickie, what de name er Satan you tawkin' 'bout? Who dis gal standin' up hyar?"

"Dat's Eula Mis' Duck," Buldickie explained. "I married her offn Duke's Bend, dis evenin'."

"Fool!" the Widow Duck snorted. "You can't marry up wid two womens at de same time. Did you stand up befo' de preacher?"

"Naw'm, I ain't stood up befo' nobody, yit. I was fixin' to, when I wa'n't so hongry and tired like I is, now."

"And have two wives?" the Widow Duck asked.

"Naw'm. Jest only one. Dawthy Dawn done divo'ced me off."

"I ain't divo'ced you off no sich," Dawthy Dawn protested. "I still loves you good."

"Hunh?" Buldickie asked hopefully. "You mean, you ain't divo'ced me off, sho 'nuff?"

"Naw, darlin', I wouldn't divo'ce you for nothin'."

IT REQUIRED a few moments for that fact to soak in, and when it did Buldickie got mad.

"Den dat makes Newman Dykes snake-in-de-grassin' me!" he yelled. "I'm gonter git my pistol and shoot his gizzard out!"

"You ain't got no pistol, darlin'," Dawthy Dawn reminded him gently. "And anyway us was jest—"

"You ain't got no call to shoot Newman," the Widow Duck began to explain. "He ain't snake-in-de-grassed you, Buldickie. I put him up to dat foolishness."

"I bet dat's a big ole rusty lie," Eula said. "I hyared 'bout Newman Dykes, over on Duke's Bend. And f'm what I hyars, he'll snake-in-de-grass ev'y husband on de place, and dey womens will lie about hit."

Buldickie, peaceable by nature, found his quiet world no longer comprehensible.

"I wish," he begged plaintively, "dat y'all wouldn't do like dat. I'm tired and hongry and y'all womens is jibberin' and jabberin', and don't no sense come outn nobody's mouf. I'm hongry in my stummick and all messed up in my mind and I don't like hit to be like dat."

"Y'all git outn my house," Eula ordered. "My man don't like hit like dat." She gestured threateningly toward Dawthy Dawn.

"Who git outn whose house?" Dawthy Dawn asked tartly. "Ain't no Duke's Bend lady comin' hyar and put me outn my house."

"I *wisht* y'all ladies wouldn't fuss," Buldickie whimpered. He appealed to the Widow Duck: "Can't you make 'em stop?"

"I ain't fussin'!" Dawthy Dawn said, making a sudden dive for the kitchen. She emerged, waving a large knife. "I'm *cuttin'!*"

The Widow Duck grabbed her. "Don't do like dat, daughter," she urged. "Cuttin' ain't right. Now, Eula, dis all been a mess but you ain't in hit. So you jest better drag hit on back to Duke's Bend."

"Nawp," Eula refused. "Buldickie is de onliest man ever axed me to marry him up and I ain't fixin' to git on back to no whars!"

"Aw, Eula, whyn't you go on back?" Buldickie pleaded. "When I axed you to marry wid me, I didn't know I still had Dawthy Dawn. And you know good as me, hit ain't no good for a man to have two womens at de same time."

"You kin run Dawthy Dawn off and keep me," Eula suggested.

"Ain't nobody runnin' me off," Dawthy Dawn put in. "Buldickie is my husband befo' de preacher."

"He kin div'oce you off," Eula retorted. "Efn I was a man and my 'oman snake-in-de-grassed me—"

"Ain't nobody snake-in-de-grassed nobody," the Widow Duck said with difficulty, as she held Dawthy Dawn tightly. "I put Newman Dykes in hyar, my ownse'f."

"I'm stayin'," Eula announced.

"Git dat gal outn hyar!" Dawthy Dawn yelled.

"Div'oce her, Buldickie," Eula urged, "befo' I gits mad and takes dat knife away f'm her and cuts her gizzard out!"

"I *wisht* y'all wouldn't like dat," Buldickie begg prayerfully toward the W

"Hit's too big a mess f 'bout whilst I'm holdin' the Widow Duck said. got to make up yo' ow like you kin git shut er off Dawthy Dawn."

Buldickie considered silence descended.

"I wouldn't div'oce off for a gal like Eula," Bul

"You means," Da prompted, "you'd druthe up wid me den wid a g

"Sho," Buldickie nod thusiasm.

"You means you love den you loves her?" Daw entranced with Buldick

"Sho, fool," Buldick "Didn't you hyar me sta de preacher I didn't lo woman but you? And wouldn't stand up an preacher."

Dawthy Dawn sighed dropped the knife. "Dar "when you makes sweet me like dat, de words tongue like honey in de

The Widow Duck 'be mo' like hit," she told th

BUT the hapless Eula reckoned with. Her had dissolved into tears ment.

"Now I ain't got me no wailed. "He de onliest me and now I ain't got hi

"No mind, child," the soothed. "Hit's a heap jest waitin' for some gal

"Not no gal like me," terly. "Dey all gives me

"Hit ain't hard to git Widow Duck declared "efn you goes huntin' for jest git on back home Sunday dress and a red hair. And den you strut

Modom Aw-Bear step you put de flower behime she said, "and wear de yo' clothes."

"I ain't got me no toby,"

The old witch woman around the weeping girl come wid me to my house, Bear said. "I feex you Git-Me toby, and I don't fo' bits!"

"Will de man come?" hopefully.

"F'm ev'ywhars," the laughed. "You'll have to

After Modom Aw-Bear gone, the Widow Duck dickie.

"Son," she explained, comed about on accoun Dawn is a young gal, and sweet-tawked. F'm now tawk her."

"Yas'm." Buldickie ag fixin' to, but I been sort my winter plowin' done, to bein' a married man, ain't got around to hit, yi

"Well, you better git right now," the Widow Du

"Yas'm," Buldickie pr quick as I gits my supper er rested up, and all."

Having done what she young couple, the Widow she stepped from the p moonlight, the blast of a sh silence of the night. The culated, was down toward cut, about where Nud an

"I swear," the Widow D "dat Newman Dykes is a world! He might 'a' know gonter stay in town de re

More and more often, *reports* Lynn Fontanne

...ur guests today choose Wine"





Lynn Fontanne has co-starred with her husband, Alfred Lunt, in such popular stage successes as "Idiot's Delight," "Taming of the Shrew," "The Guardsman," and, currently, "There Shall Be No Night." She entertains frequently, in New York and at the Lunt farm at Genesee Depot, Wis.

Notes ON SERVING WINE

- *Simplicity* is the keynote to wine-serving today. You are smartly correct when you serve wine very informally.
- *Try the "table wines" at dinner* — they are purposely made "dry" (not sweet) to complement main course foods. Red, hearty, *Burgundy* is grand with steak. And delicate, pale-gold *Chablis* or *Rhine* wine lends a special goodness when served with lighter meats like roast chicken. The usual serving is half water goblet size.
- *With refreshments, in the afternoon or evening*, try the rich, full-bodied "sweet" wines. Golden *Muscatel* with cookies or cakes. Or red *Port* with cheese, nuts or after-dinner coffee. Serve these wines in small glasses.
- *Before dinner* — alone or with appetizers — bring on cocktail-size glasses of amber Sherry. Nutlike in flavor, Sherry is considered by connoisseurs the perfect invitation to a good meal.

This advertisement is issued by the wine growers of California acting through the Wine Advisory Board, San Francisco.

"Times are such that people need to relax and enjoy themselves occasionally. Yet almost everyone wants to be moderate about it"

"EVEN AT INFORMAL DINNERS nowadays I usually serve a good wine with the main course," writes Lynn Fontanne. "Afternoons, too, I find more and more people are choosing wine — because they prefer to stay on the moderate side."

Not only in smart social circles. Not just in certain parts of the country. Everywhere today hosts and hostesses are doing as charming Lynn Fontanne does.

They're setting out a dry table wine with the main dinner course. At cocktail time, or when drinks are served in the evening, they give each guest an opportunity to say "make mine wine." It's an *extra touch* of hospitality!

We have printed here some wine-serving suggestions. When next you have guests, try one of these simple ideas. You'll find wine makes easy the duties of host or hostess. You'll notice wine compliments your most particular guests.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In discriminating households the wines of our own country are usually served today. More than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

Be Considerate — Serve Wine



"Don't be silly, Elmer—I'm still a home girl at heart!"

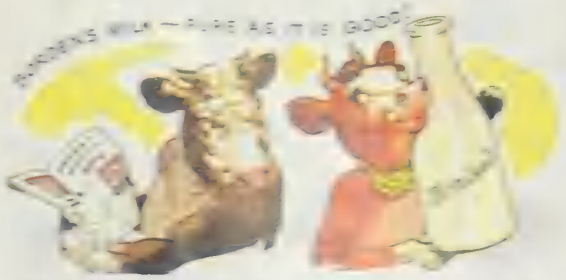
ELMER TEED AGAIN was not in a pleasant mood. He closed a page of fan magazine gossip and his eyes blazed at his quarantined Elsie, the Borden Cow.

"Home girl," he growled. "Imagine you'd suddenly go stalking off to Hollywood at the drop of a manicure—and still be a home girl!"

"Goodness, it was only so I could make one movie," answered Elsie, going right on with her unpacking. "A very *short* picture, too."

"I doubt if it could *get* in," sniped Elmer sniffily. "I am more interested in finding out just what struck the golden idle in Hollywood has changed you."

"Not one bit," answered Elsie positively. "Do we, the honey darling in all you? I bet. There's nothing more important in my life than my wonderfully pure, whole-some Borden's Milk that Borden cows and Borden



experts help me to produce. And I'd much rather be back home here tending grass—it's so wonderfully pure, wholesome foods that we've helped us make them among my name up in lights."

"Well, your name is being mentioned in connection with many shiny milk or lights," translated Elmer, glancing angrily at his fan magazine.

"Naturally," agreed Elsie. "People are bound to talk—so no wonder it's all over town that your favorite Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk makes marvelous cake frostings, cookies, and candies. The magic is because it's made from my milk."



"And then, I presume," murmured Elmer, with heavy sarcasm, "is the total excuse to which rumor has reached your fair name?"

"Oh, I suppose word also has gotten around about the Borden's Evaporated Fortified Milk I help to make," admitted Elsie. "How it and only gets all approving nod from physicians for infants feeding because it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D—but is grand,



too, for creating lovely cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes. Boy, it's swell material I should be the toast of many a jolly dinner table . . ."

"Ahh, now we're getting somewhere," Elmer. "And you a mother!"

". . . Especially when you think," mused "how delightfully a good dinner can with one of the aces at Borden's Fine for instance: Military Board Cheese dessert cheese with the creamy mellow



"You talk," interrupted the suspici thought humor wouldn't melt so soon

"One of life's pleasantest experiences "is the way Borden's Ice Cream melts —it's so rich, creamy, smooth delightful pure milk and cream take a good deal



"Mercies, sakes, ice cream!" groaned pose there's anything you won't take on

"That's not true, Elsie," said you kn Elsie. "My milk doesn't happen to Nine Inch Mixer Meal. It's one thing gets the spicy flavor and wholesomeness kind to Borden cows that makes my gra What on earth is making you so quarre



"This!" bellowed Elmer, as fan maga fan magazine under Elsie's nose. "Hm this headline, 'Elsie Loves Little Men'

"Silly!" giggled Elsie. "Why, Little M of the movie I made. I'm surprised imagining I'd turn out to be a glamor thought of me while I was away, you remembered just one thing."

"What's that, Elsie?" puzzled Elmer

Elsie smiled and tweaked his ear: "I it's *GIT* to be good!"

• • •

See Elsie herself in RKO's delightful "Little Men," as soon as it comes to your enjoy seeing Elsie perform with such f Kay Francis, George Bancroft, Jack O



Comes the Revolution

Continued from page 18

one is told a lot of things." I kept
nk face and this seemed to loosen
p some. "We were going to fly in,"
aid, "right to the city of San Luis.
ve couldn't get a plane. The big
anies wouldn't rent us one and the
rs down here haven't any."
u could have gone in by car, like
" I said, "or on horseback."
e horseback would be too long,"
id. "I heard the road in there isn't
than a burro trail."
t you can do it in a car if you go
gear over the real bad roads."
d you went in that way?" It
d to make her thoughtful. "If
do that for a mere newspaper
-well, you ought to be interested
same work we are."
in't follow her way of thinking.
odded. "I am, or used to be, more
." It was the way her looks af-
you. After a while you were try-
please her.
you go back in now that we've
u there will be a revolt?"
turally . . . if you're sure of it."
ld you mind if we came along?
ow the way."
come ahead. If you have any
at's going to happen. I'd really
t know. It's the most mixed-up
ve ever seen."
az will be in on it," she said.
turally. He'd be in on any trou-
ntral Mexico. Has been for the
nty years. He rode with Villa,
w."

HE didn't know and she didn't like
elling her, but she let it pass.
one behind the governor of San
is," he said. "The governor, Ochoa,
figurehead and it's Peloaz and
we're fighting against. He's
Fascist. Practically everything
s make goes to the state. Of
he federal government down
n the side of the workers but
as built up such a following in
that the government isn't quite
crush him yet. The workers
it, though; their children are
and they're going to revolt."
"The; the setup, then, you think?"
aid.
"I kn it is. Don't you think so?"
"I w dn't know," I said. "Who's
ng t lead the peasants?"
"A p sant himself. A man named
in Sa chez."
"Hav you met any of them?" I said.
"No, t I know about them. I hope
can t in in time for it. I can speak
ttle Spanish and Keith speaks it well.
migh help them to know that the
erica workers are behind them."
fai color had come to her while
spo and the food before her was
ost untouched. She looked very
utifu "You think, then, that the
oit c —accomplish something?" I
d.
"I kno it can!" she said. Her eyes
nged quality. Her hand was a fist
the ge of the table. Before her
s, my own dropped.
"Outsi on the street there were run-
s try g to drag tourists into liquor
es. I the plaza near the cathedral,
your men and women of Monter-
were valking, the men moving one
in th outer circle, the girls moving
oppo e way in the inner circle. Ev-
so of n a man would drop out of his
le an join a girl, walking with her
he gir circle.
"Why n't you two walk in the plaza
hile?" said. "It's the custom here
Satur y nights."
Markh n looked at her; his face was bright and pleased, like a kid's, and you could see that he loved her very much, loved her as much as though it were the first time, which it may have been.

She shook her head once. "Let's not bother with that sort of thing." Later, you could be annoyed by her saying it, but at the moment she made me feel childish for having made the suggestion. "Why wait?" she went on. "There's no point in waiting for morning. Why can't we go now? How far is it?"

"It's about a day's drive," I told her. "If we leave now we'll all be dead tired tomorrow and there isn't even a half-decent hotel once you leave the main road."

"That won't bother me," she said. "I don't see why it should you."

So we left inside an hour. The road is good and pretty straight below Monterrey.

We didn't talk much. Markham, next to me, drowsed off now and then, and some sort of vague antagonism lay between the girl and myself. When we got



"Fourteen years ago I remarked in a joke, 'Darling, I'll dry' "

SIDNEY HOFF

gas in Ciudad Victoria he was awake again but she had gone into a deep sleep across the rear seat of the small sedan I had brought into Mexico with me.

"I'm glad she's asleep," he said. "She's so intense, she never gets any rest."

"She manages to look good," I said. The tiredness had made me sullen. "How did you get mixed up in this business? Your father is a working, practicing capitalist, and the last I heard you were, too."

"I'd been thinking about things," he said, "and then I met Alice and she's the one who really got me interested in this in more than an academic way. She's so selfless. Her family is like my own and naturally she's had to give up a lot."

"WHY don't you two marry?" I said. If I hadn't been so tired I mightn't have said it. But it didn't seem to bother him.

"For one thing, she's not sure she loves me. For another thing marriage might interfere with our work."

We stopped talking and after a while Alice Calhoun woke and asked where we were. "We're about an hour's ride outside Villa Juarez. We're going to stop there until daylight and get something to eat and a little sleep."

"Why can't we push on?" she said.

"Because the place we turn is only a little way on, a collection of huts called Antigua Morelos. From there on it's bad enough by daylight without driving it by night and in a time of unrest."

Her silence gave and was intended to give her opinion of my courage. But after a while she offered to drive. I told her I was all right.

THE Hotel Monte in Villa Juarez is a good hotel even if they do overcharge for the food. We woke the night clerk and he went to wake one of the kitchen boys. I fell asleep in a chair in the lobby and when I woke it was starting to get gray outside. Markham was asleep in a chair across the lobby and Alice Calhoun was sitting in a chair near mine, smoking.

"I thought you'd rather sleep than eat," she said, "so I didn't wake you. They can make more coffee."

It was more thoughtful of her than I would have expected. "Thanks," I said. She looked fresh and lovely again, even in that light. "Can we go now?" she said.

"Right away."

While I drank black coffee she sat near me, smoking and looking at Markham, still asleep. "He looks like a kid asleep, doesn't he?" she said.

"He is a kid."

This time, when she looked at me, she didn't seem to dislike me any more and there was even a little humor in her face. "You're not such a bad sort," she said. "We may be able to make a good revolutionary out of you yet."

"It'll take a lot of doing," I said.

Markham woke and we left him drinking coffee and walked outside. The gray light barely showed things, their outlines but not the details.

"The world seems to be weeping," she said, "although there's no rain." It was raw and cold and I offered her my topcoat. When I was helping her on with it, my hand touched the skin of her neck and, even in the cold, I knew it and my voice changed when I spoke, saying it was an old coat.

She turned and was facing me, her face misty and perhaps spiritual in that light. "You're rather nice, Bannon," she said. "Kiss me." I have never liked women who called men by their last names, but I kissed her. It came as a shock to discover how soft that firm-looking mouth could go. When I broke from her, I turned away, suddenly embarrassed. "What's the matter, Bannon?"

"That kid inside loves you and I don't."

Her voice implied a shrugged shoulder: "The kind of love you speak of is a convention—and fidelity to one person is one of the more outmoded of its adornments."

I turned to her: "Boy, you pick up some honeys in the social-science classes at the schools these days."

She smiled. "Don't be so grave, Bannon. Here, you're not more than five or six years older than us and you're talking like one of the older generation."

Markham came out of the hotel. "I feel swell," he said. "Want me to drive?"

At Antigua Morelos we turned to the west, and the road was two ruts in the ground except where the rocks cropped through. I took the shotgun case off the floor and put the gun together. "Why did they let you take that in?" Alice Calhoun said, "they wouldn't let us take pistols in?"

"Not even friends of the people?" I said. "It's illegal to take a pistol in, but one is permitted to take shotguns in, for the hunting of birds." I broke open two boxes of shells, one loaded with No. 6 bird shot, the other loaded with ball.

"But you can't shoot birds with ball cartridge," she said.

"That's right," I said.

IN FIRST gear, at five miles an hour, we went down a rocky burro path, just wide enough; it went down the mountain on a long diagonal. We crossed a flat valley on a red clay wagon trail and we hit a spot of road where they'd laid a base of crushed stone for a modern road. The sun was up and the air already warm. Jungle lay on either side of us and chachalacas, a kind of black wood chicken, had started to scream in the trees. Markham stopped the car and I shot one out of a treetop. The noise made others fly across the road and I shot at one on the wing and missed.

"Fiddling while Rome burns," she said. "You're some shot."

"You try it."

She took the clumsy, double-barreled, twelve-gauge and swung with the flight of a bird across the road. The chachalaca broke in its flight and dropped. I picked up the two birds and we went along. We had to go so slowly that we made no coolness for ourselves and the heat came into the windows in waves. An Indian in dirty white pants and shirt came loping down the road. He raised a hand and we stopped. He had an old rifle in his hand and a fine, handmade knife at his belt.

"Today, *señores*, there will be much trouble," he said. "It is not good for *turistas* to come this way."

"We are not *turistas*," Markham said. His inflection was perfect.

"Even so, the chief would not like it," the Indian said.

"Look at his forearm!" Markham said in English to us. There was a tattooed hammer and sickle on it. "Who is the chief?" Markham said in Spanish. "Jose Sanchez?"

"Sanchez is now our *Coronel*," the Indian said. "Peloaz is our chief. You admire Peloaz, *el Jefe*?"

"We think he is a great man," I said quickly in my broken Spanish. "We would like to see him."

"In *Ciudad del Maiz* you will see him," the Indian said.

"I don't understand this at all," Alice



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The Progressive

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Calhoun said when we were moving again. "Here the revolt was to be against Peloaz and the things he stood for and the Indian said Peloaz and Sanchez were together now and Peloaz was the chief."

"At some time or other in his life," I said, "Peloaz has been bandit, agrarian, capitalist, crooked politician, fascist and professional friend of the people." It looks as if he's decided the comrades are going to get in and so he's going to be one, too."

"I don't believe it," she said. She was almost angry. "Your attitude is cheaply cynical."

"All right," I said. "Let's see what we have in Ciudad del Maiz."

It was a town all faded pastel colors in the white sunlight. The streets were cobbled and not made for automobiles although there were plenty on it now. An awfully young kid at the head of a detail of five or six men stopped us and asked our business. We told him we were American friends of the people and that we would like to see Sanchez.

"Sanchez is in the field," the boy said, preparing to repel the enemy. The chief Peloaz will see you though. It is best that you see him. He is a great man."

"We know that," I said.

"We have taken the city," the boy said proudly, "and hardly anyone has been killed." He pointed to a flag flying from the town hall. The flag was bright red.

"Where is there a telephone?" I said.

"Why do you want a telephone?"

"I would like to tell the United States and tell a newspaper what a great man Peloaz is."

He was pleased again, but still a little suspicious. "You will wait here, in this restaurant," he said. "I will see if the chief Peloaz will see you. There is only one phone. One of my men will wait here with you."

"What of the friend of Peloaz," I said, "Ochoa, the governor?"

The boy shrugged elaborately. "He is no longer a friend of Peloaz's. Peloaz is now a friend of the people. It is against the tyranny of Ochoa that we are revolting. We have tried to kill Ochoa, but he is in the city of San Luis and we have not yet taken that city. Look, we have cannon, even." He pointed to a near-by rooftop. Two early-model antiaircraft guns pointed skyward.

IN THE restaurant we ate and tried to find out something from the Swiss woman who ran it. She talked less Spanish than we did and was frightened and wouldn't say much. Markham talked to her in German and she brightened up a little.

"Keith is a fine linguist," Alice Calhoun said to me. "He can talk any of the principal Continental languages."

"What does she say?" I asked Markham.

"Peloaz is a great man," Markham said. "That seems to be the burden of her song. She's afraid to say anything else."

I watched Alice Calhoun as we ate, waiting for her to look or speak her surprise. But she remained calm and ate with appetite. "What do you think of finding Peloaz on your side?" I finally said.

"He's probably seen the light," she said. "We've converted people just as reactionary as he is."

"You mean you accept his change as a sincere one?"

"And why not?" she said. Her eyes were clear and innocent.

"Up to an hour ago he represented everything you hated. Why do you accept him now?"

For the first time her eyes dropped. Keith Markham looked ill at ease. "I believe he may be a brave and sincere man who has undergone a change of heart," she said.

"And I'm telling you he's nothing but a cheap dissolver and bandit dressed up in store clothes. It couldn't be that your change of heart is due to the fact that he's the boy who's in the saddle now on your side?" I was angry but it was an anger of the mind; with the rest of me I felt differently toward her. So that with these two things in me I had to get up and turn away. I moved toward the door and the peon left to guard us said that it would be better if I did not go outside, yes?

In a little while the kid came back with his detail. The chief Peloaz would see us now. It might be, even, the boy said, that I would be permitted to use the telephone.

PELOAZ sat behind a big desk in what had been the alcalde's office. He was big for a Mexican, almost all Indian, with a broad face, black eyes and a large, cruel mouth, which smiled slowly when he saw the girl with us. He was dressed in some sort of khaki officer's uniform with a good deal of loops and gold braid around the shoulders. It was fortunate, he said, that American newspaper people should come here at the moment of his triumph. He was glad to see us. Alice Calhoun explained that she and Markham weren't with a newspaper.

"We're down here representing the American Intercollegiate League for Aid to the Working Class," she went on. "We want the peons of Mexico and their true leaders to know that the American workers are behind them. We're at your service."

"That is fine," Peloaz said. "Tomorrow we can talk over many things. Today, though, we will crush the last of those who oppose us in this area. Perhaps you would like to see it? My men are already in the field."

So we went with him. He seemed to be in a hurry and I couldn't take a chance on phoning then and perhaps missing the fight. We drove out of town and stopped when his big car stopped on a little ridge that bounded one side of a shallow valley. There were trees on the ridge across the valley but in between was almost a flat plain.

If a thing can be at once pathetic and sinister the scene before us was that. Two groups of Indians opposed each other in the valley, the rough white coats and pants they wore were very bright against the sunburned green and brown of the plain. Below us were Peloaz's fighters, a few men in rough officer's uniforms moving among them. They shouted and moved restlessly from time to time, brandishing their weapons, but no shots were fired. The officers kept trying to spread them out in some sort of military formation but they always managed to get back together in a bunch. The others, across the valley, stayed bunched and did not move. They apparently had no officers.

"I suppose the others are Fascist," Alice Calhoun said. We walked to Peloaz's open touring car. He was standing in it. The men below us were so close that we needed no field glasses. We were protected by thick mesquite and a little bump in the ground.

"They do not understand," Peloaz began to explain to us. "Those ignorant Huastaca Indians across the valley. You know, of course, as do my own men, that before we can equably divide the land or provide for its being run by a commune, as the case may be, all the land must be gathered together and there must be a dictatorship. Only for a while, of course. These ignorant Huastecas do not understand that. They do not want to give up their land for the common good. So we must take it from them. It is unfortunate but that is the way it is. Sanchez is

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MENTHOLATUM

ing a flanking party through those
below us on the right. As soon as
are in position we will attack."
but hasn't anybody tried to ex-
it to them?" Markham said.
while ago—" Peloaz began.
ell," Markham said in English,
go down and tell them myself." I
ed that he had taken my shotgun
ome of the shells loaded with ball.
ad probably intended to lend a
in repelling the Fascist invasion.
ere was, literally, no chance to stop
He turned from us and began to
I remember his face, though, that
nan who has been suddenly lifted
who has found his calling. He
down the gentle falling of the
One of the officers below called
but Markham kept going, run-
cross the open space between the
oups. It was only a hundred and
ards or so and he was still carry-
he shotgun. Rifle barrels being
glinted obliquely in the sun and
ld see Markham's head come up
shouted. He raised a hand and
almost to a walk. Smoke jetted
the old-fashioned rifles of the
ecas and Markham fell, sprawl-
his face.

t cold and it was as though I
waiting for Alice Calhoun to
but it was Peloaz and his chauf-
ho said something sudden which
remember. The firing was gen-
w and the Huastecas were falling
I kept trying to watch the bat-
to talk to the others. "Keith," I
er say, almost in my ear. "It
ch a brave, futile thing for him
o try to convert those innocent
hat had been perverted by Fas-
He's truly a martyr."

ldn't the Huastecas understand
arkham was trying to be their
I said to Peloaz. "It was like
him down in cold blood."

s unfortunate," Peloaz said. his
the fight. "I should have told
he left too quickly. The Huas-
not speak Spanish. They have
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S all over very quickly. When
finished I went down on the
ld, not because I wanted to but
it was the job. There were no
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t. And there were more dead
nded, which is another charac-
of a Mexican fight. Don't ask
I don't know. The Huastecas
little like Chinamen. They
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were quite composed.
was no looting, which may have
to the fact that there was so
oot. Peloaz's men didn't look
the Huastecas themselves, es-
death. They moved almost
among the dead bodies, ar-
hem in rows.
am was quite dead. His head
arked and his face almost
was hit in only two or three
got two peons to carry him
toward the town on a stretcher. I went up the slope to the cars, but Peloaz's was gone and Alice Calhoun was not there. I drove back to town and went to the alcalde's office. They were both there, Alice sitting quite near Peloaz's desk, smoking a cigarette.

"In case you're interested," I said, "Markham is dead." I was tired again and feeling nasty.

She didn't look at me. "He was very brave. He'll become one of the great American martyrs to the Cause, like John Reed. He'll serve us in death as in life. We can raise a fund in his name in the States to spread the Cause down here."

"You must have loved him very much," I said.

"I never said I loved him," she said.

WE HAD been speaking in English but when I turned to Peloaz I saw that he had been watching me steadily and was, for some reason, jealous. I asked him if I could use the phone now.

He was overelaborate, so that I knew he was lying. It was so unfortunate, he said, but the enemies of the Cause had cut the wires. They would not be repaired before the next day and perhaps not then. If I wanted to return to the main road where there were phones he would send a guard with me, although that was really unnecessary since he had once more restored peace and order. When I did get to the main road, he would advise my not coming back for a while. There would be no new developments for some time, he said.

So that was it, but I went through the motions of what we call the conventions. "I'll have to go," I said to her. "You'll probably want to come with me. Markham will probably have to be buried here. You can't do much for him."

"I don't think I'll go back to the road with you, Bannon," she said, too casually. "I'll want to stay around here a while and see at firsthand how order emerges after a revolution. And I really think I can do something toward helping the general here get Marx straight in his head and apply it consistently."

"I imagine you'll be able to," I said, "for whole hours at a time."

She flushed a little. "You're just jealous, Bannon," she said. "I do like you, though. I like you a lot. I ought to be out of here in two or three weeks. What I'd like you to do is feature poor Keith in your story, telling how he was killed leading a charge against the Fascists. It's a little thing . . . and it'll be for the good of the Cause."

"I'm old-fashioned that way," I said. "I write them as I see them, not the way they'll fit into the party line."

"Oh, you're very righteous, Bannon," she said. "Listen, you do what I've asked you to and I'll meet you in Laredo or San Antone as soon as I get out of here."

"Don't bother."

"You're very moral, too, aren't you, Bannon?"

"No," I said, and I looked at Peloaz for a second. "It's purely a question of esthetics."

So I went away from that place. Before going I told Peloaz that since he had achieved order so admirably I was sure I would not need a guard. Driving back alone, trying to make the main road before dark, thinking of my story, thinking of all that had happened and that you couldn't put in a newspaper, I still wanted her. And finally I had the story written out pretty well in my head, the way I had seen it, which may have been the wrong way, but after all the truth is the way you see the thing. Only one thing I couldn't straighten out then and I never have since. Just what in hell could you write about Keith Markham?



JACK
Never wore anything on his back
But Arrow Shirts (which we happen to create
And which look great.)

Yet when Jack asked his boss for an extra five or so,
The boss yawned and growled, "No."



"Come, come," you say. "People who use the product in ads always get raises from their bosses."

And we say, "Hold your hosses!"

For Jack's boss continued in this vein:

"I'd be insane
To raise a man who dresses as well as you do!
You must have an outside income from bonds, or a racing stable, or some under-cover voo-doo.
Why, your shirts are finer
Than mine're."

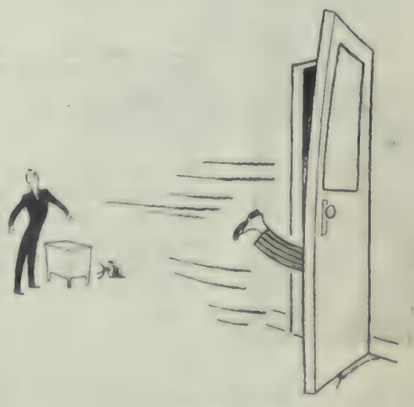
Jack then launched into a discussion
About the shirts he looked so flush in:



"For all their fine fabric and tailoring, for all their incomparable Arrow Collars,
These Arrow Shirts cost just $2.
What's more, they have the 'Mitoga' figure-fit, their bosoms never mess!
And they're Sanforized-Shrunk, fabric shrinkage 1% or less."

"Well," said the sleepy V. P.,
"You have a sense of value I like to see among my men;
And so I'm going to give you not an extra five, but an extra *ten*."

Before Jack could say "Golly!"
Jack's boss dashed out and got some Arrow Shirts at an Arrow dealer's that he noticed on his way to work in the trolley.



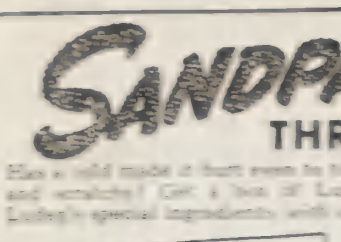
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$2 $2.25 $2.50 $3.50 $5

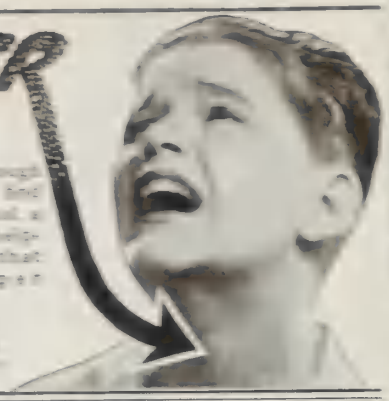
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SANDPAPER THROAT

Has a cold made it hurt even to talk? Throat rough and scratchy? Get a box of Luden's. You'll find Luden's special ingredients, with menthol, a great aid in helping soothe that "sandpaper throat."



5¢





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Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES

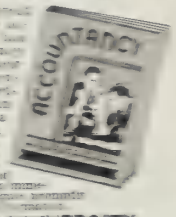
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To South America with the Birds

Continued from page 22

the 4,500 miles of the length of South America there is not a national law prohibiting any man from killing them in as large numbers as he may wish. The only restriction on such shooting is a local one in the province of Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Of migratory waterfowl there are seven species of geese and twenty-one varieties of ducks that contribute to the feathered hosts which annually leave the United States in quest of food and security in lands below our borders. Waterfowl do not take such long journeys as do the yellowlegs and plovers. Many pass the winter in Mexico and Central America and a few species enter those South American countries washed by the waters of the Caribbean Sea. Only the blue-winged teal has been found as far as central Chile. The chief danger to the ducks that leave the United States lurks in Mexico, where game protection is young and game wardens are few, and in Central America, where the term "game warden," or its equivalent, is as yet unknown.

Many of our nongame birds are found in Central and South American countries during our northern winter. More than sixty North American warblers teem in the tropical jungles. The black-poll warbler even ranges to Chile. Scarlet and summer tanagers flash in thickets in the lands beneath the equator. Bobolinks go to Bolivia, Brazil and Paraguay; and barn swallows circle and dip over the plains of Venezuela. I have seen ospreys catching fish in the rivers of Brazil and Argentina and duck hawks chasing their prey about the lagoons and savannas of Paraguay.

The sight of North American birds at such vast distances from their haunts in which we are accustomed to see them brings strongly to mind the fact that bird preservation is an international problem. No nation without the co-operation of other countries can adequately care for its feathered inhabitants. We in the United States usually speak of the wild birds we see as "our birds," but this implied claim to exclusive ownership becomes weak when we face the fact that many of them spend more of the year in tropical countries than they do in our own fair land. Such birds belong to the Americas, and it is to the interest of Canada and all the twenty-one republics to preserve them for our common good.

Traffic in Bird Skins

Small birds from North America are not singled out for killing. As a matter of fact few native hunters have any special knowledge about bird migration. They are skilled in the use of slingshots, and where pebbles are not available small round pellets of sun-dried mud are used as missiles.

For long years there was extensive killing for the millinery-feather trade of England, France and the United States, but comparatively little demand now exists for such products. A steady traffic in bird skins for some years has been carried on in South America. At Posadas, in northern Argentina, a shipment of 4,000 was sent to central Europe a few weeks before my arrival. At Asuncion, Paraguay, a German sought me out and complained that the war had destroyed his business in bird skins. His market had been museums and natural-history dealers in Germany and Switzerland. He asked me to put him in touch with institutions in the United States where he could sell the product of his skill with gun and scalpel.

In Misiones, Argentina, a won me, with evident pleasure, the visits the schools of the region tures on birds. When I inquir the nature of his lectures, she when he reaches a school he number of birds and teaches t boys how to skin them. While a prominent gentleman, his so little green bird and brought It was a new species for me and to skin it for later identificat lad watched me a few minut seized his gun and shot a scis flycatcher. By signs, I let him did not want the birds killed shot twice at a hummingbird before I could stop him.

Deadly Hazards for Bir

In Brazil and parts of Arg found a widespread interest in t this interest, to a North A seemed to be of a peculiar form many people have native birds cages in their yards or attache outside walls of their homes. cages you may see robins, mock blackbirds, troupials, parrots, p and, in fact, any small bird o going that can be kept alive w that can easily be procured.

Birds in cages, or held in t were offered to me for small b country roads, at houses w stopped, and at river landing steamboats docked. Across th from my hotel in Buenos Ai was a bird store where, besides strawberry finches and Java shipped from Europe and Jap were many native birds, of counted 14 species one day a another. The last time I passed four young South American o one of a dozen cages hanging i the store. Some of these b caught in homemade traps. I s such traps hanging to trees in yards and gardens. Each con decoy bird and sticks of guava bait.

By far the most popular way birds is by means of gum. In where I visited, an English lad that men and boys from the nea came every Sunday to smear twigs and wire fences in the n hood. Birds alighting on these could not escape, and the bird usually returned to town with erable supply. And the gum continued to be deadly hazardo long after the raiders had depar

At Buenos Aires I heard gre erences to "The Day of the Bird is celebrated in the great Paler of the city. Each year a day is for liberating large numbers of Palermo Park, and the public i to take part in the ceremonies. In 1937, 1,500 birds were liber 1938, 1,500 were set free, and tember 8, 1939, 4,000 were gi dom.

I asked the director of the Publicos," whom I visited whe his birds. He told me that he them by sending six of his emp the delta of the Parana River a city, where birds are very p These men use the birdcatche and place it on limbs and tw captured birds are placed in re and brought to the city. Here kept until the great day arr informant said his men usua from two to three hundred a that the work is carried on thr month of August, which is jus

ng season. He gave me photo-
hs which show great numbers of
cages, and the eager, upturned
thousands of interested specta-
ne birds are liberated from the
arge, wire enclosure, but small
taining others are passed here
to people in the assemblage
eby are given the pleasure of
y freeing some of the captives.
orters are always present and
papers give prominence to the

America has three species of
own as ostriches. Some ranch-
em a nuisance, because of the
y eat. These birds are occa-
illed for rifle practice, but
ey are shot for the plumes
n their wings. The birds are
very scarce over large regions
rmer range.
markets of South America I
ale the bodies of doves, tina-
chingolos, which are native
bout the size of our northern
t. In December, 1939, Ar-
papers stated that the min-
riculture had advertised that
c would consider bids for the
250,000 penguins for their
royalty to the government
vos (3 or 4 cents) for each
led. Many South Americans
to decimate their wild life for
ich has been the case in our
y for three hundred years.

International Job

scientific men and other
citizens in South America
forming national groups to
better sentiment for wild-
ion. These, with similar
Canada, Mexico and the
es, today compose the Pan-
committee for Bird Preser-

integral part of the Inter-
mmittee for Bird Preserva-
n April, 1922, the writer was
d in London, with the aid
vard Grey of Fallodon, Dr.
an Tienhoven of Holland,
ur of France and others.
ate, national groups of this
ave been organized in twen-
tries of Europe, North and
ca, Australia, South Africa,
ew Zealand.
of these national organiza-
imply justified their exist-
iking example is the Italian
en that committee was
in 1925, strings of small birds
the markets of many cities,
I saw caged birds whose
n burned out with red-hot
inded, they didn't know
rrived, and would call in
thus attracting passing mi-
"med" sticks to which their
dhere until liberated and
birdcatchers.
ecent trips to Italy I found
to buy dead skylarks and
species, as I formerly had
rd-blinding had become
mmon. A great deal of this
improvement is due to that committee's work, under the leadership of Professor Alessandro Ghigi of Bologna University, and Prince Francesco Chigi of Castel Fusano.

Many years ago I began lecturing and writing in behalf of the birds in North Carolina. At that time almost any bird in the state could legally be killed or caged at any time. There was not a state game warden between the Potomac River and the Gulf of Mexico, and my efforts were regarded by many as the vaporings of a fanatic. But I lived to see my bill for bird protection and for the establishment of a game-warden system become a law on March 6, 1903.

Years later, when working at the New York legislature, endeavoring to secure a law to put an end to the legal traffic in "aigrettes" and the feathers of other native birds, I was told this could not be done. The idea was scathingly ridiculed in the New York Times on March 26, 1910; and the Outlook put in an oar for the feather milliners. But the Audubon bill was passed by the legislature and signed by Governor Charles Evans Hughes on May 6, 1910.

There is an innate love for birds in the hearts of men and women in all lands. It is only necessary to stimulate that feeling and provide practical suggestions of procedure in order to draw them into organized effort.

No republic in South America has a handbook on birds in the Spanish language. No lecturers on bird life go from city to city; and there are no classes in bird study in the schools. There is but one magazine on birds south of the United States, and it is largely a technical publication and reaches only a few hundred people. We could be very helpful to our friends in Central and South America by making available to them, in their own language, some of the rich stores of knowledge our army of bird students have accumulated on the feeding habits of birds and on their economic, educational and inspirational values.

The National Committees for Bird Preservation in South America could use such material to great advantage in educating political leaders to the need for bird laws, the preserving of an adequate breeding stock of game birds and game mammals and in teaching the general public the names and value of the birds of their neighborhoods. They could show the benefits to be gained by providing food and drinking places, and by the erection of nesting boxes for certain species that are natural guardians of the gardens, parks and groves.

The efforts of the Pan-American Committee for Bird Preservation are made possible by individual contributions, and so far as its means will permit the committee will extend every aid to our South American colaborers in their pioneer undertakings in behalf of the birds.

Adequate protection for the birds that annually migrate from North America will come only when a better understanding of the subject is developed in all the countries of the Americas.



Begging Dog CROCKETT JOHNSON

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

— FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE

Oft in the tranquil hour of night,
When stars illume the sky,
I gaze upon each orb of light,
And wish that thou wert by.

—GEORGE LINLEY

Days of absence, sad and dreary,
Clothed in sorrow's dark array,
Days of absence, I am weary;
She I love is far away.

— ROUSSEAU

Aside to Poets

Any Long Distance operator knows the answer! For Long Distance is a short distance by telephone. And rates are low—especially after seven during the evening and all day Sunday.

ollier's
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Dykstra and the Draft

WE HAVE yet to detect any fleas on the job Clarence A. Dykstra is turning in as general manager of the draft. Or, if there have been any fleas on Mr. Dykstra's performance, his latest ruling as we go to press kills them.

We refer to the Dykstra decree that there are going to be no special flags, emblems or other insignia to be sported by families of drafted men, like the "service flags" of the World War.

Right-ho. These men are only doing what their age, fitness, brains, and so on qualify them to do for their country at this time. Give their families flags to hang in their windows, aces to stick in their hats or medals to pin on their togas and we may as well pass out decorations all around. Every worker who stays on the job would rate honors: so would every farmer who keeps on producing, every businessman who refrains or is restrained from profiteering, every taxpayer who goes on paying his taxes and, for that matter, every editorial writer who writes patriotic editorials like this one.

Marksmanship and other decorations for the draftees, certainly—as and when they earn them. Ribbons and gewgaws simply because they obey the law, certainly not: and we're delighted to see Mr. Dykstra step on this proposal so promptly and so hard.

Which leads us around to the thought that the draft law ought to be made permanent, instead of dying off in five years as now planned.

We can't hold with optimists who think we'll be able to go back to sleep militarily, navally and aerially five years or so from now. It looks to us as if the world moved in 1914 into a wild and woolly era which won't tame down appreciably within the lifetime of any of us.

In such a Napoleonic, Frederick the Great-ish, Attila-esque epoch, this nation will need four things above everything else. Those things will be a two-ocean navy, a large and efficient air force or forces, a powerful standing army and a big reservoir of trained young men.

Even if things do quiet down sooner than seems likely, a permanent system of compulsory selective military training will be of great benefit to the country. Benefits are showing up already, with the draft law only about three months old and the first levies j shaken down in raw and windy cam

For one thing, the notion that t ment owes the citizen everything wh zen owes the government nothing rapid fade-out—none too soon for th the country, if you ask us.

For another, new hope has come in of numerous young men, especiall cently out of college or nearing grad many a young man of this huge gro fense drive means that instead of sit waiting for some job to turn up, mea ing off the old man and hating it, h for the armed services. The servi year to three years of sure employ pay, a chance to get around and l and meet a lot of people.

What more does a young man of and what can anybody do for a without spirit?

The draft looks healthier to us e every way. Let's have some fact-fa sion of the proposals to make it a part of our social and economic syst

What's Wrong with Peace?

LORD HALIFAX succeeds the lamented Lord Lothian as British ambassador to the United States; and we're already fed up with the talk about how Halifax is a bad choice because he took part in the Munich backdown of September, 1938. He tried once to avoid war. Now it is argued that he cannot represent his country well in time of war.

The argument strikes us as dangerous nonsense. The most vigorous Secretary of War we have yet had was Newton D. Baker—who was a pacifist of frightful mien until Woodrow Wilson told him we had to lick Germany and Baker had to boss the job.

Nor was there anything unique about this. It's axiomatic that nobody makes a fiercer fighter than the man slow to anger.

As a matter of fact, Halifax has been known as one of the bitter-end war-party Churchill cabinet. It worked out th Lothian, himself, who also hoped f Munich.

By the same token, we believe th into this war officially it is a safe be of our present-day "appeasers" themselves to be much fiercer fi some of our current interventionist

Nova's Novel Notion

IT WAS a pleasure a while ago for Collier's to print Lou Nova's detailed brag, allowing as how he is going to take the heavyweight tiara off Joe Louis' forehead when and if he manages to get into a ring with Joe.

As to that, we're not laying any bets. But we were and are much interested by Nova's suggestion that the thumb be taken off the boxing glove. He advocates, you remember, a rounded fingerless and thumbless glove, and says such a glove would clean up the fight game no end.

We think there may be something in that. After all, the glove now in use, with that free-wheeling thumb attached, must present quite a temptation to some of the less high-minded of the prize-ring gentlemen to try some eye-gouging and lip-, throat- or ear-cla the clinches and the infighting.

Whether Nova makes good on his massacre Joe Louis or is scuttled hope Nova's thumbless boxing glove may be thoroughly and fairly consid gentlemen who run boxing and by t go to the fights. Nova may have

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COMPARE FEATURES...

THE 1941 QUALITY CHART

A Comparison of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars with Leading High-priced Cars in Quality Features

How "All Three" Low-Priced Cars Compare in the 22 Important Features Found in High-Priced Cars— Plymouth has 21 Car "2" has 9 Car "3" has 7	1. 117-inch, or Longer, Wheelbase	2. Hydraulic Brakes	3. "L-Head" Engine Design	4. Aluminum Alloy Pistons	5. Four Rings Per Piston	6. Chain Camshaft Drive	7. Automatic Choke	8. Precision-Type Crankshaft Connecting Rod Bearings	9. Pressure Lubrication of Lower Connecting Rod Bearings	10. Valve Tappet Adjustment	11. Roller Bearings on Transmission Countershaft	12. Four Chassis Springs	13. Independent Front Wheel Suspension	14. Roller Bearing Universal Joints	15. Hypoid Rear Axle	16. Tapered Roller Differential Bearing	17. Hotchkiss Drive	18. Rust-Proof Body	19. Oil Bath Air Cleaner	20. Sealed Beam Headlamps	21. Floating-Type Oil Intake	22. Choice of Colors at No Extra Cost	TOTAL
$[illegible]95 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	22
$[illegible]95 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	22
$[illegible]94 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	21
LOWEST-PRICED PLYMOUTH	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	(21)
LOWEST-PRICED CAR "2"	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	YES	NO	YES		(9)
LOWEST-PRICED CAR "3"	NO	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO		(7)

Ride the New Plymouth!

BUY WISELY!

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Go still further—*ride* in the new Plymouth! Discover how Plymouth's long 117-inch wheelbase adds to riding smoothness...how new High-Torque engine performance, with new power-gearing, reduces driving effort! *Ride the new Plymouth and you'll buy it!* Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

Look at 1941 Prices of "All 3"

Plymouth is actually lower-priced than the "other 2" on some models. Your present car probably covers a large part of the low delivered price . . . balance in low instalments. Prices are subject to change without notice.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.

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FEBRUARY 8, 1941

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COVER JAY IRVING

ANY WEEK

HAVING decided to be more active socially, we dropped in at a friend's house the other day and were greeted by his twelve-year-old son. It was about six o'clock and, except for the cook who was busy about dinner, the kid was alone. He told us somewhat coldly that his parents were at a neighbor's house. We made several of the inane remarks that adults rally children with and then departed, asking him to tell his parents that we'd called. Sorry to have missed them—that sort of thing. Whereupon the kid let go: "When I marry," said he, "I'm going to have either children or cocktails but not both."



WE HAD thought of stopping in at another place, but didn't. Instead we went home where we read a long letter from a young man who is learning the warrior's trade at Fort Dix, New Jersey. He tells us that he has just been visited by his father who in 1917 was doing what he's doing now. His old man was pretty deeply impressed by the fresh orange juice, soft-boiled eggs, toast and jam for breakfast. Furthermore, it took him some time to recover from the shock of being told that the new Army is thinking of awakening the lads in the morning with buzzers instead of bugles. But that his son's sergeant was a Ph.D. and a student of the Greek school of ecclesiastical music seemed to be a little too much. Father left camp a bit depressed. But we don't see why. Our sergeant could read and write. Also he was musical. He played the harmonica. He'd call in a couple of squads of us rookies and, propped up on his cot, play How Ya Gointa Keep 'Em Down on the Farm After They've Seen Paree. Every few bars he'd stop long enough to say: "'Sgood, ain't it?" And we'd all agree that it was good. We remembered what happened to the dullard who said it wasn't. The more we heard about this new Army the sorrier we are that we aren't in it.

WE PAUSE to give belated credit to the Briegleb Aircraft Company, Inc., of Van Nuys, California. Not so long ago Commander E. F. McDonald, Jr., wrote an article for us—Silent Wings. It was about gliders. Therein he stated that there were only three recognized glider makers in the country—the Frankfort Sailplane Company, the Bowlus Sailplane Company and the Schweizer Aircraft Company. That statement was short of accuracy. We are informed by Mr. William G. Briegleb, president of the Briegleb Aircraft Company, that his outfit has been building gliders and sailplanes since 1927 and during the past year business increased to where it was necessary to incorporate the Briegleb company. Furthermore, the Stone Aircraft Company, too, of Detroit, Michigan, is building a nice glider. Commander McDonald's article omitted these names by oversight. This paragraph aims to set the record straight.

SO WE proceed to applaud the patient foresight of a merchant in Edmonton, Alberta, to whom, two years ago, a young fellow applied for the price of a marriage license. As you may very well guess, the young man was about to take a wife. The merchant, a believer in such things, lent him the money. Overcome, doubtless, by felicity, the young man forgot to repay the merchant. But the other day, the merchant went to the borrower's home and demanded his money. He got it—out of the baby's bank. "I had a feeling it would be like that," said he.

AS FAR as we can find out, two biographies of Charlotte Cushman have been written. Nevertheless, Mr. Lyman Beecher Stowe of No. 1 Beekman Place, New York City, is undertaking to write another. We've told Mr. Stowe that we'd tell you. If you have any of her letters or any other helpful material, Mr. Stowe says, he'll appreciate receiving them. In case you don't know, Miss Cushman was a talented American actress. She died in 1776 after creating a number of riots with her interpretations of Meg Merrilies and of Shakespearean heroines. Let's see, there was something we were going to say about this enterprise. We've forgotten what it was. The din of war is bad for concentration. But this is still a free country and Mr. Stowe has a perfect right to write about Miss Cushman.

PERSONALLY we think that Mr. Elias Berriscat of Washington, D. C., is a trifle bitter. But in a wayward moment we promised him we'd publish his next letter and this happens to be it. Mr. Berriscat has been listening to congressional debate. "You can add," says he, "that Mr. Berriscat is sick and tired of it, too. All I heard was that this country was in danger of running out of raw materials. Anybody looking at the floor of either the House or the Senate can see that the statement isn't true."

SOMETHING we've said in these pages about Italy, her Duce and her arms has annoyed Mr. Dominick Bassopiazza of New York City, who informs us that we are a "Greek skunk." Mr. Bassopiazza says ... Fascist but that Italy ... this war the master o... nean, of Africa and ... permitting Germany t... tunes of North Amer... part of Europe north... Pass. "After we have ... says Mr. Bassopiazza, ... to rats like you." It ... however, "Germany ... Italian army, navy a... continue to aid her de... including lice like yo...

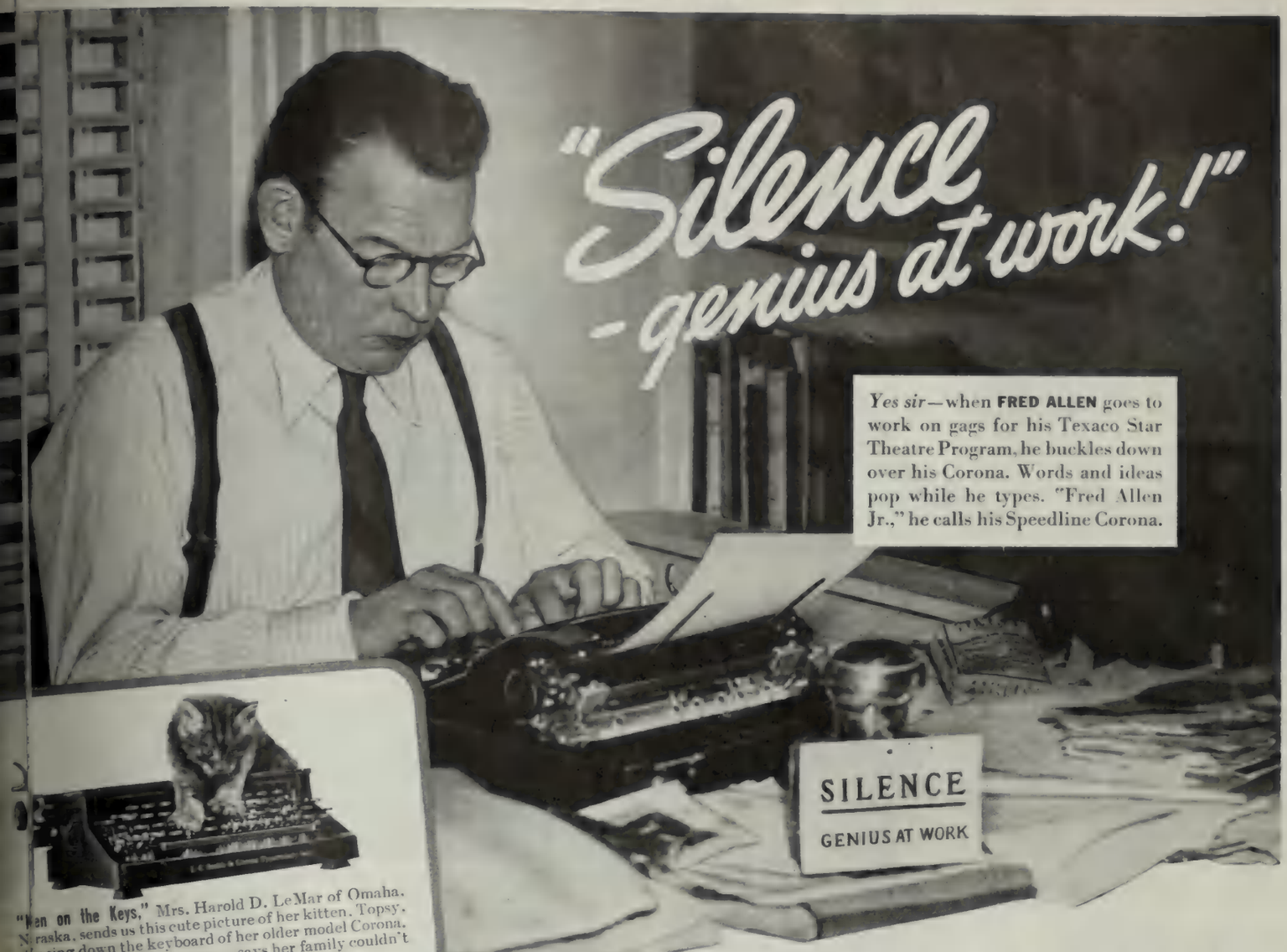
ANYWAY, a bill has ... duced into the Massa... ture exempting fro... property of spinsters ... at not more than two ... The bill is creating so... that it stipulates that ... produce "satisfactory ... spinsterhood. We're a ... public librarians in ... states are concerned ... in book borrowing. ... rise in employment. ... picious Oregon legisla... an investigation of th... the unemployed read... he may be on the tra... And an Atlanta gentle... "at this time" for ano... to appeal to Congress ... dollars "to erect a st... O'Hara" and will see ... birthday a national h...



AND now we'll let M... a secret. It is the i... United States govern... the war to solve the ... and relief situations ... straight from Mr. Hin... Chicago, Illinois. Mr. ... his letter with a warni... don't do it," writes he. ... here at home and min... No nonsense. You t... do not take me to no ... shoot me behind the w... relief because you can... This is the plan of you t... First the unemployed ... Nosir you don't. What ... the first soldiers to go ... the Army camps. Bang ... soon everybody who go... against the wall and ... Nosir you don't."

ALL right, we don't ...

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Wing Talk

CHICAGO has lived up to predictions of air-line pioneers that its geographic and strategic location would make it the hub of domestic air commerce. More air lines converge upon it—eight—than upon any other United States city. It has 150 scheduled arrivals and departures each day.

Yet Chicago has the poorest field among important air centers, with respect to modernity and convenience. It is in a poor neighborhood, an hour's unprepossessing ride from the Loop. It has been kicked around by politicos for a decade. It is bisected by railroad trackage that for years now has been "going to be taken out soon"—but that, meanwhile, remains a mental hazard which under certain factors might tend to make a pilot cut his landing fine, and is blamed in "hangar flying" for more than one accident on or near the airport.

LaGuardia Field, New York—the world's costliest airport, $43,000,000—is used by seven lines. It is first in number of scheduled arrivals and departures each 24 hours, with 238 ordinarily, and increases to 250 or more on certain week ends and holidays. Its timetable lead is due to what is practically a "commuting" service maintained between New York and Washington.

The largest state in the Union, Texas, has the greatest number of cities served by regular air transportation—count them: Amarillo, Abilene, Austin, Big Spring, Brownsville, Corpus Christi, Dallas, Houston, El Paso, Galveston, San Antonio, Tyler, Waco, Wichita Falls and Fort Worth. Florida has thirteen air-served cities; California eleven. New Jersey and Delaware are the only states with no scheduled air-transport service. New Jersey was getting along well enough with Newark, masquerading as the New York or Eastern transcontinental terminal.

But it was inevitable that the country's greatest city would build the country's greatest airport.

The Back Seat

OCCUPIED today by William Augustus Winston, who usually sits up front—until the passengers begin to shout, "Captain! Help!" Be reassured, this cry is not for relief from danger but from boredom. Personality has always been a factor in travel. Globe-trotters aimed for certain ships b reputations of such famous captains as Hartley of th Moore and Oakley of the boats, McNeil of the Mau weather Quinn on the Pa modernized variety of the breed guides this countr liners on both domestic tional routes. You've got t as well as spark-plug grac hear Bill Winston's soft "R's" and see his courtly tentative smile as he toys perate Desmond mustach dling a deck of cards deftness, your imagination his flight captain's unifor him in a frock coat, a pe vest with a bellyband wat a plug hat—and you are s the smoker room of a Mis wheeler "befo' the wah, su 10,000 feet above the Atla a Pan American Clipper United States and Portug

Bill won't play cards w because he is a shark. I tricks he relaxes many of hi faces, so long these war da missions and thoughts. He his pictures, too—more t them taken in his flying yea oceans and foreign lands.

Bill is of the Winstons Salem. The Army Air Se him down at first because 119 pounds on his six feet. plication to milk and banan that. He showed particular instructing—a talent he app storming days after the w as an inspector for the De Commerce. He became a P pilot seven years ago an thousands of hours and r million miles. There are n tails requiring a pilot's att he is arriving or leaving, bu York terminal Bill probe manages a fond glance to Hills, Long Island, where two little girls live.

Among his students in was a fellow who did a pre of flying the Atlantic across, ahead of Bill. Bo same middle name, August

You know the pupil wel his first and last names—C bergh.



Clipper Pilot William A. Winston—Lindbergh learned from

STALWART AGAINST THE STORM!



WHEN the sea shimmers peacefully in the sunlight, the strong wall which protects the house above the shore seems useless and unnecessary. But the wise householder knows to what furies that still surface can be stirred; he rests content because the wall is there.

Storms break on the shore of every family's life — and nobody knows when they will come. That is why life insurance stands guard over homes where all is now serene. Seemingly unnecessary to-day — it becomes a strong wall against the world when financial storms arise.

The storm of adversity is at its height during the period immediately following the death of husband and father. The John Hancock Readjustment Income Plan provides protection during this critical period at a cost that is within the most rigid family budget. Our booklet, "A Talking Picture," describes the plan in full. Write for your copy to Department C-1, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.

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Then when you comb your hair each morning you don't need to douse it. Just put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb. Your hair stays in place, yet looks natural, not "plastered down." Begin using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today.



'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a *drying* effect.

By actually *supplementing* the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp soft and supple . . . as it keeps the hair lustrous, well-groomed and good-looking.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WO

By Freling Foster

As bridge-table arguments have caused an average of five murders and about five hundred divorces annually in this country for many years, there is one woman, called the Carrie Nation of Bridge, who is making it her life business to fight the game. In the hundreds of lectures she has given, each has been dramatically ended with a sketch in which is enacted a murder and a suicide that resulted from a bridge fight.

Not until 1938, or 63 years after he had written Carry Me Back to Old Virginny, was it generally known that James A. Bland was a Negro. In the disclosure, which followed the suggestion that this song be made the state anthem of Virginia, it was also learned that he was the composer of seven hundred other songs, had died in 1911 and was buried in Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania. Today he is known as "The Negro Stephen Foster."

Two flags on one building may fly in opposite directions when the structure has a large dome and they are flown from opposite sides of it. On the Capitol in Washington, a flag on the west side of the dome sometimes blows eastward and another on the east side blows westward in a west wind.

When a person brings a suit for plagiarism without obvious basis in fact, the federal judge has the right to make the offender pay the legal fees of the innocent party. One such case occurred in 1931, when a woman sued Eugene O'Neill and the Theatre Guild for $2,000,000, claiming that Strange Interlude had been stolen from her book. She was ordered to pay the defendants $17,500.

Most desert reptiles, although living in high temperatures, cannot withstand the heat of the sun and sometimes lose their lives when it takes them too long to run from one shelter to another. In such dashes, some species of rattlers have been known to die in nine minutes, while some species of lizards have succumbed in two minutes.

Some diamond cutter ... come so expert in cu... small diamonds for ma... that they produce regul... stones so small that as... eight hundred weigh only...

The boundary between ... States and Canada was ... pletely determined unti... 142 years after our cour... the peace treaty with En... *Lily Beamer, San Bernar... fornia.*

Twenty-four years ago ... Mencken concocted a st... "the first bathtub in t... States in 1842." Ever si... "facts" have been accept... and used countless time... papers, magazines, books... grams, fact cartoons, g... publications and referer... despite Mencken's pers... forts, for the past fifteen... refute them.

Without any knowled... principles of mathemat... Dase (1824-1861) could... two 100-digit numbers in... within nine hours.—*By W... erson, Burlingame, Califo...*

New York City has a s... contains a theater, a motio... house that contains a ... ward and a palatial poorh... provides a private room ... and complete hotel servi... occupants who were once... or prominent.

Many European peasan... still follow the age-old c... hanging mourning crape ... doors of all buildings on ... erty, including barns, pigs ... hives and chicken coop... pieces are also tied arc... necks of favorite dogs, ... horses. — *By Eleanor ... Wheeling, West Virginia.*

Five dollars will be paid for each ... or unusual fact accepted for t... Contributions must be accompani... factory proof. Address Keep U... World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue... City. This column is copyrighted ... The National Weekly. None of th... be reproduced without express pe... the publisher

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win shield.

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n a azement.

r ha e you seen a car this roomy, selling
owe -price field. The front seat's nearly
t wi !

—yur foot finds the throttle, and in
it se ond you realize this is the liveliest,
est r you've ever driven. (It's
kind f engine with moving parts
ance by radio control.)

er . . faster . . . the road unreels.
bu ps bob up . . . rousing, rattl-
rring bumps . . . but they fade
ke p ntoms, beneath your four-
oil s ings. And this big Nash (body and
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e wei t of your hand on the wheel. It's
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You're glad to know there's a Nash Convertible Bed in back, for you feel like driving on forever.

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purchase
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of waste motion.
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specifications, make favorable commitments, trace ship
quickly and economically . . . by Long Distance.
• SALESMEN can contact customers between persona
make time-saving appointments, announce price c
move overstocks, rapidly and profitably . . . by Long D
• CREDIT MEN can make quick credit inquiries, clea
count difficulties, collect delinquent accounts, tact
personally . . . by Long Distance.
• TRAFFIC MEN can check freight movements, dis
route trucks, follow up deliveries, faster and more
. . . by Long Distance.
Whatever your job, Long Distance can probably
lot of unnecessary "chasing" and leave you fre
important matters. Many rates are shown on th
inside front cover of most directories.



er d w in so close
that ey could see
teet as he smiled

mber
es Back
me

uy Gilpatric
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THE telephone rang in the darkness and he jerked up in his cot. Even before his eyes had opened, his waking brain was shouting, "Now! At last! At last! Now!" He switched on the light, glanced at his watch and unhooked the instrument—all in one motion, exactly as in his mind he had rehearsed it a thousand times. He cleared his throat and with his knuckle touched the edge of his mustache. Then he laughed, nervously. It was all so exactly as he'd known for months that it would be! "Seventy-eight," he said into the transmitter.

A pale voice said, "The Prime Minister will speak to Air Vice-Marshal Saloman."

"Saloman speaking."

There was a click; then another voice, a ruddy voice, said, "Saloman? Hello, there, Saloman! Good morning!—Well, it looks like today, Saloman! Now get this; ready? At C." The ruddy voice, now, spoke slowly and precisely: "At C. At twelve-zero-zero hours, G.M.T."

"At C. At twelve-zero-zero hours, G.M.T. Right, sir?"

"Right, Saloman!" A second of silence was broken by the sound of a slowly indrawn breath. "I have just been in touch with His Majesty. He has commanded me to express his affection and gratitude. He will be notified of your take-off. Goodby, old man! God bless you all!" There was another click and that was that. No dramatics. No tosh about "England expecting every man" and so on. A real soldier, the P.M.!

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Asher Saloman reached up and pressed a button on the damp concrete wall behind the cot. A gong clanged in the distance, the clang dying away in soft, buzzing echoes. As he fastened his tunic and shrugged into his flying suit, he heard from overhead and all around him a muffled stirring that swelled into a sound of orderly, purposeful movement. Then there were four successive shocks that shook the room like earthquakes and through the open hatchway in the ceiling came the fluttering, bubbling roar of throttled motors.

He climbed the vertical iron ladder into the operations room. An officer was seated at a desk upon which stood a gooseneck lamp with a green shade; beyond him was a telephone switchboard with two enlisted operators and a teletype machine whose clump-clump-clumping was drowned in the torrents of mightier sound rushing in through the walls.

The officer rose, saluted and handed Sir Asher a teletype sheet. "Latest weather, sir," he said. "It's favorable. Besides, I have to report that all searchlight and antiaircraft units on the course between here and the coast have been ordered to cease operation. However, three bombing squadrons with fighter escort are now in Area Eight. They are, of course, unnotified, but no

more units will take off until Intelligence signals you clear."

"Ah, splendid! Thanks, Mr. Arnheim!" Sir Asher laid the weather report on the desk under the lamp and stooped over to read it, meanwhile smoothing his helmet down over his iron-gray hair. "Good! Good enough!" he murmured. "Ceiling's just where it should be and the fog areas are made to order. I say, Arnheim, this stunt's getting off to a capital start!"

Arnheim's lips moved but no sound emerged. Sir Asher looked up at him sharply, then smiled and shook him by the forearm. "Oh, come, now!" he said. "That's no way to speed the merry picnickers!"

"Picnickers?" The other stared at him, swayed slightly and leaned across the desk. "Picnickers? Oh, God, sir!"

"Tosh, Arnheim, tosh! So long, old man!" He jerked up the zipper of his flying suit, walked briskly across the room and swung open the narrow steel door. Pausing, he looked out into the dome-shaped hangar which housed the great black Junkers 97. On wings and fuselage were the crosses of Germany; its twin rudders bore the Nazi swastikas; its engines, slowly revving up, filled the hangar with their thunder and its broad wings trembled in the swirling gales from the four propellers. Buffetted by these blasts, leaning and struggling against them, he passed under the wing and joined a group of half a dozen men beside the fuselage. He acknowledged their salutes with a nod and a wave of the hand. "Good morning, gentlemen!" he shouted. "Is she all set, Calman?"

"All set, sir!" reported the engineer officer.

"Right! Get the mechanics off her, black-out and have the hangar opened." He turned to the five men who remained.

THESE five, like Sir Asher, wore flying suits. He motioned them to gather around him. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "we've waited a long time, a damnably long time, for this moment. Now that it's here, I want to shake hands with you. With you, Mr. Simons! With you, Mr. Baruch! With you, Mr. Browne, and you, Mr. Wolff-Curzon and you, Mr. Levin!" He hoped it hadn't sounded like tosh, but if it had he couldn't help it. "Well—" he pulled on his right glove—"we will now take our stations, gentlemen!"



And so they went aboa
Marshal Saloman and Sq
Levin to the control cab
ficers Wolff-Curzon, Br
and Baruch to the bow,
tail-gun turrets, respective
lights blinked out and for
blackness was relieved on
and orange flames of the
the faint, cold glow of t
dials. Then a slit appea
darkness and in it was
slit grew wider and mo
through, as though the do
ally the astronomical obs
California mountain fro
mechanism had been copi
the dome had disappeare
into itself, and framed i
was a semicircle of Eng
sky, water, trees and mis

Sir Asher fastened his s
plugged in his phones.
rets?" he asked.

The loud-speaker crack
bow, sir!" . . . "All set,
"All set belly, sir!" . . .
sir!"

He laid his hand on the
der. "All set, Mr. Levin,"
'er have it!"

SQUADRON LEADER
open the master throtti
motor instruments one by
released the brakes. Th
jerked, trembled and roll
ward, lurching soggily on
as she bumped down off t
cement apron. Then, as
speed, the weight of tons
her one by one; her tail
she charged roaring into
sheet of water lay in her
the surface in a cloud of
hundreds of yards across
lifted clear. She was flyin

Saloman looked down
the dull-gleaming water sl
his range of vision and no
ingly. That pond, two inc
floored with painted conc
own idea. It had helped k
drome secret and bomb-fre
dome-shaped hangar, whic
est aerial photographs was
brush-covered hillock on
the pond's center. But the
details in the planning anc
of a hush-hush job a th
more momentous in its
than the building of the tar
Q-ships in the first World
involved months of thoug
pleading and wire pulling
and rebuffs, sympathy an
And also—as the P.M. had
of sweat and blood and to
ing. And more waiting. Th
been the worst. But now
They were on their way. N
Now!

"Magnetic, zero-nine-oc
Levin the course and the
swung eastward. Then he s
phone: "All turrets! Well
we're off! This isn't just a
tice flight: this is—it! The
ister has been informed by
that our objective is the ci
Berlin at noon today. I
sent us an expression of a
gratitude. By now, he has be
of our take-off." He pause
ment. "I need not emph
that any British plane
within range must be shot

It would be a fearful th

(Continued on page

**"Good! Head her down!" I
"Shove her down, lad!
in the center of the
Dive her, boy! Steeper**



ere are three very good eas ns why that perennial fav rite Charley's Aunt is a h arious hit on Broadway

gan's Luscious Luggage

Luther Davis and John Cleveland

THREE young actresses—none of them older than twenty—are making their Broadway debuts in the current revival of Charley's Aunt now at the Cort Theater.

They owe it all to Joshua Logan, who delivered a little speech to the producers when he agreed to direct the play. "Gentlemen," he said, "what this show needs is fresh, untrammeled sex."

The producers concurred and immediately telephoned a few of the better-known actors' agents. Then they made a grave error—they released to a theatrical column the news that they were in the market for ingénues with little or no experience.

Both Day Tuttle and Richard Skinner, the producers, should have known that the American Theater Council estimates there are over 3,000 young women in New York who call themselves actresses—although less than two hundred of these have had a chance to prove it. However, there was no way for either producer to guess that all 3,000 and a few of their friends would present themselves at the offices of Tuttle and Skinner; or that many of them would bring their lunches and refuse to leave. Mr. Skinner shudders involuntarily when he remembers it. "For six days," he says, "we had so much fresh untrammeled sex in our office there was no place to hang our coats."

When the play opened on October 17th, all the critics went quite wild about the three girls who'd been chosen. One magazine summed up the general attitude: "They are the prettiest pieces of baggage to come this way in a long time." Giggling, the girls promptly tacked that notice on their dressing-room wall and dubbed themselves "Logan's Luscious Luggage."

All are undoubtedly luscious—and all very blond. With their hair upswept in the manner of the nineties, the period of the play, they look somewhat alike—slight and feathery and as though they'd catch cold easily. However, any sober spectator can see great differences when he gets used to their general youth. Katherine Wiman, who plays the part of Ela, is taller than the others—five feet five—and her arched, swanlike neck gives her an aristocratic fragility that suits her delicate and distinctive profile. It is she whom artists among the audience immediately want to sketch or paint. "They keep talking about my bone structure and the way my ears are set," Katherine—otherwise known as Tottie—sighs. "I'm not at all sure it's quite nice."

Phyllis Avery, nicknamed Rabbit, is eighteen, a year younger than Tottie, and tends to purr. The coquette of the group, each morning she decides whether she will be "slinky and intense" that day, or "fluffy and coy." In her siren moods she has a tendency to order a great many Daiquiri cocktails, none of which she has ever been seen to drink. The most milk-fed-looking and serious of the lot is Mary Frances Heflin, who is twenty, and passes for a little

"Fresh, untrammeled sex—" Mary Frances Heflin, Katherine Wiman and Phyllis Avery

over seventeen. She knows more about practical theater than the others, for her brother is Van Heflin, one of New York's most successful young actors. Fra, as the others call her, is inclined to speak in prosy aphorisms such as "work breeds work" and "the theater is no place for fools." Her part in the play is a "bit" of less than a minute's duration, but the producers regard her as sufficiently untrammeled to understudy all the women in the production.

The publicity about their beauty has given the three quite a problem—stage-door Johnnies. This menace reached its peak one night four days after the opening when a lot of young men from Harvard pushed their way to the foot of the stairs leading to the dressing rooms. There they settled down quite comfortably and began to bay for the girls.

Phyllis was the first. She marched through them bestowing smiles graciously, like a movie queen much accustomed to refusing autographs. The boys wanted but didn't get her phone number—and were left slightly dazed by such aplomb in one so young.

Then Tottie appeared at the stairhead, and some of the boys fell on their knees and began to salaam. She made a frightened, though graceful, retreat. "It's not that I don't like boys," she told the company manager, "it's just that I prefer them one by one."

Fra pulled the *coup* of the occasion. Forewarned by Tottie, but unwilling to be intimidated by a pack of collegians, she applied make-up hurriedly. When she appeared on the stairs the boys paid no attention to her—for her face was black, and she murmured as she passed, "Pahd'n me, gen'mun, the young ladies gwine be with you-all presently."

Phyllis was discovered among the 3,000 in the producers' office. It happened on the second day of the stampede, when Messrs. Tuttle, Skinner and Logan had already mumbled "Sorry, you're not the type" and "Leave your address and we'll never let you know" well over a thousand times. There was something wrong with all the applicants; either they were too old-looking or spoke with funny accents or showed no signs of being able to act.

Salary No Consideration

Then Phyllis wandered in with a batch of fifty other hopefuls sent by a casting agent. Newly graduated from a two-year course at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, she was wide-eyed and had just the wispy quality for which the part of Amy called. Logan blinked and handed her a script. "Read," he said.

A frightened rabbit who had never auditioned before started to read in a voice an octave higher than normal. Startled by the sound, she lost control of her vocal cords and her words came out in an alarming, quavering treble. To her listeners it sounded like a delightful satire on Victorian maidenhood, and they began to laugh loudly—while the embarrassed Phyllis' voice shot farther up the scale.

Finally Mr. Tuttle interrupted her. "I'm afraid I can't offer you a very large salary," he said, still chuckling.

Phyllis hit high "C." "Thank you! I mean, I accept!" she shrilled. "No matter what it is—it's more than I've been getting."

The money meant little more to her than a symbol that she'd made the grade and was at last "in." The daughter of Stephen Morehouse Avery—a very successful screen writer who has authored such movies as The Gay Deception, The Gorgeous Hussy, Four Mothers—Phyllis' desire to act proceeded from love, not hunger. With a background of schools in Europe and private tutors in this country, she's had some difficulty convincing her rivals that she got her job without pull. "They make me so *mad*," she says.

Katherine Wiman has the same trouble. Inasmuch as her father is Dwight Deere Wiman, producer of such hits as Babes in Arms, I Married an Angel, Higher and Higher, there are still some who refuse to give her credit for any talent of her own. And there was a time when, as she readily admits now, she showed little talent with which to be credited.

Like her co-luggage, Katherine has wanted to act ever since she was a child, but there wasn't much she could do about it until last season when she was graduated from Fermata School and pronounced properly finished. The still-current play, Life with Father, was casting then, and Katherine discovered that auditions were being held in author-actor-director Howard Lindsay's house, downtown on Tenth Street.

It Takes More than a Name

The room was full of famous people of the theater, and Katherine felt very small and incompetent. For a moment she found herself wishing she hadn't vetoed her mother's plans for a large coming-out party. "I was so sickly nervous," she says today, "that I'd almost rather have served on those vague society committees than been standing there with that script in my hand."

She read miserably, and turned on her heel and exited just in time to keep from crying publicly. It was sixty-odd blocks back uptown to her home, but she walked all the way to punish herself "for being so smug." On the same day she marched over to the studio of Frances Robinson-Duff, the most famous dramatic coach in New York. Every day for a year she reported to Miss Robinson-Duff; every night she read plays, did voice and diaphragm exercises. Katherine had discovered something she'll never forget. "Dad's name can get you into an office," she says, "but when you get there, he can't read for you."

Dad's name got her an appointment to audition for Tuttle and Skinner's Mt. Kisco, New York, summer stock company. Dressed to the teeth, she set out to do or die, her mind swirling with Robinson-Duff epigrams on breathing. Mr. Skinner, too, faced the interview with misgivings. He didn't want to turn down Dwight Deere Wiman's daughter—still he did have a box office to consider. "When that girl breezed into my office looking like the queen of all the months of the year," Mr. Skinner says, "I uttered a prayer of thanksgiving. She could just as easily have been a bespectacled little mouse. Then what would I have done?"

The Queen of the Months was promptly engaged for a week, overcoming the aura of the Wiman name. Even the great Ethel Barrymore was a bit impressed when she shared an entrance with Tottie in the first play of that season's repertory. "The girl's shy of speaking to me," Miss Barrymore told Mr. Skinner, "and personally I'm terrified to approach her."

Other members of the company felt the same awe, but as Katherine was engaged for week after week they had a chance to learn she was very much all right. One elderly and asthmatic character actor was delighted to find a chair placed conveniently near the wings every night when he made his exit. He kept thanking the stage manager—until he discovered that Miss Wiman was the thoughtful furniture mover.

By dint of similar kindnesses, Tottie endeared herself to the troupe, and by dint of really exceptional playing won the part of Ela in the summer production of Charley's Aunt. Though she did

(Continued on page 35)

OUR NEW ARM



For posterity—Sergeant Samuel ... the Seventh's all-Negro choir ...

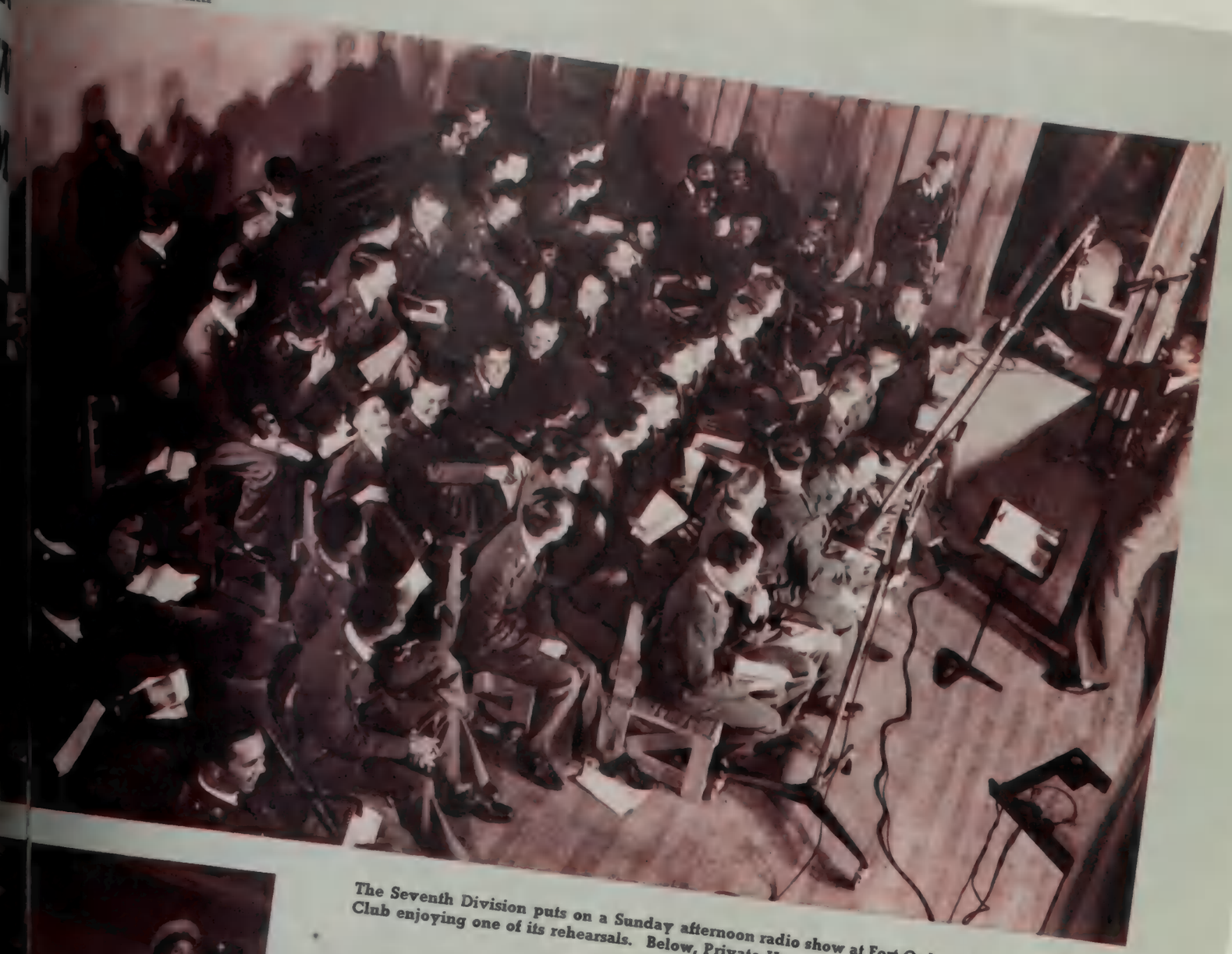
There's the one about Private Ear... chose the Army instead of the Navy ... read that sailors sleep in hamm... sleepers get swatted with a paddle. ... stuff in the Army, thought young Mr. ... he was right. At Fort Custer, Michig... open the tent door and trundle the late... into a nice fresh snowbank.

You'll find other incidents, anecdot... of life in our new fighting force, collec... weekly by Collier's correspondents. ... reports are printed from widely separat...

PACIFIC SOUTHWEST: Seventeen ... members of the Fortieth Division, from ... Nevada and California National Guards ... wondering when the emergency is going t... Months ago they were warned in exciting ... be ready to move into Camp Nacimiento ... Robles, or Camp San Luis Obispo. Nothi... happened. Then January 27th was set as ... That's off now. Maybe sometime in F... Reason is delay in cantonment constructio... due to winter storms. Meanwhile, the 17... sticking to their civilian jobs and hoping th... won't be too badly handicapped without the...

Few weeks ago the Seventh Division, comm... by Major General Joseph W. Stillwell, existed ... on paper. At Fort Ord, California, today it's gr... rapidly to a strength of more than 15,000. Trou... it's got no traditions. It's working up some, th... Every Sunday afternoon the fort's best talent ...

OGS IS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE





The Seventh Division puts on a Sunday afternoon radio show at Fort Ord. Above, the Glee Club enjoying one of its rehearsals. Below, Private Hamilton Ponder performs for the band

on a radio show, including a one-hundred-voice chorus and band music. Radio announcers plug the outfit, and listeners to 42 Western stations are rapidly getting the idea the Army didn't amount to much before the Seventh Division was organized. Nobody knows yet just what the organization's traditions will turn out to be—but they won't be secret, anyway.

If some outfits are so new they lack traditions, the 250th Coast Artillery doesn't. It got its start in July, 1849, as the First California Guard of Light Artillery; helped hold California to the Northern side in '61; was in on the capture of Manila in '98 and won honors in the St. Mihiel and Argonne sectors in '18. . . . Now it's out for the Army basketball championship.

●

GREAT LAKES: Fort Custer, Michigan, claims the youngest and oldest soldiers in the country. Harry Wohlfeil of Milwaukee is only fifteen, and had quite a time getting in—special War Department dispensation, overcoming of parental objections and what not. A strapping six-footer, he's a private in the Fiftieth Field Artillery Battalion. . . . Oldest soldier is Private John W. Westervelt, who is seventy-two and has been at Fort Custer since 1925. Says he's going to retire in 1946, unless the war's still on. Been in the Army only 24 years and needs six more to get a pension.

Army intelligence tests turn up some curious facts. A high-school graduate at Fort Custer came out of the forty-minute test with a rating of 146 out of 150—tops for the post. Turned out the Army had made him a dishwasher—but he has a desk job now. Few minutes later the intelligence testers marked a soldier "mentally inferior" . . . and him with a Ph.D. degree, too!

A good many of the 1,800 soldiers assigned to Fort Custer hotfooted it for the nearest town—Battle Creek—payday, for a drink. Just beer, though; no hard stuff. Battle Creek has local option. Army officers think it's not a bad idea, either.

●

THE SOUTHWEST: No flying cadet at Randolph Field, Texas, really feels he's making good until he gets a call from an automobile salesman in San Antonio. The salesmen keep close tabs on every novice—those who have passed their forty-hour check with a good record becoming fair credit risks. More than three out of four cadets become car owners before they complete their ten weeks of basic flying training. Almost all of them want the same model—sporty, low-hung convertibles. Secondhand cars of this type are sent to Texas towns near flying fields from all over the country. The cadets buy them on special terms out of their $75 a month pay. It looks like a banner spring for car agencies, with thousands of boys learning to fly at Randolph, Brooks, Kelly and other Lone Star fields.

At the Fort Sam Houston Reception Center a recruit kept on mopping the messroom floor when a colonel came in, the spread-eagle insignia of his rank glinting. "You should come to attention and salute an officer," said the colonel patiently. "Don't kid me," said the recruit. "You're just a mess sergeant. I can tell that by the chicken on your collar."

A Private Argument

By Meyer Levin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THIS fellow was the long-drink-of-water type, only at the moment it was firewater, and the bartender said it had been firewater these four evenings past. The customer sat on the last bar stool, leaning at a fixed angle toward the juke box, which seemed to have become his private instrument.

It was one of those new telephonic juke boxes, with the records played over the wire from a central station, and two or three wisecracks from the operator thrown in as a man bespoke his five-cent selection. A man could send a tune, too, wherever the company had a juke box—to some other bar, if he knew his girl was there with a rival, and wanted to send her a song.

At the moment, this customer was giving ear, with an air at once appreciative and bitter, to a ditty entitled It Makes No Difference Now. Suddenly he smacked his glass down on the bar, and snapped his fingers. "I've got one for her! I've got one!" Hopping from the stool, he hurried a nickel into the music slot. He brushed his arms about, as if to speed the insulting song to its finish.

"What she sends me!" he complained to the bartender. "I'll send her one back that'll kill her! Watch this, Danny!"

"Got a mad on with his wife," Danny explained to all in general, as he slid a couple of beers along the bar. "Been here nearly a week, down from Frisco. Wife's working at Remo's Eats. She won't even talk to him on the phone. But Remo's got one of these boxes and I guess she's got to listen, when he sends those songs over."

The customer nodded, proud of his ruse. Meanwhile the ditty clicked to a close, and the central operator's voice, more than professionally pleasant, spoke from the box: "Hello, Ned, is that you again?"

"Yah, listen, Daisy, I got one! I got one that'll get her. Play I'll Never Smile Again. Tell her it's from Ned."

"But you sent her that only a few minutes ago. Listen, I'll tell you a good one: Number 426. At Least You Could Say Hello."

"No—give her that Never Smile Again. And say, tell her I was in a fight last night, account of her." Like a man tossing in his last chip, he added: "Tell her I got drunk."

"But Ned," the operator broadcast a last objection; "I'm afraid I can't play your selection over there. Not again. The cook hates that song. He says it makes him blue."

"The cook!" Ned stormed. "She's got to worry about the cook! Say—you play that song! I'm the only cook is gonna tell my wife what she can listen to!"

"Do you want a woman's advice, Ned?" the operator persisted, soothingly. "Send her something sweet, like Baby Won't You Please Come Home."

"I AM a sucker," Ned said. "Women can make me do anything they want." He okayed the selection and returned to the stool. "That's my trouble," he announced, after a moment of morose introspection. "I always let her have her way. But not this time. She's coming back to Frisco. Ever been to Frisco?" he asked the bartender. "That's a town!"

"Yep, quite a town," Danny agreed.

"What's the matter with this burg?" a customer demanded of Ned. "Don't you like it?"

"Nothing, except my in-laws live here. That's what's the matter with it. And I got my job in Frisco. Eight bucks a day, that's scale. Know what a cook gets here? Six bucks."

"Well, living is cheaper here," the townsman pointed out.

"Sure. But I ain't even got a job. In-laws," he reaffirmed. "The cause of ninety per cent of broken marriages. In-law trouble. Why should I have to support her folks? Thirty bucks a month, rent alone, I sent down here. That's a lot of dough."

A measure of confirmation was voiced along the bar.

"So I says nuts to that. I ain't sending any more. They can go on relief. So she says not her folks, not while she can take care of them! And she beats it down here! I says okay. If you like your family better than me, okay! I—"

"Ned, here's a song for you from Connie," the operator broadcast from the box. There was just a hint of commiseration in her voice. The music began: I Get Along Without You Very Well.

Ned slapped the bar, for all to witness. "I send her a sweet one! I ask her to come home! And look what I get!" He slid from the stool, and studied the list on the machine for a scorching rejoinder. "I got it! This'll fix her. Number 257: I'm Through!"

The answer came back in due time: Get Out of Town.

Four blocks away, in Remo's Eats, the juke box spoke: "Connie, here's one from Ned." The song began. It was My Last Goodby.

Along the counter, a solid row of men sat eating blueplates. Connie was the only waitress in the place. She scudded about her work, neat, swift. Just now there was no merriment in her face, though the features suggested easy laughter. Scowling, as she hurried back toward the service window, she paused long enough to punch open the cash register, borrowing another nickel. She plunged this into the machine. "Daisy, tell that drunken bum I haven't time to play games any more."

At this moment, the cook opened the kitchen door to announce, petulantly, that orders were waiting. "He's just sitting there day after day throwing away his money!" Connie complained to the machine. "I don't want him to take care of my folks. I can do it myself! If he'd only—" She broke off, suppressing her exasperation.

A group of the men were getting up from the counter. They spoke among themselves for a moment, glancing at Connie, obviously a little embarrassed. Then, clumsily, one of them deposited a big tip, and another lumbered to the song machine. "Say, Dais for that guy over at Da Frisco guy. Give him Nu Wonder Who's Kissing Her

At the bar, Ned receiv message in utter fury. "I huh! So she ain't got time ain't—!" But then the ger the males came out of the nearly went wild.

"Aw, take it easy," Dan "Why don't you go over with her?"

"No, sir! Not till she b fix her! I'll get her ca crammed a coin into the m I'll Never Smile Again, ove

"But Ned," Daisy began,

"Play it!" he commande nickel in, didn't I! You t for the cook, from me!"

THE dirge began, at th Connie pursed her lips, pay no attention. But sudde came from the kitchen. The out, white-faced, struggli coat. "I quit! I told you that song! I'm leaving!"

Remo hurried from the c "But you've got stuff on th can't leave in the middle—

"I don't like it here a going to Frisco!"

The manager watched, fl "Where can I get a cook, i of dinner?"

"I know," Connie said. " work with, too. Give me a punched the cash register. mischief, obviously natural was back where it belonged "Daisy, I want an old fav you got Lover Come Back

"What she sends me plained to the barte send her one ba kill her! Watch th





There he waited—tense, all on edge—while the three others reconnoitered

n Line of Duty

Thomas Walsh

Garvey had one ambition in life; that was e a good cop. He made it the hard way

UST ATED BY RONALD McLEOD

WAS a few minutes past eleven, a cut and cold November night, en McGarvey first saw the squad Then was rolling slowly down the treet in service, but obviously not y ca so that McGarvey glanced eyed s two uniformed riders and t it as oon as it had passed. Mar- who oticed it too, made the only rk at ut it. Wasn't it nice, she that was in plain clothes now, orkin days instead of nights, with motio and a raise, and everything d bee wanting so much these past nonth?

ice?" McGarvey demanded, look- own her with his homely grin. ep on maybe—I'll say that. But

ut no the end of the line," she d for him, dark eyes demurely t. "I ustn't forget that. It's to be the Commissioner, isn't it? The Commissioner and Mrs. McGarvey. Or would it be Mr. and Mrs. Commissioner McGarvey?"

"You and me anyway," McGarvey told her, his fingers tightening a moment on her arm. They were in the vestibule of her apartment house then, and McGarvey kissed her once or twice, and maybe three times, before she got out her key. No, he told her there, he wouldn't go upstairs; her old man would be sitting around now, waiting to talk war again, and once they started they'd be good for hours.

So, at the foot of the stairs, he kissed her once more—good night, that was—and rubbed his jaw lightly against her soft cheek, rose-flushed by the cold night air. "Good night, Mr. Commissioner," she called, softly and happily, from the first landing, while he raised his fist and shook it at her threateningly from below. When she was gone, when he had heard her apartment door open and close, he grinned a moment, happily too, to himself, and after that, with his hatbrim pulled down low against the sharp November wind, he went out to the vestibule and down the short stoop to the street.

The squad car had rounded the avenue corner long since; he did not look for it particularly. In fact, two blocks down along the avenue, he almost failed to notice it. It was parked in close to the curb, hidden halfway up by a line of ash cans, with the motor cut off, the lights out and nobody at all inside.

McGarvey was no stickler for rules, and he knew how long that last hour on duty could be. You wanted a smoke, or a quick coffee, or perhaps just a chance to stretch your legs. But McGarvey and the men he worked with had always split those things up one at a time. The sensible way, not risking anything, never going so far from the car that a honk on the horn wouldn't bring them racing back. Something like this, no one at all around—

McGARVEY didn't like it. He went over to the car, peered in, and then looked around with his gray eyes puzzled and more than a little bit angry. Some doors off, breast high in the dim yellow darkness of a doorway, he made out the brassy glitter of what might have been a shield. Briskly then, on his long legs, he bounced across the pavement and up the stoop.

"McGarvey," he grunted, and named his precinct. "What's wrong here?"

There was enough light to make out the uniformed man's face—a young face, strained and savage about the eyes. He moved fast as he heard McGarvey's steps, swinging around, his mouth twisting, his club arm starting up jerkily from his side, then stopping, rigid, at McGarvey's unexcited words.

Six years on the force then, not too long a time to forget a lot of things that didn't wash out easily, McGarvey saw that movement but pretended that he hadn't. He knew what this rookie would be doing now—not taking care of a drunk or a holdup or a prowler, but trying to keep clear in his head all the things they'd taught him at training school, and fighting inside himself something he'd never suspected was there. And because he knew, McGarvey might not have noticed that spasmodic and panicky movement; he just peered ahead into the hall, and gave this rookie a couple of seconds to pull himself together before he spoke again.

What was wrong?

It wasn't too clear the way the young cop's hurried whisper told it. The kid stopping them, two minutes ago, on the avenue—the kid, Tully's kid, telling them about the third-floor apartment here, and the two guys that had rented it this morning.

(Continued on page 36)

VENEZUELA
Holds the Safety Key

By W. B. Courtney

Add Venezuela's oil, rubber and metals to our own and you have got a world corner on the sinews of war. Here's how Hemisphere Defense hinges on our key good neighbor even now struggling back from dictatorship to democracy

THE *revoltosos* were up to their old tricks in Venezuela a few weeks ago.

You never heard of it. Nobody did, in fact, save the most attentive members of the diplomatic corps in Caracas, and the cliques involved.

The little *revuelta* fizzled. Perhaps the fatal mistake of the disgruntled group was to forget that President Eleazar Lopez Contreras, for all his idealism and his soft democratic ways and plans, for all his scholarliness and his reedy, tubercular body, for all his spectacles and his gentle air of worldly detachment, had been the strong Number One boy of the Gomez reign. He was the minister of war to whom the dying "El Bagre," the sadistic ogre who devised modern absolutism and has never been exceeded in its practice, bequeathed his iron mantle. You couldn't hold the war portfolio under Gomez and be a nancy.

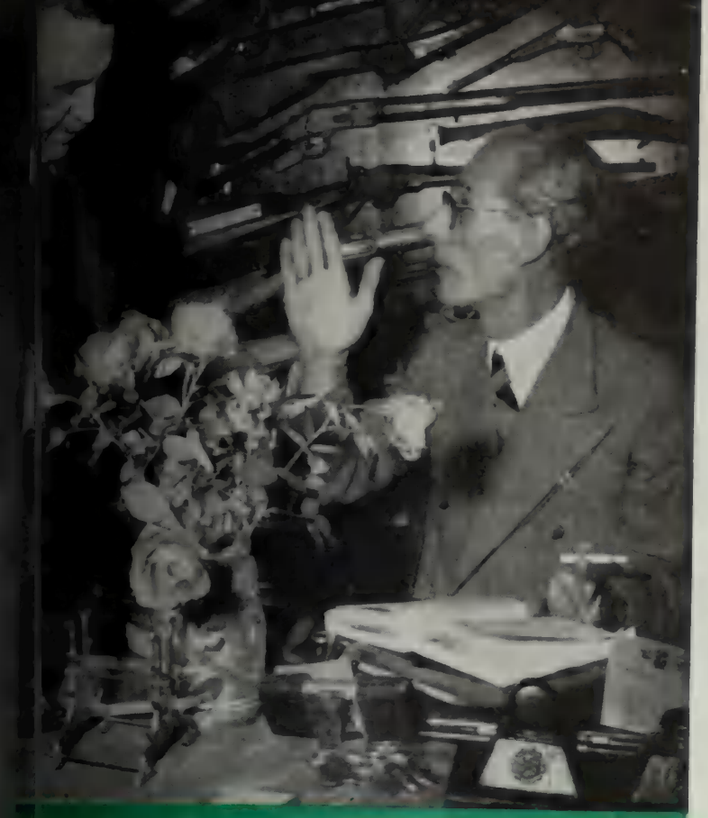
The revolution flopped—that is, with respect to the hopes and the ambitions of its bully boys. Yet in a hundred ways, never foreseen by them, it was a notable success. A hundred ways that it would be futile to attempt to summarize here, because they will leap out at you from every aspect when you consider Venezuela. But there is one highly important factor: It provided a final deathbed for the fifth-column witch-hunt that after a gay and reckless summer began to expire all over South America last autumn despite bellows and hypodermic corps from North America. In this single authentic revolution of the year in South America, the only armed organized attempt to overthrow by force an existing government, there was not found the faintest trace of European influence. It was pure local politics.

Suddenly it appeared expedient to Washington to discourage the Quixotes, amateur or professional, newspaper or navy, in their windmill fighting. A firm, useful and realistic view was coming into focus. Hemisphere politics and events, both north and south, traditionally and intrinsically held more danger than European interference. Friendly relations with all South and Central American republics are sought, but in cold fact some are important to our defense and some are not. Much depends upon size, distance and resources.

For example, Argentina and Uruguay actually have small military value to United States security. Far east around the hump of Brazil, deep in the South Atlantic, those nations with their chief seaports on the River Plate are closer in mileage, communications, economy, culture and other elements of military alliance to the Old World than to North America—closer, indeed, than to many of their "neighbor" countries of South America. You can go by ship from the United States to Japan faster than to



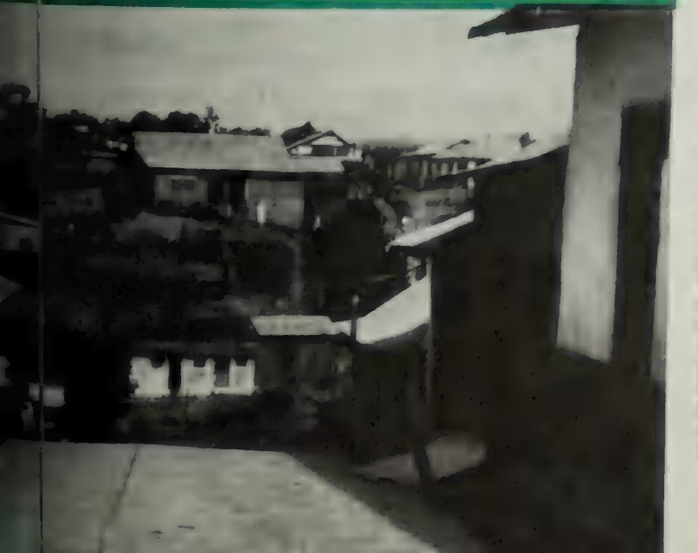
Oil is mainstay of Venezuelan economy. Here at Lagunellas, destroyed last year in a disastrous fire, oil is pumped from below the ocean bed



...senting the U. S. is Ambassador Frank Corrigan (left) ...ent Lopez Contreras. Contreras, a genuine democrat, ...he power of Venezuela's hated tyrant-dictator, Gomez



...er leaves Caripito (below) with 18,000 tons of oil. ...h defeat, best customers for Venezuelan oil (crude ... 1940: 190,000,000 bbls.) are U. S. and Great Britain



Buenos Aires or Montevideo. Those cities are nearer in passage time by sea to Liverpool than to Lima in Peru. In actual distance, they are closer to ports of north Europe than to the Canal Zone, New Orleans or any eastern United States harbor.

A new watchword is on everybody's lips. It is "Hemisphere Defense." It means different things to different men, apparently. Sometimes evidence dribbles through of academic military squabbles in Washington about the whole theory. One irreducible fact, however, lies at the core: The safety of the Panama Canal is paramount to security of the United States.

At Cali and Barranquilla in Colombia, at La Guaira and Barcelona in Venezuela, at half a dozen other strategic points in each country you will see huge newly built or extended airfields. You don't have to be a flier to realize these fields are in excess of the requirements of Pan American Airways, K.L.M. and other commercial users, or the small air forces of the republics that own them. The most amateurish military "grandstand quarterback" will perceive they are spacious enough for unlimited operations by United States bomber and pursuit squadrons. Moreover, it is unlikely you could fly across here nowadays without encountering planes of the United States military attachés or air missions: always they are on the job, two days here, a week there, flying the daylight through, mapping, prospecting, speculating, noting. For bases in Colombia and Venezuela are the real stuff, deadly earnest military needs and not political or propaganda moonshine.

Long ago Colombia forgave us for brass-faced disregard of her sovereignty when it came time to build the Panama Canal. Colombians quite as much as United States citizens today recognize the inevitability as well as the inclusive values of the canal. The story of 1904 is probably not familiar to one in a thousand in the United States now, but down here it is still fresh, bitter and widely known. Colombians remember that we have as little reason to be proud of the political background of the Canal as we have right to boast of its engineering. Nevertheless, they like us. They have been fortunate in their own peaceful governments, in United States ministers and our government and business representatives generally; also in having a more diversified national economy than their one-crop-cursed sister republics. More than once I was told by important Colombians of all walks: "You ought to let us be the 49th state."

Where There's Oil There's Profit

Venezuela presents a more complex picture.

In the pre-Hull days her recent ruckus would have fetched the United States Navy and the Marines with quick, old-fashioned North American arrogance. Because Venezuela, for what she is and for what she has, is "hot." With respect to our immediate purposes of building the outposts of United States home defenses, she is perhaps the most important and most interesting country in South America.

Venezuela is hot chiefly because she is oil. Modern war is oil—the means by which new economies and ideas and leaders seek to dethrone old ones. Expansion, thus profit, has always impelled the instigators of war, by whatever fancy name they elected to call it. Oil is the most profitable natural resource of this age. In 1935 the League of Nations imposed upon Italy for her aggressions in Ethiopia sanctions including peanut butter and every commodity you can think of except the vital one that might have stopped the campaign at its beginning—oil. In the Red Sea, tankers steamed toward Massaua as close as circus elephants. At Marshal Badoglio's headquarters in Asmara I saw that the most pampered and privileged civilians there were three salesmen for a British petrol concern. Germany, despite almost incredible production of oil by liquefaction from her great coal beds, could not fight without Rumanian and Soviet oil. Lloyd George publicly acclaimed oil's major share in England's 1918 victory. President Roosevelt has called oil "the pulse of war." It is, of course, also the pulse of modern industry. It is, further, the reason you can buy a car so cheaply and drive so much for so little.

The United States is the world's greatest producer of oil. But vying for second place with the Soviet Union is Venezuela. In the veins of her mysterious and gloomy earth, from the snowed rocks of the Andes, under her lakes, to the malarial dankness of the Orinoco jungles, throbs fabulously, and as yet scarcely tapped, the life force of mechanized war—gasoline for the war in the air, crude for the war underseas and for the racing iron mastodons of field and highway.

America's Backlog

With Venezuela's great reservoirs, plus the considerable ones of Mexico and Colombia and the mites of Peru, Ecuador, Argentina, Trinidad and Canada, added to our own vast fields—you'd have practically the entire earth's supply.

That is what military strategists know to be the true measure of Western Hemisphere strength against the rest of the world.

Statistics in gallons of petrol thus become more important, certainly, than isolation behind the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. It is this basic knowledge, in the midst of preparedness confusion and recriminations, that keeps American officers from graying prematurely.

Shut completely away from New World oil supplies, no league of European and Oriental powers could with Russian, East Indies, Iranian and Rumanian production alone sustain operations vast enough to break our industrial and moral potentialities for war. Nor could any possible combination of enemies maintain a fuel supply for air and sea fleets on the scale possible for the United States singlehanded. Texas alone, on present development figures, can produce in fifteen days as much as the famous Iran fields produce in one year; in a month, as much as the whole Netherlands East Indies, bone of so many possible international dogfights, turn out annually.

Venezuela is the first reserve of our "gasoline bank" for modern war. Moreover, in her boundless eastern savannas, Venezuela possesses in climate and soil a natural area probably second only to that of Brazil for the cultivation of another critical United States war need—rubber. Scientists from Washington are prying the ground right now. Venezuela truly holds incalculable significance for all the Americas. And for them, the suit of her by reason and heart offers a real test of sincerity, because her own problems have puzzling and contradictory sides. Consider:

1. Her presidente, until lately political heir and chief of the hand-picked, ruthlessly drilled army of the cruelest despot of modern times, is a genuine democrat. He believes, preaches and practices that the humblest peasants who tread above the country's land are quite as important to national welfare as the most precious minerals and fluids that lie below it.

2. Against a world-wide political and

(Continued on page 47)

Schoolboy Walker

By Bob Eunson

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER



The introduction of a nice yo a very rough profession. Fro of things he won't be a refini

SIT down," says Barney Walker, into his office. "Sit down, Pop. you for a while."

"You got a new fighter?" I asks.

"No, not exactly, but I got a job fo

I sat down in a blue leather chair from Barney. His office was in a bu Street. It was the same office Barne was running bootleg liquor in from were three or four scratched-up chai The desk had cigarette burns all ov was a bullet hole in the front side whe got his in 1927.

"You know my kid, Pop?" Barne away. He was talkin' fast and excite

"You mean Tommy?"

"Yah, Tommy, the oldest boy."

I nodded.

"Well, the dopey little Mick wants see. And I don't want him to. He's h fornia University, and he wants to made a million dollars and risked my for ten years for those kids. I made got everything. There's nothin' the have. And Tommy wants to be a fig Mick. He says he don't like college. a fighter."

"Can't you talk him out of it?" I a

"Nobody can talk to him. He's old now and knows everything. I th supposed to make a gentleman out that kid to college to learn how to somethin' and now he wants to be a fi

"Has he ever had any experience i

"I kept boxing gloves away from h years, see. I made him take piano les how to talk and act. I sent him to colle yer, and what happens? He gets i sneakers and a pair of ten-ounce mitt championship of the whole darned s he's good enough to lick Henry Arm him tell it."

"What are you going to do?" I Barney when he's excited. He's a bi man with black hair and black eyes. H ble when he's excited and his face gets like to be around him when he's excite

"I got a plan," says Barney. "I Mike, see, and he says it's okay for t dium two weeks from tonight. He Tommy have Sailor Adams in the curt

"Sailor Adams," I says, "in a *curta*

"He'll fight him as Joe Broze, see. N the diff. Adams hasn't fought out darned few people know he's in town. is going to do it for one gee and it's wort ten gees to get it pounded out of his t

"You mean you want the kid to ge of him?" I says. "Sailor Adams is a m the Garden."

"I want him beat up good and prop ney. "So bad he won't ever want to g again."

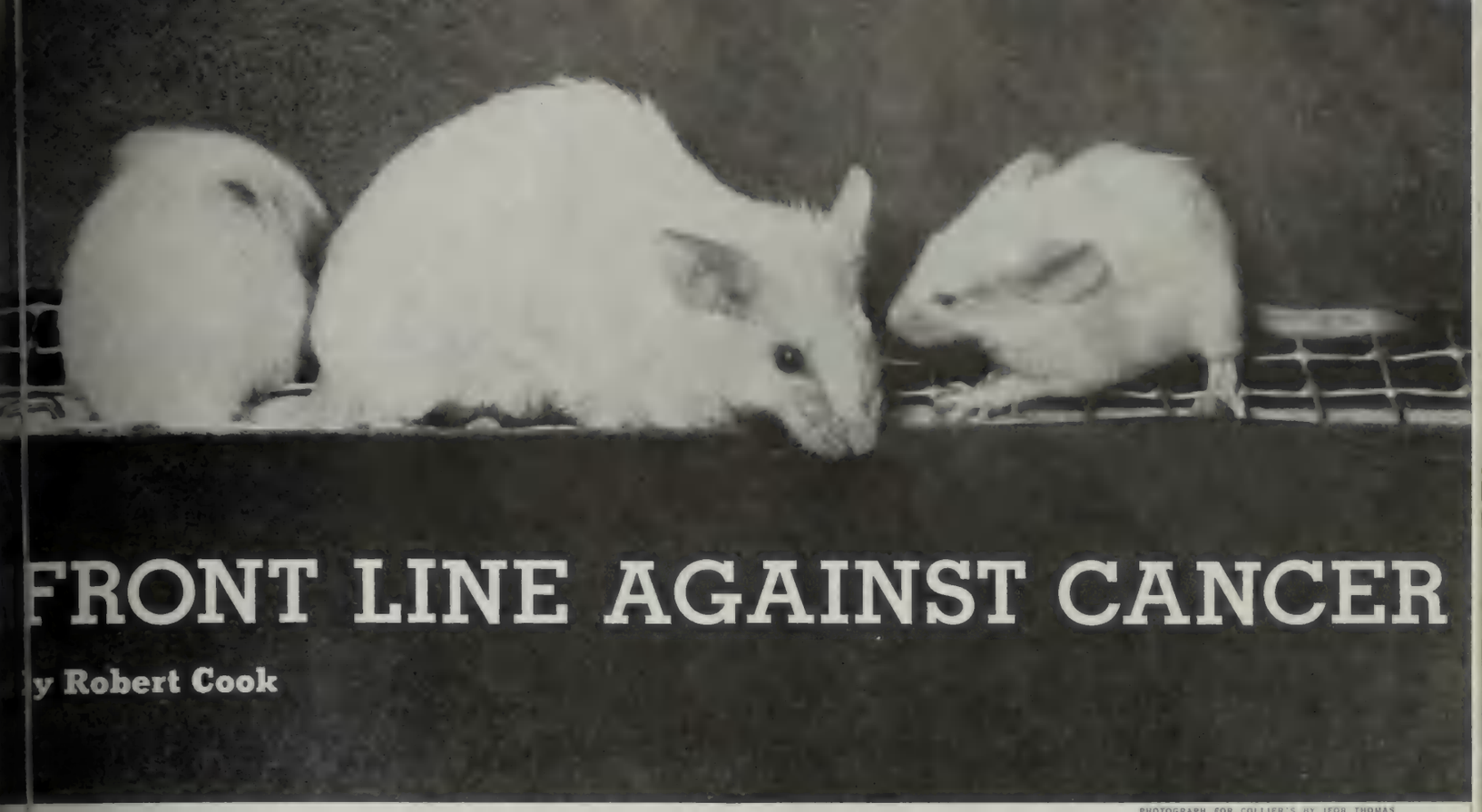
"What am I supposed to do?"

"Well, the kid mustn't know a thing He'd never forgive me. His mother either, or anybody. I want you to take head and train him for two weeks. Brin next Friday morning. He's supposed t one forty-five pounds at ten in the m him enough to keep him from getting r try to talk him out of the fight busines

WE STAYED near the camp Jack Ny ing out in. Jack was going to fight was doing a lot of heavy work. The firs there Nylen asked Tommy to box with climbed in the ring before I had a cha

He was green as hell. He walked and Nylen set him on his seat both ti was boxing from an unnatural crouch ar any guard or footwork all bent over tha Nylen to wait a minute and got in the ri both. Tommy was about five *(Continue*

I was afraid that Tommy would lose head and slug with Sailor. His dad up. "Get in there and slug," he s



FRONT LINE AGAINST CANCER

y Robert Cook

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Standardized albino mice used in cancer research. They are exactly alike, hereditary variations having disappeared in the 70 generations of careful inbreeding that produced them

hen he problem of can- is nally solved we'll e a gold statue to the use He is attacking the nati n like a little sol- r. ome up to Mt. Des- Isla d and watch him

TEA -FOOTED motorists, scur- ryi from one rock-ribbed Maine - sh place to another, seldom see n the sign. It's a modest wooden on he left-hand side of Ocean ve, a ut a mile from Bar Harbor, a ov vhelmed by the majesty of dia ational Park and glowering illac ountain.

Rosco B. Jackson Memorial Lab- ory—isiting Hours 3:30—4:30 ex- Sat day and Sunday," is all the has offer. Decidedly not one of thing to see on Mt. Desert Island, vacat n wonderland.

et be d it lies a great undertaking, ries o ingling scientific experiments may only the Deity Himself could certai —be laying the basis for the tion the curse of cancer.

short riveway through somber pine ds le s to a severely plain brick ding, o chaste in design that it ns as orbidding as the cold ocean f. It only decoration is a granite el ove he front door, engraved with name of the laboratory. And the e sm ls, smells with the musty ch of 0,000 mice. The Roscoe B. kson L boratory is one of the great ise m ropolises of the world. This dern Mousetown is devoted strictly usine and it is beginning to play a l role human welfare.

The int ior, painted in businesslike b colo is divided into large rooms, l the oms into racks lined with usand of wire-topped wooden boxes ut the ize of shoe boxes. In each box is a family of mice, a pile of shavings for a nest, a water bottle and a rack for food.

No human city has a tenth as much sanitation, policing, social security and accurate vital statistics as Mousetown. Each box is labeled with the history and pedigree of every inhabitant. The mice themselves are labeled with notches and punches in the ears, and the most personal details of their private lives are spied upon and painstakingly recorded from birth until the elaborate autopsy. Once, when a litter of infants appeared with the right ears missing, the laboratory was in an uproar of investigation. Ultimately it was discovered that one family of mice seemed to have a faint hereditary urge to bite off the right ears —and only the right ears—of their young, a quaint custom which would have been strictly the mice's own business almost anywhere else in the world.

Mousetown is Exclusive

These are no ordinary cupboard mice. They are the result of years of careful scientific labor. Some are brown, some black, some white and some piebald, but in whole sections of the laboratory the mice are precisely alike. Thousands are exactly the same shade of brown, thousands more are pure albinos. Every mouse of one strain, the "shakers," is afflicted with hereditary palsy; in another, all waltz frantically in circles if disturbed. Some are completely bald throughout life. But, though the groups are very different, any mouse of one of these groups of thousands could be exchanged for any other, and not by the most exhaustive tests could science discover the substitution. The browns have been inbred more than a hundred generations, the albinos more than seventy generations and in all this time only full brother and sister have been mated, until all hereditary variations have been dropped by the wayside.

The mice of each strain have become so much alike that they react identically to their environment; they live alike and even die alike. Some are highly susceptible to specific diseases like mouse typhoid, while other strains are relatively immune. In one strain, 85 per cent of the females die of cancer of the breast. Other strains almost never have breast cancer, but fixed percentages will die of cancer of the liver, or of the skin, or of the lymph glands.

Mousetown is exclusive. Strange mice from the world outside might bring in parasites and disease which could wipe out in a few hours years of research. Or even worse, they might bring in heredity, which would ruin the purity of the carefully standardized population.

This standardization was one of the original objectives of the laboratory when it was created ten years ago. Lack of uniform material had been a weak point of previous cancer research. Scientific conclusions are always questionable unless based on rigidly controlled experiments, and one of the fundamentals of control is uniformity of material.

Mice were selected for experimentation partly because they live fast. One month of mouse life equals two years of human life. A three-year-old mouse has lived more than his threescore years and ten, and is ripe to join a mousey Townsend club as he dodders down the last few weeks of existence. But otherwise mice differ little, physiologically, from men, which is another reason the laboratory chose them from all the animal world. There is mouse typhoid, mouse pneumonia and, most important of all, mouse cancer, which even under the microscope can barely be told from human cancer.

Scattered experiments in mouse inbreeding had been conducted previously, so the Jackson Laboratory at the start got the most uniform groups it could find. They included two strains differing widely in breast cancer incidence. In one strain, 85 per cent of the females died of the disease, in the other, virtually none. As a beginning, the two strains were crossed, females of the cancerous strain with the males of the noncancerous strain, and vice versa.

If the breast cancer were purely hereditary, according to the simplest Mendelian pattern, the susceptibility or resistance should have been passed on to the children irrespective of which way the cross was made. But when the mice grew old enough to have cancer, a matter of from 10 to 16 months, it became obvious that something was cockeyed. Female mice from cancerous mothers were doomed in the same proportion as their mothers; but female mice fathered by males from the cancerous strain were safe. The mother, then, transmitted the disease; father was unimportant. Heredity was obviously not the whole story.

Breast Cancer Not Purely Hereditary

Did the mother infect her young while they were still in the womb? Dr. Clarence Cook Little, director of the laboratory, and Miss Elizabeth Fekete finally hit upon an ingenious new technique to find out. They learned by experiment how long fertilized eggs stay in the fallopian tubes before they go into the uterus, where they become implanted and grow. Then they operated on mated females of one strain shortly after fertilization, and, working with extraordinary delicacy, washed the tiny eggs out of the fallopian tubes with a saline solution. Under a microscope the eggs showed up as silvery disks. They were drawn into a tiny glass pipette—and transplanted to the uterus of prospective mothers of the other strain used in making the crosses. The high cancers and the low cancers were different colors, so the transplanted mouse babies could be distinguished from their foster brothers and sisters when the mixed litters came to birth.

After a year and a half of painstakingly transplanting microscopic eggs from mouse to mouse, Little and Fekete found the mice followed the cancer incidence not of the natural mothers, but of foster mothers. Susceptibility to breast cancer was not pure heredity, as had been firmly believed for so long. The secret lay somewhere in the very early environment of the animal

(Continued on page 46)

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

TO ENJOY a little vacation, Hercule Poirot, brilliant Belgian criminal investigator, goes to the Jolly Roger, an unpretentious old hotel on an island off the southern coast of England. A short time after he arrives, one of the guests—Arlena Marshall, wife of Captain Kenneth Marshall—is found dead, strangled, on the beach at near-by Pixy Cove.

Knowing that the woman had been having an "affair" with another guest—Christine Redfern's handsome husband, Patrick—Poirot, Inspector Colgate and Chief Constable Weston suspect Marshall. But the captain has an alibi—at the time of the murder, he had been in his room, writing letters.

Among the Jolly Roger's guests, in addition to those already mentioned, are: Linda Marshall, Kenneth's daughter by his first wife; Miss Emily Brewster, an old maid; the Reverend Stephen Lane, a religious fanatic; an American couple—Mr. and Mrs. Odell Gardener; Major Barry, a veteran of the Indian service; Rosamund Darnley, who had once been in love with Marshall—and probably still is; and Horace Blatt, a seemingly harmless man of considerable means.

That a man is guilty seems fairly obvious. But what man? Interrogated by the three investigators, all of the men at the Jolly Roger insist that they know nothing of the crime; and their alibis are fairly plausible. Then a woman—Christine Redfern—contributes an important item. Christine asserts that one dark night, on the beach, she had overheard someone (a man) trying to blackmail Arlena Marshall. . . .

A short distance from the scene of the crime, there is a cavern: Pixy's Cave. Accompanied by Lane, Weston and Poirot search it. They find a box, containing what appears to be salt but what is, in reality, *heroin!*

Wondering if the killing has a dope-smuggling angle of some sort, the investigators give much thought to a fragment of a pipe—a smoker's pipe—found not far from Arlena's body. And they learn that Captain Marshall has "mislaid" his pipe!

On the morning of the crime, Christine Redfern had been with Linda for a short time; and Linda had accidentally broken open a package she had been carrying. The package—so Christine asserts—*had contained candles.* Thinking that over, Poirot gives evidence of being much excited.

IX

POIROT asked, "Did Linda say why she had bought candles?"

Christine reflected. "No, I don't think she did. I suppose it was to read by at night—perhaps the electric light wasn't good."

"On the contrary, Madame, there was a bedside electric lamp in perfect order."

"Then," Christine said, "I don't know what she wanted them for."

"What was her manner—when the string broke and the candles fell out?"

"She was—upset—embarrassed."

Poirot nodded his head. "Did you notice a calendar in her room?"

"A calendar? What kind of a calendar?"

Poirot said, "Possibly a green calendar—with tear-off leaves."

Christine screwed up her eyes in an effort of memory. "A green calendar—rather a bright green. Yes, I have seen a calendar like that—but I can't remember where. It may have been in Linda's room, but I can't be sure."

"But you have seen such a thing?"

"Yes."

Again Poirot nodded.



Rosamund turned her head and stared at him. She said in a quiet, level voice, "Are you asking me if I killed Arlena?"

Christine said rather sha
are you hinting at, M. Poi
is the meaning of all this?"

For answer Poirot produ
volume bound in faded bro
said, "Have you ever seen t

"Why—I think—I'm not
Linda was looking into it ir
lending library the other da
shut it up and thrust it b
when I came up to her.
wonder what it was."

Silently Poirot displaye
"A History of Witchcraft,
of the Compounding of
Poisons."

"I don't understand," Ch
"What does all this mean?"

Poirot said gravely, "It
Madame, a good deal."

She looked at him inquiri
did not go on. Instead he
dame, did you take a bath t
before you went out to play

Christine stared again.

"A bath? No. I would h
time and, anyway, I didn't
—not before tennis. I migh
one after."

"Did you use your bath
when you came in?"

"I sponged my face and h
all."

"You did not turn on the b

"No, I'm sure I didn't."

Poirot nodded. He said,
importance."

HERCULE POIROT stoo
ble where Mrs. Gardene
tling with a jigsaw. She loo
jumped.

"Why, M. Poirot, how
you came up beside me! I
you. Have you just come ba
inquest? You know, the ver
that inquest makes me so
don't know what to do. Th
doing this puzzle. I just fe
sit outside on the beach as
Mr. Gardener knows, when
are all upset, there's nothing
these puzzles for calming
now, where *does* this white
It must be part of the fur rug
seem to see . . ."

Gently Poirot's hand too
from her. He said, "It fit
here. It is part of the cat."

"It can't be. It's a black

"A black cat, yes, but you
of the black cat's tail hap
white."

"Why, so it does! How cl
But I do think the people
puzzles are kind of mean.
out of their way to deceive

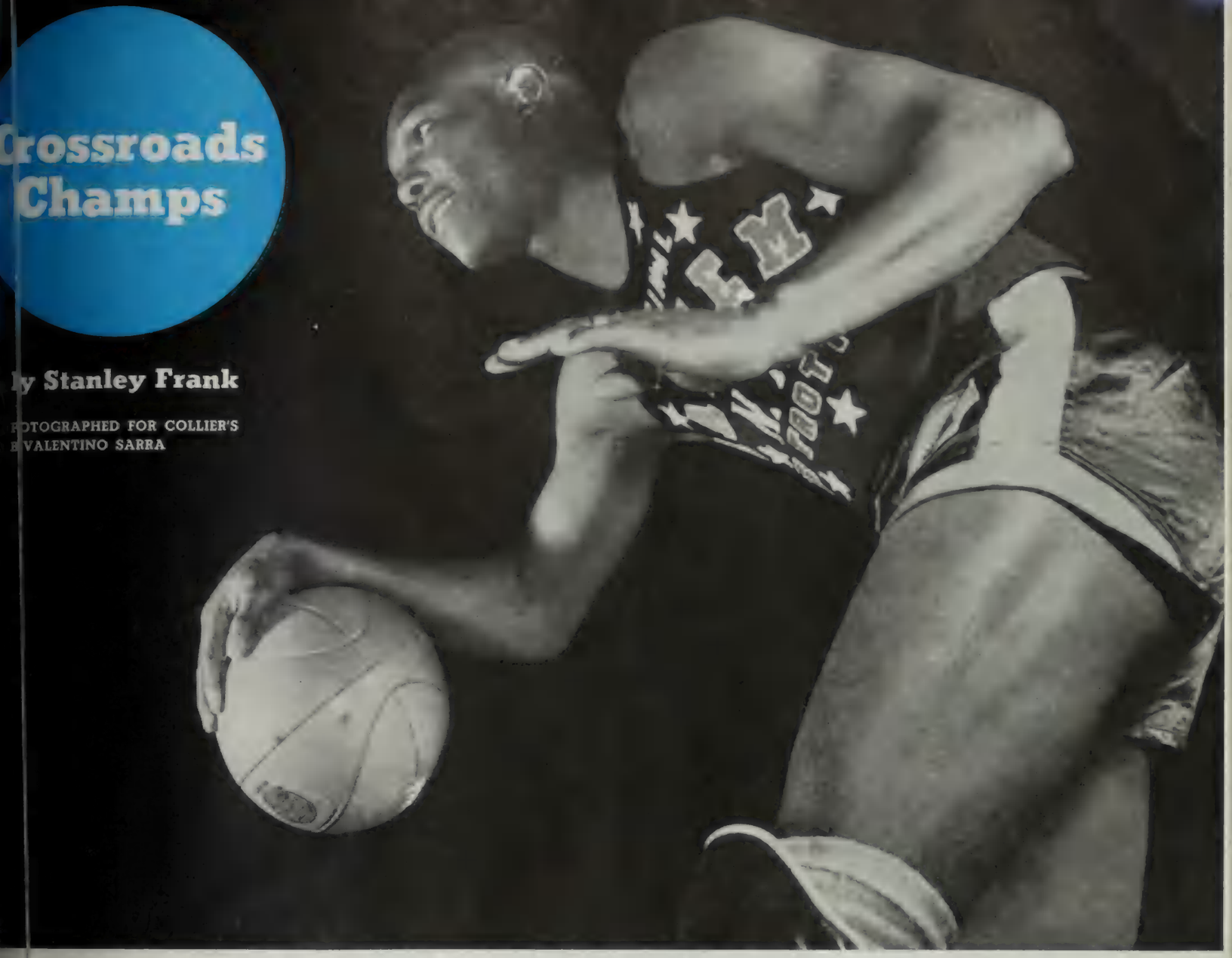
She fitted in another pie
resumed: "You know, M.
been watching you this last
I just wanted to watch you
you know what I mean—
doesn't sound rather heartl
that, as though it were all a
a poor creature killed. Oh.
time *I* think of it I get the shi
Mr. Gardener this morning I
to get away from here, and
quest's over he says he thin
able to leave tomorrow, a
blessing, I'm sure. But abou
I would so like to know your
you know, I'd feel privileg
just *explain* them to me."

(Continued on page

rossroads Champs

y Stanley Frank

OTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
VALENTINO SARRA



Guard and comedian, Babe Pressley practically palms a basketball in his huge hands

Any town that can produce five alleged basketball players and a modest guarantee is eligible for a personal appearance by the Harlem Globe Trotters, the world's most entertaining champions. And they probably will throw in a few circus acts just for fun

HER was no crap game or trying o m h the hole card in stud poker n th basketball court this night. is n as screwy as it reads; the em obe Trotters of Chicago al- sho craps and play cards during sket ll game.

ernie Price did not drop-kick the the gth of the floor through the et ju for a gag. Babe Pressley no tie to amuse the customers by ning e ball on his finger for a full ute, d Ted Strong wasn't catch- ified asses nonchalantly with one like nd. It was neither the time the ace for Inman Jackson's hi- us ad which usually winds up with son c ering his opponent with con- n an mortification by placing the on t of the fellow's dizzy head, walk g away casually.

is n t the Harlem Globe Trot- were aying for the world's profes- al bas tball championship and the ation as darker than the expres- s on e faces of the big, black s. T y were trailing the Chicago ns, 29 1, with only five minutes to The uins were loaded with big, h, fas nen fresh out of college, fine etes s h as Bob MacLeod of Dart- th; E lie Oram of Southern Cali- ia; W s Kautz and Mike Novak, 5-foot 0-inch skyscraper from Loy- Elme Johnson of Northwestern; ie De illips of DePaul. It looked as though the Globe Trotters surely were cooked.

Two minutes later 6,500 fans were tearing down Chicago's Madison Street Armory, this night of March 20, 1940. The Globe Trotters tore off five successive field goals to lead, 31-29, and that's how the ball game ended, with the Globe Trotters trucking off the court, the champions of the world.

Mr. Abe Saperstein, who merely owns the team, begs to dissent.

"World champions, my eye," Mr. Saperstein says, thereby establishing a new free-style record for a promoter punching holes in his meal ticket. "The world isn't one tournament held in Chicago. We're crossroads champions, that's what. We won that title by playing in every whistle-stop in the country and showing the people how this basketball game should really be played."

The Globe Trotters are the most widely traveled team in America and they are known more intimately in the deep bush than any sports organization in circulation. Sure, they've heard about the Yankees and the Cubs and the Green Bay Packers in the provinces and on the prairies, but the fans off the beaten track have seen the Globe Trotters. It makes a big difference.

Last winter Saperstein's outfit traveled 35,000 miles by bus from western Pennsylvania to Vancouver and drew 350,000 spectators. The Globe Trotters play in high-school gymnasiums and WPA auditoriums with seating capacities only one fiftieth as large as outdoor arenas. A few years ago the Globe Trotters played at Esko, Minnesota, a pin point on the map with a grand total of sixty inhabitants—and 1,000 people paid to see their black magic. Several weeks later they appeared at Inverness, Montana, population 137, and had 1,000 customers in the house.

If winning games is the big idea, the Globe Trotters are the most successful basketball team of all time. In thirteen seasons the Globe Trotters have won 1,868 games and lost 131 for the amazing batting average of .934. Still more astonishing, the team has no home court; all games are played on the road.

Even the hallowed Original Celtics, the greatest team basketball has ever known, never began to approach the remarkable record of the barnstorming Globe Trotters. The Celtics averaged 130 games a season and won about 120. Last year the Globe Trotters, playing the leading teams in the country, engaged in 161 contests and lost only three.

The Trotters even lose in the grand manner. On November 29 in Chicago 22,000 customers, the largest crowd ever to see a basketball game, were screaming hysterically five minutes after the Trotters had lost, 44-42, in an overtime period, to a team of college all stars.

Any town that can produce five alleged basketball players and a modest guarantee can get the Globe Trotters for a personal appearance. The lack of a regulation basketball court is no deterrent. They've played in a drained swimming pool at Harlem, Montana; and at

(Continued on page 49)



China Sky

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

IDOLIZING her chief—Dr. Gray Thomison, who is at the head of a hospital in the Chinese city of Chen-li—young Dr. Sara Durand is lonely and unhappy when he goes to America, in the hope of raising funds for the hospital.

The war is raging. Again and again, Japanese bombers attack the hospital. But Sara—left in charge of the hospital by Gray, and buoyed up by the knowledge that he will soon be back by her side—carries on courageously.

Then, one dreadful day when the bombers have been unusually active, she receives a cablegram. She opens it, reads it. It is from Dr. Gray Thomison. It informs her that Dr. Thomison is on his way to China with "Louise" —*his bride!*

Stunned, Sara turns from the cablegram to greet a caller—Chen-ta, who, leading a band of mountain guerrillas, is known as "the Eagle." Chen-ta orders her to hurry to the hospital. He tells her he wants her to attend to a prisoner—a Japanese whom he had knifed in the stomach and captured.

Accompanied by the Eagle, Sara goes to the hospital. As she prepares for the operation, the Eagle tells her that the Japanese *must live* —he insists that she make every possible effort to save the man's life. . . . Sara operates; and, thanks to Dr. Chung, a Chinese assistant, who donates some of his own blood, the victim does not die. . . . Why, Sara wonders, is this mountain fighter—this wild guerrilla—so interested in the recovery of his enemy? Suspicious, she questions the Eagle. And she finally decides that he has no intention of killing the Japanese —at any rate, he promises not to murder the fellow. . . .

Dr. Thomison and his wife arrive. He introduces the two women—Louise and Sara. Sara strives hard to conceal her emotions. She says something about the operation.

Gray is astonished. "*A Japanese?*" he exclaims, incredulously. But Sara is in no mood for discussing the matter further. Turning abruptly, she flees up the stairs to her room. There she is safe. There no one can follow her. There she can be alone—with her bitter, painful thoughts.

II

GRAY, lifting his American bride over the threshold of his Chinese house, felt a secret, tender alarm. Louise was so slight, so exquisite. Could she endure his life? He kissed her gently before he let her down. "Be happy in my home, my dear."

He did not notice her silence. On the veranda Siao Fah gaped at him. Gray laughed at his shocked gaze.

"It is our custom," he told him, "for a man to lift his new wife over his doorstep: brings luck to the house." The kiss he forebore to explain. Siao Fah could never comprehend that.

Then he shut the door and turned to Louise. She was sitting in his easy chair, smoking a cigarette, her hat still on her head.

"What were they saying at the gate—all those people?" she asked.

He threw himself on his knees beside her and took her hands.

"They were wishing us good luck."

"What sort of luck?"

"Oh—all that Chinese consider luck —boy babies, peace, harmony—Siao Fah said he hoped my wife would be industrious and saving." Gray laughed and Louise smiled the smallest of her pretty smiles. He leaped to his feet and pulled her up with him. "I can't believe I'm here, where I'd rather be than anywhere else in the world!"

"Gray—why?"

He took off her hat so that he could see her face against his breast.

"Why, darling? I can't tell you. Maybe because it is that everything a doctor does here counts. At home if somebody's sick he can go from one doctor to another. Here there's only me—and Sara, of course, for the women. Everything we do counts for hundreds of miles around. Every nurse we train and every Chinese doctor we teach is another oasis in a desert of suffering." His arms dropped. "God, how they can take suffering, these Chinese! I tell you, Louise, it just makes nothing of any little personal problems to see how these people have taken this bombing for two years. Think of it—two years of not knowing whether the next day you'd be alive or not, never knowing when you go to bed at night whether you can sleep an hour, two hours—die in your bed, maybe, and never wake at all—and they haven't any more idea of surrender today than they ever had—"

She stood pulling her gloves through her hands and watching him with her big amber eyes. They were beautiful eyes, clear under her black brows and lashes, and she knew it.

"Gray!" His name spoken in that soft, sharp fashion cut across his thoughts like a door slammed.

"What, sweetheart?"

WHENEVER she lifted her eyes like that to look at him because he was so much taller than she, his heart crumpled and quivered. He knew in his core that he was sentimental as he would have loathed sentimentality in anyone else. She made him want to cuddle her and talk baby talk and behave in a way that made even himself aghast. But she was so small, so dainty, such a little butterfly of a thing! He tried often to put into words what she was, and could never catch the right likeness to bird or flower that he felt in her. Now he put his arms around her gently, lest he hurt her. So he was not prepared for what she said.

"Why didn't you tell me Sara was beautiful?"

For a moment he did not know how to answer her. His thoughts had been so remote from Sara, so joyously full of himself and Louise, that instinctively he was first shocked and then he became angry.

"Louise, damn it—"

"Don't swear, please, Gray. I only asked a question."

"But, Louise, such a fool question!"

"I don't think so. This Sara of yours is quite—good-looking."

"Don't call her *my* Sara!"

"Well?"

She had pulled away and stood there, waiting. He felt as helpless as a bull with a ring in its nose and as enraged.

"Louise, I won't be asked such questions. Good God, I thought it was only in plays that women said such things!"

"Well, Gray?"

The ring jerked a little in his nose.

"Well, nothing! Why didn't I tell you Sara was pretty? Because I didn't think of it. I'm in love with you, my wife. I don't see that anybody else is pretty. I don't know it. I don't see them—don't care to see them."

"You must have seen Sara a good deal when you were alone here together."

"We never were alone! Louise, can't you understand that when two doctors are working in a hospital—" He saw her underlip begin to tremble and cursed himself. "Sweetheart, you're tired." He put his arm about her. "Come on and look at the house a minute and then I'm going to put you to bed. Siao Fah will get some dinner. You haven't even spoken to Siao Fah yet."

He guided her gently from room to room. "Good old Sara—she's done the best she could for us. But there will be things you'll see to do. This is going to be your home, honey—e be the way you want it."

She let herself be led and hard against all she hid it. In the kitchen Si very clean in a new blue a made up his mind instant new mistress and then de nothing would separate hi Gray whom he loved, wh wore and whose handkerc and upon whose food he squeeze, whom he defen others who would have pre and for whom he woul cheerfully and willingly, if done Gray any good to h pock-marked Chinese coo him. He made up his m Gray's wife. So far as he w he and Gray were keeping together in this nice new

"Do you want your eggs same at breakfast?" he inq

"Certainly," Gray repli you ask?"

"I thought America changed you." Siao Fah re

"Not at all. But your her eggs cooked only three

Gray went on: "We will ner in the bedroom. You tired."

Siao Fah looked excite to begin with a new wife a by feeding her in bed!

"It is bad luck," he said

"What bad luck?" Gray

"To bring the first me thus." The word "mistress" throat.

Gray laughed. "Nonsens house now."

Siao Fah turned his back then, what he had heard ab women. He groaned over shall not desert him," he votedly. "I will protect hi house." Of the two pig bought for dinner he cho one for Gray and stuffed The small, scrawny one he f out enthusiasm for Louise. in the charcoal oven he re had forgotten to salt it and

IN THE bedroom Gray w Louise's shoes and stock unpacked her suitcase an froth of a nightgown. Her so lovely, so like herself. H face in the soft stuff and wa with its sweetness.

"Dearest — dearest," he "why me, out of all the wo . . . Louise in the narrow her soft, light brown hair the pillow, asked herself the tion. Why, out of all the she love Gray? What had p that Sunday morning in a F church to fall perversely in l tall dark-eyed man who s pulpit to tell them about his China?

She had been full of rest ergy that morning. The sea beginning again—her third season. The first had been s citing. She had been the ch tante that year, the one to s others. Her mother and laughed and been indigna cretly they had been plea they pretended impatience and photographers and public

h g bent over the child
e mined its eyelids.
e aned against the wet
r chest hurt and her
embled. Silence was
eight after the noise

er ister, Inez, had been abjectly ip l. Poor Inez—her debut this ha been flat disappointment, be- sh had been only a debutante. he nez was only ordinarily pretty he Louise, had been, everybody ex ordinarily so.

w prettier now than then, too. di her no good—in a girl's third thing did much good. The of w girls kept pushing up from ott n and people only wondered w en't going to have a Holly- ca r why you didn't get out of ay d get married. She had been ed ur times, the last three times ly, ter the public fuss over Tim- od ll and his trying to kill him- eca e she had changed her mind. ho did she know beforehand that as ply going to be tired of the e w ted to kiss her all the time? sh told her mother this, her r l ked at her queerly. "Cer- yo had better break it off if he y tired even before you are ed,' he had said.

HE ad broken it off, as she had a fec ght to do, and it would have all ght if Timmie hadn't been cul and a spoiled only child. Of he family had been old friends Tim ie's and both had money. he uldn't help that. And one the ther, Jack and Lewis and ell— ithout exactly knowing why, of t m—and there had accumu- in h that enormous nervous im- ce. he ought to marry or else met g. But there was nothing nte o do and no one she wanted rry, d she could not travel be- Eur e was a ferment, and where uld e go? She had grown mildly ted n Japan because she met peo in the Adirondacks who een ere and they said it was a w nderful country, neat and and dered. The Japanese were rful ganizers, like the Germans. mes he wondered if she had had erfu summer, once, in Germany. ca e in from the bathroom hi dark hair. "What are you g a ut?" he demanded. "You ke a angel, thinking heavenly ts."

as t king of the first moment ou," he said, smiling.

m all over again," he de- d, si g beside her.

're in," she said. "You want ay t at I thought you the best- ma I ever saw."

you' kn I did."

you fall in love with me in- "

I, I ought maybe I could." ook r hand and put it against ek. ouise, why didn't I know trem ndous thing was happen- e in ont of me? I should have red d stuttered and felt the emb g and the heavens shak- tead went on as coolly as any- skin for a million dollars for h ital and thinking about exc t getting it, by George!" ow— d I'm terribly hurt!"

ughe and tousled her head on ow. Well, I got my million, o yo dad and mine combined, oon these Japs let up you're

(Continued on page 30)





A Little Sweetheart

By Benjamin Appel

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The private life of a young man who to the world about it when he fell in lo

THE elevated screeched to a stop like a monster toy, the doors sliding open, the home-from-work crowds rushing out on the platform like an army of dolls set into motion.

He lingered behind, one of those neat young men in dark suits of whom every office building seems to have a quota. He yawned, leaning against the platform railing. Rush, rush, rush, he thought: soon the El would be junked and everybody'd be rushing home from the subway in the same old screwy panic. They all acted as if they had a little sweetheart at home.

He glanced at the smiling girl in one of the ads on the billboard. Boy, what a girl! He took his pencil from his pocket and inscribed his initials, R. V., on the toothpaste ad.

"What'd I do that for?" he exclaimed in wonder, shoving the pencil back out of sight. He wheeled around to see if anybody had spotted him, but there was nobody, the great big nobody that fills the platforms just after a train has left.

Again, he stared at the toothpaste girl. Somebody else had penciled a beard on her chin. Golly, he thought despondently, people'll think I go around putting whiskers on signs!

He trudged down the flight of stairs to the street as the roar of an incoming train, overhead, crashed louder and louder—a huge crashing shout, a huge lonely shout without meaning. And why was he moping on the corner and why was he coming home to eat at Nick's and why and why and why . . . ?

Nick's was full of customers who averaged one large suitcaseful of clothes between them: blondies from the mining towns now working as bus girls in cafeterias; Southerners soda-jerking on the Big Stem; young kids from Brooklyn who wanted to live their own lives; and old guys from everywhere, the people of the furnished rooms.

He sat down at the counter, glancing from a girl biting hunks out of a hamburger to the itemized supper specials on the wall.

Nick, himself, came up the counter to wait on him. "Roast beef special very good."

"Ever write your initials around on things, Nick?" R. V. asked.

Nick shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Just the same, food comes first."

THE next morning after the breakfast special, R. V. sprinted up the flight of stairs to the downtown elevated. As he reached the turnstile, the train pulled out. He shoved his hands into his pockets and walked down the platform, eying the beauties on the billboards as if they were a row of chorus girls. He paused in front of the smiling girl on the last billboard—a hosiery What legs! She was a right, prettier than the

Casually, he wrote hi her shoulder: R. V.

Not so casually, he pu back into his pocket, sta reading newspapers, the gum. He wiped his flus long as he stepped on h body cared what he did.

Again, he glanced at t Was she just an artist Or was she real, living so ing up every morning so He blinked at his initia he thought; and that's h

IT WAS the morning s her legs were as good girl in the hosiery ad that series of initials. Some had been done in a hurry elaborate enough to go They were all R. V.'s.

She was one of those so bers who seem to be m big lots and distributed a In no hurry now, althou to eleven o'clock and no she again compared leg on the poster. Yes, she own were just as good.

She peered into her co There was nothing wrong either. Her face was top Gee, she must be gettin alone in a furnished roo ing she was a prize beau legs were in the same cla the girl in the ad. And were! All they were go carry trays of food to th the restaurant.

For the first time she l at the whiskers some goo the hosiery girl's face. I goof, that R. V., she thou those goofs ought to be t

She opened her pocke a stubby pencil and wrote Got Nothing Else To Do" at her foolishness but add anyway: "X." She turne the billboard. Across th windows in the building up on shadowy rooms.

WHEN he read X's me tered: "I got plenty to wrathfully at the penciled the train was hurling into t he had to rush for the doo

All the way downtown marveled at the nerve of Only a crank or an old fo some top floor with a ma pet could have such a ner pose . . . suppose X was and suppose he had a r minus ten cents! Yeah, h self: suppose she was the herself, in the flesh.

The nine-to-five day s one of the train doors a hangers were returning i sands to cafeteria suppers in a din of clattering knive

She again compared legs with the girl on the poster. Yes, she decided, her own were just as good

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

INTERNATIONAL

mounds of French-fried potatoes were being transferred to the blue plates, and there was a big rush on the meatball special.

R. V. strolled back to the stoop of his house. Another roomer, a pale, elderly man with a cramped look as if from years of living in closet-sized rooms, was sitting on the top brownstone step.

"Ever think how nothing lasts in this town?" he said.

R. V. sat down. "No, I haven't."

"Take them Els down the corner. They been here a long time but already they tore down the Slut' Avenue El and the Nunt's slated for the wreckers soon."

"They've been saying it's coming down a long time."

"It's a landmark like the horsecars. But they're gone, ain't they?" the elderly roomer demanded.

R. V.'s eyes fastened on a girl walking past the steps. Supposing . . . Suppose she was X! That'd be a coincidence. But why shouldn't lucky breaks happen sometimes, just like that, by accident?

"Landmarks," mumbled the elderly roomer.

"Yeah," he said, his tone flat. "Ever notice the scribbling on the ads up the El?"

"I seen 'em. Sometimes I read 'em to kill the time."

"Who do you think does it mostly? Fellows or girls?"

"Who do I think does it?" the elderly roomer cried out in fury. "Dopes does it!"

"HELLO Miss X. You Got Me Wrong. Mr. R. V."

As she read R. V.'s latest, her neck stiffened as it did down the restaurant when some customer got a little too fresh. So it's Mister. Mr. R. V.; R for Robert, R for Richard, she thought; and is that all he does with his spare time!

She laughed. Who'd he think she was with his Miss X crack? An old lady or a guy in pants? But he was awful polite. Should she answer him? Maybe he was a real goof. She looked around to see if any smarty was ready with the big horselaugh. Slowly, she inserted several words in his sentence.

In came the El under the blue sky, shot out of the city like a bullet out of a gun. Bullets roaring downtown, loaded with lives. Roaring uptown.

Six hours later, he stood loafing under the marquee of the local movie, the flare of the neons on his face. Near him, other men in no hurry to go up to their rooms were also killing time on the curb. In the gutter, two young fellows were sitting astride their parked motorcycles.

"What a date I had last night!" the first gasoline cowboy confided to his pal.

"Who was she?"

"Never mind!"

He listened to the talk, wondering whether she had bothered answering him? And how did he know it was a girl? Why not go and see? Suppose he wasted a nickel? At least he'd be doing something and that was what counted. Doing something. That was more sense than moping around.

He walked up the El stairs, tomorrow's nickel between his thumb and forefinger. He dropped the nickel into the turnstile, striding up the empty platform.

He stood before the hosiery girl and the first thing he noticed was a huge handwriting three inches high: "Aw Nuts This Ain't The Park."

Oh, what a sap he was! he thought, sighing. And then he blinked. Why, look! Somebody had changed his answer to: "Hello Miss X (20 y.) You Got Me Wrong Mr. R. V. (?)" And the somebody was a girl!

Oh, he might have known that "Aw Nuts This Ain't The Park" was the work of some crackpot wise guy. The smile on his face broadened. She must be lonely to have written to him. Only lonely people wrote on billboards. "She's twenty!" he said aloud in his joy as if she had climbed up from the neon-bright avenue of cafeterias and taverns and was standing at his elbow. In his excitement he wasn't a clerk in a downtown office building. He was somebody else, somebody like the hero of a movie, who, just like that, by accident, runs into a broken-down roadster on some lonely road, a roadster and a beautiful girl in the roadster.

Oh, he'd stay on the platform all night until she came, tomorrow!

But?

Suppose he was arrested for sleeping in the station or something?

"She's twenty," he murmured to himself as if repeating a line of poetry.

He took out his pencil, filled in his age in the space she had left for him, crossing out the question mark, and adding the phone number of the pay station behind the stairs in his house.

Scowling, he began to blacken out the wisecrack.

SHE read swiftly. It gave her a funny feeling to see his handwriting and her handwriting all mixed up together like initials carved inside a heart on a tree. "Hello Miss X (20 y.) Mr. R. V. (22 y.) Please Phone—" But phone what? She tried to decipher the number under the heavy penciling, but it was all gone. Who had spoiled the phone number?

Who? The same spite work—the goof who stuck whiskers on signs. Angrily, she read the goof's warning scrawled across the top of the billboard in big letters: "Aw Nuts You Leave What I Write I Leave What You Write. It's a Free Country."

She frowned. That awful goof, messing up signs with his elephant handwriting. She glanced up the platform to a man in a brown hat who was reading a paper. Maybe he was a detective sent by the hosiery company. No, he didn't look like a detective.

She took out her pencil stub.

"AW NUTS You Leave What I Write I Leave What You Write. It's a Free Country."

"Please Phone—"

"Try Again. Miss X."

It was all part of the same crazy letter, he thought brokenheartedly.

He had just come uptown from work. He had crossed the avenue and rushed up the downtown flight of El stairs. And look what he had found!

He gaped stupidly at the smiling hosiery girl with her penciled whiskers, his eyes blind in his head, his shoulders slumping as if some tremendous force had slugged him, as if the city had hurled out of the horizon like a walloping tornado weighted with all its Els and subways, with a hundred thousand houses, the city of a million doors whose keys belonged to strangers, the city of seven million voices, but none of the talk spoken to him.

He stirred himself, sighing, and put down his phone number for the second time. He thought for a minute and then wrote: "Please, everybody, don't mark this out. Important."

He shuffled downstairs to Nick's. "Coffee," he said when Nick came to wait on him.

"Nothing else?"

"No."

Nick placed a cup of coffee before him. "What kinda supper's coffee? You sick?"

"No. I got a headache."

"Whyncha go for a bus ride? Or an El ride. Last chance t'night for the El. Lotta guys're going so they can tell their kids some time."

"Tell what to their kids?"

"El's shutting down t'night. Midnight. It's in all the papers," Nick said, turning to a new customer.

He pushed his coffee away and stared at the white-tiled walls. White tiles like

BUTCH — **By Laurence Reynolds**



"I ain't neither settin' a bad example—he suggested it"

in the subway. Ride an ride, got to eat. For wha shrieked; for what, for w

He whirled through the it for the El station, spa stairs two at a time.

Winded, he pushed a di in the change booth. The slid two nickels into the long hollowed out by the coins.

"Last ride tonight?" he a

"Yeah," said the statio

On the platform, some moving the penny chew chines from their supports

"Where'll the people ri the face.

"On the subway," said t chine man.

R. V. walked up to the board. Suddenly, his he burn. Oh, oh, she woul phone but for that wise guy who went around jinx crazy wise guy who went a whiskers all over.

"Please, everybody, do out. Important."

He underlined "imp clumped downstairs to t the corner tavern. "Whi to the face behind the bar

The barkeep nodded. whisky?"

"Any kind." He swallo of whisky and said, "Grw one."

A LITTLE later he sa one." On both sides faces were drinking. He surrounded by the faces b to on a dozen stoops, the swallowing grub in a dozen by the nameless faces of the furnished rooms. "N to go home," he declar nothing home."

"Better take it easy, buc the face behind the bar.

"Buddy," he repeated. "I are no buddies."

Drunk, he staggered out It was time to buy the m Time to flop for the night.

The wind swung the F ROOMS sign above the house. Another sign with on it was stuck inside the

He climbed the brown peering through the glass first flight of stairs. He gr to go inside.

He went in and climbed glancing at the rows of doo curse or a laugh to smash th there was no sound.

"There's nothing," he m locking his door. He swit light and saw a slip of p floor.

He picked it up and rea per's penciled handwritin lady called. Says you call t for rm. 4A. Number . . ."

His eyes filled with te telephone number blurred.

Downstairs he rushed, f and spinning up inside, as kid again on a loop-the-loo rying to the pay station stairs, he fumbled for a nic from the outside filled his the elevated. Louder and crashing roar, the loneliest world, the huge, lonely shou itself.

He shuddered and droppe into the slot, dialing her pic Miss X's phone number.

"Please," he said aloud somebody for a break.

And suddenly he began t a kid in an amusement pa whole topsy-turvy afternoo him.



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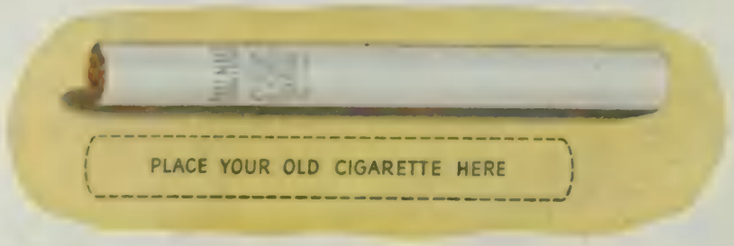
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Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.



"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

ight 1946 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

China Sky

Continued from page 25

going to see a real hospital, my girl, a hospital that New York wouldn't despise."

"Gray, China and Japan are very different, aren't they?"

He stared at her. "I'll say—about as different as—as why, they're the most different two peoples in the world. They think differently and live differently, they believe in different ways of life. The Chinese are all for the individual and the Japanese for the state—it's essential democracy and Fascism—in a way."

"Sometimes I wonder if people ought to be so free. I mean, when they're ignorant and dirty."

SHE thought distastefully of the streets she had seen in the disorder of Shanghai and of the medievalism of Chen-li. It took only a few minutes to see what Chen-li was, though Gray had told her that it was medieval. "You'll have to have your bath carried in wooden buckets and poured into a big porcelain jar, but you can get just as clean as in any other tub," he had said. But need people live in medievalism in a modern world? Maybe it was silly to live in Chen-li. Gray laughed.

"Don't you go giving up the idea of liberty and equality, my girl," he said. "That's poor business for a newly married woman."

She let him laugh, puzzled at her own mood. Why did she feel peevish and crisscross and like contradicting everything?

Suddenly she knew. Sara's clear voice cried out from the living room:

"I've brought your chrysanthemums, everybody!"

"Come here!" Gray shouted, leaping to his feet. A second, and Sara stood in the door. She had taken off her uniform and put on a wine-red silk. She had brushed her hair and her cheeks were flushed but her blue eyes were steady. In her arms she held an enormous bouquet of Chinese chrysanthemums, huge, nodding balls of red and yellow and brown and orange.

And Louise, looking at her, felt her mood clarified and hardened and made as cold and changeless as a crystal shape.

"I'm going to hate everything," she thought, and made up her mind to it.

"THIS is simply nonsense," Louise thought, in the shelter.

In the middle of the night she and Gray had been waked by hoarse, screeching sirens. There had been no time to ask anything. Gray hustled her into her clothes, into her fur coat.

"The shelter's dripping damp," he said. "You may be there for hours."

She did not at that moment notice his "you." It did not occur to her that he would leave her. They hurried across the dying autumn grass into the hospital, and by then the siren was screaming again.

"God, they're in a hurry," Gray muttered. "Get along, dear. I ought to help at the hospital."

"I thought you said you weren't going to feel—responsible—until tomorrow—" she panted. She had on her warm bedroom slippers and she was not used to walking without heels.

"I know, but I haven't the gall to let Sara do it without me. She's had months of it, while I've been sleeping every night."

She said no more. Was she going to have to keep hearing about Sara?

Down the ramps improvised over the old wooden stairs the stretchers were coming, and men and women hobbling and little children carried in nurses' arms.

"No use your going up with me," Gray said hastily. "Just keep with the crowd."

"Gray!" she cried, "you aren't going to leave me?" She had not dreamed that he would leave her. And he, he had not dreamed that she would think him free to go with her. The sight of her face swept away his impatience. Of course she would be afraid in her first air raid. But there was no time.

"Gray—I won't go alone."

"Honey, you'll be with everybody—all these people."

"Gray, you must come with me!"

"Louise, I can't—I'm a *doctor!*"

The Chinese were looking at her strangely as they passed, the white woman clinging to the man. Gray was desperate.

"Listen, Louise, the last warning will sound at any instant. Then the planes will be here. You've got to be in shelter, do you hear? I'd never forgive myself if—Louise, listen to me!"

She dropped his arm. "Very well, Gray." Her voice went dead. She turned in cold obedience and joined the crowd of sick Chinese. She loathed them, she told herself. If she had known they were going to be like this she would never have let Gray come back. There were wonderful opportunities for him at home—that invitation to come to Johns Hopkins for Oriental diseases. Baltimore was an aristocratic old Southern town. Besides, sick people were the same anywhere, weren't they?

The third siren sounded and everybody ran—tried to run. She herself made haste and was among the first few to enter the winding opening in the hillside behind the hospital. She drew back against the wall, to be away from the people crowding in.

Now so unexpectedly that she jumped, she heard her name called in English:

"Mrs. Thomison?"

She looked into the han[d] a young Chinese.

"Yes?"

The man bowed. "I beg[ ] I would like to introduc[e] Chung. I am assisting Dr. [ ] surgeon. I must apologiz[e] not able to meet you. I co[uld] my patient at the time." [ ] to a stretcher where a ma[n] eyes closed.

"I am glad to hear so [ ] English," Louise said. "Th[is] air raid and I'm a little ne[r]ally, especially as my hus[band] must stay in the hospital."

Dr. Chung's smooth f[ace] change. "I am sorry he felt [ ] I met him, as a matter of [ ] fered to stay for him on [my] But both Dr. Thomison an[d] have a strong sense of du[ty] mirable."

Then Sara, she though[t] too!

THE man on the stretche[r] eyes. "Give me some w[ater]" distinctly and in English.

Dr. Chung opened a [ ] poured it out. The man [ ] closed his eyes again.

"He speaks English, too," marked.

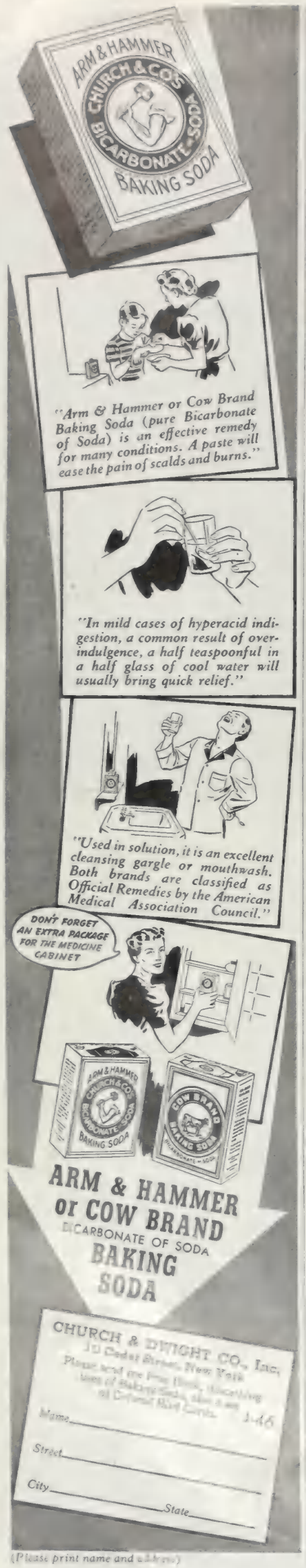
"He is a Japanese," Dr. [ ] plied. "A very interesting c[ase] tive of a guerrilla chieftai[n] this region. The chieftain [ ] in. This Japanese speaks [ ] naturally—but his English [ ] for a Japanese."

The siren shrieked once [ ] Dr. Chung's face changed. [He] cried, "Hang your head, [ ] mouth, cover your ears!" [I] self what he commanded h[im] everybody cowered. Only [ ] nese did nothing. He lay w[ith] closed.

They waited while the [ ] planes grew huge, filling t[he] close



"Well, we didn't win a prize—but we had fun biting a judg[e]





Again as in 1917 we stand at the crossroads of a national emergency. But in 1941 crossroads are sky roads where Douglas Airplanes speed the nation's communications. Thanks to our airlines, industrial centers are now only hours instead of days apart. That means getting things done for national defense. Douglas Aircraft Co. Inc., Santa Monica, Calif.

Douglas

FIRST AROUND THE WORLD FIRST IN AIRLINE SERVICE

"Don't look now, but I think you're on fire!"



THE BRIAR PIPE laughed out loud.

"Of course, I'm not on fire!" it replied. "Don't [illegible] pipe's mission in life!"

"Certainly," said the pipe meerschaum. "it's no [illegible] in a museum."

"No, stuffy. It's to be guide, philosopher, an[illegible] some guy."

"How's that again?" asked the meerschaum.

"Listen, scoop," said the briar, "a pipe is suppos[illegible] man inspiration in a curl of fragrant smoke. That [illegible] —with the help of Half and Half tobacco."

"It sounds like a wonderful life," said the meers[illegible] you have to have Half and Half?"

"You're darn tootin!" exclaimed the briar. "In [illegible] ing career, it's the only tobacco I've met that has th[illegible] aroma which being such solid comfort to a man in [illegible]

A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT IN THE BOWL OF [illegible]

Next time you settle down with your pipe, load [illegible] and Half. It's a smoke a man can understand. It's [illegible] ship when you're alone. It's a smoke that comforts [illegible] blue—that calms you down when you're getting [illegible] a smoke that never nags. A friendly smoke. A kin[illegible] that wouldn't bite the meanest man on earth.

This fragrant, aromatic tobacco is contentment [illegible] of any pipe. That's what it is!

A magnificent amber-and-meerschaum pipe from Half and Half's ROYAL collection—a collection of unique pipes available to lovers of a mellow, aromatic tobacco . . . Half and Half.

Remember, Half and Half comes in the patented Tobaggie Tin that gets smaller and smaller as you eat the tobacco.

HALF AND HALF

A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT IN THE BOWL OF [illegible]

winding passage of the shelter. pressed upon by the people, felt or braced with anger. "Stupid, she was thinking, "it's too stu- me to be here. I don't have to I don't have anything to do this. I'm an American—I ought America. I oughtn't to be in all n't have to go through with it." ll the time the whirring wings ing motors were diving down- d then there began the explo- bombs, one after the other, ar, some distant. The air grew eople lifted their heads to gasp. d hers, driven for air, and saw nese. His mouth was open and gray. She touched Dr. Chung's pointed to him. ?" Her lips made the word but was soundless. octor took a hypodermic from t but at his touch the Japanese is eyes and shook his head and r put it away. ng her head again. There was xplosion. She was angry with e had no right to bring her to ought to have told her—not as l her, just saying, "You're sure t mind the air raids, dearest? 't much danger of your getting n't believe that even a direct get the hospital shelter—Sara rked it out pretty well—pas- ead of big spaces in the rocks owds couldn't get hurt. And the idea of making the en- ooked, so as to check the con- ou know, and plenty of exits, gets crashed in. You get used a while when you realize that o danger."

had lied. She would never get is, never, never!

hen the din was over and the ceased to tremble and the d quivering at last she lifted She was so shaken that it was uld do to keep from crying. eople around her were moving d getting up. Near her a child unconscious and a pretty Chi- e—no, a doctor—the nurses ue—was giving it a stimulant. an doctor turned and called ng, who went to her and bent ild and examined its eyelids.

leaned against the wet rock. est hurt her, and her knees She put her hand to her hair it damp around her forehead. e was like a weight after the was hard to move her neck or and. She let her head drop least and met the wide-open Japanese, looking up at her. too much for you," he said

is," she said through dry lips. ongue was dry. e you here?" he inquired. band is the doctor," she re-

uld send you away," he re- uietly. "To suffer unneces- foolish."

she could answer, he had yes and she felt she need not esides, what could she an- was right.

sion sounded again for safety iting people came streaming the rocks. She went with them, trembling, into the darkness. Gray? Even yet he did not Were was she to go? She did now the way to their house. elp you?" Dr. Chung's voice of the darkness dimly lit by

id I don't know my way yet," ered.

her," the Japanese was om his stretcher. He had a nd he played it on the Chi- nese doctor. "Take her to her home."

She felt the light on her own face a moment, and saw the gray, delicate lines of the Japanese's face like a mask in the night. The eyes, which she now saw fully from the front, were bright and alive—not, she thought, astonished, the eyes of a sick man at all!

"Thank you," she faltered.

. . . Long after she was in bed again, shivering and solitary, Gray came in. It was so long she had had time for everything—time to weep, until her tears dried up in anger, time to be angry, time to grow cold in strong determination. When Gray came in she turned on her back and faced him as he stood at the foot of her bed. She had lain for an hour, hardening herself against tenderness from him, against his possible anger, against argument. She could be



"The doctor ordered a complete change of scenery" AL KAELIN

determined beyond any of that. Long ago her father and mother had come to dread that power in her to have her own way.

"Don't let Louise start her stubbornness," her mother would cry in a panic. She had let them beguile her out of it sometimes if they gave her enough in exchange. But there was nothing large enough that Gray could give in exchange for what she had been through.

"Gray," she said, "I've made up my mind. You've got to take me home."

But Gray offered no exchange, and she had not prepared herself enough for his calmness. He was neither tender nor angry.

"LOUISE," he said, "I won't do it." His own words shocked him as they left his lips. He had come back from the hours with Sara lifted into exaltation. He had forgotten in the first happy weeks of his marriage, in the peace and ease of his own country, what it was to live through such hours as he and Sara had just shared. The faces of the sick as they came down the ramp in the hospital—when he saw them he wanted Louise safe so he could forget her, forget even love, in this larger thing which was his duty. He had turned once when he was on the stairs and he saw her going out of the door with the crowd. It was right. He and she were at this moment only two in a host.

He went swiftly upstairs, speaking to all he knew and to those he did not. But they still needed no comfort, these people, he thought. They had accepted resistance to an enemy as their life. An old man with an amputated leg stumped past him on crutches. He was chattering to a man whose skin was sulphur-yellow with malaria.

"What I say is, every time a bomb drops, it's hundreds of Japanese dollars gone. What I say is, it doesn't cost us anything if we hide in the earth. It can't go on forever, this dropping of bombs!"

GRAY smiled and went on to find Sara tucking babies into the baby wagon. She was working quickly, humming under her breath as she always did when she was working against time.

"This is all pretty swell," Gray said. He wanted to tell her how wonderful it was to him to see the way these people —everybody—took the beastliness that threatened them. But he could not. The sight of her brave blue eyes and her flushed cheeks as she put one little creature after another into its place simply choked him. Besides, Siu-mei stood waiting. Sara did not answer.

"There," she said to Siu-mei, "now you can take them." She bent over one very small baby girl and kissed the tiny brown cheek. "That's mine," she said.

"Yours?" he repeated stupidly.

She waved Siu-mei on and watched the wagon being trundled down the corridor.

"Her mother died yesterday, and the family don't want her. They say they can't take care of her. So I will keep her."

"Sara, how can you with all else?"

"Siu-mei will help me. I wouldn't trust anybody else with all those babies except Siu-mei."

She thought of telling Gray that she was sure Siu-mei and Dr. Chung were falling in love with each other and then decided she would not. It would be too hard to speak to Gray of any love. The second siren sounded.

"We had better look once more at the sure-to-dies," she said. "Amazing how often they don't die! I try to keep them together so that they won't realize that they are not being moved."

"Why does Chung leave this to you?" he asked.

"I sent him to the shelter today," she replied, and made up her mind after all that she would tell him about the young Chinese pair. "The truth is that he and Siu-mei—" she stopped in the middle of the corridor between the two hospitals. "Gray!" she cried. Her face was bright with horror.

"Why, what? Sara, what on earth?" he stared into her widening eyes.

"Gray, you oughtn't to be here! I've only just remembered—Louise!"

"Louise is all right," he said.

"No, but you, Gray—you can't stay here! What if—Gray, hurry, hurry! There's still time. Look, it'll be five or six minutes maybe before the planes come. Go on, Gray—go on, go on—"

"I won't go on!"

"You must think of Louise. You haven't the right—"

"This is my job."

"But I don't want you here, Gray. I can manage. I've managed very well alone. And I haven't anybody to—to care as Louise does. Now look, Gray—"

HE SEIZED her arms. "Shut up, Sara. Shut up, shut up! You don't know Louise. She'd hate me if I were a shirker. She'd be the first to kick me out if I ran for cover."

"No, but, Gray, it's not necessary for you to be here. If it were necessary—"

He broke in: "What about you going into the shelter for a change? You've been going through this day after day, alone—"

"I'm used to it."

"Used to getting nearly killed every day, eh? Well, you're just about used enough."

"Let me go, Gray." She was acutely conscious of his hands on her arms. But he did not release her.

"Will you obey me?" he demanded.

"No," she said quietly.

"Why?"

"Because I know what I must do."

He dropped his hands. "So do I, Sara."

"Very well, Gray."

They went on after that in silence, visiting the sure-to-dies. There were over thirty of them. The third warning sounded and instantly the planes were swarming over the city. Gray felt the sweat start from his skin. His heart flew to Louise but each time he put the thought of her away. She was safe. He would despise himself if he were not here. The planes were not too near yet for him to hear Sara's clear voice at his ear giving him details of one patient after the other:

"This is a case of infected shrapnel wound. The abdominal wall was pierced and we have been fighting peritonitis—unsuccessfully, I fear—feel her pulse."

He felt the rapid, irregular pulse.

Sara sighed. "Such a nice woman! She is the wife of a farmer. Sometimes the Japs just dump their bombs on any village they see and we have scores of these cases."

Then the planes diving down shut off her voice. She drew him to a doorway by a touch of her hand upon his elbow and they stood there side by side. He felt the sweat pouring down his body. Nothing was clear in his mind. Even Louise's face was dim. There was just this noise to endure, this hideous, useless, crazy noise to be got through with, which he had forgotten about for months.

But she was thinking, "This I share with him. I cannot share love, but I can share danger and perhaps death. It may be that these are greater than love."

As if the deep passion of her thinking had reached out to him he turned his



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IRIUM

Pepsodent TOOTH PASTE

head as she turned hers and their eyes met. He saw her faithful face clear in the instant, her beautiful, faithful face. Louise was right. Sara was beautiful. He had looked at her hundreds of times and not seen how beautiful. He had only been annoyed at first that he had been sent a young woman whose good looks were a responsibility, troublesome among a people too shrewd to believe that a man and woman, both young and handsome, could work together without attraction. He had been determined to prove that it could be done. And he had fallen in love with Louise, not with Sara. If Sara had been a man he would have put his arm about her shoulder in good comradeship—we who are perhaps about to die! A bomb fell and burst. He put out his hand and grasped hers, but after the instant she drew it away again.

. . . When it was over he was suddenly hungering for Louise. He wanted to pour out on her the bravery of the hours, the people coming quietly back to their homes from the hills, to take up their work where they left it if they found their houses still standing, the sick returning to their beds, the nurses hastening silently from one to another, hot food being brought from the kitchens by the servants. Downstairs Sara and he were receiving the newly wounded, examining, treating, sending those who needed operations to be made ready. He operated on four men one after the other. Once he thought, "I should have sent word to Louise." Then he thought, "No, she's a doctor's wife."

WHEN he was finished, he went through the downstairs halls to Sara's office and found her putting down notes.

"Aren't you going to sleep?"

Dawn was breaking through the sky in long lines of silvery light.

"I am just going," she said. "Good night, Gray."

"Good night, Sara." He hesitated. She had been operating, too. "Did you lose any?"

"No—mine will pull through, unless we have to move them too soon."

"I have one shaky enough to scare me—an old fellow. But game as anything. He said when I asked him if he'd let me take out an iron splinter from his thigh, 'You are too courteous—the Japanese didn't ask me if they could put it in!' He went under the gas chuckling at himself."

She smiled. "That's the way they are."

He felt choked again. "Pretty swell, eh, Sara?"

"Pretty swell."

"Well, good night."

"Good night, Gray."

He walked across the dim lawn full of the energy of his admiration for courage and laughter and faithfulness, a grand folk, grand to live with, grand to die for—and went into his house. He wanted to share it all with Louise. He wanted to draw her into the glory with him.

"Louise!" he cried.

Siao Fah came out of the kitchen with a tray of tea and toast. He had been in the hospital shelter but not near his mistress. He had watched her steadily, aware that she did not know his face among the others. Why did she talk with the Japanese? Why did the Chung doctor, whom nobody liked, bring her home when her husband was not there?

"That one is in her bed," he said to Gray. His face was empty. He put the tray down. "Eat something," he commanded. Then he turned and went back into the kitchen. If she had been a proper wife she would have been up and waiting for her husband, and she would have seen that he had food. As it was, there was only he himself to look after the white doctor.

But Gray had gone straight to the bedroom and flung open th door. She lay, lovely upon the was awake, waiting for h

"Sweetheart!" he cried, rushing out to her.

And then had come th hers. And his own words fusal tore themselves out

Because he couldn't! B her see?

. . . Over her little face, pillow, there came a cold p small, perfect features s her lips folded together in ness. He had never seen look and to his own asto was terrified.

He flung himself on th her. "Sweetheart, don't lo that!"

She did not answer. She ing at him steadily, two s amber light falling upon b tween her lashes. "Darlin thing—don't just lie lookin

Her lips made the sligh ment: "I want to go home

The words were almost s he heard them. "But, c haven't tried it here—not r get used to the bombing. L body gets used to it. Look people, even. God, they w ful! Getting out of their be ing on somehow, and, dari see the lights going up th They were—"

"I want to go home." She head away. Her lips quive eyelids fell.

"Oh, my darling, don't" gathered her in his arms an to sob helplessly. "Louise— he moaned.

At the keyhole of the be Siao Fah gnashed his teeth. she? He listened hopefu sounds of a woman being t no, there were only the ple tering noises a man makes afraid of a woman. He t and sat down in the kitche his head in his hands and g thought about poison, noth anybody, but a little powder that would cause a mild illne thing, if severe, yet short of did not want to kill anyon Thomison doctor's sake. Th it up. No, his master was a could cure anything. Wh want? Jewels, probably, f the things women cried for! with pleasure of his own wif kept soundly under his will w boo switch. He had made a fi of her.

IN THE bedroom Louise we was filled with fatigue. It w pleasant, this weeping in Gr arms. She was overwrough horrible night and she wept strain, conscious of his arm her. The fatigue was sweet, way. She felt helpless and clinging. Slowly she stoppe Her sobs grew soft and infre last she lay silent, crumpled Gray had not spoken for a She looked up at him, h drenched and black.

"I do love you, Gray." Her a baby's whisper.

He held her to him with a that terrified him. Why was h now in this quiet room, under skies?

"I love you, my wife."

Her lids drooped and she pu on his breast. When she whispe her words seemed to come own heart: "Gray, then take m

He groaned and held her c answered as steadily as e Louise."

(To be continued next w

Logan's Luscious Luggage

Continued from page 14

lent job, the producers were pre- o drop her from the New York y if they found anyone better. rked so hard not to play favor- ." r. Tuttle says, "that we gave her ess of a break than we'd have omeone else who was one half or one quarter as lovely."

opening night in New York, the was full of Wimans—father, and three sisters; Mr. Avery had om the coast for the occasion— Heflin had to be content with Her father is a dentist in Okla- ity, and was at the moment en- some toothy surgery of such precision that all he could was to telegraph: "LOVE STOP ER LIP STOP GRIT TEETH AND KEEP Her brother, Van, was out of th the road company of Phila- Story, but phoned to give final ons.

Barnard Lost a Student

as been Fra's dramatic coach e she came to New York to tend him and go to Barnard Col- reover, he brought his friends that Fra would be acquainted eater when she finished school. friend was Mr. Skinner, whom ted to the apartment one night umn. There he met Mary at her best and most little- —her hands to her elbows in er house dress protected by a rched apron.

ouldn't have the role of a maid around loose?" Van asked, as sked every possible employer been an audience to the care- cted domestic scene.

inner was extremely dubious. just such a part in Charley's course, but it also entailed the understudy assignment. "I'm need someone with more ex- —someone I can depend on in

Fra had her instructions from Van, and this was her cue. "Which part would you like to hear first, Mr. Skinner?" she asked demurely. Before he could answer she proceeded to overwhelm him with a neat rendition of each of the parts in the play—cued by big brother from an ominously convenient script. Barnard lost a student.

Every minute when she's off stage, Fra sits in the wings knitting merrily. The contentment with which she has turned out sweater after sweater after knitted mitten so fascinated the other two members of Logan's Luscious Luggage that they tried to learn the craft. Tottie can do simple stitches in a straight line, but has never learned how to turn corners and is about ready to give up. "The British are in enough trouble without getting a bundle of footless stockings from me," she says. Phyllis is on stage more than either of the others, but still struggles doggedly with a ski cap which has been perversely snagging and unwinding since the first days of the run.

Phyllis has a wonderful time in her corner of their dressing room, with a gay feminine litter of silk stockings, open powder boxes and hairpins. She feels slightly above the neatness of Fra's austere table, but is a little envious of Katherine's part of the room. Katherine keeps her make-up equipment not neatly, but with a certain sense of drama that makes her section of the cubicle look like a display booth in a swank cosmetic store. "Making up," she announces, "is half the fun of acting. You feel so—professional!"

It's possible that all three won't go to the top—that Katherine won't become the famous beauty and matinee darling that people predict, or Phyllis or Fra the much-in-demand ingénues they seem on their way to being, but, as Fra puts it, "Although we may not all get to be Lynn Fontannes—there ought to be at least a Hepburn or two somewhere among us."



"Oh! For a moment I thought it was my drink!"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

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Join the "Regulars" with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

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In Line of Duty

Continued from page 17

"Two guys?" McGarvey asked, pushing out one cheek thoughtfully with the tip of his tongue. "What guys?"

The young cop looked into McGarvey's face—then past him, up the stairs.

"Maybe," he said, "maybe Red Donlin and a pal. Tully don't have a phone, so he sent down his kid to call in; that's how he saw us." He turned to McGarvey again, his voice a little shaky with its weight of desperate earnestness. "I'd have gone up to get him," he said. "I wanted to, McGarvey. Only Johnson—my driver—didn't want to take any chances. He said we'd better wait till we got some help from the precinct. He's out covering the back now; he set me here. That's why—"

"That's right," McGarvey said. "Johnson used his head."

HIS eyes, his whole face, were uglier now than Margaret had ever seen them; two harsh lines deepened about the corners of his mouth. He'd heard about men like Red Donlin—cop killers, the papers called them. Twisted, insane maybe—but with a maniac's singleness of purpose, a madman's undying hate. Lately the papers had printed a lot about Red Donlin—stories that a cop had killed his father, that a cop had smashed his withered arm years ago, when he'd been no more than a boy—stories, even, that his father had been a cop who mistreated him.

McGarvey didn't know which of those stories was true. Just now he didn't care much. Red Donlin was somewhere upstairs, and since summer Red Donlin had killed three cops. So all he said was, "Okay. Stay put now," edging the rookie away from him, and stepping through into the hall.

There was something more the rookie should have told him—something that an older or a calmer man would never have forgotten. That Tully, who'd sent his kid down to get them, was somewhere up there now—Charlie Tully of a headquarters detail, who lived in the house next door, and who'd heard from a talkative janitor of the new tenant he had—a red-haired man with blazing blue eyes, and a queer left arm glimpsed briefly under his coat.

But the young cop didn't tell him that, and McGarvey had no reason to ask. Tully was a name to him, nothing more—a guy the young cop knew, who lived in the neighborhood. McGarvey forgot it entirely as he moved up the stairs, quietly and carefully, around the first landing, up to the second, stopping for a moment there before he moved on to the third.

The bulb on the third landing was switched on; it showed McGarvey that the door three steps away from him was half ajar, and that there was no light at all behind it. No sound, either; only a radio humming faintly below, thin and fantastic, a wailing curl of sound tightening like a spring in his ears.

He moved toward the door; he came to it and listened again; he pushed quietly in. He saw two windows against the back wall of the kitchen; he saw the white shadow of a sink, and the formless dark bulk of a gas range. Nothing else. No movement. No—

"Red!" somebody yelled, in the shadows of a room off the kitchen. "Cops, Red! Look out! Watch—"

McGarvey took it for a warning. He was right. But how could he know then that it wasn't meant for anybody there? A scuffle of movement came fast after it—then the impression, rather than the sight, of a quick rush through the shadows. A white shirt front moved at him; a gun glittered before it.

"Get 'em up," a voice said. "Get 'em up, you—"

McGarvey didn't get them up; his own gun was shadowed by his body against the windows. He thought one thing: Red Donlin didn't know he had it out. He did one thing, the only thing he could do: he fired with his gun almost against that rushing body.

He'd heard somewhere that a bullet didn't stop a running man. This one did. McGarvey heard him crash down flat—heard him cough, and move a little, and start to draw a breath that stopped before he had it in. Then McGarvey was against the side wall, waiting for the one who was still inside, listening to the short, flat crackle of sound that rolled and echoed between the walls, to feet that were pounding upward to him on the stairs.

The feet belonged to the white-faced rookie; McGarvey had known that they did the moment he heard them. "Careful," he said, "there's another one inside," before he moved around the man on the floor. He expected a shot when he went through that inner doorway. None came. He understood why when he tripped forward over an outthrust leg that received the momentum of his body as dully as a chunk of wood. Out, McGarvey thought—out cold. Who had conked him from the time he yelled?

THE rookie had the lights on then, like a fool, before he knew what was going on inside. McGarvey grabbed the limp man's ankle and dragged him out to the kitchen. The rookie was on his knees there; McGarvey looked over his shoulder.

"That ain't Red Donlin," he said. Sweat was shining in his brows; he wiped it off with an impatient hand.

"No," the rookie said. His voice was as soft as a girl's. He must have been thinking then about what he should have told McGarvey, down there, three minutes ago, in the hall. "It's Charlie Tully," he said, his face turned from McGarvey, his hand opening and clenching, aimlessly, on the dirty oilcloth floor. "He was—he was a headquarters man, McGarvey. He lived next door here. I thought you knew him. I thought you'd meet him on the stairs. I thought—"

"Charlie Tully?" McGarvey said. What was— He dropped the ankle he was holding, and came out a step more. This rookie was off his head. Talking like—

"He's dead," the rookie said, looking at McGarvey now, his eyes sick and desperate. "And I killed him, McGarvey. If I'd told you—"

The radio was quiet now. It made the stillness deep and profound, weight of cotton wrapped t McGarvey's heart and ove He said something to the ro in hell was he talking abou hell was he—

The rookie's partner came of minutes afterward there precinct men around that knew. There were some peo in the doorway, and present and a boy came past then would be Tully's boy; the wo be Tully's wife.

Some of the men formed Garvey and tried to get him pulled away from their h words buzzed uncompreher ears. The boy was crying. knelt by the dead man, ar head in her lap. There was a her face—something remot touched there.

McGarvey wanted to go to explain how it was; it see then that if he could only about it, go over it all slowly in his mind, it would all be s out. A mistake; that was happened so fast. Donlin, Ch the guy yelling out, the rookie—

He was down on the stree Furey wouldn't let go of his

"—happened to any of us, was saying. "You see that, you? I'd have done what there. Any of us would."

"Sure you would," McGa "Sure you—" His voice di but it came out of his thr without any tone. Only t done it—he saw that even th McGarvey who—

He stopped by the area wound his big hands arou piece. "Why don't they get he asked Ed Furey harshly. gonna do anything for him? I there like that. Get some o Get that stuff they shoot into Ed," he whispered. "Ed! Ca "Take it easy," Ed Furey s ly's—Tully's dead."

The tabloids gave it the n They had pictures of the fu

McGarvey had an absurd thought—that if he walked out there, him, McGarvey, no bullets could stop him: they could only pass through his body as if it were air



How Chrysler's Fluid Drive is Different!



Some drivers have to shift gears constantly!

Nobody ever really liked to shift gears! For years motorists have preferred cars that would operate in "high" as much as possible. Yet in ordinary cars, there are dozens of occasions in starting and stopping where it is necessary to shift gears because the car cannot negotiate the situation in high. Only *Fluid Drive* as Chrysler has it, solves that problem. It lets you stay in high!



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But only Chrysler drivers can do all their normal driving in high gear!

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★Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.

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2. Bob needs a laxative; he's taking the 10 o'clock plane, too. But Bob thinks: "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning!" So he takes Sal Hepatica because it's speedy.



3. Ed is all in from constipation and that not-sick-not-well feeling. He needn't have taken a plane. He won't be able to do a lick of work today, anyhow.



4. Bob felt more like his old self within an hour. Sal Hepatica acted fast, was gentle and easy. Sour stomach was sweeter . . . so was the whole world!

Whenever you need a laxative take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

Don't put off taking a laxative just because you're all dated-up. Take speedy Sal Hepatica.

Within an hour usually you're relieved . . . gently and thoroughly. Sal Hepatica acts by attracting helpful water bulk to the intestinal tract, acts without discomfort, irritation, or griping.



No wonder 8 out of 9 doctors recently interviewed recommend Sal Hepatica.

More than a laxative, this sparkling saline gives decided help in counteracting excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Next time you need a laxative, try speedy, gentle Sal Hepatica.



SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE" Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Wednesdays at 9 P.M., E.S.T.

pictures of Charlie Tully's wife and kids, and a flash of McGarvey coming unshaven and gaunt down the precinct steps the morning after it happened. But not even the tabloids blamed McGarvey directly.

It was a sad thing, but no one was to blame. Not Charlie Tully, who had gone in first to the apartment, who had subdued Red Donlin's friend, and waited then for Red Donlin to come back. Not McGarvey, who came in after, so that the man with Tully cried out to warn him, thinking he was Donlin back at last with the beer or the cigarettes he'd gone out to get. Not the rookie—the papers found out nothing about him. Not even, in any physical way, Red Donlin, for he'd never been there at all. The squad cars had warned him off in time when he was coming back, a minute or ten after it happened. In the darkness, just a shirt front, McGarvey had seen the man rush at him; McGarvey had seen the gun too. So McGarvey, a good cop and a brave one, had done the thing that anybody else on the force would have done with a man like Red Donlin. McGarvey had . . .

It was strange the way his own thoughts always stopped there—automatically, as if they were on a track blocked off by endless empty space. He would listen to the men who tried, awkwardly perhaps, to comfort him—he would listen and say sure, sure. The only thing. Anybody would have—Sure, sure. He wouldn't let this get him down. But inside him, even while he spoke, the thoughts kept on. Not anybody; McGarvey. No gun-shy civilian; no raw-nerved rookie. McGarvey. A good cop. A brave one. But McGarvey, all the same. . . .

It was Margaret, and Margaret alone, who never tried to comfort him—who never, in fact, mentioned Charlie Tully to him at all. They went to the movies that night where McGarvey laughed when she did, and got up when she did, and said he'd enjoyed that picture all right. For three hours he did not have to grin and nod, and say sure, sure. Tough luck all right. But anybody—

The three hours didn't help much. He found that out as soon as he started to walk home with her. He walked very slowly; long before they came to her corner his legs began to feel heavy and numb. In that house down the street—that house he could see if he'd only raise his eyes—Charlie Tully's wife would be sitting in her silent kitchen, with her hands folded in her lap, and nothing much in her eyes. Thinking there—of what? Of a man named McGarvey, and of what he had done to her. And hating him no matter how deep she had it hidden, no matter how mute she kept the words within her.

WHEN they had reached the El station he must have made some sound or movement. Margaret gave him a swift glance.

"There's a train coming now," she said. "Why don't you catch it, Bernie? I'll get home all right without you. It's only a step from here. And you'll be home a half-hour earlier."

McGarvey looked at her dully, seeing that she knew then, although she'd never spoken.

"All right," he said. "Maybe I will. I'll call you tomorrow."

Halfway up the stairs, he stopped to watch her cross the street. Why hadn't she spoken Charlie Tully's name? Because she was closer to him than the others—because something of what he felt she'd have, too, in her heart? Because she heard the voices, the scornful and contemptuous voices that whispered so softly, so secretly, in McGarvey's head?

Yella, those voices said; as soon as he listened they came clear. The cop that killed a cop. Jumpy, see? guy facing him. Letting thing he saw. Drunk, knows? Don't cops get av der? Don't they—

The next day he didn' even changed his boarding she couldn't get in touch w tried. The voices made it could have her pick of g who could start her clean, his eyes, no darkness in Not anybody, then, like M wrote her a long and ra that night—he didn't lc never loved her. And he'd girl now—someone he wa So—would she call it quit just forget him and try bad? Affectionately, he s not how much, not how would be locked forever i heart.

Nights after that he to around the precinct—no nothing he could think of t tle room off the one where their lockers he would sit a hours, thumbing a paper, s times, at the wall.

HE WAS there one ever day shift went off dut trolmen, most of them, b full of horseplay. He cou out by their voices: Ki Fireball Kelly with his sha Muldoon. Ed Ward. Mac

He heard a flat thud, Kelly's yell of rage.

"Who in hell let that s deep voice roared. "Mac weasel—"

"Me?" said MacNamar Fireball. Honest!"

McGarvey smiled faintly Guys he liked. Guys that—

Surly Muldoon said: "M you for Red Donlin, with yours. If McGarvey was a

There was an abrupt s plete and dead. McGarvey happening: someone poir little room, someone shap vey's name with his lips. N there. Careful. Don't—

He was shaking slightly seem to stop himself. In th it now. Off by himself, Mc of bounds. So far out th never get back. They tal they were friendly and nice in their hearts, there'd b they'd never forget.

He went out blindly; in the corner he tried to get didn't know why he cou drinks changed nothing in h

In his room, lying on the lights out, he heard the sh felt the kick of the gun in hi dark kitchen was around l Tully was sprawled at hi Garvey—Charlie Tully's v and lost: "Why did you kill vey? Didn't you see, didn didn't you feel—"

Someone opened the do turned the lights on. McGar his arm across his eyes. voice said quietly:

"Hello, Mac. I hoped I'd fi We heard of a blonde Red D for: someone tipped the i her yesterday. Ever since wired in on her phone. She night, from a drugstore three blocks down the a From Donlin. She's gonna p beer and some sandwiches a hide-out by half past eleve

McGarvey did not move a not answer.

"We'll follow her there," said. "We'll bust in when started. The inspector and spector and me thought you'

the blowoff, Mac. We fig-

" McGarvey asked. His voice e and low, muffled under his at it's gonna bring Charlie to life?"

Mac," Ed Furey mumbled un- 'hat's over. That's done with. understand it yet?"

go in ahead of me?" McGar- winging upright suddenly, his g darkly, his lips not moving ho'd go in with me?"

ey looked troubled. "Who What's goin' on in that crazy ours?"

McGarvey said. "A lot I n't supposed to know. A lot in't smart enough to figure mes they call me when I ain't ey're in my head, see? The —" He stopped, his mouth e way you feel, Furey—that be a cop. To be hard-boiled and tell people off. Only for like that any more. Because s out now; because McGar- balled. Because he's nothin' e jumpy yella rat that didn't ot."

Ed Furey's voice was hard as his own: "That's not true. is. There ain't a man—"

McGarvey said, from that mouth. "You'll get the hell Furey. You'll tell them what with their lousy tin-cop job. as supposed to beg for it— n my knees and bawl and ke me in, boys—"

u listen to me, Mac? Will

all this," McGarvey said. tor, see—all my pals. Yeah." back his head and laughed uth wide open. "Tell all the ent to bat for me. Tell 'em elly's through. Tell 'em—"

d up Ed Furey's hat and cross the bed with all his

they don't have to keep it They can speak it right out can yell it in the streets like o. Like I've seen it in their y eyes. Tell 'em goodby for rvey, see? Who had more

picked up his hat. He went without trying to speak en he was gone McGarvey f the lights again, and sat he bed, with that savage, ry burning and throbbing in s. He sat there for a long g suddenly now and again, word that choked in his throat; he got up at last, an hour after Ed Furey had gone, with the naked, pushing energy of it uncontrollable in him.

Downstairs he looked at the clock in the hall. Ten after eleven. Twenty minutes before— He shut his mind to that, taking his hat and coat from the rack, yanking the front door back against the wall. He could feel the cold air—he thought he'd never feel anything again. Thin and dry; a smell of coming snow in it. A cab before the stoop. He could ride in that—anywhere, everywhere. He could—

"Wait," he said. "I—"

He was out on the stoop before he recognized the first of the women who got out of the cab: Margaret. She stopped below, her eyes searching his face, whispering, "Hello, Bernie," from lips that might have been as colorless as his own. He seemed to know at once, even before he looked, the name of the woman who was with her; and he stepped back quickly, his head safe in the shadows of the hall, so that, even if she saw him there, even if she spoke his name, Charlie Tully's wife would never see his eyes.

"Ed Furey called me up just now," Margaret said, her eyes never leaving him. "He said you were like a crazy man. That you—Bernie! Do you think I believed that letter? Do you think I was such a fool—"

He stood above her in the hall, trying to pretend that her words had nothing to do with him, that he was some place far off, and not here in body at all.

"Bernie, Bernie," she whispered; her lips trembled—"you're not going to be a fool. I won't let you. You won't speak; you can't. There's no way to defend yourself. I knew you'd do this; I knew it. That's why Mrs. Tully came with me to see you."

McGARVEY tried to keep his body rigid there, but he couldn't. A shiver rippled over it and distorted the white lines of his mouth. Mrs. Tully looked up at him, her face shadowed too.

"Go on," McGarvey said. He could stare back at her now; it was as if this was the thing he had wanted, all that week, behind his maddened thoughts.

"Go on and speak, Mrs. Tully. Tell her"—his voice shook; he was past caring now—"tell her what you got in your heart for me. What I know you got there. The way you hate me, see? The way maybe you pray to God I'll get what I gave him. At night when you're thinkin' of him, when you're thinkin' of me—

"That's what you're gonna tell us



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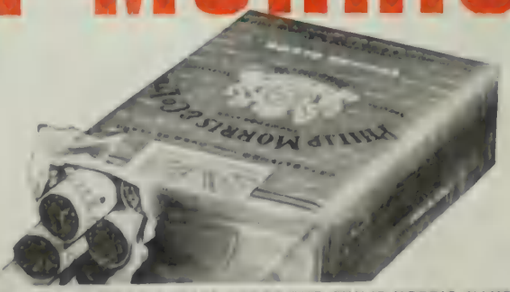
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now," he whispered. "Not lies, Mrs. Tully. They don't help. Because I got the truth in me, see? I got it speakin' to me all the time in my head—tonight and tomorrow and all the days of my life. It goes on happenin' there over and over—seein' him come at me, watchin' him fall, hearin' the noise he made when he died. And thinkin', thinkin', thinkin', if I'd only said a word—"

He took her arm; his fingers must have hurt it.

"Tell me that," he said, softly, painfully, wanting to hear it now, to have it finally, and irrevocably, before him in words. In her plain words, he breathed forth, in that confused and vehement whisper. Words that he would remember—words like letters of fire in his mind. The thoughts she had, the hate she had, when she remembered a cop named McGarvey, and the thing he had done to her—that was what he had to have now. That was what she had to tell him.

She looked up at him quietly, and she said:

"What would I tell you? That it's hurt you more than Tully—more than me? I see that in you now. It's a thing I've pity for. Not hate."

"No," McGarvey said thickly. "Listen—"

Her mouth shook a little, tenderly.

"Don't I remember Tully like you?" she said. "Long ago, the year I met him. A cop, he said he was, but I'd not believe that on his oath. We all used to smile at him—the lord mayor, my brother Joe would call him. Because that's the way he looked at you, young and strong, and as proud as Punch. Tully the cop—that's how I came to think of him. Is Tully the cop here yet? I'd ask them, running in from my work. The fella with a laugh that'd shake the house. And my brother Joe—"

Her voice caught there. Her smile, which quivered and broke, was something McGarvey couldn't watch.

"And when we married I didn't like his work. I tried and I tried to get him away from it, because of the fear that was always in me. He'd never listen. 'Will you not be foolish now?' he'd say to me. And I cried to myself, but I talked to him no more about it. For I saw what it was. Tully the cop—that was the thing he was proud of. He'd not hate you. He'd say: go on, man. Will you not be foolish now? Will you not—"

McGARVEY saw what shone in her eyes; he pushed by her dumbly, across the pavement to the cab. Margaret hurried after him and jumped into the cab with him. He mumbled something to the driver—the precinct house, because it was the first thing that came into his head. And when they started off he sat back with his eyes closed, her face fixed in his mind, knowing he was lost forever, no way out, no path back for McGarvey. Her voice still rang, high and faint, intolerable, in his ears. Tully the cop—what did it mean? Lies! Lies! Like the things they all said to McGarvey. Nothing true. Trying to make him think—

And yet, obscurely, with a life of their own, they moved inside him, they would not let him be. McGarvey the cop—he used to think of himself that way, too. Funny. A cop was nothing great at all. Only for him and for Tully, it had been the one thing in their heads. He could remember a very young McGarvey, a kid in school, hanging around the precinct house, looking at the plain-clothes man and the desk sergeant inside, knowing that there was the thing he wanted to do, and nothing was going to change him ever. And he could remember an older McGarvey, McGarvey the rookie, walking his first beat with bubbles in his blood, and something in his heart he was never going to lose.

He'd lost that now. Why? He'd have died as Tully had, if Tully had shot first. But McGarvey the cop would have had no squawk. You paid for what you wanted. Tully the cop had paid all he had; would McGarvey the cop have paid that too?

Something happened to him; he got all calm and quiet inside. Sure, he thought; why, sure. Me and Tully—we knew what it was. Nothing great; nothing noble. But all we wanted. So—so he and Tully shared it now. Not a uniform; not a way to make a living. Just—

The cab slowed suddenly. He looked through the window and saw people lined across the gutter, a row of cops holding them back. Here, McGarvey thought—of course. Hadn't Ed Furey told him that the drugstore where Donlin had placed the call was only a few blocks away? They had him holed up here now. Donlin, the cop killer. He was sure of that at once; it was a thing that had to happen. Because whose job was it now? Whose but his and Charlie Tully's?

He and Margaret got out of the cab, and pushed through the crowd to where a group of men were gathered around Inspector Riley's bulky form. Ed Furey, looking angry and worried, was talking.

"—must have spotted us from upstairs," McGarvey heard him say. "Or maybe the girl saw our car keeping after her. Just as soon as we started across the street he blasted down at us from the window. Then he tried to duck out the back, but Kennedy and Tom Hansen headed him off. He's in there now with a couple of guys and a closet full of guns. And it's gonna be one nice, sweet job digging him out."

By moving a little McGarvey could see the house—three doors in from the corner, on the other side of the street, an old-fashioned brownstone tenement, with all the windows on the smashed and shattered to strips of glass. No one n street itself; save for a pa and there it spread out sl narrow, utterly still. Look Garvey had an absurd tho he walked out there, him, M bullets could stop him: the pass through his body as i Whose job was this? His Tully's. So—

He had actually started Ed Furey grabbed his arm waiting now for tear gas, h were other tenants in there and the inspector would ha safe and easy. But there m way in which Red Donlin l cover. Would McGarvey t with them?

McGARVEY didn't pay tion to what Furey s followed docilely enough. avenue, keeping to the shel posts, and into a house on t of the street, on the corner, Red Donlin's. He heard shots; he didn't know wh them. After Ed Furey and uniformed men he went in way. There he waited—t edge—while the three othe tered. Then they all went stairs to a cellar.

They looked around ther that could pass them throug tenement. They didn't fin Garvey stood behind them the shelter of a coalbin, ever in his mind. He'd lived in a like this as a boy; he rer subcellar that ran on benea ones to keep them from There might be one here, t were—

He found it soon after Ed





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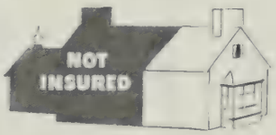
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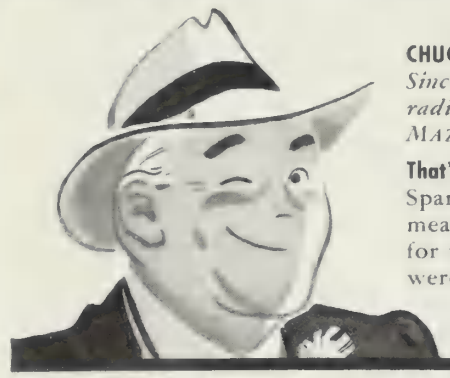
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

the others went out to the yard—a square of wood set in the stone floor behind the furnace, smeared over with a rubble of dirt and ashes. The door came up easily enough; then, with his hands on the sides, he dropped through into the thick darkness below. He had to crouch down in that stinking darkness, four feet deep; he had to crawl forward on his hands and knees through cold slime that closed over his fingers, and dragged at the outspread tails of his coat.

It was nothing he minded. Twice he struck matches, seeing by the first he was past the next house down, by the second he was under Red Donlin's. He got under the wooden scuttle there, set his shoulders against it and pushed up; he was in the cellar of the third house then, lit vaguely by the red belly of the furnace before him.

Stairs slanted up dimly against the far wall; he was moving for them when the firing began again, in a heavy blast directly over him. McGarvey reached the stairs and started up, feeling all right, solid and sure with his gun in his hand, hearing no whispers, knowing where Charlie Tully was if he was anyplace at all—around here now, so close in the shadows McGarvey might have touched him by reaching out his hand.

A door let him into the street hall. More stairs took him up, over the first flight, across the landing, to the foot of the second. A woman sobbed hysterically, somewhere behind walls; on the second landing a man with a revolver in his hand crouched under the hall window. At first he did not see McGarvey; he raised one hand and rubbed his mouth shakily. Then, as McGarvey came on, a stair creaked and his head turned, and he looked down at McGarvey with his hand still frozen at his mouth. He did not move for a count of three; McGarvey could see whiteness all around the pupils of his eyes. After that he was a lot too slow, a lot too clumsy, swinging his gun down. McGarvey was the only one to fire.

In a room off to the right an automatic spat four times, drowning his single report in its splattering lashes of sound. McGarvey went up fast, across the landing and into the room, under an echoing cover of shots from the street. He saw a man lying on the f r there twitching a little, a dark sp ch like shadow on his forehead, his es fixed unwinkingly on the wall ac s from him. Just before McGarvey red the twitching stopped, and he sa hat the dark splotch wasn't shadow, bright stare wasn't life.

He went on—out to the h again forward along up. When he wa alfway to the street side a door b re him opened, and a narrow streak f dirt gray light shot out and wider acros the banisters. A man came ou after it cursing thickly, with a machin un ba anced across his withered left m. His back was to McGarvey; he d 't hear his steps.

"Donlin," McGarvey said. onlin'

The other man turned fas turne and saw him standing there, n fee away, a step out from the wa his le arm stretched out along it. d Mc Garvey looked back at him qui y, com plete then, the way Charlie T y mus have been complete the night died— everything in place, every ng he needed solid inside him. Not a id you understand, not wanting to di but no squawk, no kick, no hate in h .

And no excitement at all; hurry His job—his and Charlie Tu s. He seemed to have all the time t re was to place his shots—one, two, in at last split second. The other gun sw down to him across that withere arm— stopped there, wobbled once a fell to the floor.

HE TOOK Margaret home t night much later. He took her st the house where Tully the cop die nce in line of duty, and then they stop d for a time, as they always did, ou le her door.

"That letter now," McGarvey d soleemnly there; "I don't know wh wrote it. It wasn't true. I just had a t of— crazy ideas. Did you ever bel e it?

"No," she said. She straight d his tie; she gave his chin a pat, h voice low and not too steady. "Be se—i guess I believed in somethi else Bernie. You and me, perhaps. that's what you want—"

McGarvey didn't answer t ; he didn't have to. She could see it there in his eyes.



"I'm awfully sorry, but we just don't happen to have targets that swing back and forth"

A Bomber Goes Back Home

Continued from page 12

n British plane; he hoped and
/e that with the searchlights
k -out, no Spitfires or Hurricanes
lc ick him up over England. But
on the broad belt of white fog which
ou d the North Sea, great fires were
ir and searchlights laced the sky,
f her to the eastward, low on the
zo he saw a pale streak which
in he dawn. Perhaps, over there,
'd in into trouble.
ut anyway, he told himself, no
ie, British or German, no man or
g m heaven, earth or hell, would
er itted to stand in the way of the
sic s unerring accomplishment.
s ck plane—this great winged
ib- harged, packed, crammed with
h iest load of explosives ever
sp ed by air, must and would get
ug It all sounded melodramatic,
ou —but if this stunt wasn't melo-
na hat in God's name was it?
qu on Leader Levin nudged him
h elbow. "Did the P.M. say who
ho se will be there, sir?"
No But from yesterday's news-
ers fancy there'll be at least the
of em—complete with henchmen,
vi, othsayers and back-scratchers."

VI grunted and scowled at the in-
tru nt dials. "Well, the more the
rie of course. But it's not so much
oth s as—him! Him!" He pounded
glo d fist on the control. "Him!
n! im!"
ir A er nodded but said nothing. He
ied ver the retractor gear and
ind p the undercarriage; then he
ed moisture from the side glass
pe d downward. Dimly, he could
fie , hedges, cottages and tree-
ged ads. Even as he looked, the
age became fewer, the roads dwin-
d to athways, the fields gave way
nars s, the marshes to fog-patched
er. ey were over the sea. He stood
and oked back, pressing his cheek
inst e cold, plastic glass and strain-
his es. He wanted to see land as
g as e could. He could still see it.
n, s denly, the right wing blanked
ut, d he thought—

his yal throne of kings, this
sceptred isle . . .
his o er Eden, demi-paradise . . .
his pr ious stone set in a silver sea . . .
his blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England."

He kn w he had left out some of the
es, bu these simple, passionate ones
t can to him so spontaneously were
ones e wanted, now. No tosh about
m! 'his blessed plot, this earth,
s real . . ." he closed his eyes, "this
Engla !"
He sli back into his seat and consid-
d th sky over the Dutch coast
ere se chlights marched like ghosts
ong ickering bursts of antiair-
ft she s. Below, the mist was a fiery
wher docks and warehouses blazed.
limb er," he ordered. "We've got
get hi er or we'll run into that mess."
Righ sir!—It does look as though
r bom ng talent is giving 'em a bit
stink his morning!" Levin's eyes
oved f m pressure gauges to tacho-
ters inclinometer to altimeter.
here! here, now—she's feeling her
ts! M ifold pressure's at thirty-five
hes. I give her any more, she may
rt pop ing her cylinder heads. You
ow, si I wish we could have flown
s ugly rute a bit more and learned
at she eally can do!"
"So do I, Levin, but flying German
mbers ver England is an unfashion-
able sport, these days. You'll recall what happened to the hopeful Huns who flew over in the four ships that this one's built out of!"

"I recall it with the keenest pleasure, sir!"

"Tail turret!" Baruch's voice came from the loud-speaker. "I can still see it, sir! Just barely! There's a hole in the mist and . . ."

"You can still see what, Baruch?"

"Why, England, sir! I—I rather thought you'd like to know!"

"Oh! Yes, yes, of course! Thank you, Baruch."

"Yes, sir. But now it's—no, wait—yes, it's gone!" The loud-speaker crackled and lapsed into silence.

Squadron Leader Levin jerked his head toward it and grinned. "Good little chap, that Baruch, sir!"

"If he weren't, he wouldn't be back there in the tail!"

"Well, I s'pose not, sir. But I mean, he's such a topping good kid that I, I—well, I'd hate to think that intelligence might be mistaken and . . ."

"And that Baruch and you and I and all of us—all this, this stunt—might be wasted? Is that it?"

"Yes, sir! I mean, intelligence did make some rather ghastly blunders in Norway and Flanders, as we all saw, sir. And if they are wrong today, why, I mean, just think of the laugh that that filthy swine will have at our expense!"

Sir Asher chuckled. "Well, he'll have to build himself a new chancellery, in any case!"

"Yes, sir! But—" Again the pilot pounded his fist on the rim of the wheel. "But that wouldn't be getting—him! Him—Him!"

"Don't worry, Levin," Sir Asher said, evenly. "Intelligence isn't wrong this time. Mistakes did happen at the start, of course. But—they won't happen today!"

They were approaching Amsterdam, now, flying in full sun, although the ground beneath still lay in misty twilight. From time to time they could see muzzle flashes as the guns let go.

"Appears to be quite a tussle, yonder," said Sir Asher. "Better boost her upstairs a bit more. If we . . ."

"Top turret," came Browne's voice. "Five Messerschmitts—no six—above, right and rear, sir. No, by God, there're a dozen of 'em—twenty of 'em! They're . . ."

"Tail!" Baruch broke in upon him. "Ten Messerchmitts coming up from behind, sir!"

"Okay, top and tail," said Sir Asher. "Yes—yes, and now there're eight or ten more of them closing in from the left. Well, they're going to escort us through! Jolly decent of them, gentlemen!"

THE Germans throttled their engines and maneuvered into close formation above and on both sides of the Junkers, seesawing slowly up and down as though floating on the crests of a gently undulating sea swell. Their leader, whose plane had Wagnerian dragons painted in silver and blue on its nose, drew in so close alongside that they could see his white teeth as he smiled and read his lips as he said, "*Guten morgen!*" Sir Asher waved to him gaily; then, "All turrets!" he snapped into his phone. "Take your hands off your guns! Wave at him! Be polite! No thumbing of noses, mind!"

After a moment or so of swooping about ahead of them, the Messerschmitt executed a snap roll and pulled up into a nearly vertical zoom.

"Look! Look at him, sir!" Levin

WATCH OUT !!

for slightest sign of bleeding gums—it's often

GINGIVITIS



4 OUT OF 5

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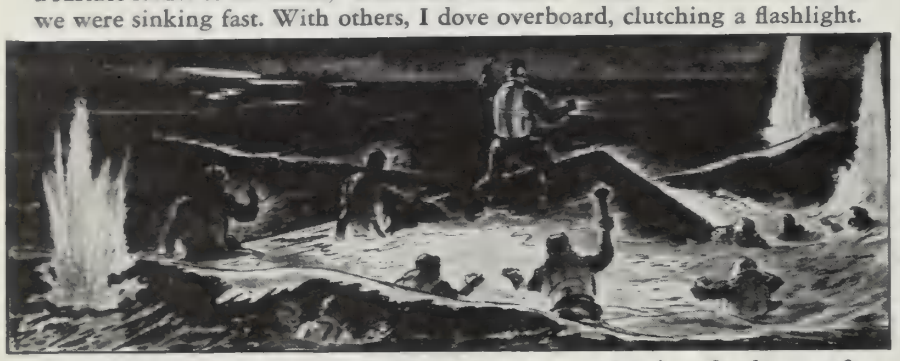
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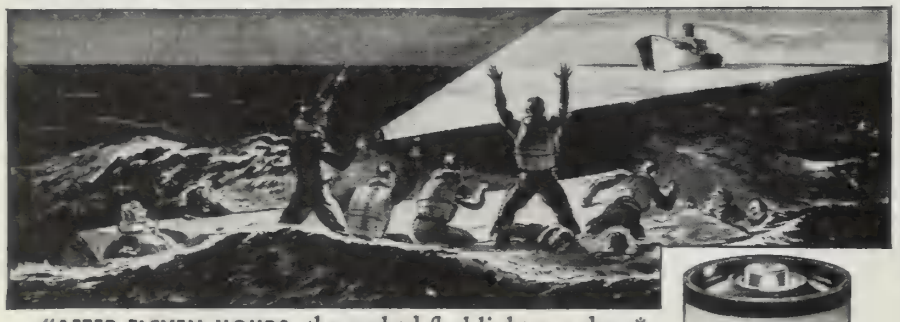
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snarled as the German rocketed aloft to lead his numerous flock. "Oh, the nasty, swanking Hun exhibitionist!"

Sir Asher laughed. "Perhaps he won't feel quite so hip-hip-hurrah when he hears the two-o'clock communiqué!"

"Then you don't think they'll try to hush it up, sir? At least, till they've had a chance to liquidate some of the thousands of people who'll start kicking over the applecart as soon as the news comes out?"

"I doubt it. More probably, they'll beat their breasts, raise a great outcry about 'Britain's Jewish assassins' and rend the very ether with their howls."

"Forgetting, of course, what they tried to do to King Haakon. And what they almost did to Their Majesties in Buckingham Palace!"

"Of course! Such is the nature of the beasts!"

LEVIN was silent for a moment. "And then how long," he asked, "how long do you think it will be before it's—it's all ended?"

Sir Asher shrugged. "The Prime Minister looks for complete disintegration within a month. Six weeks at longest."

"And then there'll be peace!" said Levin. "Peace—in six weeks! Oh, sir—wouldn't it be jolly fine if—if we could only be there to see it? I mean, just the first minute of it; that'd be enough! Just so that we'd know we'd really done it! Just the first minute of it, and all six of us sitting around the radio hearing the news come in and—and having a drink together and . . ."

A fringe of dazzling streaks crisscrossed in the air ahead, with a ripping, cracking whiplash sound as though tearing the air apart. Then, from all around, came the chatter of machine guns and the sledge-hammer thud of 37-millimeter cannons. Six B & P Defiants hurtled down into the Messerschmitt formation, their wing guns spitting tracer bullets in silvery sheets, like raindrops in a driving summer sun shower. Just before they vanished, the left wing of one of them seemed to explode and then the whole plane fell to pieces in the air. For perhaps ten seconds more there was firing behind and below. The sound of it died away and the fight was over.

The plane with the painted dragons dived into view, its pilot waving and grinning. Stuck in the corner of his grin was a fat cigar with the band on it. "Hell!" screamed Levin, in fury. "Look—look at the rotten swanker!" The dragon plane wobbled its wings in triumphant farewell and headed toward the coast, taking the formation with it.

"Tail turret, sir!" Baruch's voice was excited. "There're quite a few bullet holes, back here, sir. Are the controls okay?"

"Try your controls, Levin."

The ship responded normally.

"Doesn't seem to be any damage, Baruch. How many of those chaps strafed you?"

"Only one, but he bore down jolly hard! I didn't get him—thank God!"

"Well, damn it, you should have!"

"Yes, sir." There was a peculiar note in the gunner's voice. "I had him squarely in my sights for three or four seconds, but I couldn't shoot. I—I rather think he shot me, though."

"What's that? You mean you're hit?"

"Well, I don't exactly feel anything, that's the funny part of it. But from my waist down, nothing seems to—to be working, sir."

"Belly turret!" Simons' voice broke in. "Baruch's been hit, sir! I can see blood coming out of bullet holes in the floor of the tail turret!"

"Yes, Simons. Baruch! Baruch! Listen to me, Baruch! Feel around inside your clothes and try to find the wound. Plug it with your glove or your handkerchief or your gun rag or- Try to stop the bleeding, 1 hear me, Baruch?"

The answer was cheery ligible.

"Baruch! Tail turret! E Asher shouted. The loud- silent.

"Damn!" Levin groane there was only some way there to him!"

Sir Asher shook his hea the compartments built ir there was no passage; the plosives filled every avail fuselage space.

"Blood's still coming out, reported. "More and more

Levin closed his eyes and and forth, cursing throatily

"Mr. Levin! Watch your

For the next hour or so only when matters of navi words necessary. In his mir reviewed other such despe as their own and wonderec engaged in them had felt nervous as he felt now. H the submarine "Davids" of can Civil War, with their sp which exploded on contact their crews to bits; of the fi infantrymen who carried th out into the barbed wire and it went off; of the six R.A.F had dive-bombed the Maes and then plunged bullet-rid river; of the two Italians World War who rode a t Pola harbor and blew up t flagship. Miraculously, the lived to tell the tale. The no such miracle today! . .

From time to time plane low them—some of them tr fighters patrolling the bac others, of various types, t to or from the front. The the Weser, then left it behir over Linden and through th ers of smoke from the factor over. Away to the southwar see the Harz Mountains. T side, for the most part, wa ered and dazzling white in sun, although the forests s black patches.

AS THEY were approachi north of Oebisfelde the l gave out a soft, coughing sou Baruch's voice said, "Hello Mollie there?"

Levin's forearms tensed a the wheel. "Mollie's my They're—engaged."

"Hello. Who's that at t Baruch was impatient, now please call Mademoiselle M —L-e-v-i-n? Do you hear, ass?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir, just a mi sir!" Hastily, Sir Asher d transmitter from his chest it across to Levin. "Here "You talk to him!"

Levin drew a quick brea Joe!" he said, breezily. "Thi How's tricks, Joe?"

"Hello, Bob! Oh, good er though I've had hell's own t through to you. Listen, I over in Cannes. Is Mollie

"Why no. She's—she's nc now."

"Well, look, Bobby; I'm o the Carlton Bar, outside on in the sunset, and it's a jolly if anybody should ask you! shows up, will you tell her I her here? I've reserved a ta Casino gala, and afterward w over to Anne Litt's dance-div les-Pins and tread the ligh Lambeth. How does it sou me-boy?"

"A bit of all right, Joey me

...u feeling, yourself—I mean, fr...n this and that?"

...Oh, bursting with health!—...!—Er, except, well . . . you ...een sitting here at the Carlton ...o'clock, drinking in the beauty ...nset, no use denying it, and ...e old head's clear as a bell, ...my legs—m-m-m . . ."

...Joe! I say, Joey!" Levin ...haking the transmitter. "Lis... Wait a minute!" There was ...se.

... thinks it's that last sum... ...in explained. "The summer ...nean—down on the Riviera. ... families were there and he ...e and—and—and, oh, hell!" ...er took the transmitter from ...ut it back in the clip on his ...ard lines, Levin," he said. ...s, boy." He couldn't think ...g else to say that wouldn't ...tosh and so he changed the ...et's drop down to ten thou... ...or a bit. What do you make ... there—Gardelegen?"

...gen? Yes, it's Gardelegen. ...onder, sir, if you'd mind tak... ...or just a minute. I'd rather ... the Kaddish. That is, if you ...he thing to do."

..., y." Sir Asher connected his ...rols and took charge of the ...elt that he must cry and he ... head away. But though his ...and went blurry he was able, ...o prevent the tears running ...eeks.

...ve mercy upon him; pardon ...nsgressions," he heard the ...e Jewish prayer for the dy... ...er his soul in the shadow of ... Make known to him the path ... The prayer, he considered, ...ly for Baruch; it would do ...them; and it made him feel

...n-twenty-five they crossed ...e at Tangermuende. They ...xty miles from Berlin. "Slow ..., Sir Asher ordered. "Slow her ...undred an hour and zigzag ...rse." He tried to think of ...g to make conversation, to keep ...in's mind off what lay so ...d. "The snow hasn't changed ...things a great deal, has it?" ... But it does seem whole ...we made our last reconnais... ...here, doesn't it?"

...Absolutely! But let's see— ...en less than two months! ...s slowly, eh, Levin?" It ...sh and the clock's hands ...h. Those hands were mov... ...fact—in fact, it was time ...ready. Well—

...t metal case beside the seat ...ge-scale map of the city of ..., mounted on plywood. He rested ...ees. His knees were trem... ...ly that they joggled the ... muttered something about ... vibration. Marked on the map in red ink were fourteen letters of the alphabet, each indicating a railway depot, a hotel or a government building. He placed the tip of his forefinger on the letter C. He had to bear down rather hard to keep it there. "Well, Levin," he said, "would you care to have a look to refresh your memory, or—?"

"Don't need to, sir. I could find my way to it blindfolded."

More and more frequently they droned over villages and broad estates; then the estates became smaller and fewer and the villages larger, until they turned into towns. Soon the towns ran in together, became one, and below was an endless expanse of houses—the outskirts of Berlin.

"Take her down to a thousand feet." Sir Asher ordered, glancing at the clock.

Save in the parks, the great city was clear of snow; its streets and boulevards were black ribbons along which crawled droves of bicycles and ■ few busses and motorcars.

OVER Charlottenburg they went down to eight hundred. Ahead and to the right lay the Hippodrome and the Zoo and beyond them the Tiergarten. Far down the broad Charlottenburger Chaussee, beyond the lines of trees, they could see the Brandenburger Thor and Unter den Linden. Sir Asher looked at the clock again. His heart was pounding so violently that it hurt. His forearms were icy cold and so was the pit of his stomach. It required ■ conscious effort to breathe. Only once before in his life had he felt as he felt now. That time, he had won the Victoria Cross.

"Take her down to five hundred." Somehow he managed to keep his voice steady.

They flashed over the Brandenburger Platz and down Unter den Linden. "There!" he said suddenly, pointing. "It's that white building! See it?"

"Yes, sir!"

"See the red carpet on the steps? And the flags? And the guard turned out? And all the cars with motorcycle escorts?"

"Yes, sir!"

"They're driving into the courtyard!"

"Yes, sir!"

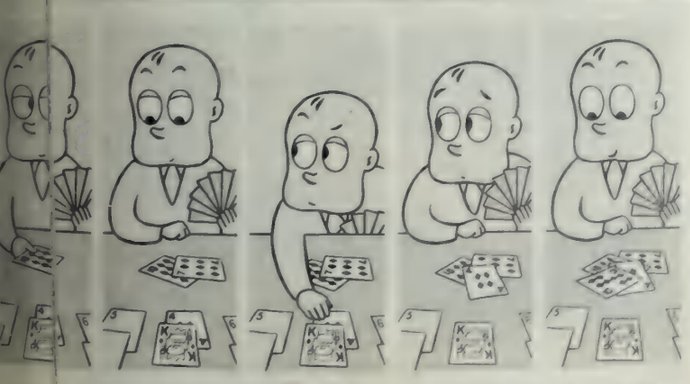
"Yes! Well!" He slapped the pilot's shoulder. "Intelligence was right! Right for once! Eh, Levin?"

"Yes, sir! For once!" Levin was savage. "And this once is—enough!"

"Take her up to a thousand feet and then swing back over it." The big plane roared above the housetops in ■ wide, climbing turn. On one of the roofs an old woman stopped beating carpets long enough to wave up at them; from another, a flock of pigeons rose in the noon sunshine like fluttering scraps of paper. And now the plane was heading back.

Levin, gripping his wheel, said, "Now! Now, sir! It's right in line!"

"Good! Head her down! Shove her down, lad! Crash her in the center of the courtyard! Dive her, boy! Steeper! Steeper! Steeper!"



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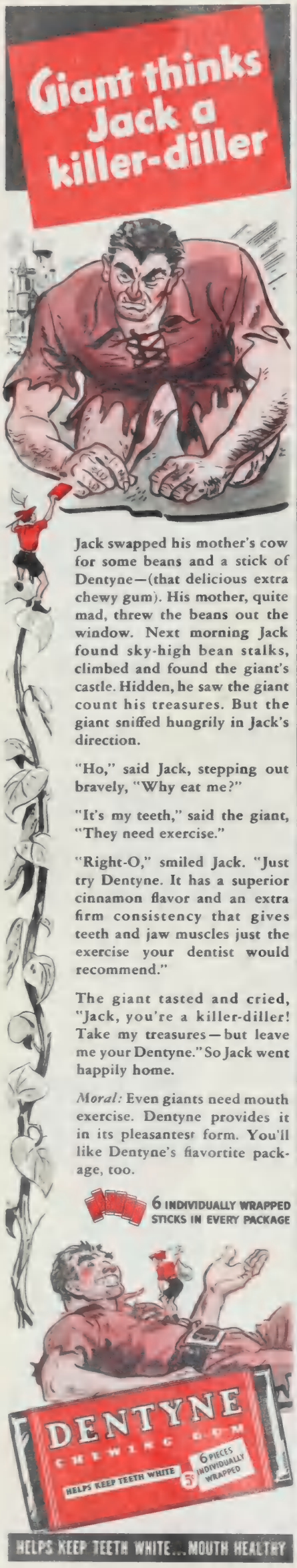
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FEDERAL Mogul OIL-CONTROL BEARINGS



Front Line Against Cancer

Continued from page 21

Meanwhile, Dr. J. J. Bittner was switching baby mice from one mother to another right after birth, and here came a discovery that gives promise of some day eliminating cancer of the breast. If a mouse from a noncancerous mother suckled but 24 hours at the breast of a mouse from the high-cancer strain, it was almost surely doomed. But the babies of high-cancer mothers rarely developed the disease if switched within one day to a low-cancer mother.

One of the most widespread types of cancer has thus been traced back directly and irrefutably to some mysterious, malign element in the mouse mother's milk. What is the element, and is it rendered impotent by freezing, by pasteurization or by other treatment? Does cow's milk have a similar substance? Does human milk? Is the suckling child of a woman whose mother died of breast cancer swallowing some evil chemical that will kill it? No one yet knows.

If human milk is similarly poisoned, breast cancer might be wiped out in a few generations by bottle-feeding babies from families in which breast cancer is prevalent. The problem has baffling ramifications, but the experiments seem at present the most hopeful approach yet discovered to the prevention of one type of cancer—first dividend on an investment in mice.

Major-domo of Mousetown, Dr. Little is also managing director of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, and consultant in genetics of the National Cancer Council.

Dr. Little has been interested in genetics since he raised pet mice, rabbits and guinea pigs as a child. The interest has developed through the years into complete absorption. A big, dynamic individual with tremendous enthusiasms and a magnificent Harvard accent, Little never let dreary academic affairs keep him from his animals. As president of the University of Maine, he set up a mouse genetics laboratory next to his office, and when he moved to the University of Michigan his mice went along. When he resigned as Michigan president in 1929, he renounced the scholastic world in favor of mice, whose behavior seemed to him more rational, and in the present state of affairs perhaps even more important, since through mice he hoped to get a better understanding of men.

Twelve Years of Progress

While he was still at Michigan, Little had interested Roscoe B. Jackson, then president of the Hudson Motor Company, in the idea of a laboratory for cancer research.

Shortly after Little left Michigan, construction began—and Jackson died. His family and several of his friends completed the building as a memorial, and other contributors chipped in enough to equip it, so in the fall of 1929 the laboratory opened its doors.

Before the first mice were grandmothers, the depression blew across the land. With no endowment, and subscriptions reduced to a minimum, the laboratory repeatedly seemed ready to fold. For nearly two years the staff worked only half-time—the other half it spent fishing, hunting, gardening, canning and otherwise scraping together sufficient food for existence.

After the dark days of the early 1930's things looked up considerably. In 1937 the Rockefeller Foundation was so much impressed with the progress made that it granted $40,000 to enlarge the laboratory. Now the laboratory gets some $50,000 a year. Half of it has to come from solicited miscellaneous donations, the other half from selling its altogether unique standardized mice. Ten thousand mice are shipped out every month from Mousetown to go to other laboratories.

In such an improved, though still precarious financial state, the laboratory is approaching the cancer secret from all sides. And one of its big accomplishments is confirmation of the theory, long suspected but never heretofore proved, that cancer is not one disease, but many. It is not a unity, and many factors must be considered in attempting to blot it out—heredity, sex hormones, diet, sunlight, vitamins and others.

When Cells Go Wild

The only apparent bond between the different types of cancer is that they all result from a breakdown in the adult body of the powerful forces that limit growth.

The stimuli which make cells go wild vary in different strains of inbred mice, and the ability of such cells to grow without limit depends upon the hereditary background of the mice in which they arise and grow. The laboratory has transplanted flourishing tumors from mice of one strain to mice of another, and the tumors have died; but transplanted to a third strain, they have continued to flourish.

As a refinement of t
business, the Jackson
making "artificial"
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from one to the other.

Even racial differen
bility to the disease ar
The American-Europ
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poliomyelitis will kill pe
maim as many more—l
dredth the toll of cance

But the fight is goin
standardized mice from
stitute the crack regime
troops in the battle to
how to cheat death of o
liest weapons.



"Come, come, madam. You'll have to make up your mind. . . . We're behind schedule now"

Venezuela Holds the Safety Key

Continued from page 19

ncy nowadays to drift toward
sb, Venezuela alone, among
nt ations that have been once
n talitarianism, bravely strug-
tl opposite path—back from
Gomez toward free choice.
ca e of her government's per-
in ie rich oil production, Vene-
th blessed country, that Utopia
h ou groaningly dream over
ec ook at least once a year—
o tional debt, no annual defi-
tu d treasury, no taxes on the
i fit. Yet its people seem the
y meet in South America;
ert, f the great majority of them
us ough but made even more
t h ause it is side by side with
alt and, finally, more beggars,
eto s, will claw belligerently at
th streets of Caracas than in
ier ity north or south of the

nez la has peace and official
ity. he former under the velvet
Lo ez Contreras. The latter is
by government bookkeeping,
he menon it is in this day of
ot a shoestring nations. Yet, a
L' fera, a Caracas daily news-
adm s that "the majority of our
me ive with their minds occu-
tely y the problem of existing
y t lay."
one is plentiful in Venezuela.
tion treasury has more gold
can mestly spend. Yet the cost
is ree or four times as high
ew ork. For example, an ordi-
stau nt meal that would cost
dol r in the States costs you 16
, or bout $4 down here.
s co d be added to the forego-
fea res of the bewildering face
nezu a thrusts into Pan-Ameri-
tion nd affairs. Those will fur-
n a eral pattern, however, for
it.
dent lly in the circumstances,
ted Sates is represented here by
be a est and most discerning of
matin South America—Doctor
. Co igan, scientist and man of
e fro Cleveland turned am-
r. C igan has had long years
a Am rica—Chile and Panama,
—bo in and out of government
He *simpatico*. He is a tough,
, pla -words Irishman with no
stu and nonsense about him.
e put on his derby and takes up
to y a call upon the presi-
r son other official, he speaks
m flu tly in their own language
sh—d sacrifices no points to
ty.

Magic Hand

uela as the first mainland of
w W ld that Columbus ever
d—si years after Watling
The untry's name means in
"Lit e Venice," and was so
by a ater explorer, de Ojedo,
saw tive settlements on stilts
ater's dge. You know of Texas
large state. Venezuela is as
s Tex , plus the New England
and est Virginia. It is the
most ountry of South America,
ost w olly inside the first ten
abov the equator, confronts
ribbea Sea and the North At-
Ocean- ouches Colombia, Bra-
Britis Guiana and is bisected
of t world's greatest and
avigab rivers, the Orinoco. Its
stern ngles are those of Green
ns; it as peaks with eternal-
antles, orests that no white man
r pen ated, all the most ven-
omous snakes and insects you ever heard of, incredibly fertile lowlands and grazing upland pastures and, besides gold and petroleum, nearly all the known precious and rare minerals, but in what extent geologists can only guess.

Quite a land! Yet only as many people live in the whole of it as in Osaka, Chicago or Shanghai. Lopez Contreras wants settlers, and the founding of colonies of Nordic as well as of European Latin immigrants is among his plans.

People are wealth, in the Contreras vision. People who can farm, or who have trained and skilled hands for the development of industries that can redeem Venezuela from sole dependence upon the one crop of oil. The presidente can easily imagine that fearful day which alarmists warn of when a slump in the world's petroleum market might shunt his country back overnight into the malaria and peonage and hopelessness of the preoil times.

For Venezuela is an "oil civilization." Petroleum comprises virtually one hundred per cent of her export trade with the outside world. Before the exploitation of her oil she was a roadless, scarcely known land, from which the usual news was of revolutions and killings and incredible graft, with every man's hand in the national till to a depth governed not at all by morals but entirely by opportunity.

The "Blessings" of Civilization

Without oil Venezuela would amount to nothing—unless one of her other now untouched resources was exploited. In a sense, Venezuela is cursed by her natural riches; she is one of those countries whose equatorial climate imposes lethargy on its people and whose fetid jungles present health risks. Follow the equator the world around and you find such lands. Perhaps they would be happier if left to their primitive society and economy. But they have what the hardy, energetic, aggressive men of moderate climes need for their industries and for their pursuit of wealth and power.

So, only a quarter of a century ago, the lean, tanned men of Oklahoma and Texas—men who have pitch instead of blood in their veins, divining rods for brains, magnetometers for eyes—reached Venezuela to verify the plenitude of her oil, which had been suspected from colonial times. At their backs rode the flood of American capital, together with some Dutch and British, that was to rehabilitate the oft-looted treasury of the country and give to some of her people, at least, a new standard of living.

The chief vice is that pastoral simplicity has been destroyed. The oil companies pay a comparatively high wage—a minimum of eight bolivars, about two dollars per day at current exchange, to unskilled field workers—to men who heretofore barely scratched a few pennies from the soil, but who raised enough to feed themselves, had no fuel problem and got along with one pair of pants for a lifetime. There was a grievously dangerous shift of population from agriculture to the oil camps. Men of employable age got jobs and hordes of relatives quit all else to live on them. Venezuelan economists insist the rate is sometimes as high as twenty—minors, incapacitated, aged and just lazy—workless people living on one working man. Divide the two dollars a day by twenty or ten or even five and it isn't so much. Again, the oil companies provide housing for their employees that is in such contrast to the hovels of those who

You'll like yeast  this new way



HENRY: How come so much pep? Been eating yeast again?
SUE: No . . . drinking Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice, the quick, delicious way.



HENRY: I was a faithful yeast-eater once, like millions of other people, and I never felt better in my life! But I didn't like the taste.
SUE: It's easy to stay with it now. Yeast in tomato juice is wonderful. Gives it that oven-fresh bread flavor. Twice a day is my motto! And I *know* that's the best way to get all the benefits of yeast. That's how I get that on-top-of-the-world feeling!



HENRY: I guess they've proved that yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex. Maybe I ought to take it up again.
SUE: Best idea you ever had. Drink it first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . and keep it up. And don't be surprised if you begin to feel like a million!



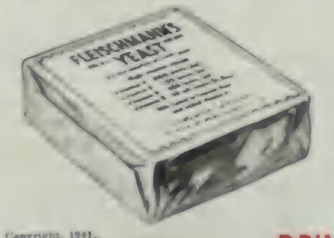
MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!



Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast

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DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

PERHAPS IT'S YOUR TOBACCO— NOT YOUR PIPE

ARE YOU ONE of those pipe smokers who envy the pleasure other men get from their pet briars?

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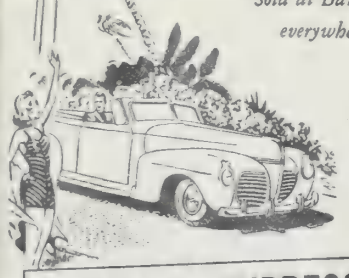
SO WHY BE SATISFIED with ordinary tobacco—when a 15-cent pocket tin or pouch of Edgeworth gives you more real smoking enjoyment?

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If you haven't yet found "the perfect pipe tobacco," write to Larus & Brother Company, 202 South 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia—and we'll send you, AT OUR EXPENSE, a generous sample of Edgeworth Ready Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

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AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

1891—Fifty Years of Unbroken Service—1941

do not work for them, or do not possess relatives who work for them, that jealousy and discontent spread over the surrounding countryside.

All this, furthermore, makes it difficult for small local industries either to be established or developed, because they are unable to compete with oil wages and housing.

There is the other side. It is true the oil companies have taken profits from Venezuela. It is equally true they have given back generously, sometimes beyond requirements of the Venezuelan laws. It is finally true, and perhaps this is most important, that the oil companies realize the disturbance they have caused to the social and economic structure of the country, and within the last decade have inaugurated measures that have them striving hand in fist with the welfare and diversification aims of Lopez Contreras.

The exploitation of oil resources in a jungle country like Venezuela is a gamble beset with difficulties. It takes means and experience beyond those of the owners of the land. Single oil companies have spent as much as $30,000,000 here before bringing a field to a profitable basis. Some have spent as much and got no more than a collection of dry holes for their pains.

Health and sanitation formed an expensive initial problem for oil companies in Venezuela, as they did for Gorgas at the Canal. Find a nest of derricks in the green wilderness, and you'll find a modern hospital. You'll find schools, too. Primary schools, trade schools — because the oil companies know the children of their workers are the workers of tomorrow. The big American oil companies select bright youngsters for training as teachers in the University of Caracas, or as engineers or doctors of medicine at colleges in the United States. Moreover, they maintain vocational schools in which agricultural pursuits are taught to counteract the rush from the furrows to the drillings.

The Man Venezuela Can't Forget

All this makes you wonder at the austerity of the Venezuelan man in the street, which most visitors find so pronounced in contrast with the affability, good cheer and friendliness of other South Americans. Wonder, that is, until you remember Gomez!

Juan Vicente Garcia Chacon—or Gomez, as he called himself, after the good-natured Andean farmer who was not his real father, but his mother's paramour—you remember, was the ignorant bandit *mestizo* who rode down out of the mountains and fought his way to Castro's right hand, then, when Castro was absent from the country, declared himself boss and for nearly thirty years ruled like an ancient Oriental potentate, treated the whole of Venezuela as his private property, called himself "El Benemerito," the well-deserving, and shut the country away from the world in tyranny, death and horror. He died in 1935 at eighty, unmarried, but leaving more than a hundred children—and a populace who didn't believe it was possible he was gone.

From bloody despotism to freedom overnight can't be taken in stride. There are many humble Venezuelans who still believe there is a catch in it. They have had little to be happy about in their lifetimes; much reason to be suspicious, morbid, furtive. The very walls of their homes had ears until only yesterday. Always there were the threats of ankle irons, of dungeons into which men were flung never to be seen again. You wouldn't be so darn' cheerful or friendly, either, if you had lived thus for most of your days.

One problem Lopez Contreras' government hasn't yet solved is the high cost of living. A bulging treasury, a national one-crop economy and a failure to raise any of its living necessities make a bad combination. Forced to buy virtually every bite it eats, every stitch it wears and most other daily needs abroad, with no native handiwork or folk culture, Venezuela has to exalt and rigidly control its foreign exchange.

Lopez Contreras evidently sees a way toward salvation in continued good relations with the foreign oil companies, recognition of hemisphere and world value of Venezuela's greatest resource—but with a concurrent, determined, earnest campaign to get the droves who are now little better than parasites on the oil-company workers back to useful knowledge and production of the land. Expropriation is never in prospect down here; although give and take with respect to the labor and lease laws, minor bickerings with occasional heartburn on both sides, continues.

Lopez Contreras believes that if his country reaches a balanced economy, gets full values from its fertile topsoil as well as from its rich subsoil, it can eventually support a population ten times as large as its present one—and many times happier. So he turns the huge royalty profits, which the oil companies now annually pay his government, back into public works—into schools, irrigation and highways in the farming districts where the oil-camp benefits do not reach directly.

Most notable, he has cleansed all traces of Gomez, his former boss, from Venezuela; and thrown out all the Gomecistas. He has ended the petty graft for which Venezuelan officials, both at home and in the consular system abroad, were notorious. His term of office—sternly fixed by himself at five years for any presidente—is up in April. The cynical die-hards are waiting to see whether he will actually step down and permit a free selection of his successor. If he goes so completely against the grain, history and tradition of Venezuelan politicos—it will be his greatest contribution to safety, order, decency and good faith in our hemisphere. And the lowliest and the highest among Venezuelans will believe at last in miracles—and be persuaded that perhaps democracy is here to stay.

From all this, you perceive that whatever happens in Venezuela—today, this spring, or in the years to come—will always be of vital impo[rtance to t]he defense and the prep[aredness] United States and ou[r sister la]w the Americas. At least [or as long] age of mechanized wa[r lasts in] history. Chiefly becau[se the "tw]o navy" and "the 50,000 [planes" a]nd which have been set f[orth as ou]r mum program, can be [more sound]y effectively realized wi[th the co]n tion and friendship of [Venezuela].

It's More Than Courtesy

It is true that in the [United Sta]tes have three fifths of t[he world's] eries, and that we n[eed to have] these at only three-qua[rters capa]city maintain present dom[estic air] trade. But the servici[ng, trans]oceanic routine operations in[to or ov]er the air armada we h[ave under] necessary to our place [in world] to make our hemisph[ere secure] the wild-mushroom gr[owth of] tional air commerce—[essential] express and freight—[which] leaders hold inevitable[after the] will burn up incalculab[le quan]tities high-octane gasoline. [Already] jor oil companies are [constructing] plants for its refining.

The United States [navy has] modernized from batt[leship] sweeper. You'd as lik[ely find a] burner in a navy yar[d today] would find at La Guard[ia Airport] falo robe of the sort [our grandmother] tucked around your gra[ndfather] went sparkin' in a bugg[y. Across the] dreds of new vessels of [the type] "two-ocean navy"; th[e first of the two] oil that will pass thro[ugh naval] ers and Diesels becom[e obsolescent] astronomers to figure. [Constantly ex]pansion, contemplated o[r actually under] way, of the military e[stablishment] air, naval and land—[almost] South American republ[ics will add] the burden and responsi[bility upon] hemisphere's oil resour[ces, tackage] of numerals onto its tot[al equipment] of the life stream of war.

Sympathy, friendlines[s and a reach] hand toward Venezuela [in her struggle] along the hard road back [from the dark]ness of Gomez to the lig[ht of Courtesy] thus becomes more tha[n a matter of] common courtesy.

For Venezuela plainly [is one of the] major aces in the sleeve [of the Western] curity and power.



"Tell that native boy he shouldn't feel indebted to us just because we threw him a silver dollar!"

Crossroads Champs

Continued from page 23

i's, Illinois, they had an event-
ng throwing curves around six
o the floor of a ballroom. Once,
l opr'y house at Port Washing-
is nsin, Les Johnson was cutting
t ket. Red Dunn, the old Mar-
a l Green Bay football player,
lo son an adroit hip. Johnson
n gh an open door behind the
a bounced down two flights of
H wasn't terribly hurt, not even
h eferee refused to award him
s t.

G be Trotters have been one of
ry w pro teams that have made
d a lot of it, in recent years.
a ft touch, pro basketball has
re d into a nickel-and-dime, fly-
ht terprise in the last ten years.
tri al Celtics used to pay Nat
in e thousand dollars for play-
ht ames a week and almost any
y mpty could get $50 for a
rk. Today, a youth with
no is college reputation is shot
uc if he makes fifty dollars a

Go Game and a Good Show

ba etball rarely has clicked as
ne d-home league proposition.
ake e thing worth while for pro-
an players, it is necessary to go
ten d tours of one-night stands
sti s. Since guarantees are small
om nore than $150 a game—a
mu play every night and twice
nd s, from November through
t. more than one substitute
ca ed, lest expenses eat up prof-
an All of which means that a
ju s by jaloppy through a 150-
sch le practically without relief,
ting rge lumps every night and
min with miseries ranging from
mal knee to broken ribs. A
corn g team cannot afford to lose
bu that murderous program
y d roys the flower of American
ood d the ball club goes to pot.
rov ial pot of poverty.

iat's he general setup," Saper-
exp ns. "There are other head-
aft you've got a nice schedule
go team lined up. To make
y in his business, you've got to
the sh customers one of two
t: A od contest or a good show.
d co st is hard to get every night.
are enty of pretty fair ballplay-
the cks, but they can't stay with
assy ros. Crowds won't come out
us k these teams by scores like
, as can without trying.

won't t my team fake games and
nd-o clowning is no good. People
like see a farce; this isn't wres-
The only answer is a blend of
tball nd entertainment. I am the
one the business who seems to
e thi

'e wo it this way: At the start
e gar the boys go out and give
rowd goggle-eyes with rapid-fire
ng ar shooting. After ten min-
of th we're so far ahead it's no
r a ba game. The crowd is get-
restle see, so we make a quick
h and into the five-minute com-
routin I've worked out. We play
and hard in the second half again,
wind with some more trick stuff.
custom rs love it.

ly ide has two advantages. It
s the ob interested and it saves
and t on the players. They sel-
work hard more than twenty
ites a ame. We play the longest
dule in the country, but the boys
r go ste."

Here is one of the Globe Trotters' acts: After a furious burst of passing the colored boys will set the ball down on the floor and simply walk away. The opposition is too stupefied by the wonders they have witnessed to pick up the ball. The other side does not come out of the ether until the Globe Trotters put the ball in play again.

Inman Jackson's favorite gag is bewildering an individual opponent so outrageously with pantomime passes that he can place the ball atop the man's head and make him believe it has vanished into thin air. Shooting craps and playing cards during a game is a simple stunt. Only two Globe Trotters are involved; the other three can hypnotize five opponents with the greatest of ease. Babe Pressley puts so much backspin on the ball that he can throw a bounce pass across the court to an enemy player—and make the ball return to him as if it were an educated boomerang.

The Globe Trotters are good at all games. If they are in a town owning a minor-league pennant, it is no trouble at all to whip up a baseball act in pantomime. A few years ago they made a barnstorming tour playing against a basketball team composed of Minnesota football stars of recent vintage. In the party were such glamor boys of the gridiron as Ed Widseth, Tuffy Thompson, Bud Swenson, George Roscoe, Jules Alfonse and Dick Seebach, the basketball captain. Emphasizing the football motif, the Globe Trotters pulled authentic lateral- and forward-pass plays all over the place. At Mankato, Minnesota, Bernie Price achieved the incredible stunt of standing at one end of the court and drop-kicking the big ball through the small basket seventy feet distant.

The Globe Trotters range in size from 6-foot, 1½-inch Sonny Boswell, the team midget, to Ted Strong, who is 214 pounds and 6 feet, 4 inches on the hoof. All the players have huge hands which enable them to manipulate a basketball as artfully as a prestidigitator palms coins. This, too, attracts the clients, especially in rural districts where farmers develop and are proud of their oversized mitts. Someone usually goes to the dressing room after a game played in farm country and demands that Strong measure hands with him, palm up against the wall. Strong never has been topped in a show of hands. A country cousin occasionally has a broader pair of hooks, but he never has encountered anyone with a longer hand.

Strictly No Rough Stuff

They play college rules almost exclusively, another—and the most important—Saperstein innovation. Under professional rules, basketball is a crashing (*sic*) bore, especially since the college game has been hopped up. A pro who attempts to score a goal under the basket lays his life on the line, for fouls are not awarded unless the victim is bleeding profusely. Many pros have been pounding the hardwood floor for a decade or more, and after all these years their dogs bark indignant protest when the ancient athletes try to match the furious, racehorse pace the college boys offer the public. The result, of course, is a dreary routine of mauling, wrestling and shoving, relieved occasionally by long shots from mid-court which, although spectacular, become pretty monotonous with repetition.

The Globe Trotters are not much older than the average college team. They can put on the squirrel-cage business the public wants and, above all, they

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UNTIL I STOPPED USING THOSE HARSH, SCRATCHY TISSUES AND SWITCHED TO KLEENEX, THE SOFTER TISSUE THAT NEVER IRRITATES DELICATE SKIN.

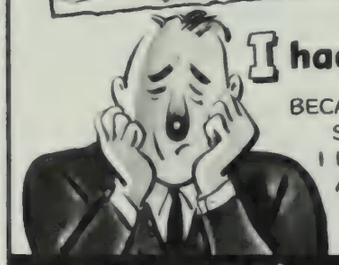
(from a letter by M. B. S., Duluth, Minn.)



AT THE IRONING, BORED...

IMAGINE! AN EXTRA HOUR OF IRONING 'CAUSE MY FAMILY USED HANDKERCHIEFS DURING COLDS! NOW WITH KLEENEX THERE'S NO MESSY HANKY WASH FOR ME.

(from a letter by H. M., Continental, Ohio)



I had the "Blues"...

BECAUSE MY FOUNTAIN PEN USED TO SPILL INK ALL OVER ME. BUT SINCE I LEARNED TO KEEP IT CLEAN WITH KLEENEX, MY TROUBLES ARE OVER.

(from a letter by H. J. P., Chicago, Ill.)

Don't put a Cold in your Pocket... Use KLEENEX*

KLEENEX*DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © L. P. INC

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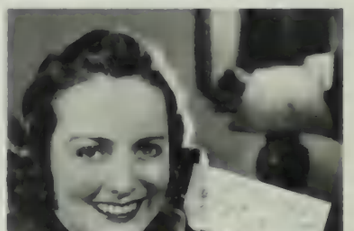


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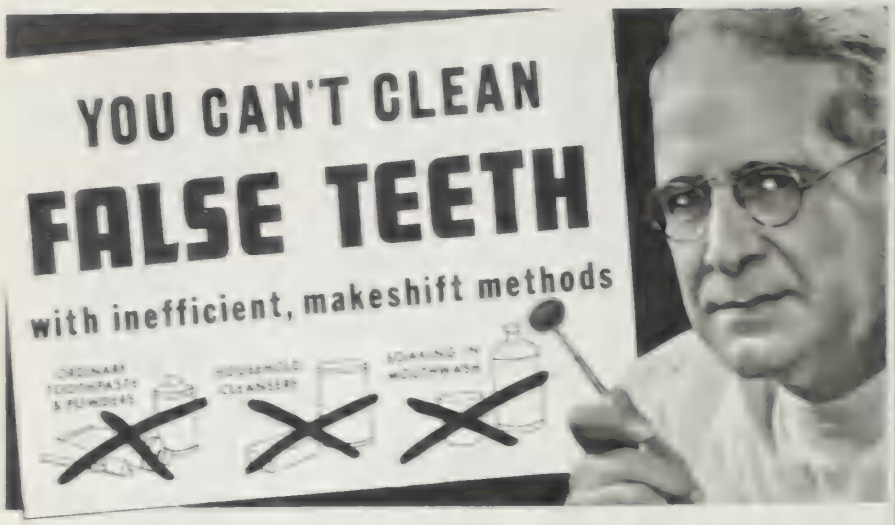
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UNION MADE

play clean basketball. They had twenty-seven games with white college teams last year and they've been invited to play return engagements with every one this winter. Our caste system being what it is, authorities would be quick to resent the slightest suggestion of rough-house stuff pulled by the Negroes, and the customers probably would stage a lovely riot. The Globe Trotters never have been involved in an ugly incident and they've never lost to a college team.

A few years ago they played a double-header for the Minneapolis Milk Fund, meeting Augsburg College in the first game and, after a five-minute intermission, Hamline University in the second affair. The Globe Trotters used the same five men in winning both games and did not have a player put out for exceeding his quota of four personal fouls.

Since there are few Negroes in college basketball, the acquisition of fresh talent is a peculiar problem confronting Saperstein. One of his scouts, Fritz Pollard, the old Brown University All-America halfback, prowls through the East looking for likely colored candidates; DeHart Hubbard, former Olympic broad-jump champion, recommends players from Ohio and the vicinity, and Leon Wheeler protects Saperstein's interests in the Detroit district. A rookie Globe Trotter gets a minimum of $150 a month, plus expenses, and the salaries are scaled to the $300 a month received by Inman Jackson, the star stunt man. Saperstein says his basketball players make more money than any other Negro athletes with the exception of the better boxers.

He should know. A small, volatile party out of Whitechapel, London, Saperstein migrated to Chicago in 1906 when he was four years old and presently became celebrated as the Mike Jacobs of Negro sport. He is the Judge Landis without portfolio of the Negro American Baseball League, a thriving organization in the Middle West which drew 40,000 admissions at Comiskey Park two years ago for an East-West game.

Anything for a Buck

Saperstein has imported ball teams from Puerto Rico, Cuba and the British West Indies. Among other things, he owns the Hong Wah-Kues, an all-Chinese basketball team from San Francisco, and the Brown Bombers, the best Negro professional football team. He also handles Joe Law, a promising featherweight, and Sir Oliver Bibbs, who gives out with the music which makes swing addicts tear down buildings.

Saperstein can smell a good attraction and an honest dollar halfway across the continent. On July 4, 1938, he put a colored charity over the top by matching Joe Louis against Jesse Owens, winner of three Olympic championships at Berlin, in a fifty-yard dash. Louis won the race—running backward while Owens hopped along on his hands and knees. Saperstein even made money with such a dreadfully dreary event as foul-shooting. He promoted Bunny Leavitt, the world free-throw champion who stood on the foul line for seven and a half hours and made 871 free throws at a national Y.M.C.A. sports carnival in Chicago on April 9, 1936. Leavitt caged 372 throws in succession, missed one, then put 499 consecutive shots through the hoop for the official record.

But Saperstein always has been a basketball bug and the Globe Trotters are his particular pride and joy.

"Not because they've made me money, you understand," he adds hastily. "The team is my baby because it's helping to disprove a lie everybody believes about a persecuted race. I come from a persecuted pe... know what it means.

"Negro athletes are ... strictly front runners. ... when they're ahead but ... up when the white boys ... on them. In other wor... guts. The Globe Trotte... much as Joe Louis to s... cockeyed.

"Last year in the ser... Chicago the Syracuse Re... 8-0 and we didn't score ... seventeen minutes. But ... the game, 34-24. The ne... championship game eve... the Globe Trotters were ... the Bruins led by eight ... minutes to play. If they ... quit like dogs, that was ... they won the title.

"Colored boys are a lit... dle sometimes. Prima... matter of fact, we shou... fending the world cha... year instead of winning ... time. Just before our s... in the 1939 tournament w... sance Big Five, another ... from New York, some of th... gan to pop off because they ... a few dollars more a we... others.

The team was shot with ... It was a question of givi... swellheads and maybe win... or getting rid of the trouble ... kissing our chances goodby ... three best men, imported ... from Detroit and lost by t... the Rens, who won the tou...

"On the whole, colored b... as loyal and courageous as ... ers. Basketball ain't seen ... Wait until my Globe Trotte... playing together for a coup... They're still kids. With the ... Jackson, none of them is ... twenty-four."

Will it be the greatest te... ball has ever seen?

"Say, those Celtics were ... ball club. Confidentially, ... five or six teams better than ... gang. The kids I have now ... little green. After all, they ... games last year!"

FUNNY-BUSINE... MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's ... No. 25



Jeff Keate's first ... was illustrating slic... sweat shirts for h... school classmates at ... lars per decoration. ... Vancouver twent... years ago he went to ... in Michigan and art ... Chicago, where, as ... bridegroom, he no... Hobbies include swim... golf, swimming and ... out cartoon ideas like ... **on page 48.**

ll every
fisky drink
u own taste will
m this judgment
nerations...

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etter in the
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Schoolboy Walker

Continued from page 20

feet ten and had his dad's hair and eyes. His shoulders were sloped and he didn't have any waistline at all. I imagine Barney looked a lot like that when he was a kid.

When I got in the ring with Tommy and Nylen, Nylen was sore. "I'm payin' this kid by the round," he said. "Get out of here until I'm finished with him."

"This is Barney Walker's kid and nobody's payin' him." I was getting sore too. "I want him to change his stance. Listen." I turned to Tommy. "Stand up straight. You aren't built right to fight in a crouch. Stand up straight and leave your left foot flat. That's it. Now bend your right knee and lift your right heel off the mat. Now put out your left hand in a natural position and cock your right mitt over your heart," I says. I guess I've given that speech to at least five hundred kids.

They worked one more round and Nylen didn't knock Tommy down any more. Tommy didn't do much better, but he looked more like a pug. Wednesday night Barney called up from the city. He wanted to talk to the kid so I left the room.

I went for a walk down the dirt road that ran from our cabin over to the lodge. I was gone about an hour. When I came back into the cabin the kid was reading a storybook. When I sat down in front of the fire, he put down the book.

"How long have you been in the fight business?" he asks.

"Oh, about all my life," I says.

"What's the most fun you experienced during your days as a boxer?" Tommy asked. He was sitting crossways in a big overstuffed chair with his feet up in the air. He wore sporty-looking shoes like you see in the movies.

"The most fun I got out of the ring was traveling. I fought in Australia, London, South Africa, down in Rio and all over the world. I never got to Ireland."

"That must be great fun." Tommy was looking at the ceiling. He smiled. "Maybe you'll get to travel again, Pop, if I get going good."

I coughed and sat up. "It's about bedtime, isn't it?" I stood up and walked across to the radio. Just before I turned it on I said, "What do you want to be a fighter for, anyway?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, your old man has plenty of dough. He can buy you anything you want."

Tommy put his feet down on the floor and looked at me inquisitively. "Father didn't hire you to say that, did he?"

Right away I seen the kid was smarter than the old man and me too, both put together. "No, he wants you to be a fighter, doesn't he?"

The kid didn't answer, but picked up his book, like he was sore, and started to read again.

NYLEN wanted the kid to box with him the next day, but I wouldn't let him. "He's not ready for you, Nylen, but some day he'll take you," I said, smiling. I didn't want Jack to get mad. I didn't want him to mess the kid up either.

I made Tommy work on the big bag all afternoon. I taught him how to jab with his left. You can punch hard that way by shoving off your right toe with every poke. It gives your jab a snap and the kid caught on right away. I put the gloves on with him for a couple rounds just before he took his shower and he was beginning to get real graceful-like in his movements.

That night the kid was real talkative. He got me started again and before I knew it we were both sitting on the floor, in front of the fire, shooting the bull.

"Did you ever know Dempsey?" he asked.

"I've watched him work lots," I said. "He did everything perfect. He could jab with his left and had a right cross that could poke a hole in a battleship. There was only one thing wrong with the Manassa Mauler. He was a killer. When he was working out he'd slug you or me or anybody just to see 'em fall."

"Like Nylen?" he asked.

"Yah, just like Nylen."

IN THE morning we ran four miles. Tommy could have run four more, I believe. He sure had the wind. That afternoon he worked with one of Nylen's sparring partners and jabbed pretty good.

He ought to have a right hand, too, I thought, before he climbs in there with the Sailor. Of course, he didn't know he was going to fight Sailor Adams. He thought he was fighting a guy named Joe Broze. I put him on the big bag again.

"After you get in your jab," I said, "you may have Broze off balance. If you do, swing your right like this." The first right-hand punch I teach is throwing the right fist on an arc with the elbow locked. I taught him how to drop his right shoulder and swing his arm through. Before we were through, Tommy was almost tearing the bag off the wall.

That night we walked down to the picture show. After the show we went over to the drugstore and got a soda. We were sitting at the counter when the kid saw a placard on the cigar counter. It was one of Mike's signs from the stadium. First fight listed was the curtain raiser. "Professional Debut," it said over Tommy's name, and underneath it was "Former intercollegiate champion versus Joe Broze, another newcomer." *Another newcomer!* That was a big laugh to me.

We walked over to the lodge. Tommy was in good spirits and wanted to talk. "When I'm champion we'll go on a tour of the world," he says. "We'll fight in England, Australia and even Ireland, maybe, if they got anybody good enough."

There was a piano in the lounge room. Three old ladies were in the lounge, but nobody else. Tommy sat down at the piano and played it real soft so as not to disturb anybody. Gosh almighty, he was good on that thing! He played real pretty music, stuff I hadn't heard before, but it sure was pretty. I began to think his dad was right. The kid had too much education to waste it being a beakbuster.

On the way home I said, "What does your mom think about your being a fighter?"

"She doesn't say much. I don't think she'd mind. She never interfered with Dad's affairs. He's done a lot worse than—" He stopped. It was the first time either of us had referred to his old man's business.

"You sure can play the piano," I said. "Why don't you do that instead of fighting? You'll get your fingers so jammed up you won't be able to tickle those keys."

He never answered. He just kept quiet and didn't say another word to me that night.

The next day I let him work two short

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Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS

rounds with Nylen and it made him talkative again. He got over being sore and gave Nylen a nice workout. He didn't hit Jack once, but he pushed him and made him step away.

We were listening to a radio program the next night and he spoke right in the middle of it as if he hadn't been paying any attention to a thing that was going on. "What's the difference between a right hook and a right cross?"

The most interesting thing in the world to me for bull sessions is to talk about the fine points of the prize ring, what sports writers call technicalities. I forgot all about my promises to Barney and started right in talking:

"A right hook is delivered inside the opponent's left arm. A cross comes over it or under it, either way." I stood up. Tommy jumped up in front of me and turned off the radio. He was a good-looking kid standing there in his pajamas and a pair of sheepskin slippers. As he stood there listening to me and providing a target with his chin and arms for my slow-motion examples of hooks and crosses, I thought a thousand times, "I wish he was my kid."

A FEW days later, when he was boxing with a fighter in Nylen's camp, I knew I'd better quit teaching. He was beginning to savvy and knocked the guy down once.

That night I got a long-distance call from Barney. "What's the matter, Pop, ain't I paying you enough?"

"Sure," I said, "why?"

"Well then, why are you betting?"

"I'm not," I said.

"Well, somebody is playing smart guy." Barney was excited again. I hate to talk to him when he's excited like that. "There's a ten-thousand-dollar bet posted at the Tavern for ten-to-one odds that Broze beats Tommy."

"Well, it ain't me, Barney," I said.

He hung up and was plenty sore, I could tell. The telephone was in the front room. Tommy was sitting there and wanted to know what it was all about. "Nothing," I said, "your dad was talking to me about some other business we've got."

Tommy didn't answer, but got up and walked outside. I went to the door and he was going down the road toward the lodge. In a few minutes I called the desk at the lodge and asked them if Tommy was there. They said he was playing the piano.

The next day he was listless. We ran about two miles and stopped in the shade to shadowbox. He danced in the road and punched at the air for four rounds. He didn't say much at dinner. In the late afternoon we went over to Nylen's. A rainstorm blew up and the boys had to work inside.

Nylen asked Tommy to work with him and Tommy asked me if it would be okay. They stepped two rounds at a fast clip and both broke a good sweat. They were working with head guards on and Nylen was wearing heavy wraps. Tommy was down to a hundred and forty-five already so I let him go in a pair of trunks. After two rounds Nylen asked Tommy to go two more. Tommy came over and asked me. I was glad he was listening to me now and not trying to run his own training program.

"Okay for two more," I said, "but take it easy with him, Jack."

Jack didn't pay any attention to me. He already had his mind made up to slug Tommy, and did, in the next round. He caught the kid off balance and let him have it with a Sunday. Tommy dropped like a sack of wheat. He lay there all crumpled up and I started to climb in the ring. "You dirty bum!" I hollered. "I said take it easy, didn't I? What do you think this is?"

Jack walked up like he was going to put the slug on me too. Tommy got up and was standing bes[t] me [b]
knew it.

"It's okay, Pop," To[m]my [s]
guy couldn't hurt a fly [H]e [j]
he's tough."

I turned to Tommy, [a]zed, [l]
my mouth was open a [i]t

"Let's go again," say [T]omm
me have just one good [k]e a[r]
That's all I ask."

"You mean you like [t] [o]n [s]
your ear?" I asked.

"I love it. Let's go [o]ther
I put Tommy's dress [g]
took him down into th[e] [b]owers,
he dried off I put him [t]he [t]
rubbed him down. Pr[e] [s]oon
came in and walked ove[r] me

"You popped off ki[d] a
says to me. "Maybe [I] w
and didn't mean it?"

"I don't like for you [s]lug
I says. "He's green yet [e]
ing."

"Maybe you'll take [i]t
you called me?" Nyle [w]as
heavy and was bigger th[an]
sticking his face close t[o] n[ose]
see the little beads of sw[eat] [a]ll
face.

"He don't have to." T[om]
standing up beside Nyle[n] N[ose]
and faced him. Tommy [r]ush
up into Nylen's face. "H[e] [d]on't
take back anything, Nyl[e]"

"Who said?"

"I did. I'll fight you f[or] [n]othing
here with no gloves. You [l]ook a[t]
at me and Pop here g[ive] s[ome]
okay if he did, see. If [y]ou [w]ant
tough, get tough with m[e]

I knew Tommy mean[t] [w]hat
He was willing to fight N[ylen]
and settle the whole th[ing]. We
can't have a two-thousa[nd] [d]ollar
eventer getting in a fi[ght] [i]n a
shower room with a fort[y]-[o]dd
boy. That just ain't done [i]n [t]he
in our nickel's worth and [k]eep Tom
and Jack into getting dr[essed].

In the evening Tommy [was] [s]itting
front of the window. T[he] [s]un
playing catch in front of [t]he [h]ouse.
I learned later they were [t]rying
from Arizona. Tommy k[ept] [g]iving
the once over and finally [o]pened
door.

I stopped him. "Liste[n] [t]o me.
"There's one thing that [y]ou must
training. It's okay to p[lay] [w]ith
girls, but don't get ino[cent] [a]bout
what they'd be like. W[ait] [t]ill
night."

"Okay, Pop." Tommy l[aughed]
big Irish laugh he got [from]
"You're the boss. I jus[t] [w]ant to
them along a while." He [went]
door. In a few minutes [he] [was]
ball game. I got to think[ing] [about]
dancer I followed from [San] Fran[cisco]
to New York in 1915.

Tommy played catch [with] [me]
for a long time. Then [he] [came]
over and sat in the swing [on the]
porch.

I looked up the telepho[ne] [number]
the Tavern. After puttin[g in a]
distance call to Hollywo[od] [to]
the bet of ten thousand d[ollars]
a thousand on Broze had [been]
by a Mr. John Adams o[f] [Chicago].
That was the Sailor's na[me].
betting on himself. Sailo[r] [was]
isfied with the thousand [to]
was going to pay him for [the]
kid, but he wanted anoth[er]
on the side.

WE GOT up early Fr[iday]
and packed the car. W[e] [put]
up in Tommy's streamlin[er].

We got into town about [noon]
drove right over to t[he]
Tommy's dad was waitin[g] [for us]
Mike's office. Tommy wa[s] [all] [keyed up]
shook hands with Barne[y] [and]
Morgan. Pete is Barne[y's]

ld fighter that sunk his wad in
ng joint and lost it all. He's
rney's shadow for about six
nat makes it easy for Barney,
don't have to carry a gun. It
embarrassing to Barney if he
t up to address his civic club
e and drop a .45 on the floor.
o got there in a few minutes.
s late but all the other fighters
d were in the front office. Mike
ey were calling Sailor. "Mr.
was "Mr. Broze" this and "Mr.
iat. When Mr. Broze got on
, Tommy got a gander at his
d just kept staring at him like
him someplace before. He
ny look on his face and just
ng. I nudged his dad. "Better
it of here," Barney whispered.
on, Tommy, let's get dressed
mething to eat."
ng home to eat," Tommy said.
ou tonight." He went out and
h car and drove away.
w he doing?" his dad asked.
y isn't sure himself whether
o be a fighter," I said. "Some-
oes and sometimes he doesn't.
al interested-like for a while.
n he'll grow listless. When he
y he always plays the piano."
rget all about the ring after
ay, Pop, somebody covered
the Tavern. They wouldn't
o it was, though. Said it was
guy's wishes to find out who it is, see."
a cab and went over to the
he manager at the Tavern
good friends long before I
of the Walkers. It was good
again. We played pool and
all afternoon. I was sure
back in town. The smoky air
lls good after you been out
hi.

the dressing room that night
mmy got there. He came in
blue sports suit and a new
ht shoes. "Pretty spiffy," I

you like the new suit, Pop?"
in good spirits and over his
hen he stripped and stretched
the table, I rubbed oil into his
ce.
"Remember—don't get ex-
Don't get mad. Just go to work
et the job done."
already mad."
wh
y Dil."
hy id at your dad?"

"For sending me out there with Sailor Adams."

"Who said Sailor Adams?"

"I know Sailor Adams when I see him. Don't I read every fight magazine that's printed?"

The call boy stuck his head in the door. "Ready for the curtain raiser, Schoolboy Walker."

Walker looked at him and grinned. He got up and danced toward the door. As he reached to open the door, I held it closed with my foot.

"Listen," I said, "before you go out there, I want you to know I ain't had no part in this. I think you're a good kid and I don't see why your old man won't let you do what you want."

"He was a fighter himself once," Tommy says. "He broke his hands and had to quit."

"Yah," I says, "he broke his hands." He didn't say anything.

"Don't get sore at me no more," I says, "but why the heck do you want to fight?"

"Just something about it," he says. "I like the smell of leather when it's wet. I like the feel of canvas under my feet. I like the roar of the crowd. I like to hit a man and watch him fall to the floor."

"Well, you sure picked a tough guy to start with. You're liable to find out what it looks like from the floor up."

I OPENED the door and we started for the aisle. A few bystanders in the aisle entrance looked around at the kid. I knew he was going to get that handsome face busted in a few minutes, and I wished there was some way to get him out of it. But there wasn't anything I could do.

The crowd was still coming in the stadium when we walked down the aisle. As we reached the ring, the band started to play. It sent little goose pimples all over me. I saw Barney in the third row. Pete was sitting beside him, with his hand in his coat pocket. I jumped into the ring and parted the ropes with my foot and hands. Nobody cheered when Tommy crawled through the ropes.

"It won't be like this forever," Tommy said. "We'll be fighting mains pretty quick."

Sailor came over and looked at Tommy's wraps. He leaned over the ropes and waved to Tommy's dad. Sailor had on a big sweater that made him look tough. When he waved to Barney, Tommy said, "Know the old man, eh, Sailor?"

Sailor looked over his shoulder at



"When it gets burning well, I just shovel it into the furnace"

I am now stuck with a cave!



I USED TO LIVE in a house like everybody else.

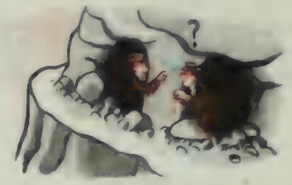
It was a nice house with rugs on the floor and chairs to sit in—and my friends liked it so well they used to come around for a drink every night.

They told all their friends, too. Pretty soon I was entertaining like a Maharajah. And since I didn't know about M&M, I'd just sit there, and then be haunted by dollar signs all night.



I finally decided to go into hiding, and a rental agent found me this cave. He said it was the best cave in the county, so I boarded up my house and paid a year's rent in advance.

Now I am sorry. A couple months after I moved in, the man in the cave next door told me about M & M whiskey. He said it was far less expensive than the whiskey I had been using, but that he'd bet his shirt it tasted better.



I tried it. It tasted better all right. A lot better. In fact, it's a wonderful whiskey. And it costs so little that I can afford to serve it to all my friends.

I would like to, very much. But my friends will not come to visit me in my cave. They say it gives them rheumatism.

So I am planning to move back to my house in April and serve M & M to my friends. I am trying hard to rent my cave. Any bidders?





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ABSORBINE JR.

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WM. F. VICTOR MANAGER



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Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Tommy. "You're pretty smart for a schoolboy."

"My teacher thinks so."

In the center of the ring they took short instructions from the referee. Then they were back in their corners. I was as nervous as a cat. Tommy crossed himself when I pulled off his robe. Somebody cut the house lights. I kicked Tommy's stool out of his corner. The bell rang.

Tommy came out slowly and Sailor met him with a rush. He hit Tommy on the side of the head and knocked him flatter than a pancake, right off the bat. Tommy got up at three and I was hollering at him to take nine. Tommy's old man was smiling.

Tommy made Sailor miss his next few heavy shots. Then Tommy sneaked over a smoking right that landed on Adams' cheek. Sailor cussed and charged in. Tommy met him with a jab and drew blood from Adams' nose. Sailor roared and charged again. Tommy jabbed him away. Tommy was beginning to box smoothly. He moved in and out with Sailor's rushes and made him miss. The bell rang with them in mid-ring, Sailor on the offensive and Tommy jabbing.

I knew if he could keep jabbing Sailor off he might last the limit. What I was afraid of was that Tommy would lose his head and slug with Sailor. His dad ran up to the ring. "Get in there and slug with him, Tommy," he said.

"Go to hell," Tommy said. He wouldn't look at his dad.

WHEN the second round started I went back to where Barney was sitting. "He knows it's Sailor Adams," I said. "He recognized his puss by his pictures."

His dad shook his head, but didn't answer.

Tommy kept up the jabbing in the second round. He was pecking away with his left and moving in and out with the Sailor's rushes. He had the Sailor bleeding in the eyes and nose with that cat's-paw left. If I could just have him for a year, I thought. Just one year with that kid and I'd make him champion. He didn't know how to roll and spar. He didn't know how to work a man off balance and let him have it. He didn't have a chance tonight with the Sailor. But what if he didn't? The Sailor was a main-eventer from Madison Square Garden.

Tommy got careless about midway in the second round and Adams caught him right on the kisser. Down he went, but he bounced up without taking a count. He clinched with Adams and laughed in his face. "Getting old, aren't you, Sailor?" I heard him say in the clinch. Boy, how that kid could take it!

Between rounds I told him to start using the right. "You lost both rounds by those knockdowns," I said. "Are you pooped?"

"I'm not pooped. I don't even need the towel."

"Try out that right, Tommy. You can't win with it in your pocket."

Tommy moved out slowly for the start of the third. He was rolling his shoulders and watching Sailor's chin. Then Sailor foolishly led with his right and missed. His glove slid clear on by Tommy's back and Tommy caught him coming in. He sunk his right glove clear to the elbow in Sailor's ribs. Adams' knees buckled and he fell face forward. Tommy was jumping up and down and pulling on the ropes. "Settle down, you little fool?" I hollered. "Settle down and wait for him to get up."

Sailor was up at nine and Tommy rushed him like a crazy man. He butted Sailor with his head and kneed him twice before he got his right hand in again. He was so excited he half shoved the Sailor down. I saw Adams was working for a rest to clear his head. Tommy was jumping up and down again. He'd lost his head completely. He'd have to learn how to finish a man if he was going to be a fighter. "Calm down! Calm down!" I kept hollering.

Sailor took nine and got up. Then Tommy was all over him again, rights and lefts on top Sailor's head, and his shoulders, on the arms, hips. Tommy was punching with the fury of an ocean gale and not putting a thing on any one punch. Around and around the ring they went, Sailor covering up and Tommy throwing punches. The crowd was standing up in the aisles and on the chairs. I was afraid to look at Barney. By the time the bell rang, Sailor got the bugs out of his head and was okay again.

"That's your round all right," I hollered—the crowd was making so much noise I had to. "Take your time. Don't waste so many punches. When you get a man groggy, all you have to do is get set and throw that right."

Tommy walked out flat-footed for the fourth round. Sailor charged. Tommy backed up. Sailor charged again. Tommy backed up. What he was trying to do, I didn't know. Then Sailor charged and threw a looping overhand right. Tommy started his right from the shoulder, inside Sailor's blow. Tommy's glove landed first, flush on the chin, and Sailor's arms dropped to his side. His eyes were glassy. He was standing with his back to the referee. I knew Sailor was out on his feet. Then Tommy let him have it. It was like hitting a man who is already knocked out. His head hit the floor with a thud. He lay on his side with his eyes closed. I was afraid for a minute he might be dead. They took the Sailor from the ring on a stretcher.

Tommy was so fagged out he needed one too. I had quite a time getting him through the crowd to the dressing room. His dad was waiting for us. He was sitting on the table with Pete beside him. Pete had his hand in his pocket. Barney was scowling at me and I could see he was sore.

"Please get off there and let Tommy rest," I said.

"Who are you to be telling me what to do? You're fired."

"The heck I am," I said. "I contracted to take care of your boy, that's all. I didn't contract to throw a fight. I said I'd take care of him, that's all."

Barney and Pete got up. Tommy stretched out on the table. He was still dazed and not thinking very fast. I washed the blood off his face with a wet towel. I cut the strings and pulled off his soggy gloves. His wraps were soaked with water. His hands were still solid as iron. I told him to get up and warm shower.

When he went in the shower r old man said, "I'll take him ov You're through. Understand, don't want a trainer around that trust."

"I don't want to fight for a n that I can't trust, either, and we haven't any contract between was the kid's voice. He was s in the door of the shower room. that was Sailor Adams when I there. I recognized him this n You hired him to take me, didn Well, what do you think of you now, after I licked him?"

"Son, if you still want to be a I'm through with you." Barney being fatherly. He was sore a going to have his own way. "If y to quit school and follow th racket, you can go to hell. Y there on your own money, too. never get another dime from me

"I don't want your tainted Tommy was just as sore as his c He reached for his shirt and tor ting it on. He jerked the shirt tore it into rags. Then he thre the floor. When he finished c he put his coat on over a swe His dad and Pete stood arou old man's lip was hanging out could hang your hat on it. After he walked out and Pete follow

"Well, we're on our own," said, looking at me.

"You better go tell your da sorry, Tommy."

"Oh, he'll get over it. We' fighting and fussing at each ot since I wore diapers. I would li it alone for a while, just to sh you and I could do it."

HE WALKED over to his closed it. I sat down on the didn't say anything. Tommy over to the window and fina "Well, what's the matter wi tongue? Do you want to be part me or not?" He was smiling said it. Then all of a sudden he "Say, Pop, we're broke. Have any money coming for tonight'

"Well," I said, "there's forty that Mike pays for curtain raise there's some more waiting for Tavern."

"How much?"

"Well, I didn't know what yo a while ago when you called th dough your dad makes 'tainte money used to belong to Sailor It doesn't smell exactly like lili valley, but it's ten thousand



"Wait a minute everybody! I just got a swell idea for a gag!"

Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 22

'It a little like your puzzle, Ma- me, Poirot said. "One assembles e pi es. It is like a mosaic—many ors d patterns—and every strange- ape ittle piece must be fitted into owr lace."

'No isn't that interesting? Why, n su you explain it just too beauti- ly."

Poir went on: "And sometimes it like hat piece of your puzzle just w. ie arranges very methodically e pi s of the puzzle—one sorts the ors- nd then perhaps a piece of one or t it should fit in with—say, the r ru -fits in instead in a black cat's l."

'Wh if that doesn't sound too fasci- ting And are there a great many ces. I. Poirot?"

'Ye Madame. Almost everyone re i his hotel has given me a piece my uzzle. You among them."

'Me Mrs. Gardener's tone was rill.

'Ye a remark of yours, Madame, s ex edingly helpful. I might say it s ill ninating."

'We if that isn't too lovely! Can't u te me some more, M. Poirot?"

'Ah Madame, I reserve the expla- tion or the last chapter."

Mrs Gardener murmured, "If that n't j too bad!"

TER ULE POIROT tapped gently on the oor of Captain Marshall's room. side ere was the sound of a type- iter. A curt "Come in!" came from e ro and Poirot entered.

Cap n Marshall's back was turned him He was sitting typing at the ble t ween the windows. He did not rn h head but his eyes met Poirot's the irror that hung on the wall rectl n front of him.

'We M. Poirot," he said irritably, hat it?"

"A t usand apologies for intruding," irot id quickly. "You are busy?"

Mar all said shortly, "I am rather."

Poir said, "It is one little question at I v ld like to ask you."

"I'm ick of answering questions," arsh said. "I've answered the po- e qu tions. I don't feel called upon ansv r yours."

Poir said, "Mine is a very simple ne. C y this: On the morning of your ife's ath, did you have a bath after u fi ed typing and before you went t to ay tennis?"

"A t h? No, of course I didn't! I'd d a l th only an hour earlier!"

"Thk you," Poirot said. "That is l."

"Bu look here—Oh—" the other ause resolutely.

Poir withdrew, gently closing the oor.

Mar all said, "The fellow's crazy!"

SO 'S my turn, is it?" Rosamund Da ley said.

"Pa on?"

She ughed. "The other day the chief onsta e held his inquisition. You sat y. T ay, I think, you are conducting our o unofficial inquiry."

Herc e Poirot sat down beside her. hey v re on Sunny Ledge. Below them he se showed a deep, glowing green. arthe out it was a pale, dazzling blue.

"Yo are very intelligent, Mademoi- elle," oirot said. "I have thought so ver sn e I arrived here. It would be plea re to discuss this business with ou."

Ros und Darnley said softly, "You want t know what I think about the whole ing?"

"It would be most interesting."

"I think it's really very simple. The clue is in the woman's past."

"The past? Not the present?"

"Oh! not necessarily the very remote past. I look at it like this: Arlena Marshall was attractive, fatally attractive, to men. It's possible, I think, that she also tired of them rather quickly. Among her—followers, shall we say—was one who resented that. Oh, don't misunderstand me, it won't be someone who sticks out a mile. Probably some tepid little man, vain and sensitive—the kind of man who broods. I think he followed her down here, waited his opportunity and killed her."

"You mean that he was an outsider, that he came from the mainland?"

"Yes. He probably hid in that cave until he got his chance."

Poirot shook his head. He said, "Would she go there to meet such a man as you described? No, she would laugh and not go."

Rosamund said, "She mayn't have known she was going to meet him. He may have sent her a message in some other person's name."

"That is possible," Poirot murmured. Then he said, "But you forget one thing, Mademoiselle: A man bent on murder could not risk coming in broad daylight across the causeway and past the hotel. Someone might have seen him."

"They might have—but I don't think that it's certain. I think it's quite possible that he could have come without anyone noticing him at all."

"It would be *possible*, yes, that I grant you. But the point is that he could not *count* on that possibility."

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Rosamund said. "The weather."

"The weather?"

"Yes. The day of the murder was a glorious day but the day before, remember, there was rain and thick mist. Anyone could come onto the island then without being seen. He had only to go down to the beach and spend the night in the cave. That mist, M. Poirot, is important."

POIROT looked at her thoughtfully for a minute or two. He said, "You know, there is a good deal in what you have just said."

Rosamund flushed. "That's my theory, for what it is worth," she said. "Now tell me yours."

"Ah," said Hercule Poirot. He stared down at the sea.

"*Eh bien,* Mademoiselle. I am a very simple person. I always incline to the belief that the most likely person committed the crime. At the very beginning it seemed to me that one person was very clearly indicated."

Rosamund's voice hardened a little. "Go on," she said.

Hercule Poirot went on: "But you see, there is what you call a snag in the way! It seems that it was *impossible* for that person to have committed the crime."

He heard the quick expulsion of her breath. She said rather breathlessly, "Well?"

Hercule Poirot shrugged his shoulders. "Well, what do we do about it? That is my problem." He paused, then went on: "May I ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

She faced him, alert and vigilant. But the question that came was an unexpected one: "When you came in to change for tennis that morning, did you have a bath?"

Rosamund stared at him. "A bath? What do you mean?"

"That is what I mean. A bath! The

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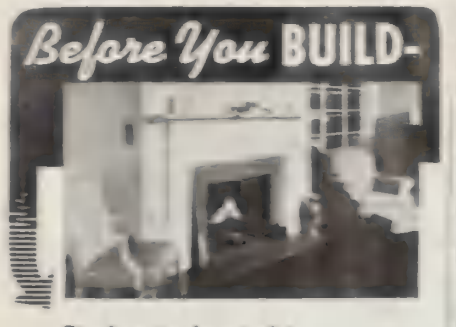
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reeptacle of porcelain, one turns the taps and fills it, one gets in, one gets out and ghoosh—ghoosh—ghoosh, the water goes down the waste-pipe!"

"M. Poirot, are you quite mad?"

"No. I am extremely sane."

"Well, anyway, I didn't take a bath."

"Ha!" said Poirot. "So nobody took a bath. That is extremely interesting."

"But why should anyone take a bath?"

Hercule Poirot said, "Why, indeed?"

Rosamund said with some exasperation, "I suppose this is the Sherlock Holmes touch!"

HERCULE POIROT smiled. Then he sniffed the air delicately. "Will you permit me to be impertinent, Mademoiselle?"

"I'm sure you couldn't be impertinent, M. Poirot."

"That is very kind of you. Then may I venture to say that the scent you use is delicious—it has a *nuance*—a delicate, elusive charm." He waved his hands, and then added in a practical voice: "Gabrielle No. 8, I think?"

"How clever! Yes, I always use it."

"So did the late Mrs. Marshall. It is chic, eh? And very expensive?"

Rosamund shrugged her shoulders with a faint smile.

Poirot said, "You sat here where we are now, Mademoiselle, on the morning of the crime. You were seen here, or at least your sunshade was seen by Miss Brewster and Mr. Redfern as they passed on the sea. During the morning, Mademoiselle, are you sure you did not happen to go down to Pixy Cove and enter the cave there—the famous Pixy's Cave?"

Rosamund turned her head and stared at him. She said in a quiet, level voice, "Are you asking me if I killed Arlena Marshall?"

"No, I am asking you if you went into the Pixy's Cave."

"I don't even know where it is. Why should I go into it? For what reason?"

"On the day of the crime, Mademoiselle, somebody had been in that cave who used Gabrielle No. 8."

Rosamund said sharply, "You've just said yourself, M. Poirot, that Arlena Marshall used Gabrielle No. 8. She was on the beach there that day. Presumably she went into the cave."

"Why should she go into the cave? It is dark there and narrow and very uncomfortable."

Poirot was no longer looking out to sea. He was looking at Rosamund Darnley's hands as they lay folded in her lap. They were well-shaped hands, beautifully molded with very long fingers.

Rosamund, shooting a quick look at him, followed the direction of his eyes. She said sharply, "What are you looking at my hands for? Do you think—do you think—?"

Poirot said, "Do I think—what, Mademoiselle?"

Rosamund Darnley said, "Nothing."

IT WAS perhaps an hour later that Hercule Poirot came to the top of the path leading to Gull Cove. There was someone sitting on the beach. A slight figure in a red shirt and dark blue shorts.

Poirot descended the path, stepping carefully in his tight, smart shoes.

Linda Marshall turned her head sharply. He thought that she shrank a little. Her eyes, as he came and lowered himself gingerly to the shingle beside her, rested on him with the suspicion and alertness of a trapped animal. He realized, with a pang, how young and vulnerable she was.

"What is it?" she said. "What do you want?"

Hercule Poirot did not answer for a minute or two. Then he said, "The other day you told the chief constable that you were fond of your stepmother and that she was kind to you."

"Well?"

"That was not true, was it, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, it was."

Poirot said:

"She may not have been actively unkind—that I will grant. But you were not fond of her—oh, no—I think you disliked her very much. That was very plain to see."

"Perhaps I didn't like her very much," Linda said. "But one can't say that when a person is dead. It wouldn't be decent."

Poirot sighed. "They taught you that at your school?"

"More or less, I suppose."

"When a person has been murdered," Poirot said, "it is more important to be truthful than to be decent."

Linda said, "I suppose you *would* say a thing like that."

"I would say it and I do say it. It is my business, you see, to find out who killed Arlena Marshall."

Linda muttered, "I want to forget it all. It's so horrible."

"*But you can't forget, can you?*" Poirot said gently.

Linda said, "I suppose some beastly madman killed her."

"No, I do not think it was quite like that."

Linda caught her breath. She said, "You sound—as though you *knew*?"

"Perhaps I do know," Poirot said. He paused and went on: "Will you trust me, my child, to do the best I can for you in your bitter trouble?"

Linda sprang up. "I haven't any trouble," she said. "There is nothing you can do for me. I don't know what you are talking about."

Poirot said, watching her, "I am talking about *candles* . . ."

He saw the terror leap into her eyes. "I won't listen to you," she cried. "I won't listen!"

She ran across the beach, swift as a young gazelle and went flying up the zigzag path.

Poirot shook his head. He looked grave and troubled.

INSPECTOR COLGATE was reporting to the chief constable:

"I've got on to one thing, sir, and something pretty sensational. It's about Mrs. Marshall's money. I've been into it with her lawyers. I'd say it's a shock to them. I've got pro... blackmail story. You remem... was left fifty thousand pound... Erskine? Well, all that's left ... about fifteen thousand."

The chief constable whistled.

"Whew, what's become of th...

"That's the interesting point, ... sold out stuff from time to ti... each time she's handled it in ... negotiable securities—that's to ... handed out money to someone ... didn't want traced. Blackmail, ...

The chief constable nodded.

"Certainly looks like it. ... blackmailer is here in this hou... means it must be one of two ... men. Got anything fresh on ... them?"

"Can't say I've got anything ... sir. Major Barry's a retired ar... as he says. Lives in a small h... pension and a small income fro... But he's paid in pretty cons... sums into his account in the last ...

"That sounds promising. W... explanation?"

"Says they're betting gams. ... fectly true that he goes to all t... race meetings. Places his bet ... course too, doesn't run an accou...

The chief constable nodded. ... to disprove that," he said. "But ... gestive."

COLGATE went on: "Next t... Reverend Stephen Lane. He's ... all right—had a living at St. ... Whiteridge, Surrey—resigned ... just over a year ago owing to ill ... His ill health amounted to his g... a nursing home for mental pati... was there for over a year."

"Interesting," said Weston.

"Yes, sir. I tried to get as ... I could out of the doctor in ch... you know what these medicos ... difficult to pin them down to ... you can get hold of. But as ... can make out, his reverence's ... was an obsession about the devi... cially the devil in the guise of ... scarlet woman."

"H'm," said Weston. "The ... been precedents for murder the ...

"Yes, sir. It seems to me that ... Lane is at least a possibility. ... Mrs. Marshall was a pretty g... ample of what a clergyman wou... Scarlet Woman—hair and going ...



"It was our ambulance that hit you, so everything is on the hous...

Se…s to me it's not impossible he …h… felt it his appointed task to …ose… f her. That is, if he is really …y."

"Not …g to fit in with the blackmail …ory?

"No, …. I think we can wash him out …ar … that's concerned. Has some …ate… eans of his own, but not very …h, …d no sudden increase lately." "Wha… about his story of his move…ts … the day of the crime?"

"Can …get any confirmation of them. …ody …emembers meeting a parson …he … nes. As to the book at the …rch… e last entry was three days be… …an nobody had looked at it for …it a …rtnight. He could have quite …ly g… e over the day before, say, or …a … iple of days before, and dated …entr… the 25th."

"Feet… nodded. "And the third man?"

…aid.

"Hor… Blatt? It's my opinion, sir, …th… 's definitely something fishy …e. … ys income tax on a sum far …edi… what he makes out of his …was … business. And mind you, he's …ippe… customer. He could prob… …r co… up a reasonable statement— …aml… s a bit on the Stock Exchange …he's … with one or two shady deals. …yes … here may be plausible expla… …ons, … it there's no getting away from …at h… been making pretty big sums …n un… plained sources for some years …."

"In f…," said Weston, "the idea is … Mi… Horace Blatt is a successful …kma… r by profession?"

"Eith… that, sir, or it's dope. I saw …f I… pector Ridgeway, who's in …ge … the dope business, and he was …nd h… n. Seems there's been a good …of h… in coming in lately. They're …to t… small distributors and they …w m… e or less who's running it at …othe… nd, but it's the way it's com…into … e country that's baffled them …ar."

"Vesto… said, "If the Marshall wom… …dea… is the result of her getting …ed u… innocently or otherwise, with …dope… unning stunt, then we'd better …d th… whole thing over to Scotland …d. … their pigeon. Eh? What do …say…"

"I'm … aid you're right, sir," Inspec… Colg… e said rather regretfully. "If …dop… then it's a case for Scotland …d."

"WEST… N said, after a moment or two …of th… ght, "It really seems the most …ly e… anation."

"Colga… nodded gloomily. "Yes, it …s. … arshall's right out of it— …ugh … did get some information that …m… ha… been useful if his alibi hadn't …n so … ood. Seems his firm is very …r th… rocks. Not his fault or his …mer'… just the general result of the …s la… year and the general state of …ie an… finance. And as far as he …w, … d come into fifty thousand …nds … his wife died. And fifty thou… …d … weld have been a very useful …."

"He si… ed. "Seems a pity, when a …n's … g two perfectly good motives … mur… r, that he can be proved to …ve ha… othing to do with it!"

"Westo… smiled. "Cheer up, Colgate. …ere's … ill a chance we may distin… …sh o… elves. There's the blackmail …ie… t, and there's the batty parson, …t pers… ally I think the dope solution …ly fa… the most likely." He added: "…nd if … was one of the dope gang who …t her… t we'll have been instrumental …helpi… Scotland Yard to solve the …pe… oblem. In fact, take it all …ound, … e way or another, we've done …etty w… l."

An u…illing smile showed on Col…tes fa… e. He said, "Well, that's the …, sir. … By the way, I checked up on the writer of that letter we found in her room. The one signed J. N. Nothing doing. He's in China safe enough. Same chap as Miss Brewster was telling us about. Bit of a young scalawag. I've checked up on the rest of Mrs. Marshall's friends. No leads there. Everything there is to get, we've got, sir."

"So now it's up to us," Weston said. He paused and then added: "Seen anything of our Belgian colleague? Does he know all you've told me?"

Colgate said with a grin: "He's … queer little cuss, isn't he? D'you know what he asked me day before yesterday? He wanted particulars of any cases of strangulation in the last three years."

Colonel Weston sat up. "He did, did he? Now I wonder—" he paused a minute. "When did you say the Reverend Stephen Lane went into that mental home?"

"A year ago last Easter, sir."

Colonel Weston was thinking deeply. He said, "There was a case—body of a young woman found somewhere near Bagshot. Going to meet her husband somewhere and never turned up. And there was what the papers called the Lonely Copse Mystery. Both in Surrey if I remember rightly."

His eyes met those of his inspector. Colgate said, "Surrey? My word, sir, it fits, doesn't it? I wonder . . ."

HERCULE POIROT sat on the turf on the summit of the island.

A little to his left was the beginning of the steel ladder that led down to Pixy Cove. There were several rough boulders near the head of the ladder, he noted, forming easy concealment for anyone who proposed to descend to the beach below. Of the beach itself little could be seen from the top, owing to the overhang of the cliff.

Hercule Poirot nodded his head gravely. The pieces of his mosaic were fitting into position. Mentally he went over those pieces considering each as a detached item:

A morning on the bathing beach some few days before Arlena Marshall's death.

One, two, three, four, five separate remarks uttered on that morning.

The evening of a bridge game. He, Patrick Redfern and Rosamund Darnley had been at the table. Christine had wandered out while dummy and had overheard a certain conversation. Who else had been in the lounge at that time? Who had been absent?

The evening before the crime. The conversation he had had with Christine on the cliff and the scene he had witnessed on his way back to the hotel.

Gabrielle No. 8.

A pair of scissors.

A broken pipestem.

A bottle thrown from a window.

A green calendar.

A packet of candles.

A mirror and a typewriter.

A skein of magenta wool.

A girl's wrist watch.

Bath water rushing down the waste-pipe.

Each of these unrelated facts must fit into its appointed place. There must be no loose ends.

And then, with each concrete fact fitted into position, on to the next step: his own belief in the presence of evil on the island . . .

Evil . . .

He looked down at a typewritten list in his hands.

Nellie Parsons—found strangled in a lonely copse near Cobham: No clue to her murderer ever discovered.

Nellie Parsons?

Alice Corrigan.

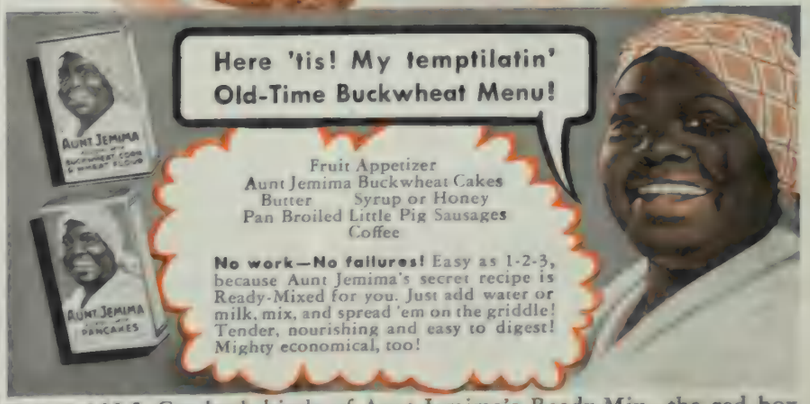
He read very carefully the details of Alice Corrigan's death.

(To be continued next week)









TODAY! Get both kinds of Aunt Jemima's Ready-Mix—the red box for pancakes and waffles; the yellow box for buckwheats.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director



By Bits and Pieces

TECHNICAL experts in Detroit and Washington have "regretfully" turned down Walter P. Reuther's plan for mass production of 500 fighting planes a day.

Reuther's theory was—and still is—that enough machine capacity now exists in Detroit and various near-by automobile plants to turn out, if these machines were integrated regardless of who owns them, the aforesaid 500 planes a day, and this without cutting into civilian car production.

We wouldn't know about these intra-industry disputes. What we do admire and heartily approve about the whole episode is that Reuther made the suggestion at all—Reuther, who is head of the C. I. O.'s auto worker's union. The fact that a labor leader advanced this suggestion of his own free will should put a quietus on the talk about how labor can be expected to co-operate grumpily and grouchily at best in the defense program, if at all. As we remarked recently in this space, no group in this country has a monopoly on patriotism, and this incident serves to prove that remark.

Certainly the general idea of production by "bits and pieces," as the British call it, has proved practicable in wartime Britain. All it means is that production of various war-machine parts is farmed out to big or little factories or even to individuals equipped to produce them, the completed parts then being put together at regular assembly plants.

There are a lot of such factories and individuals around this country, and the bit-and-piece production idea, we should think, ought to be applicable to plenty of things in addition to airplanes.

In which connection we've been wondering whether bit-and-piece production of Army officers wouldn't be feasible. West Point, of course, does a fine job. But how about various other military colleges and prep schools around the country—V.M.I., Norwich, Culver, Shattuck, New Mexico M. I., New York Military Academy, The Citadel, Staunton, Augusta, etc.?

Wouldn't it be possible to integrate these schools and their plenteous equipment in some scheme for rapid production of reasonably good second lieutenants, or perhaps top sergeants eligible for commissions after quick round-out training? V.M.I. and Norwich top-flight graduates, of course, are eligible for commissions: but couldn't such eligibility be extended to various other military schools, with appropriate relaxation of the rules on age limits and college degrees?

It's possible that we've been overlooking a good bet there. We put out the suggestion for what it may be worth to the War Department.

Democracy's Arse

AS FAR as we can tell, the great m
Americans are behind the Presi
thesis that we've got to help Great
every way we can, by every means sh
And the short-of-war part of it seems t
importance daily in American minds.

The majority feeling now is, ac
public-opinion barometers, that we
can keep out of this war, but we hope
fervently that we can furnish any ki
the British need for the winning of the

Gone down the drainpipe is the
munitions makers or internationa
started this war and are keeping it
Americans now see it, it is a conflic
reasonably free and democratic nati
one side and nations that believe
slavery on the other.

If the slave nations win in Europe
our democracy will be more gravely
than ever before in our history.

If the slave nations can be beaten,
will have its chance to prove itself th
tem of government and design for liv
vented. Most Americans are willi
country to be democracy's arsenal, as
dent puts it; and if that isn't enough, m
cans apparently would be willing to

This being the country's prevaili
mind, hadn't the Johnson Act bee
pealed? Its prohibition on private lo
country to nations in default to us w
pression of a mean mood that cam
American people a few years ago—
an attempt to legislate a halter on
seeable future. Let's get rid of it.

Whatever we do, though, let us n
our rearmament drive in the slightes
war, all the belligerents go for one
arsenals—meaning one another's wa
production facilities of all kinds—firs
and persistently. We've constituted
the biggest arsenal on earth.

When They Don't "Want" Yo

WE SUPPOSE more heartaches
more parents because their ad
almost grown children don't seem
them any more than for any other sin

Our tip is to add it to your list of
to Worry About. The explanation i
out of 100 is that the youngster is b
into the world, making new contact
friends, having new experiences. Th
new and shiny to him or her, though
wearily old stuff to you.

"Oh, but these toys are the same
said the lady Christmas shopper. "Yes
said the clerk, "but the children are

They'll "want" you, all right, and
ing when they really need you—IF y
been too insistent on their continuing
you. The easiest way to alienate the
and all is to keep begging or howling
keep their affections centered on you

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

February 15, 1941

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Collier's

THE NAT[illegible] WEEKLY

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BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

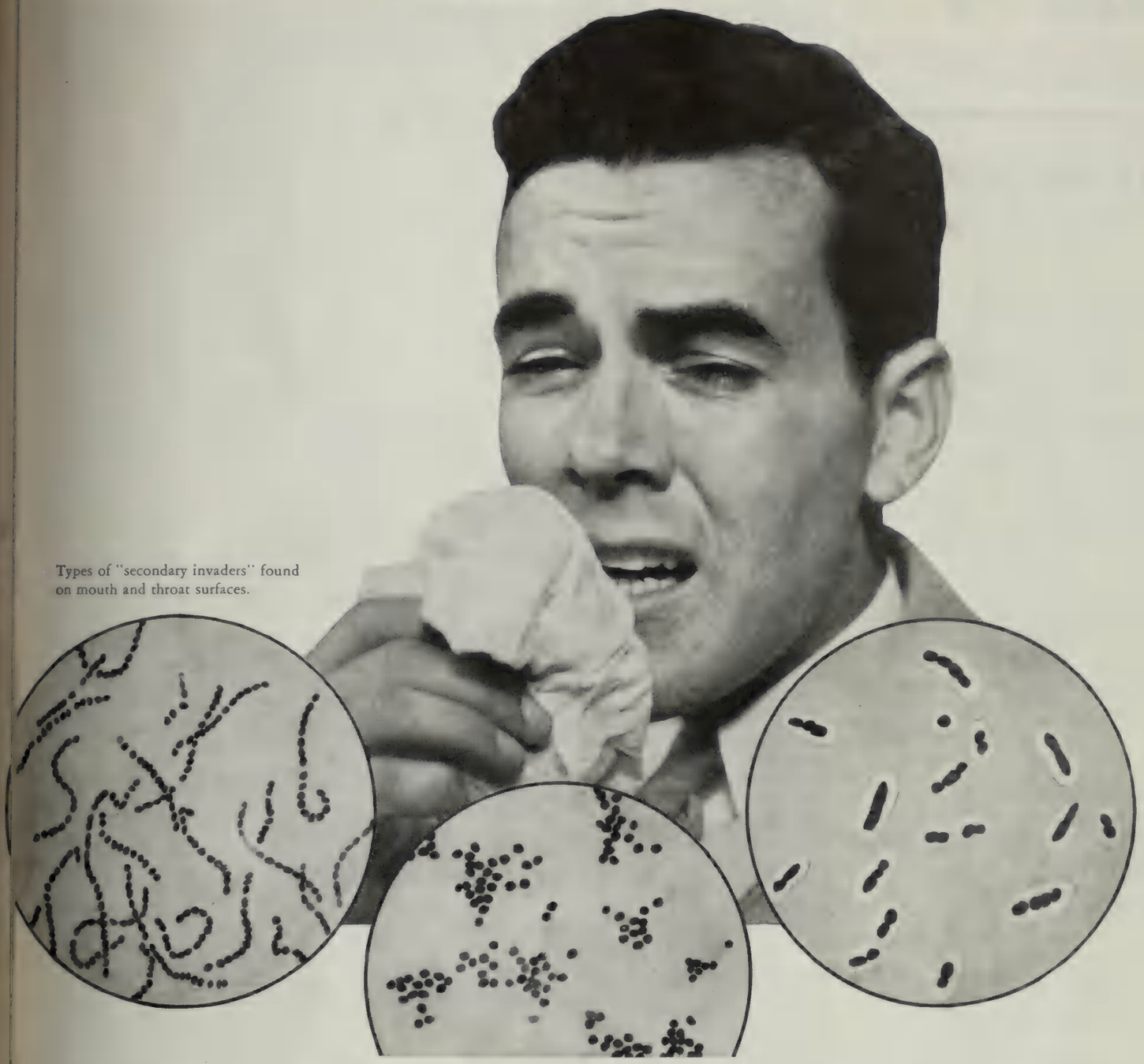
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YOU CAN'T SAY THAT! BY WALT[illegible]T

A look at the strainer for the news

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Types of "secondary invaders" found on mouth and throat surfaces.

These germs may make a cold serious—get after them with

Listerine quick!

DOCTORS call such threatening bacteria the "secondary invaders." They are among the many, say numerous authorities, that so often complicate a cold . . . make it troublesome . . . are responsible for most of the symptoms that you are all too familiar with. Millions live even in normal mouths and throats, apparently causing no harm. Then, suddenly, when body resistance is weakened by fatigue, chill, wet feet, drafts, they frequently strike with quick ferocity. Invading the tissue, they set up infection and what started out as a simple cold may become a trying one.

Kills Millions of Germs on Tissue Surfaces

You can see how important it is to guard against these invaders . . . to systematically reduce their numbers before they strike. So we say: As a regular precaution against colds and as an aid in the treatment when a cold is already started, gargle full strength Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back in the throat to kill millions of these "secondary invaders" on surface tissues. Actual tests showed bacterial reductions ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

Listerine's Great Record

Clinical tests made during nine years of painstaking research actually showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not gargle with it.

With this evidence before you, isn't it a good idea to use Listerine Antiseptic systematically, especially during the winter months?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



Collier's

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COVER KARL MILROY

ANY WEEK

OF COURSE, it's our own fault. Competent legal authority has informed us that there is no law compelling anybody to attend a discussion of The Problems of Our Confused Youth. Nevertheless, we were invited and we went. The whole subject, with many rocky detours, was discussed by five elderly ladies and gentlemen, all of whom sympathetically became as confused as possible. We managed to grope our way out just before the talk became dangerously acrimonious. But not before we had begun to suspect that confusion knows no bottleneck. So we began to make inquiries. Our chief reward was a talk with a bright young man, recently graduated from school and now engaged in trying to make something coherent of his first job. He's working in a large airplane plant. He said he liked it. We urged him to be more explicit. He tried. "All I know," said he, "is that I am a helper to a man who makes something that goes on the top of something that's made somewhere else to be attached to a gadget that the pilot of an airplane does something to to make it go off. They're going to be sent to England if they work." Whereat, we quit our inquiry, feeling a trifle more tolerant of the five elderly ladies and gentlemen who had launched us on our vague little survey. We learned, too, that after we had gone, the conference discussed the possibility of becoming a permanent body to be known as The Clear Thinkers of America.

AND a great service they might render, too. Unless there's an unlooked-for change—in Washington, for example—a certain amount of confusion is likely to creep into our rearmament, aid to Britain, fiscal affairs and other objectives and enterprises. It happens in the best organizations in extraordinary circumstances. For example, there was the unidentified crisis in Hollywood that brought together some of the nation's best minds, including our associate Kyle Crichton. It had something to do with a movie. After the argument had seethed for about an hour, an associate producer got completely derailed and launched upon a tirade against union labor, thereby creating confusion that lasted until the chairman screamed: "Think, think, you damned fool, think!" The associate producer came back: "Think of what?" The chairman was stopped but only momentarily. Riffling through the papers on his desk, he demanded: "What were we talking about, anyway?"

OF COURSE we could enlist in a pilgrimage now being organized by another member of this staff. Jim Marshall. Mr. Marshall, having just completed a ten-thousand-mile look around our Army training camps, is thinking of settling down in the Uncompahgre Valley. The Uncompahgre Valley is in southwestern Colorado. That's as definite as we can be, Mr. Marshall telling us that even the few people living in the Uncompahgre Valley have no idea just where it is. He has selected it because "there are fewer people there to be wrong about what's going on—not that they know what's going on."

WHEN Mr. J. H. McCluer of Cody, Wyoming, heard that Major General E. B. Gregory, our Army's Quartermaster General, expected the automobile industry to equip our troops with 250,000 motor vehicles by next August, he sat down and wrote Adolf Hitler a letter of warning and invitation. He invited Mr. Hitler to come over this spring and spend a nice, balmy week end motoring over a few of America's more popular highways. Mr. McCluer hopes it will be one of those week ends when all of America's 25,000,000 motorcars will be out, all of them making their conventional unsuccessful effort



to arrive at the same destination at the same time and on the same piece of road. He would then tell Mr. Hitler that by late summer 250,000 more cars will be added to the carnage and that there is a plan afoot to send them all to Europe for a race from Paris to Berlin. It is Mr. McCluer's belief that Mr. Hitler will at once call up Berlin ordering the German government to negotiate for peace at any price immediately. If the 25,000,000 originals have previous engagements, Mr. McCluer is convinced that it will be necessary to send only the additional 250,000. At the wheels he would put 250,000 Sunday drivers, "give each of them a few drinks and turn them loose on the highways of Europe. If one American motorist, either sex, can't wreck at least four German tanks and pile up ten or twelve corpses, then this country is slipping." Anyway, Mr. McCluer expects Mr. Hitler to call the whole thing off.

ORIGINALLY we'd
Cluer's idea as a bit
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believe anything po
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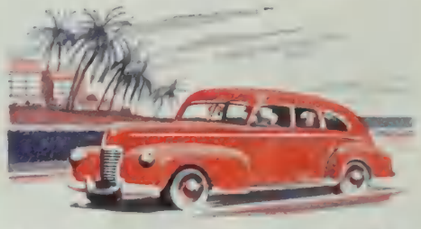
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Eastern Massachusetts Street Railway Company, using Champion Spark Plugs exclusively in 658 buses, has twice won national competitive awards for efficient low cost operation.

No other spark plugs have the Sillment seal which makes Champions permanently free from troublesome leakage common to ordinary spark plugs. Tiny pinches of this Sillment powder compressed around the center electrode and the insulator shoulder form a seal preventing overheating, rough, uneven and wasteful engine operation.





Cars run smoother, have more power and use less gas when equipped with Champion Spark Plugs with the sensational Sillment seal.

Spark plugs were never more important than today—never more determinative of the degree and quality of the performance you get from your car. Champion Spark Plugs—the spark plugs champions use—offer definite performance advantages not obtainable with any other spark plugs.

Champion's exclusive Sillment seal alone, described above, is a feature which will make it worth your while to insist on Champions when you buy spark plugs. Remember, too, that Champion manufactures spark plugs exclusively, and naturally is more alert to the importance of spark plugs in high-compression engines using modern high-power fuels. For better performance and dependability demand Champion Spark Plugs.

You're always ahead with Champion!

SPARK PLUGS

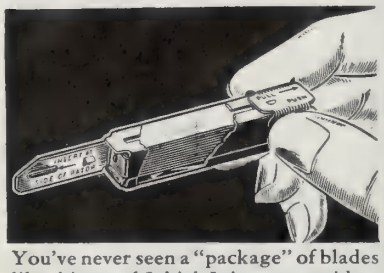
Meet the Latest Edition of the only Razor with automatic Blade Change!

You're looking at the new, improved model of the only razor that changes blades automatically! The razor that has the greatest improvements in safety razor design in more than 35 years! It gives such a cleaner, smoother, more comfortable shave that more than 5,000,000 men have switched to it!

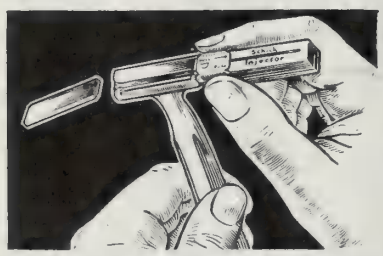


It's streamlined—every inch of it! But not just for "looks." Basic simplicity of construction that does away with ordinary "come-apart" razor design makes it simple and modern in appearance.

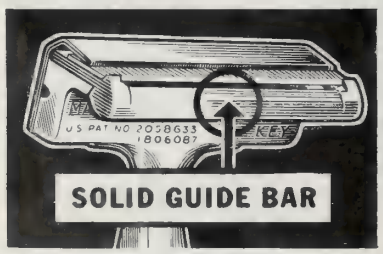
SCHICK
INJECTOR RAZOR
MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO., Bridgeport, Conn.



You've never seen a "package" of blades like this metal Schick Injector cartridge. It actually holds the blade edges suspended in space. Nothing can rub or dull them. Comes packed with 12 or 20 blades.



Blade changed quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to put together. Hands never touch blade.



Perfected solid "toothfree" guide bar with roughened grip surface stretches and flattens the skin directly in front of the blade edge. "Times" each whisker to pop up out of natural hair pit directly in front of blade edge for cleaner, more comfortable shaves. No nicks, cuts or irritation.

NEW KIT, complete with the 1941 streamlined one-piece Schick Injector Razor, cartridge of 12 Schick Blades, in new rich-looking lustrous black plastic case with built-in used blade receptacle.

ONLY $1.00



Wing Talk

OUR air strategists hope your understanding of their problem won't be entirely conditioned by the catch-phrase "mass production." They point out that total air defense cannot be achieved with planes and factories alone. Consider, for example, highways and landing fields.

Germany's successful exploitation of air force on the Continent last year was in measure due to her organization of highways and landing fields. These were integral parts of her thorough preparations.

In all peaceful elements United States highways are peerless on this earth. But airmen say they lack auxiliary values today demanded of national roads for complete application of air power, while militarists say they are not adequate for the beatings imposed by tractors, heavy guns, tanks. As, for instance, the vast and unparalleled sweep of Germans from Poland to the Westwall that I witnessed in the first autumn of this war.

The Reich's "autobahnen" network was designed for just such an armed tide. Moreover, its secondary importance for practical tie-in with the flight arm was always calculated. More than 4 years ago you read in Collier's of those new German highways swerved in many places into the direction of prevailing winds, bald of trees and poles or obstructions that would hamper use as landing strips. You read, too, of squadrons observed practicing landings and take-offs on those roads, attended on the ground by petrol trucks and by compact motor units that were virtually portable repair shops.

Our national highways were conceived in happier mood.

Our Army and Navy between them now have 90 land airports. In 1935 they had 89. Also in 1935, there were 2,264 nonmilitary fields of all kinds—private, commercial, municipal, intermediate, and miscellaneous. Today there are only 2,246. Springfield, Missouri, furnishes an ominous example. Springfield is a fine city of about 60,000, importantly located with respect to lumbering, agriculture, mining and husbandry. It is an authorized stop on American Airlines, but has not been served for six years because its airport is not in condition for large-plane operations. Albany, capital of New York, was suspended from airline service most of th years for a similar reason.

Of civil airports, no mo per cent are suitable for ful tary use. Yet civil fields sh backbone of wartime air d ery one of Germany's hund airports was deliberately fr as useful to the Luftwaffe as handel. Improvements have in many of our fields, yet t offset their decline in num than ever we need abundar not alone for defense, but for the big increase in priva pilots. This spring, thanks la Civil Air Training Program be more than 100,000 fliers in States exclusive of profes military ones. Your news concerned with Hurricane Messerschmitts. But those names young folks are banc talk is of Piper Cubs, Sti combes, Aeroncas, Taylors, I and others—just as when boy you discussed Appersons White Steamers, Locomol wells, Stutz Bearcats and su and ear-filling cars. The n we have achieved to "mass' lies in the light planes. Cur than 80 per cent of civil p facture is of single-engine or seaters. The chief handi growth of this market is the fields. Barred from militar from certain airports, our bo with private and other nor licenses have too few places

IN TRANSPORTATION the new seldom get compl touch; they usually achieve blending. Like buffalo rol family's first automobile, an senger railroad cars that heated by coal stoves at mayn't surprise you too m fore, to learn that our most modern airliners are steam-

Water is piped around the of the motors, and the stea ated in a radiator forward head between passenger cab room. Fresh air sucked in f passes over the steam warmed, and blown on into t

For your comfort and



Private fliers—100,000 of them by spring—need more landing

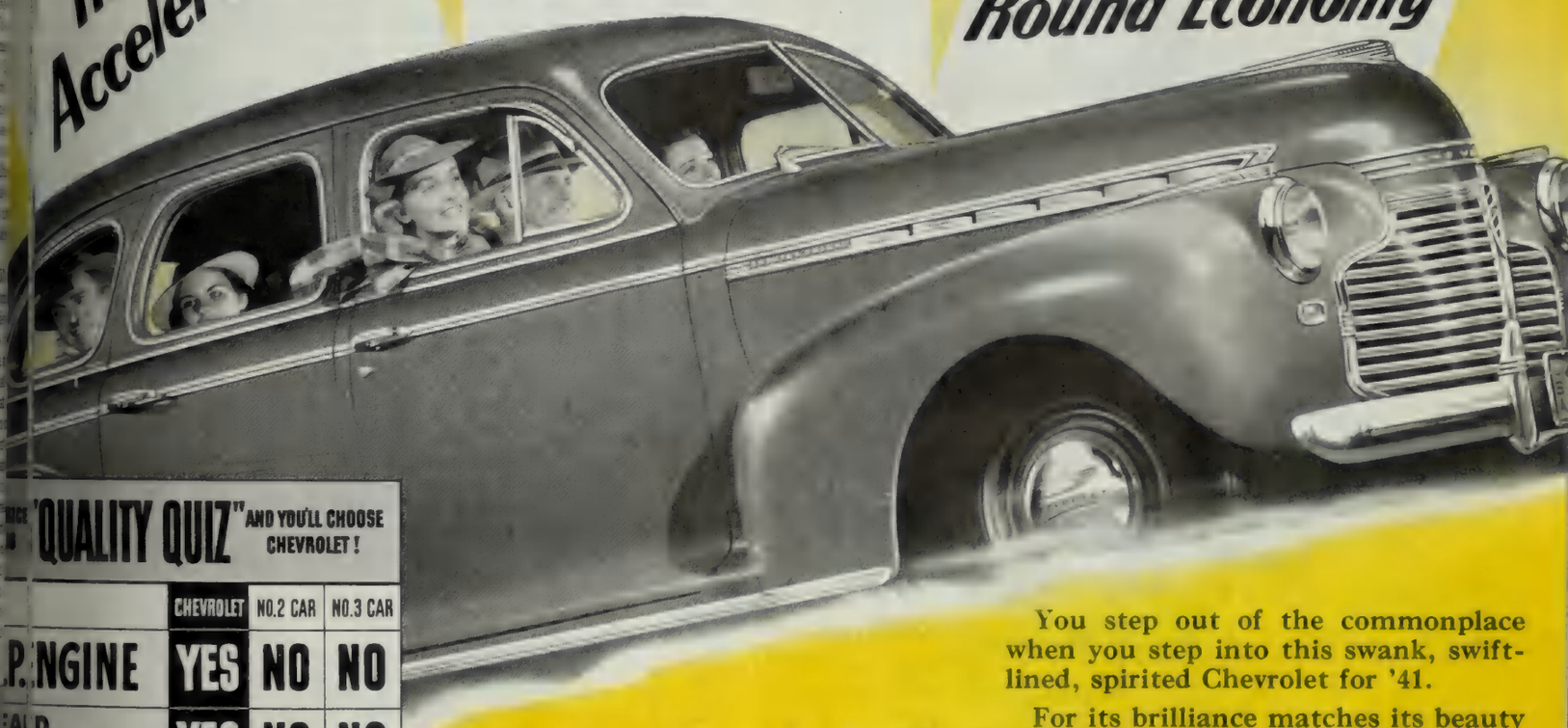
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CHEVROLET FOR '41 IS

FIRST in Acceleration

FIRST in Hill-Climbing

FIRST in All-Round Economy



"QUALITY QUIZ" AND YOU'LL CHOOSE CHEVROLET!

	CHEVROLET	NO.2 CAR	NO.3 CAR
ENGINE	YES	NO	NO
EAD EPS	YES	NO	NO
OWER SHIFT EXTRA COST	YES	NO	NO
SHER EL TURRET TOP	YES	NO	NO
KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO	NO
DER FRAME	YES	NO	NO
HER NO DRAFT ATION	YES	NO	NO
ATIC CLUTCH	YES	NO	NO

"FIRST BECAUSE IT'S FINEST"

—because Chevrolet for '41 is the only low-priced car with a 90-h.p. Valve-in-Head "Victory" Engine—the same type of engine that holds all world's records for performance on land, sea and in the air!

You step out of the commonplace when you step into this swank, swift-lined, spirited Chevrolet for '41.

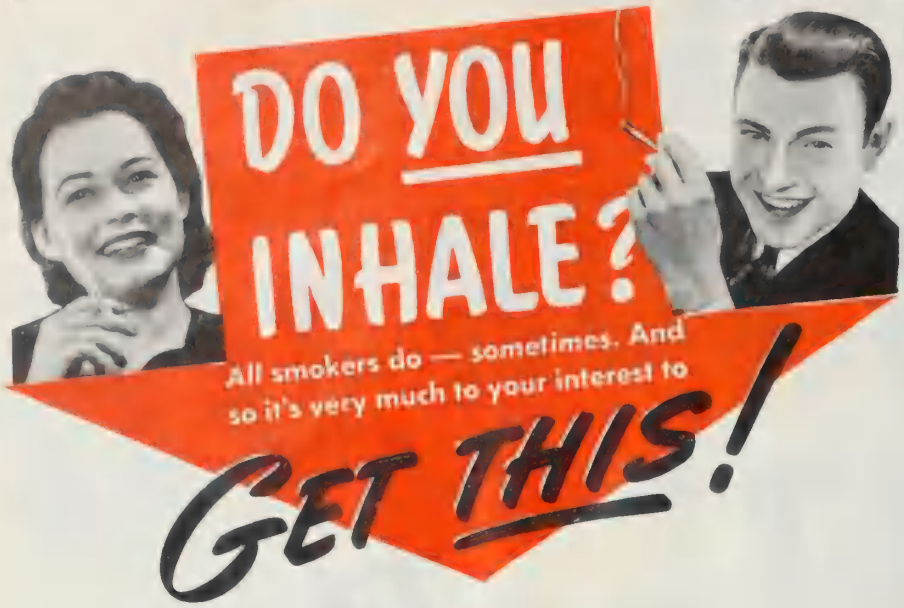
For its brilliance matches its beauty—its liveliness matches its luxury—its road-action matches its style!

It's the most *powerful* of all the biggest-selling low-priced cars . . . the *only* low-priced car with a 90-h.p. Valve-in-Head "Victory" Engine . . . and it *out-accelerates, out-climbs, out-rides* all other cars in the big-selling low-price group!

This year, drive the leader! Drive Chevrolet—sales leader—value leader—for nine of the last ten years! Eye it, try it, buy it—*today!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Again CHEVROLET'S the LEADER!



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Found by eminent doctors: *on comparing, four other leading cigarette brands average 235% more irritant than the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris — and, the irritation lasts more than five times as long!*

Enjoy to the full the flavor and aroma of the world's finest tobaccos — with no worry about throat irritation — *even if you inhale!*





KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In many states a jockey is permitted to hold in his horse so that another horse from the same stable may win the race, when their owner has given such instructions, informed the officials of the track at least thirty minutes before starting time and his "declaration to win" has been posted on the notice board.

If the early settlers of Maryland had possessed better geographic knowledge and claimed all the land granted to Lord Baltimore by the king of England in 1632, the state would be nearly 17,000 square miles in area, instead of 10,000 square miles, having lost the 7,000 miles, which are now worth about $12,000,000,000, to Delaware, Pennsylvania and what is now northern West Virginia.

Although only ten per cent of the people in the world can read or write English, it is the language used in fifty per cent of all newspapers, sixty per cent of all radio programs, seventy per cent of all magazines and eighty per cent of all correspondence.

One in about every five hundred horses has "horns," which are the result, it is believed, of a disproportionate development of the skull bones. These protuberances are skin-covered and sometimes extend almost an inch above the plane of the forehead.—*By Charles Tyrrell, Rolla, British Columbia, Canada.*

The council of the city of Cincinnati recently passed a resolution, part of which was a sentence containing more than twenty thousand words, or about one fourth of the number in an average-sized novel.—*By Elva Andes, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Out of every 1,000 births of twins, 368 are a girl and boy, 327 are twin boys and 305 are twin girls.—*By Ruth Hale Aitken, New York, New York.*

The "bootlace worm," a marine nemertine found in England, is only one eighth of an inch wide and often thirty feet long.—*By Marjorie Smith, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

One of the most imp ant piec of legislation in Eng law, th Habeas Corpus Act, w passed i the House of Lords in 9 only be cause a teller, it was med late had prankishly given votes fo it, instead of one, to very ston member.—*By Alice H. orris, Ne York, New York.*

That man is readily affected even the slightest toxi imes is lustrated by the fact t t a pers will have a very defini yet harm less, increase in the le content o his blood after having ot for onl one night in a freshly p ted room —*By G. S. Pope, St. ouis, Mis souri.*

Persons who give n es of fed eral tax dodgers to th Bureau o Internal Revenue are ntitled b law to receive up to te er cent o the amount collected. ach year there are about a hun d of thes informers, usually indi uals seek ing revenge, and they ain a tota of approximately $100.) for thei information.

Owners of real estate Pennsyl vania cannot be sure th they hav a clear title to their pr rty unles the search goes back t e origina grant given by Charle I to Wi liam Penn in 1682.—*B Charles R Rosenberg, Jr., Medi Pennsyl vania.*

Mohammedanism an Buddhism whose adherents cor tute on fourth of the human e, are th only two major religio hat abso lutely forbid the use of ne or an other intoxicating liqu

The only American riest per mitted by the Catholic rarchy t broadcast Mass regul y over commercial radio stati is Rever end James R. Cox of d St. Pat rick's Church in Pitt rgh. Hi service has been put h the a every Sunday mornin by WJAS for the past fifteen yea

Five dollars will be paid for interestin or unusual fact accepted f his column Contributions must be accom ied by sati factory proof. Address Kee p with th World, Collier's, 250 Park Av e, New Yor City. This column is copyrigh by Collier The National Weekly. None e items ma be reproduced without expres rmission o the publisher

SNAPPY LOOKING OUTFIT, MISS —





I ROLLED IT N LAST NIGHT

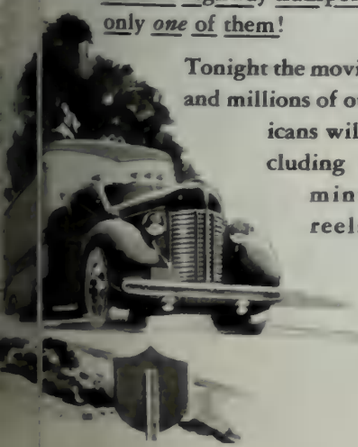
***Today You Get Better-Looking Clothes—Better Food—More of Everything—for Less Money! Want to Know How—and Why—Motor Trucks Make* Your Budget go so Much Further?**

* * *

WHEN you flashed by that truck last evening—you passed your new Spring suit on its way into town!

Just a few hours ago it was only an *idea* in the mind of a fashion designer. And today you're wearing it to tea!

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Today you can be thankful that America has had the foresight to develop this modern form of transportation.

Tomorrow you can look to still greater benefits . . . as Motor Freight continues to grow!

* * *

FREE MOVIE! — *"Singing Wheels" — Thrilling 22-minute feature, for club meetings. Inquire — your State Motor Truck Assn., affiliated with ATA.*

A FEW POINTS TO REMEMBER—

In the last 10 years, special highway taxes collected from trucks were enough to build 137,000 miles of modern roads.

* * *

Good roads — and modern truck equipment — are vital to National Defense.

* * *

More than half the trucks in the world are serving the American Public.

* * *

1 in every 10 pay checks in America comes from Trucking.

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Do you realize the value of a smile when telephoning? It helps a lot. Of course, the other person can't see you but the smile is there just the same. It's in your voice. And it reflects a friendly, cordial personality.

In times like these, "The Voice with a Smile" is especially important and worth while. It is a characteristic of the American people. And one of the fine traditions of the Bell telephone business.

BELL TE PHONE SYS EM

THE BELL SYSTEM IS DOING ITS PART IN THE COUNTRY'S PROGRAM OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

O GLORY

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

[illegible]he switch and the out-
[illegible]ard [illegible]otor that, for good reason,
[illegible]ca[illegible]d Jezebel, stuttered re-
[illegible]; gas a last expiring cough and
[illegible]: its assing, the man with his
[illegible]the oat's tiller reached down
[illegible]ottl[illegible]t his feet, found it empty
[illegible]a g[illegible]ture of irritation tossed it
[illegible]d. [illegible]ell, thank heaven the vil-
[illegible]wo[illegible]d be open. An hour from
[illegible]oule[illegible]e comfortably blind to the
[illegible]d d[illegible] to whatever foolish hub-
[illegible]ugh[illegible]e making about itself.
[illegible]eel his boat gritted against
[illegible]. H[illegible]limbed clumsily into the
[illegible]wat[illegible]nd tossed ashore his fish-
[illegible]and[illegible]atch. He pulled his boat
[illegible]ove [illegible] normal tide line. In an
[illegible]y wo[illegible]he wouldn't have both-
[illegible]e kn[illegible] this weather. Fog would
[illegible]ste[illegible]hily during the night, and
[illegible]ung[illegible]e whole coast line would
[illegible]ed [illegible]l still as a corpse.

The village street ran down a cutting in the cliff's face. He walked stiffly, like an old man. But he wasn't old. He tried to remember how Kathy had described him in that book of hers. "A golden fruit withered overnight by a black frost." A lot of people must have recognized him in her wilted hero. They would remember that she'd married Peter Desmond and subsequently tossed him overboard like one of his empty bottles.

The street was quiet as a graveyard. Like ancient yet honored tombstones the whitewashed fishermen's cottages straggled up the hill on either side of him. The "Sailor's Anchor" stood halfway up. Its black blinds were already drawn so that its face had a blank, livid look. But Desmond smelled warmth and drink and life. He pushed open the swing door and stood still for a moment getting his eyes used to the sharp juxta-



[illegible]one among a thousand craft,
[illegible] the way home under a hail of death

position of light and shadow. The low-ceilinged barroom was hot and thick with men. Though he rarely spoke to them he knew most of them by name.

Desmond lurched over to the bar. Fred Fletcher, a lusty hulk of a fellow with the squally temper of a south-eastern wind, leaned over his counter, his square-jowled face between his fists. There was violence in his immobility. When he saw Desmond he stood up glowering. The men around him came back to life. They clenched and unclenched their great hands that had been held rigid too long. Their eyes, turned on the newcomer, were level and dangerous.

Desmond's money, tossed on the counter, made a shrill sound, like a woman's voice breaking in on a heavy masculine quiet.

"Two quarts," he said. "This feels like a wet night."

Fletcher set down the bottles. "You can keep your money," he said. "I'll take the loan of your boat instead—"

"For how long?"

"Maybe a night—maybe longer."

"For what?"

"That's my business."

DESMOND uncorked a bottle. After a first gulp he felt better. He could return that hostile stare with amusement.

"Well, boys," he said. "What tune do you dance to this time? Are you to lay mines? Are you to take your nets out so that the nice people of this fair island shan't miss their morning kipper? All right. Dance, my hearties. But take a look at me first. Twenty-odd years ago I was a beauty. A glamor boy—till they made a blasted hero of me. Blasted's the word. Who wants to look at a face that's been patched by the smartest surgeons in England with a bit of this and a bit of that? Who'll want to look at you tomorrow morning—except the fish—"

He took another mouthful. He lurched to the door and over his shoulder gave them his distorted grin. "I'll tell you something, my hearties. Life's all there is to living. The rest's just hot air and balderdash. Die for it, my lads, and you'll never know what you fought for. If you live, like me, you'll find out, and you'll wish you were dead. And if anyone touches my boat," he said as a parting shot, "I'll smash his face."

He went out with the uncorked bottle upright in his pocket and began to climb the hill again. Then the last of the little white houses released their hold on him. He took to the sheep track that led up onto the downs. Bleak loneliness closed in about him. He was used to loneliness. He wrapped it about him as a cloak against the bitter winter of his discontent. But he was glad to see the huddled shadow of his cottage, waiting faithfully, like a shaggy, uncouth watch-dog, in a fold of the headland.

The door that Desmond had left closed stood open. That in itself was nothing strange. The latch was rotten. A ghost could have shifted it. But to the one room that housed the squalid confusion of his life something profound had happened. The familiar things were in their places—the unwashed pots and pans in the greasy sink, the unmade bed by the window.

"And who the hell," he asked, "are you?"

But it was a stupid question. He knew at once. This boy was himself risen from the dead. This gangling, rawboned youngster, all wrists and knuckles and brown tousled hair was Peter Desmond before maturity had shaped him into a thing of beauty, if not a joy forever. But the eyes were not his. They were Kathy's—a clear hazel, bright with a cruel candor, looking out from behind their horn-rimmed glasses like innocent, gallant pioneers onto an unchartered country.

"My God—Kathy's son—and so, doubtless, mine."

"I'm Peter," the boy told him. "Young Peter."

"Of course. You were Peterkins when I saw you last, just about the time when your mother decided rightly that I was not fit company for a nice child. May I ask what made her change her mind?"

"She hasn't changed. I mean—I didn't ask her. I came on my own—to find you."

"Just filial curiosity, eh?"

"Listen—please, sir. We haven't much time—I know you're angry with her. But you mustn't be. It was because she still cared that she wanted to understand what had happened—to you and her. She wanted me to understand—"

"That's interesting. Sit down, my dear fellow." With an ironic gesture of hospitality the older man swept a chair clear of his soiled clothes. The boy obeyed him. But in his attitude was tensity and haste.

"P'raps because I'm young, too," he said, "I know how smashed one could be. It wasn't just dying. Dying might be easy. It was living—with everything gone—not even sure it was worth while. I mean—that was the real sacrifice—the losing one's faith in sacrifice."

"What profundity!" said Desmond.

"YOU'RE laughing at me, sir. But you mustn't. It's awfully serious. That was why I had to let you know how we feel—youngsters like myself. We think what you did was great. If you hadn't chucked up everything you had—even what you believed in—I—we couldn't believe now—"

"What do you believe, Peterkins?"

"That it *was* worth while—that it *is* worth while."

"Thank you. But I should still like to know what you want of me—"

"I want you, sir."

"For what?"

"Listen, sir. You can hear the guns. They're much closer than they were yesterday. And they won't let me fight. I'm too young. It's my damned eyes. The glasses, you know. They say—if there isn't a miracle—we're lost—you and I and all those others. That's why I thought if you and I stoo might be able to do some

"I see. Our dear coun usual in a damn' mess a son should stand shoulde But as it happens I don't for the country or for think it means to you." H the sink, and fishing out it and took a long, cons "Not a single damn," he s

"Listen, sir." The boy s you who don't understan you who aren't grown up. just where you were w knocked out. You were a thought because you ga you'd a right to everyth cause you'd put up a g show had to be good. I stuff. We know better learned something—that w rights—that no one owes All we've got is a great hands. It may last a Sometimes we'll win ar we'll be licked. If we can bit of ground we've won w our job—"

Desmond set down his ranting, Peterkins," he sa damn' nonsense set to words."

"You say that because job. But other men lost

"The lucky ones."

"We all die," the boy p lucky ones die for som while—splendidly."

"Then I shall die disg nothing at all—and drun He stopped short. "By a derful, Peterkins, I belie here to die with me."

"Yes, I did. But it was sense." The young voice a sort of furious grief: "E dead already."

"Get out, Peterkins," softly, "or I may kick yo

But when the boy wi stride broke past him he low. He saw the tall, lan der downhill like a h wounded deer, into the m sea. And just then a ligh southwest and spread in diary glare along the who

HE HAD not meant to his half-drunken stat reality were blurred. I sharply aware of impon that were closing in abou him against his will to th pose. Out of the fog, gho ing. If ever he were t again they would have t back into their graves. K —the Kathy he had calle Victory—she had been s he had laid her radianc But also there was hims

Poor, lovely little Ka owed her a debt he cou part. He could send her s with a human face and a

Night had fallen. And a change had come over t lage street. Doors that ha closed stood open. Desm into the empty, unlit ro had imagined grimly, th washed houses had bee then the last trumpet ha the triumphant dead had

(Continued on pa 41)



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY I

They clenched and unc hands. Their eyes, turne comer, were level an

ashful Brenda

yle Crichton

Marshall may not be a wizard in the oarlee, but she can dream up a swell ance with a movie script in her hand



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

ETHER Brenda Marshall has sense of humor is beside the int. She may have it; she may it ha it. The most that can be re- irted that she is a serious lady who is lit facility at chitchat. This is defic acy in Hollywood, where fast lk is reasured. Through years of actic at the art, the colony has de- lope language that is quite special. consists of a rapid-fire and endless ries allusions and abstruse gags, and rend does not operate too briskly in is in change.

The ct that this hasn't injured her im c er may be set down to the cir- umst e that an actress is confined trictly o the words of the script. In his fi she is all right. At least War- ers k p giving her such parts as The ea Hel k and East of the River, and she eeps ting them competently. We aentic the matter only to show that it akes kinds to make up an industry.

Alth gh her experience on Broad- way w confined to one Federal Thea- er Pro ct show, she is just beginning o rid r mind of the impression that he st is dominated by a group of white- ed figures bearing aloft torches f pur hite flame. Just when she took he vo to uplift the drama is not clear ut sh recalls that slight twinges were eginn g to affect her even in those days w n she was still living on a sugar planta n in the Philippines. She was Ardis kerson at that period and her father was overseer of a large establishment on the island of Negros. Ardis (the future Brenda) lived on the island until 1930, when her father decided she needed the benefit of American training and sent her to San Antonio, Texas, where she lived with her stepmother.

"They looked at me pretty strangely down there at Alamo High and kept insisting that I do the hula-hula, and I never could get them straightened out about Hawaii and the Philippines and I never could convince them that I was an American of Danish extraction who just happened to be born over there."

Strictly No Improvisations

The acting thing was so firmly embedded in her mind that when she went up to Texas Teachers College for Women, at Denton, she specialized in voice, speech and dramatics. By the end of the two years the stage mania had her completely. There was nothing to do then but hie herself off to New York and enroll in Madame Ouspenskaya's dramatic school. Ouspenskaya's success as a teacher is so well established that it will do no harm to know that the school almost ruined our Brenda. Again it was her own fault. She was good at speaking lines but when Ouspenskaya asked for improvisation, that business of making up actions as the player went along, Brenda was stuck.

"I always selected the part of a deaf mute," says Brenda, "and then just acted dumb. I'm not joking about it—I really did that."

Brenda was always hoping that they would put on a complete play some day and Ouspenskaya was always promising it and never getting around to it. Instead the improvisations went on endlessly and Brenda developed an inferiority complex. She could act when she knew what was to be acted but her imagination was on the down side.

"Now, we'll take this situation," the teacher would say. "The father is a drunkard and the daughter comes home from Vassar and brings with her a man from Williams who wants to marry her. Now, we'll improvise on that."

Without an instant's hesitation the other students would wade right into a soft one like that, making up lines and situations on the spot and weaving a great drama from it. In panic Brenda would assume the role of a maiden aunt, also a dipsomaniac, who slept fitfully in a chair and occasionally lifted her besotted face to mumble, "Whash thish all about?"

As if this weren't bad enough she lived in one of the many maidens' retreats in New York, those faintly virginal institutions where man can get no farther than the reception room and rules are strict for the girls. It didn't make life in New York very exciting for our heroine.

So the first summer after she came to New York, she was pleased beyond measure to get a job with the Peterboro Players in New Hampshire. The company was directed by Richard Gaines and drama was taken seriously. Having a script before her and imbued anew with ambition, Brenda swung right into the spirit of the joint. She not only acted in everything the company presented but she also married Mr. Gaines. They lived on their two salaries and a cloud of dreams.

Movies? Phooey!

"Nobody in the world was ever as solemn as we were," she says. "The sanctity of the stage, the great mission of the drama and all that. We scoffed at Hollywood and the movies."

When the usual movie talent scouts came around on the usual routine visits, she refused to see them. They weren't particularly anxious to see her but she felt insulted when they went through the motions of doing their jobs. Then one night after doing She Stoops to Conquer, they met a young Oxford graduate named Hugh MacMullin.

"We liked him. He seemed to feel toward the stage as we felt. When we learned he was a screen talent scout with Warners', we froze up and practically asked him out of the house."

Next year he was back again insisting that she make a test and finally she

(Continued on page 30)

One-Trip Darling

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Mrs. Darling didn't care for plumbing. Mr. Darling did. An American dream that was like a nightmare for the happiest couple in Ashtabula



YES, I'm Darling. I'm *the* Darling. You've seen my face and name. I'm the Fellow with the Fish, to wit: A. B. Darling, retired, of Ashtabula, Ohio.

At times it's tough to be a man. If a woman doesn't like the name she was born with, she can change it. Same with her face. But a man's got to make the best of his.

I've made out pretty well, as a matter of fact, for a freckled-neck with a pushed-up bugle and a mushy tag. You can readily see how it would not help a plumber to have to advertise: "For your new house, get a Darling bathtub."

When I was a bashful young punky-dunk, learning my trade, I used to blush like a tomato when the boss said in front of strangers, "Hand me that wrench, Darling." So, when I set up my own shop, I called myself, "One-Trip Darling, The Plumber with a Conscience." Now everybody calls me One-Trip, even my wife.

On the ninth of last May I finally got to be fifty. I put in a day of work, and I was back in my shop, getting the putty out of my ears, when in marched a large, serious man and said, "I'm Higby from headquarters."

Now, offhand, I'd say I'm the most respectable fellow in Ohio, but I gulped, "I didn't do it." I don't doubt I looked as guilty as sin.

"I'm from the home office of the Frugality Insurance Company," he said, and grabbed my hand and pumped it as if he were jacking up a car. "Congratulations, Darling!"

I said, "What for?" "On your retirement," he said. "When did I retire?" I asked. "Today," he said. "I'll bet you're mighty glad you took out one of our retirement annuity policies twenty-five years ago."

"I am now," I admitted, "but there were times when I wasn't." "When was that?" he asked, and I said, "The first of every month." He laughed like a man who had taken lessons, and said, "Well, from now on, Darling, *we* pay *you*. Yes, sir, fifty dollars each and every week. All you have to do is loaf and fish. Pretty soft for you, hey Darling?" "It would be softer," I said, "if I liked to loaf or fish." He said, "Well, then, what is your hobby?" and I said, "Plumbing." And he laughed again on the company's time. Then he said, "Of course, you won't mind if we hold you up as an example?" I said, "Of what?" He said, "Of a man who looked ahead."

I said I didn't see what harm that could do and he whipped out a paper and a fat fountain pen and said, "We're getting up a series of little messages to the men of America, 'Things Young Husbands Should Know.'" "I'm an old husband," I said. "We just want permission to quote you as saying that you think it is a good thing to save money," he said. "Here's where you sign. It's just a formality."

After all my years in business, I should have known that, when a fellow says, "It's just a formality," you ought to lock yourself in the safe till your lawyer gets there; but I felt careless that day because the time had come when I could stop working and not stop eating, though I didn't intend to stop doing either as I am fond of both. I signed.

"And now," this Higby said, "I'd like a picture of you." "Printing my pan might queer some sales for you," was my reply. "Folks might think that paying your premiums gave me these right-angle ears."

He argued, so I got out the only picture I had, taken in '28, when I had the new front put in my shop. I'm sitting in the window among the fixtures. Higby said no—it did not look very retired. "I'd like a recent one of you in your fishing togs," he said. "I don't have any fishing togs," I told him. "How soon are you going home?" he asked. "Not till six," I said. "I'll be back," he said.

Pretty soon he was back with a big bundle. In the bundle were a rod and reel and a complete outfit of fishing clothes—everything from hip boots to a hat with flies on it. "Now, just slip them on," he said, "so I can get a shot of you fishing." "What? On Main Street?" I said. "Don't worry about the background," he said. "Just put on this rig and I'll do the rest."

ONE reason I've made out so well is that I'm obliging. I put on the khaki britches, and checkerboard shirt. I'm tubby; but the man they were made for was tubbier. Higby got me out into the back yard, boosted me up on a packing box and began snapping his little camera at me.

I heard some titters. The boys in the barbershop next door were watching through the window. As I'm not a hard-drinking man, they thought I'd gone buggity. There I stood, yanking at the rod for dear life, with this Higby yelling, "I'm a big one! Don't give me any slack. Fight me, Mr. Darling, fight me!" He had tied the end of the line to his belt.

"Now start reeling me in!" he hollered. I reeled until my thumb got caught in the reel. Then he stopped taking pictures of me. I climbed down off the packing case and out of the clothes and I handed them to this Higby and he said, "Keep them. Compliments of Frugality." I said, "What'll I do with them?" and he said, "Why, wear them when you go fishing," and I said, "I never caught a fish in my life." He said, "You certainly must have had a lot of bad luck," and I said, "It wasn't so much bad luck as the fact that I've never gone fishing."

He slapped his head as if a thought had bitten him. He said, more to the ceiling than to me, "*The man who couldn't go fishing till he was fifty!*" "That's not me," I said. "I could have gone but I didn't want to." "Oh!" was all he said, and he gave my hand another jacking and hurried away. I tossed the rod and togs into the stockroom and went home. I thought so little of it I didn't even mention it to Doll. That's my wife. Her name is Doretta, but I call her Doll, because that is what she reminds me of.

It was mighty nice, I can tell you, to see that fifty per coming in; but I had plenty of plumbing, so I just put the checks in the bank and let 'em lay.

COUPLE of months went by and, one evening after supper, I lit up my pipe and was getting ready to settle down for a quiet evening when there came one of those little homemade thunderstorms which blow up in the lives of all married folks. We haven't had many, Doll and me, in our twenty-five years. Sometimes I do something that makes her sore. I don't mean good and sore or even real sore, just sore. I've got a way of telling when my wife is sore that most husbands haven't. When she calls me One-Trip or, maybe, Popsy, I know everything is all right; but when she calls me Darling, I get ready to duck. By and large, though, we're what they call a "devoted couple." One of Doll's girl friends, who bridges at our house every other Wednesday, nicknan
Oldlyweds."

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evening; but Doll claims t
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smoking a corncob pipe, w
and coat off, and his socks
ers showing, gives a wron
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on the back porch, the neig
think we weren't speaking.
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This night I refer to we
supper and I was telling her
tricky plumbing problem
day. I heard a sigh. Do



There I stood, yanking at the rod for dear life, with this Higby yelling, "I'm a big one! Don't give me any slack, Mr. Darling!"

way, ■ony look in her eyes. I said, "I ■n't ■ieve you heard a word I said," ■d sh said, "What?" I said, "I bet ■u've allen for some other fellow." ■ course, I said it just to tease her. ■he di■'t smile and say, "Where could find ■etter one than you, One-Trip?" ■he l■ced waspy and said, "I wish ou'd ■e that incinerator where it be■ings, ■arling."

So I ■ent out on the back porch and ■t the puffing my pipe, with my feet ■n the ■il and my suspenders showing. ■retty ■oon Doll came out and said, Sorry, was cross, One-Trip." That's Doll. ■e don't stay cross. "Let's go ■ a m■ie," she said. "It's so nice and ool o■ here," I said, "and not a single nosqu■ has come near me." And Doll aid, "■ey've gone home to get their as m■s." But I let that pass. "Now e an ■gel and get out the sedan," she aid. "There's a wonderful picture at he E■u-Dream, The Loves of a Prince "Has it got cowboys or Indians? "No," she said, "it's the kind of picture *I* like." I made a snoot. "I bet Greasy Gus is in it." She said, "For the last time, Darling, I'm going to ask you *not* to refer to Ramon Valcour as Greasy Gus." "I'll try to remember," I said, and got out the sedan.

WE STARTED down Clinton Street. "Doll," I said, "I'll have to leave you at the theater. Meet you after the show. Got to see a guy about ■ deal." Doll said, "I know the man; and I know the business. You seem to prefer guzzling beer with Ed Stutz to my society." I said, "Aw, Doll, I'd much rather be with you, even though Ed is, without a doubt, the second-best plumber in Ashtabula. But," I said, "a lot of good my society does you when you're sitting with your mouth open watching this Toothy Tony making passes at girls which they don't mind from him, but if I tried them I'd get ■ slap in the kisser."

"Hmm," remarked Doll, "so you want to chase girls—at your age!" "Now, Doll," I said, "you know perfectly well that from the time I got one look at you I never took a look at any other woman. Though," I said, "I can't deny that I've been looked at once or twice. Little do *you* know," I said, "what temptations we plumbers have; but I'm no Valcour. I've behaved. Though on some jobs I've had ■ chance to do otherwise and at one-fifty an hour and time and a half overtime."

"I know you're no Valcour," she remarked. "I can hardly wait for Thanksgiving," I said. "Aw, now, Doll, let's not battle over that cheap ham." "Ramon Valcour is ■ polished aristocrat," she said in a voice fit to freeze ■ radiator. "On rye toast with mustard," I said. "What is he but ■ boiled shirt that blondes get flattened against?" Mrs. D. sighed. "I'm afraid it's too late," I said, sarcastic, "for me to turn into a wop or spig with large, loose eyes. But, if it will please you, Doll, I'll make the moths give me back my dress suit and wear it every day—to work even. But don't forget," I said, "that the last time I wore it to that Community Chest ball, I spent half the time going back and forth to the kitchen because I was too polite to tell people I wasn't ■ waiter. And don't forget," I said, "that when you egged me into kissing the hand of the governor's wife, she let out a yip and claimed I was trying to bite her."

Doll shuddered and said, "It would be a good idea for you, Darling, to spend more time watching Ramon Valcour than playing duckpins with an oaf like Ed Stutz who sleeps in his underwear." "And how do you know that, Doretta Phelps Darling?" I barked. Then we had it hot and heavy.

I accused her of this, and she accused me of that, and then we turned off Clinton into West Adams and Doll stopped in the middle of ■ word and let out a squeal. I looked, and there, on a billboard, is myself. There I am, bigger than life-size, with those fishing togs on my body and a goofy look on my puss, fishing away like I liked it.

(Continued on page 45)

FEET FIRST

By Henry L. Jackson

Black lightweight town shoes with plain toecap for spring business wear; the suit is of lightweight w

Perforated shoes are recommended for hot weather wear, these a lightweight calf suitable for business; worn with lightweight lisle hose, tropical worsted suit



rown wing-tip brogue shoe—a semi-sports style suitable for town, travel or country; green lisle hose and striped flannel suit. The monk-front shoe on the floor has been adopted as correct dress for Army officers

IN THE Army you hold a fifty-pound sack of sand in your right hand while they measure your right foot; then you shift it to your left hand and they measure your left foot. It represents the amount of weight that goes on each foot with every step you take with a full pack on your back. Uncle Sam isn't taking any chances with your shoes not fitting.

No one should have to "break in" a new pair of shoes. If they're fitted properly in the first place they're comfortable the first time you wear them. Get the best shoes you can afford—you'll find you have a better-constructed, longer-wearing pair. From there on the care and feeding of shoes is up to you. You can save up to $30 a year in shoe bills with proper handling.

First rule is to change your shoes every day, which gives the worn pair a day to let perspiration evaporate and to spring back into shape. If you own two pairs of shoes and wear them alternately you'll be surprised at how much longer they'll last.

It's a good idea to wear rubbers in wet weather. They've been streamlined to the point where even a confirmed hater of rubbers can find no objection to them. The newest types simulate your own shoes so closely that it's almost impossible to tell they're rubbers. Wet leather becomes soft and gets out of shape and even after drying is inclined to be somewhat lifeless.

However, if you've been caught in a downpour, the thing to do is to wash any mud off with tepid water and go over the whole shoe lightly with castor oil. Then straighten out the shoe and stuff with crumpled paper. This speeds drying and helps to retain the shape. But don't put them up against the radiator—the heat will dry and crack the leather. Let them dry slowly, polish, and they're almost as good as new.

Frequent polishing, in addition to being a point in grooming, actually keeps leather soft and pliable, thereby lengthening its life. Don't stint on the shoe-shine boy or, if you take care of your shoes yourself, don't spare the brush.

Grease spots on shoes seem to stump the average guy—you get rid of them by coating the grease spo with a thick solution of rubber in some solvent. stationery store, should be applied to the spot, lowed to dry partially and then peeled off; the gre comes off with it. If it's a particularly bad spot may have to repeat the operation, but it gets it

When you're not wearing your shoes don't them under the bed or throw them on the floor. You can take your pick of several typ shoe wardrobes on the market, but the poin use one. Always put your shoes on trees wh take them off—it preserves their shape.

If you've put your shoes into a damp corne where it's possible that you'll find them with mildew. You don't have to throw th if this has happened—just wash them off and warm water. It works wonders.

The easiest way to clean reverse calf rub them with sandpaper, which remove brings the nap up. The sides of the sole gone over with black or red enamel, w buy in any shoe repair shop. Since shoes are never polished the sides of soon develop a scrubby look without process.

In general, brown shoes may be color suit but black, but for busine dish-brown shade is best. Known bootmaker finish, you get it by ap polish to the shoes. Any number ishes are available in the market ber-soled or heavy brogue sh clothes; and don't wear dressy h odd slacks and tweed jackets. F sports clothing, which include and Glen Urquharts, semi-brog calf shoes may be worn in to

We don't want you to pla of shoes, but you owe it to yo are straight and laces tidy.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THON



calf wing-tip shoes for semi-sports wear—correct in town, for
ciator wear; Argyle plaid wool hose and a lightweight tweed suit

Black quarter brogue town shoes with punched toecap; the blue lisle hose carry colored clocks and the suit is in the very popular gray Glen Urquhart pattern



ly in cavalry regiments in India by British army officers, this shoe has
te for country wear for several seasons—made ankle high with a two-
er front, it is practical and comfortable. With it are green wool fancy rib

hose and cavalry twill slacks. Another favorite of undergraduates and sportsmen is the Norwegian peasant slipper (right, above) which is worn on the campus, aboard ship, after skiing and with informal resort clothing; bright wool hose, gray flannels



Campus favorites: A brown blucher shoe with punched toecap—gray flannel slacks. Next, Norwegian or ski-front style antique brown shoe, worn with wool Argyle hose and covert slacks. Brown one-piece blucher shoe, wool checked hose and lightweight tweed suit. A moccasin type shoe with monk front, good on campus or for sports; loval green tweed suit



Evil Under the Su

By Agatha Ch

ILLUSTRATED BY MARI

Christine Redfern sprang lightly from stone to stone and her husband was never far from her

The Story Thus Far:

IN NEED of a rest, Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian criminal investigator, goes to the Jolly Roger, a simple old hotel on an island off the southern coast of England. A short time after he arrives, one of the guests—Arlena Marshall, wife of Captain Kenneth Marshall—is found dead, strangled, on the beach at Pixy Cove, which is not far from the hotel.

Because Mrs. Marshall and another guest—Christine Redfern's husband, Patrick—had been giving Marshall plenty of cause for jealousy, the Captain is an obvious suspect. *But he has an alibi.* . . . Among the Jolly Roger's guests, in addition to those already mentioned, are: Linda Marshall, Kenneth's daughter by his first wife; Miss Emily Brewster, an old maid—seemingly harmless; the Reverend Stephen Lane, a religious fanatic; an American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Odell Gardener; Major Barry, a veteran of the Indian Service; Rosamund Darnley, who had once been in love with Marshall—and probably still is; and Horace Blatt, a hail fellow well met with quite a bit of money.

Assisted by Poirot, Inspector Colgate and Chief Constable Weston go to work on the case. They interrogate everyone at the hotel. Then they go to a cavern—Pixy's Cave—not far from the scene of the crime. There, in the cave, they find a box. The box contains heroin!

By this time, Poirot has a number of excellent clues. Returning to the hotel, he questions everyone he meets in the hope of learning *who had taken a bath, a short time before the killing.* He is likewise interested in the kind of perfume the various women guests use.

He interviews Christine Redfern. She astounds him by asserting that, shortly before Arlena had been murdered, Linda Marshall (who had hated her stepmother) had purchased some candles. Leaving Christine, Poirot finds Linda. But when he mentions *candles,* the girl—terror in her eyes—turns and leaves him. . . . The three investigators learn that the Reverend Stephen Lane had once been in a home for mental patients—that he had suspected the devil of snooping about in the guise of a "scarlet woman." . . . Taking with him some reports on the recent operations of a strangler, in England, Poirot goes to Pixy Cove. There he reads the reports; and, as he reads, he begins to wonder if—well, Hercule Poirot feels that he is on the right trail, at last.

X

TO HERCULE POIROT, sitting on the ledge overlooking the sea, came Inspector Colgate.

Poirot liked Inspector Colgate. He liked his rugged face, his shrewd eyes, and his slow, unhurried manner.

Inspector Colgate sat down. He said, glancing down at the typewritten sheets in Poirot's hands: "Done anything with those cases, sir?"

"I have studied them—yes."

Colgate got up, he walked along and peered into the next niche. He came back, saying: "One can't be too careful. You know we don't want to be overheard."

Poirot said: "You are wise."

"I don't mind telling you, M. Poirot," Colgate said, "that I've been interested in those cases myself—though, perhaps, I shouldn't have thought about them if you hadn't asked for them." He paused. "I've been interested in one case in particular."

"Alice Corrigan?"

"Alice Corrigan." He paused. "I've been on to the Surrey police about that case—wanted to get all the ins and outs of it."

"Tell me, my friend. I am interested—very interested."

"I thought you might be. Alice Corrigan was found strangled in Caesar's Grove on Blackridge Heath—not ten miles from Marley Copse where Nellie Parsons was found—and both those places are within twelve miles of Whiteridge where Mr. Lane was vicar."

Poirot said, "Tell me more about the death of Alice Corrigan."

"The Surrey police didn't at first connect her death with that of Nellie Parsons," Colgate said. "That's because they'd pitched on the husband as the guilty party. Don't quite kno cept that he was a bit of wha calls a 'mystery man'—not m about him—who he was or came from. She'd married h her people's wishes, she'd a bi of her own—and she'd insurec his favor—all that was enou suspicion, as I think you'll

Poirot nodded.

"But when it came dow tacks the husband was washe of the picture. The body was by one of these women hik young woman in shorts. She solutely competent and reliat —games mistress at a schoc cashire. She noted the time found the body—it was ex fifteen—and gave it as her o the woman had been dead qu time—not more than ten min fitted in well enough with the geon's view when he examine at 5:45. She left everything and tramped across country t police station where she re death.

"Now from three o'clock t

(Continued on page

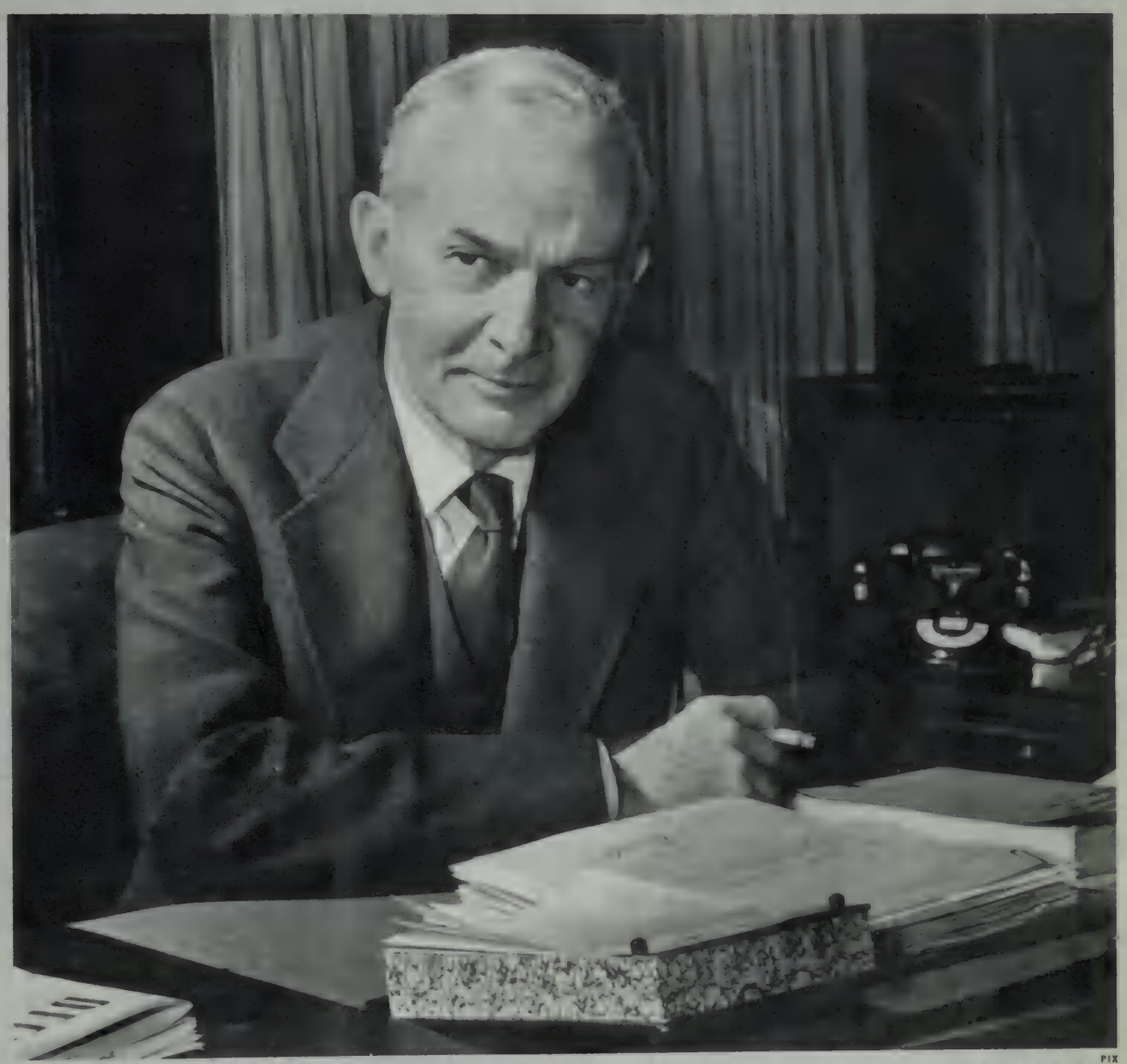
You Can't Say That!

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

The propaganda machinery is now being set up in Washington and will start grinding out choice words (mostly adjectives) whenever the President decides to press the button. Its chief engineer is standing by—Lowell Mellett, a shy, scholarly, able newspaperman, a friend of the President and, if this job goes through, of no one else

Head man of American censorship will probably be the President's confidential adviser, Lowell Mellett



PIX

clangor of the anvils of de-
its birth will be a whisper.
newspaper will dismiss it
. Your radio commentator,
citous of your feelings, will
hat it means really nothing.
erely that a few publishers,
impresarios and movie
have been invited to the
e to discuss the only topic
cusses—National Defense.
oth radio and the press will
to be fearful, that both are
at you will get the news,
ct. Rumor will have it that
be censored forthwith, the
o. But this will be denied.
consider what censorship
ermany, Italy, Russia and
even England—the denial
er. They'll assure you that
e House they merely dis-
ssibility—oh, well, a prob-
u insist—that will happen
we get into this war. And
e the patriotic duty of print
oadcasters to see to it that
idings do not reach un-
.

ess, when this happens—this
nd the ensuing reassurances
e entitled to arrive at three
all of which will not be far
First, you may assume with
fety that the White House
that the likelihood of the
s remaining out of the war
econd, that publishers and
have been asked to con-
dopt a plan of self-censor-
ird is that it won't be long
tches from Washington will
"C ored at Source" warnings.
r of President Roosevelt's
have been urging him to
ishers now. They plead that
e press, the radio, the mails
les are far too free for the
side in this fight. The more
m have been urging that a
observation post be estab-
e to study news outlets with
scovering before actual cen-
in who may be trusted and
t. But Mr. Roosevelt has not
the idea.

Too Many Mouthpieces

ly, the State, War and Navy
s, some members of the De-
ission and a few important
anufacturers would like to
en at once. Actually, all of
lamped down a semisilence
y regard as facts, activities,
ailures and projects. They
at they are anxious merely
dings should not trickle into
ears and that their only de-
t America and Americans
rotected. The State Depart-
king of censorship as a mat-
rotection, Mr. Hull among
convinced that his office has
outhpieces sounding off in
laces on too many subjects.
ny would be happier were it
before censorship, voluntary
—to dictate the style and
of articles on military sub-
l as facts.

e are mere symptoms. Our
you that when the publish-
ed to Washington they will
lacking a plan of their own,
avail themselves of a plan
yond the skeleton stage. It
n to them as a guide rather
oposal. They may rewrite it
f it. They may be told that
ck their own censor or nomi-
wn director of public infor-
such will the gentleman be
here, too, they will be in-
failing to agree upon a cen-

(Continued on page 62)

One of the aims of the present plan is to sell the war to the halfhearted and the doubtful



Congressmen aren't going to relish submitting their off-the-floor statements to the censor





"Looks like it," Ryan said. Hubie lifted the machine gun. He took out the clip, slid it back in

St. Patrick for England

By Howard Breslin

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The German officer made a mistake in his estimate of the men of Ballymoran. Why? They were Irishmen

IT WAS a gray day. The sky was the color of stale cigarette smoke; the air was damp and smelled of fog. Snow still clung to a few places in the green of the Irish countryside. But there was none left on the hilltop where the two men were.

Ryan, lying flat, put his hat down on the damp ground beside him, and placed the field glasses on the hat. He looked at his watch and swore. He turned his head and looked at Hubie McMurrough.

Hubie, his back comfortable against a tree trunk, was watching the road behind them. He had his hands stuck up his sleeves for warmth, but the submachine gun lay across his lap. Hubie's trench coat was buttoned high around his neck, and the long, lean face under the brown beret was expressionless.

"Well?" said Ryan. It was the third day of waiting.

Hubie shrugged. "The day's young. We've time, man."

"Maybe." It was you they contacted in Dublin, thought Ryan. You with your beret and having fought with the Francos in Spain. We've got a whole unit of the I.R.A. out here on the hills because you talked to some man in a Dublin pub. It better be good, Hubie, my lad. He rolled over and glanced down at the road. "Who's covering the road?"

"Timmy and O'Malley. With the old Vickers gun."

"And the other gun?" Ryan waved toward the valley. "Beyond?"

"Coyne."

Then they both heard it, a low buzz in the distance. Ryan whirled, picked up his glasses. He swept them in a slow arc, searching. If they had any sense they'd come in from the west. In the glasses he saw a darker spot against the smoke-gray clouds. It grew bigger. Suddenly, it was clear, the dropping fast in a long dive.

"Looks like it," Ryan said.

Hubie lifted the machine gun. He took out the clip, slid it back in with a click. He did it again, and a third time. Each time the clip clicked home Hubie's eyes got brighter.

Ryan took his rifle from against the tree, and worked the bolt, sending a cartridge into the chamber.

They knelt together, watching the plane come low over the hills to the west.

"A Stuka," said Hubie.

(Continued on page 7)

Dinner Date

By Duane Decker

T SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

ran a small amber comb through her
e heard the telephone ring in the next
She paused, the comb in mid-air, lis-
e tap of her mother's feet, then her
hello, and finally: "Lily—the phone,

Burdett. If it had been anyone else,
ould have announced who. That was
ther's ways of showing her disapproval
ing, Lily walked with deliberate slow-
lephone, aware that her mother's pre-
ith the newspaper was faked. Picking
er, she felt a little bit self-conscious as
id when she talked with Pike in front
r.
said.
ily," Pike said, "there's big doings at
tonight. An anniversary party. I was
ell you before this. But anyway, you
can't you?"
Pike. I have a dinner date."
k you to break many dates, kid. But
!"
r date is special, too, Pike. I'm late
t dressed yet. . . ."
ther's listening, isn't she?" Pike said.
s tell. You talk in that strained way."
ust go now, Pike."
er date with that guy, the one whose old
bank, isn't it?"

es three dates with this week. And
ek. Right?"

y, I get it," Pike said bitterly. "Me,
Baloney, the guy that fills in."
e suddenly softened, as though she had
guard in quick fright: "I'm sorry about
. I'd love to go—be just anywhere with
w that. If you'd only told me sooner—"
Pike said. "I'm used to getting tossed
u. It's all I expect. So go get beauti-
ig. This is Joe Baloney signing off for

up. Lily walked defiantly toward the
without looking at her mother. She
loset and rummaged for a dress. Then,
e stopped and walked over to the bed
n, frowning, her chin propped in her

told her that this was final-inspection
Kenneth. The dinner date was at his
his mother and father. She knew that
nted to marry her and that he wanted
approve before he asked her.
good catch if you wanted to look at it
t wasn't just that his father was presi-
nk and had a big home with servants in
ction of town. It was Kenneth himself,
th was really nice. And he loved her
her wonderfully. He'd always treat her
, she thought. He'd always be depend-

re was Pike. Generally broke, he was
rtainly, in *that* sense. And he could be
naggingly jealous, without reason. He
ises, stood her up on dates sometimes,
s with her when he couldn't get his own
things. Making her upset was a game
o play. Her mother had told her a hun-
hat the woman who married Pike would
ervous wreck.
the very first date she'd had with Pike,
had been afraid of him—afraid he'd get
end. Lily knew why. Because her
said once, "I know all there is to know
ike Burdetts of this world, Lily. I mar-
our father."
rue. Lily remembered what a hectic,
ife it had been for her mother before her
died. She remembered the constant
e threats, the pleading. She remembered how her mother had finally gone to work in the department store because her father had never managed to make ends meet. And when he'd died, he'd left no insurance, nothing. It was easy to see why her mother felt so bitter about Pike Burdett.

Yet there was something about the way Pike touched her feelings—it was hard for Lily to explain, even to herself. . . .

The clock on the dressing table said ten minutes of seven. Suddenly, Lily got up and walked into the living room again and faced her mother with a tight, troubled expression on her face.

"I want to ask you something important, Mother. And I don't want a mother-to-daughter answer. I want it woman-to-woman."

"I'll answer it that way, Lily," her mother said.

Lily frowned. "I think Kenneth is going to ask me to marry him tonight. I guess I could be happy with him, Mother. Only, little things stick in my mind about Pike that don't about Kenneth."

"I see."

"I've been thinking, Mother. I know that if I ever married Pike, I'd be terribly happy—for a little while. Then I'd probably fight and plead and have to get a job in a store, as you did. But if I married Kenneth, everything would last. I wouldn't ever be terribly happy but I'd never be *unhappy*."

Her mother nodded.

"You were terribly happy with Father for a little while, weren't you? It was the way I feel about Pike, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was, Lily."

"Well, what I want to know, Mother—and, gee, this is hard to ask you—was it really worth it? If you had it to do over again, would you honestly do it over?"

Lily waited, her eyes fastened on her mother's. Finally her mother said, "You asked me, so—well, it *was* wonderful for a little while, yes. But it was grief and misery for so much longer. I don't want you to make a mistake tonight, Lily." Her mother paused. "No. No, I wouldn't do it over again."

IT WAS a nice evening. Lily knew that Kenneth's mother and father liked her very much. Around eleven, Kenneth took her home. He drove straight to her house, but when she made a move to get out of the car he touched her arm and drew her back.

"Lily," he said earnestly, "I want to marry you. I love you. Will you marry me, Lily?"

She felt suddenly calm. All evening she'd been nervous, thinking about it, but now that he'd said it, she felt calm.

"I'm sorry, Kenneth. I like you so much. But—"

Five minutes later she opened the door of her house and walked in, ready to face her mother. She dropped her coat and hat on a chair and walked into the kitchen, quietly defiant. But her mother wasn't sitting at the table. Pike was. Sipping a beer.

"Pike!" she said. "Pike—where's Mother?"

"She went out to a movie," Pike said. He took a gulp of his beer. "She phoned me to come over. Said you'd be in early."

Lily sat down. "She phoned *you* to come over?"

Pike grunted. "Figure it out, kid, I can't. I know she hates me and—oh! She left this for you."

He handed her a sealed envelope. She ripped it open and read: "Lily, I meant what I said—I wouldn't do it *over again*. But I'd still do it *once*. So should you or you'll feel thwarted all your life. Even when you asked me, I knew if you really loved Pike you'd marry him anyway, no matter what I said. And I know you really do love him, Lily. So get him. You'll always feel that you missed the boat if you don't."

Lily glanced up. Pike was saying, ". . . and the party will be going until all hours. Let's look in, kid."

"Let's," Lily said. Pike got up, grinning, crooked his arm with elaborate politeness and said, "So here goes Mr. and Mrs. Joe Baloney." And Lily had to smile. Crazy, but she knew she'd remember—always—just the way Pike looked when he said that.



Lily's voice suddenly softened. "I'm sorry about tonight, Pike," she said. "I'd love to go. If you'd only told me sooner—"



The Man at the D

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

This is the story of a visitor who called but once. Even that was too much

ON SATURDAY morning the wind was blowing straight in from the lake. My boss said, "George, you get some stuff together. We're going to spend the night at the camp."

"Yes, sir," I said. "How many are we going to be?"

"Well, let's see," he said. "There's me and Hobson and what's that man with the pointed beard named?"

"You mean Dr. Stone?"

"That's him. And J. Leonard Brownlye."

"Who, sir?" I asked.

My boss laughed. "Never mind," he said. "You'll see." Then he quit laughing and got serious: "George, do you believe in ghosts?"

My name is Booker but my boss is the kind of white man that thinks all colored people who cook and wait on them are named George.

"I never thought much about ghosts, one way or the other," I told him. "My old grandmamma used to tell me if I kept my place and minded my own business, nobody, flesh or spirit, would bother me. So I never thought much about ghosts."

My boss hired me one time when he went to New Orleans to see the Mardi Gras, and brought me up here to Chicago to show people what good, old-fashioned Creole cooking is. I don't like my boss but he pays me eighty a month and keep, and that beats fighting off the dogs with a WPA shovel.

"I'm going to let you in on the joke, George," my boss said, "because I don't want you to get scared and run off."

"Yes, sir," I said. I don't care much for jokes, especially when my boss plays them on other people, but I mind my own business and draw that eighty a month.

"Lincoln is coming," my boss said.

"That'll make five, not counting me," I said. "You and Mr. Hobson and Dr. Stone and Mr. Brownlye and the last gentleman you named."

My boss laughed. "You know who Lincoln is?" he asked me. "Abraham Lincoln?"

A man had better not answer too many questions about what he knows until he finds out why the questions are asked.

"I heard the name spoke," I told my boss.

"You bet you have, you dumbbell," my boss said, still laughing. "Abraham Lincoln set you colored people free. I thought every coon in the country knew that."

The man at the door said, "Son, don't try to make a god out of me. The Almighty is still doing pretty well"

"It must have been be[fore] I said. I still didn't know [what] was going to be about, [so] to let on.

"And he's dead, too."

"Shot and killed seve[ral] ago."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"But he's going to sh[ow] camp about midnight, to[night]."

"Yes, sir."

My boss studied that [a] Then he said, "I don't [be]derstand at all. I said Ab[e] —he's been dead seven[ty] going to walk right up to [a] midnight, tonight. You u[n]

I knew he wanted me t[o] I rolled my eyes a little [to] teeth chatter some, and I [was] ing to be a mighty cold [night] to be walking about in the [cold] dead and all."

My boss laughed big, [and] don't you get scared. Ge[orge] "It's just a joke. If you [are a] good cook I wouldn't tell [you] scare the fire out of you, to[o] want you running off in [the] ter and getting lost an[d] dumes."

"I won't run off," I said.

"This man—J. Leonar[d] ever hear of him?"

I KNEW him when he wa[s a] Brown and we were [in] High School in New Orle[ans] before he got started writ[ing] winning prizes and sch[ool] parting his name in the [mid]dle was all right, I guess. I [had] ill feelings toward him.

"No, sir," I told my bos[s] lieve I know a man by [the] name."

"J. Leonard Brownlye [is a] man who is an intellect[ual]," said. "He is, in a manner [of] leader of your race. I'm [sure] you don't know him."

"Yes, sir," I said. "Bu[t I] been so hard I don't have [to] circulate amongst the [high]

"Not only that," my b[oss] got a money gift from so[me] to do an epic poem on the [life] ham Lincoln."

"Yes, sir," I said. For [so] I have been applying to [him] to get some money so I [can] what some of the white pe[ople] and not doing for the col[ored] six years after Lincoln's [death] foundation turns me down."

"So we are going to g[et] him," my boss said. "Som[e] down at the university th[ink] ting a little too big for his [britches] are going to get him over [here] and take him down a few [pegs]."

"You-all are not doing [this] I said, putting on a big, [dumb] "I'm against lynching. I [pay] four dollars a year to the [NAACP]."

My boss laughed out [loud] lynching," he said. "We [are] to scare the pants off Mr. [J.] Brownlye. That's all."

"Yes, sir," I said, and m[y] had been a big load taken [off]

(Continued on pa[ge])



heir est to help make life pleasant for soldiers on leave are
Al n and Kathryn Beilby of the Watsonville, California,
heat Group. What's going on here is dramatic training

sc ts above are Corporal Walter Brazelton and Private
Don ty of the 250th Coast Artillery, stationed at Camp Mc-
Bela the boys rehearse—just what they've been waiting for



OUR NEW ARMY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES KERLEE

Here, Collier's special correspondents continue with high lights from camps in which the new American Army is being trained. This week there are items from the South, the Pacific Northwest, the Great Lakes; and about Army food and other things. In the next issue, other sections and subjects will be covered.

ARMY FOOD: The Army may be prejudiced, but it says it is giving a majority of trainees better food than they got at home. Everything is bought under specifications: diets are balanced scientifically. Here's some interesting information from Lieut. Col. S. C. Dildine, who buys a million pounds of meat products a month for boys from Pacific Northwest states in training at Fort Lewis, Washington.

The Army buys Grade-B beef because it's high quality and hasn't so much "waste fat" as Grade-A. It sticks to steer beef, banning heifers. Heifer meat is tender, all right, but has a higher moisture content and more waste. "Medium cured" cheese gets the Army's nod, instead of the green variety—less moisture, more digestible. Ever do any thinking about large eggs and small ones? The Army did: it buys large ones. The proportion of shell to egg is less.

Ninety score butter is what the soldiers get—and every batch is sampled by expert tasters. In salmon—romantically known to the A.E.F. as "goldfish"—the Army insists nowadays on high grade chinook and sockeye varieties. Milk standards are higher than in most cities. The Army rejects huge offerings of food on occasion because they don't come up to specifications.

Standards are so rigid because one piece of bad food can spread sickness through a regiment. Army experience is that it takes the services of four men to make one sick man well. Before he buys oysters, Lieut. Col. Dildine goes out and inspects the oyster beds. The Army's *that* careful.

●

PACIFIC NORTHWEST: New men at Fort Lewis, Washington, are acquiring the hobbies long indulged in by veterans. Many old-line soldiers, for example, collect insignia pins of various regiments: some of the crests marked with the dragons of China for oriental service; others with mementoes of Civil War battles. Some soldiers have 400 or 500 insignias in their collections. Private David Schaffer of Chicago, who enlisted for three years a few months ago, already has 20. One of his companions, John Dore of Milwaukee, who worked on a railroad before enlisting, has a collection of railroad timetables.

In one barracks at the Reception Center, Leroy Hampton of Manti, Utah, a new soldier now assigned to the 99th Field Artillery, started a fad of soap carving. Already his carvings of horses, battle scenes, and statuary are prized possessions in other barracks, and Derral Mecham of Salina, Utah, a 21-year-old blond little lad, also has carved a statue or two of soap. From all this sprung the hobby of Howard Lee, first draftee to be inducted from Oregon. He has devised a game called "Blitzkrieg" which he is trying on fellow soldiers in the barracks. It was pawns made of soap—in the shapes of soldiers, tanks, artillery pieces and airplanes. Four people—representing the mythical nations of Hati, Gillopea, Vernonia and Eeland, play. They move across squares representing waterworks, factories, airports, taking "out" the enemy like chess. Goal is the enemy capital in the center of the board. Lee hopes to sell his game.

●

SOUTH: New Army concentrations are creating boom towns and boomtown problems. The Army figures that each soldier added to a camp brings in one new civilian to the area near by. The United States Public Health Service figures one new civilian to every two soldiers. Taking the Health Service figures this means that the 13,000 inhabitants of Brownwood, Texas, probably will be increased to 28,000—the 30,000 troops will bring in 15,000 new civilians.

Hinesville, Georgia, had 800 population late in 1939—and will have to absorb 7,500 more when 15,000 troops move in. Around the little town of Starke, near Camp Blanding, Florida, will be 60,000 soldiers. Starke's 1,400 citizens will be invaded by 30,000 more men, women and children. Tullahoma has a normal population of 4,500. Around 28,000 troops are being concentrated at Camp Peay, near by. That means nearly 15,000 new inhabitants for the town. Alabama's Anniston will have to provide for 10,000 newcomers; Hattiesburg, Mississippi, for more than 25,000. Fort Bragg, North Carolina, will have 66,000 men.

●

LAKES: The Army's putting a lot of its recruits through school. At Fort Custer, Michigan, the post command is very proud of the good report cards brought home by thirty-two men of the Second Infantry, who are learning shorthand and typing at Argubright College in Battle Creek. The cards are all above average. The Army sends its scholars to school in trucks every morning, feeds them a hot lunch at noon and trucks them home evenings.

●

GENERAL: New soldiers can't always be given the jobs they want or are best fitted for, in the Army—and here's why: There are some 29,000 different occupations in civil life, but only 272 are needed in the fighting force. That's why a lot of square pegs have to be rounded off before they'll fit into the Army's circular holes.

Many trainees are discovering unsuspected opportunities in the Army. For instance, there's Lawrence Perez of Los Angeles. He was on the stage and in radio with a flock of about forty bird calls, mostly Californian. Always wanted to travel around and find new birds to imitate; never could afford it. Now he's in the Pacific Northwest, hunting up new birds; hopes to go to some Rocky Mountain post in the spring—and find other sets of warblers. Incidentally, he finds the Army's chow and exercise are building out his chest and giving him more lung power.

In many camps there's a shortage of new uniforms—and so some of the recruits have to make out with the old

(Continued on page 51)



CHINA SKY

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SA

"Father," she said gently, not to startle him. "Eh!" He looked up and put down his paper. "You are late"

The Story Thus Far:

SECRETLY in love with her chief—Dr. Gray Thomison, head of a hospital in the Chinese city of Chen-li—young Dr. Sara Durand eagerly awaits his return from America, where he has gone to raise funds for his work.

The war is raging, and at frequent intervals the hospital is a target for Japanese bombers. Getting the patients into shelters, when the sirens blow, is difficult and at times perilous. But, with the assistance of two Chinese—Dr. Chung and Dr. Siu-mei—Sara manages to protect her little flock fairly well.

Weeks pass. Sara receives a cablegram. It is from Gray Thomison. It informs her that he will soon be back with "Louise"—*his bride!*

Stunned, Sara tries bravely to repress her emotions. But there are moments when she is wretchedly unhappy. . . . One day a seriously wounded Japanese is brought to the hospital by his captor—Chen-ta, a famous guerrilla, who is known as "the Eagle." Chen-ta says that he himself has wounded the Japanese. And he urges Sara to make every possible effort to save the man's life. *Why?* Chen-ta will not discuss the matter.

Assisted by Dr. Chung (who donates some of his blood), Sara operates; and the Japanese does not die. . . . The Thomisons arrive. Sara gives them as cordial a welcome as she can, under the circumstances. She notes that Louise is young and very beautiful. Louise likewise notes *that Dr. Sara Durand is very beautiful.* . . .

Gray has a Chinese cook—Siao Fah—who adores him. Siao Fah, watching this woman who has just come from America, dislikes and mistrusts her. But, despite the bombings (which terrify Louise), everything goes along smoothly, for a time.

Then, one day, a short time later—after an unusually severe bombing—Gray goes to Louise's bedroom. There he finds her, badly frightened, in tears. Louise astounds her husband by demanding that he take her home. Feeling sure that, once she has grown accustomed to life in China, she will be glad to stay in Chen-li, he refuses to drop his vitally important work and return to America.

In his arms, Louise implores him to take her home. Gray holds her close. "No, Louise," he says firmly.

III

AM I recovering?"

Yasuda, who had gone through the Chinese doctor's examination without a word of speech now asked this question. His voice was calm and without weakness.

"You are," Chung replied.

"If my captor comes today, am I well enough to be returned to him?"

"In my judgment, yes," Chung replied.

The two men spoke in English and equally well, and yet upon their tongues the language could have passed for two, had English been unfamiliar to the listening ear. The Japanese spoke with the guttural intonation of the German-taught. The Chinese had learned from an English missionary, educated in Oxford. But there was no one in the room to hear them.

Chung straightened himself and covered his patient. He began to put away his stethoscope, his delicate, supple hands moving without a fumble. He had purposely come into this room alone, without the usual nurse. One of the nurses, Ya-ching, had been lingering near him waiting to be called, but he had not noticed her. Half the nurses in the hospital were in love with him, he thought scornfully, and why should he pay Ya-ching any heed? She was pale and pock-marked. Why pay any nurse heed when Siu-mei was beginning to yield? Siu-mei's family was rich.

"Why do you work when you need not?" he had asked her one day.

"I wish to work," she had replied with a proud look.

He himself worked because he desperately wanted money. His family was poverty-stricken, his father an idle son of a silk merchant who had used up the last of his small inheritance, and as if that were not enough had now begun to smoke opium because of kidney pains. The large family of his you and his parents hung upor an intolerable burden. H pelled by tradition to take but the years abroad had feeling for his family. On scholarship after another his education until his o had won him all he neede

He was quite willing tc with Siu-mei, indeed, wa half in love with her, but s must not be brought too q point of money in his hai sensitively romantic and budding love might shrive too soon of his need; an was old and conservative in a betrothal, even in the mo could not proceed too quic needed money now, at or ther had sent his second morning for more money. had already used his monti had borrowed another, and ask at the office for more.

"You seem to think that fed and sheltered I do nc thing else," he had said tc

(Continued on pag



Here's Why Young Folks Go For MERCURY

MERCURY performs differently because it's built according to aviation principles . . . with more power per pound than most other cars. It's a lot like a race horse in the pink of condition—trim, balanced—no superfluous weight—but plenty of alert and responsive drive. Naturally, young people of all ages like the "get-up-and-go" of this young kind of car. In a little more than two years Mercury has won over 175,000 new owners, and—have you ever known *one* who wasn't enthusiastic?





More Rubber On The Road. New larger tires and wider tread, combined with scientific springing give the 1941 Mercury more grip—more road-hugging security, plus better anchorage on the turns.



More Room And Comfort. The new Mercury is a surprisingly large car. Body lines and doors flare out over the running boards to gain extra width inside where big people and big families can use it.

t Out In Front With This One !



There's plenty of room for ...ily's ...ggage in Mercury's spacious ...tment ...pare wheel and tire are stowed ...inst ... wall. Tools, automatic light

FOLKS WHO buy Mercury are proud of their car because it gets out in front and usually stays there. It's mighty fleet, plenty mule-footed in hard going. The smooth, restful ride on slow-motion springs scores a new high in comfort. We think Mercury is pretty as a picture, inside and out. A bit restrained, of course—not too much dazzle, but clean, flowing lines and a perky "let's go" look. Here's a car without a single "super" something. Just a modern, well-conceived, honestly-built automobile that we believe is the best you can buy for the money. Mercury is amazingly economical too—costs less to own than you probably realize. We'd like to have you drive one and see that we really have brought some new thinking into the automobile business.



Most Everybody Likes A Convertible, and here's a fine new Mercury that we think is about the last word in this type of car. Automatic top is electrically operated. White sidewall tires extra



MERCURY 8

"Lady, you may know calic
...but I know tobacco!

"And I know Luckies pay the price for finer leaf!"
says F. L. Warren, independent tobacco buyer of Danville a.

"In buyin' tobacco, you get what you pay for. Right be e my eyes, I see Luckies pay the price to buy tobacco th 's finer, lighter and milder. I figure that's why most tob o men like me smoke Luckies. I've smoked them 15 yea "

Yes, Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, lighter, n l- rally milder tobaccos. If you're smoking more today, *al mildness* is important. So take a tip from the independen - bacco experts—the buyers, auctioneers and warehousen l.



With men who know tobacco best_it's LUCKIES

St. Patrick for England

Continued from page 20

as almost even with them little higher. The motor ed. It was climbing again aw the white streak that o the mushroom of a para-

ed in his breath. "That he said.

hung swinging, dropping e valley. They could see orking on the cords. The ted west and disappeared p of trees.

l on his hat. "Come on,

down the steep grade ing easily through the eparated almost at once, away from Ryan's right, ng toward the place where n the parachute.

who first saw the white ite gleaming through the whistled once, low, and

ute, shrouds and harness ss, was draped across a edge of the clearing. There of the man who'd come st the parachute laid out, coy. They'd sent a good

his rifle over his shoulder, to the clearing.

lowly, hands outstretched, He was exactly in the cen- aring when a voice chal- lic.

ed. It wasn't a true Irish was pretty good Gaelic.

," he said, in English. And strange as may be, old language." He waited added: "Come on. Come an you were to meet."

e out of the underbrush . He was tall, with good wore a cap, and a leather jersey under it. The han- ade was sticking from a and the man held a short e pointed at Ryan's stom-

id Ryan.

he word was clipped. The eady.

t England," said Ryan.

or friends?"

odded. "Lieutenant Franz aid. "You're Ryan." He nd, lowering the rifle.

k hands. He raised his ght, Hubie. You can come

ant's head snapped around rged from the bushes. Hu- hand.

ient," said the lieutenant,

, thought Ryan. He's an- didn't figure on Hubie.

er get rid of that," said ng to the parachute.

ed it in the clearing and the ashes. Ryan sent Hu- his pickets, and led the hrough the woods away l they'd kept watch on. l his gun but put the gre- ing creel he'd brought. He

ed out of the valley, and isy stream down the other oke only once—leaving the

asked Ryan.

knew what he meant. "Yes.

When they came to the abandoned barn that was headquarters, Coyne was there, wrapping the tripod of his gun in oily rags. He glanced at the stranger; looked away politely.

"I saw the plane," said Coyne. "But neither hide nor hair of anything else passed, till Hubie came."

Ryan nodded. He led the lieutenant into the barn. The roof had caved at one end but the other had the semblance of a room. A roll of blankets in a corner, three boxes and a bench. A brazier, with a few blocks of peat beside it, stood, cold, in the middle of the floor.

Ryan propped his gun in a corner and dug a bottle and two mugs out of the ancient hay in the manger. He waved the other toward the bench, clinking the mugs in his hand. "Usquebaugh," he said, pouring. "The wine of the country."

The lieutenant stretched his legs out. He took the mug and raised it. "Ireland," he said. "Her kings, her people and her whisky."



"And don't forget, gentlemen, if it weren't for my client you'd all be home shoveling snow off your sidewalks!"

REAMER KELLER

Ryan felt the warmth of the drink spread down his throat, and munched to keep the taste of it. He sat on a box, facing the German. Ryan cupped both hands about his mug and sipped.

"You sleep here?"

"Not often," said Ryan. "Never two nights running. Nor anywhere else."

"Ah, yes. Even in Berlin we have heard of Ryan."

GET on with it, thought Ryan. You'll catch no cows that way. He said: "Thanks."

"Yes," said the lieutenant. "The riot in Belfast, that was Ryan. And the railroad yards in Liverpool. And the affair of the Arsenal."

"You're well informed," said Ryan. There were voices outside, and he put down his cup, listening.

Timmy came in first, the old Vickers over his shoulder, and Ryan saw Kuhel's stare at the round little man. Timmy was a barrel with bow legs beneath, and a globe for a face on top. A brown knit shawl was draped around Timmy, bunched in front with a wide safety pin. Timmy plunked down the gun, took off his cap and mopped his face with it.

As usual, saw Ryan, Timmy was three sheets to the wind. Wanting no mistake about it, Ryan said: "This is Timmy. A first-class fighting man."

The lieutenant bowed, frowning.

Hell, said Ryan to himself, this is the I.R.A., not the Storm Troopers. Timmy's worth the lot.

HUBIE came in, and O'Malley. Hubie sat down on the floor, his gun beside him. "Coyne's on watch," said Hubie. He glanced from Ryan to the officer. "What goes?"

Kuhel took a map from a breast pocket and spread it on the floor. It was dark in the barn, and O'Malley lit a candle end. They grouped themselves about the map. Ryan stayed on his box, looking down at them.

"First," said the lieutenant. "You can talk for the organization?" He went on at Ryan's nod. "You know this section of the country?" His finger ran down the west coast of Ireland.

"Like the palm of his hand," said Timmy.

"And this—the northwest corner?"

"Wait!" exploded Timmy. "That's Donegal. You'll have the whole north at your throat!"

"Shut up!" Hubie snapped the words.

"But the man's talking nonsense."

"I'm talking of a blow at England."

That got them. Ryan could see it pass from face to face like a breeze rippling across a lake. Even Timmy wet his lips. England. The old enemy. And these were the outlaws, the die-hards. This Franz Kuhel was a good man, and smart. He'd press his advantage.

"Isn't that why you're here? The Free State after you—the police? Because you're still against England. You're the ones know that Ireland isn't Ireland until you've brought the lion to his knees. How much can you do with your bomb throwing and your gun stealing? But with us—"

"Get on with it," said Ryan.

Kuhel frowned. "You're for it?"

Hubie laughed. "You're talking to Conn Ryan, man. His father went down in Easter Week. And there were Ryans with Emmet and Wolfe Tone."

"Before that," said Timmy. "Before that. There were Ryans with Shane O'Neill in Elizabeth's time."

"Sure," said Ryan. "All the lost causes. We're thick."

"Look," said the lieutenant. "I'm not asking you to do anything but hold a bridgehead for us. There. In Ulster. Just till we get troops landed."

"And how will you do that?"

"Quick and quiet. The whole submarine fleet carrying a special division. Putting into that northwest coast. The I.R.A. to cover the landing—and take care of any arteries leading toward us."

"But the south—" began Timmy.

The lieutenant interrupted: "The south is where they expect us. The leader is too smart for that."

"You can get through the British navy?" O'Malley spoke for the first time.

"Leave that to us. It's a good plan. And there'll be planes, too. As soon as we've a base established. We'll roll the English to the Irish Sea. To their back gate."

RYAN looked at the lieutenant. "It's Roger Casement's plan magnified. And seventy times as daft. You don't know this country. Every old woman would have the whole thing in gossip before your submarines were out of the water. And what would DeValera be doing? And the English?"

"Wait." Lieutenant Kuhel was calm. "Wait. We've figured that. We could race them to the Shannon. And keep them back with planes."

"It's a fine gift you bring us," said Ryan, with bitterness. "Bombers in the Shannon Valley. Germans in the north, and the English in the south. A fine gift."

"I bring you a free Ireland," said the officer. "And the smashing of England. They told in the old tales that Irishmen would fight for that." Kuhel sneered. "That was long ago."

"Not so long ago," said Hubie. His voice was cold. "Not so long."

"Well, then?" the German said. "Well, then?"

"Hell!" said Hubie. "What have we got to lose?"

"It would put the fear of God in them anyway," said O'Malley.

Timmy pounded the floor with his big fist. "It would that. Win or lose."

They were all looking up at Ryan, and they didn't see the flicker of triumph in the lieutenant's eyes. Ryan saw it. You've got them, he thought. Got them because it's so crazy, and so big. Make big dreams for the Irish always, and wild plans. And these men of mine are hunted, tired. They're drunk now with the thought of being out in the open again, driving men in front of them.

"Put a name to it, Conn," said Timmy.

"Yes," said the lieutenant. "Put a name to it, Ryan."

"Maybe," said Ryan. I could put a name to you, Herr Lieutenant, he was thinking, with your special division by submarine. You're likely to leave us all cut off there in Donegal. A lot you or your leader cares if this succeeds or not. Even alone the organization would

frighten England. And that's your ace, and you know it. Most of us would sell our souls to give on uneasy night to the English and a tight-lipped man in Dublin. "Maybe," he said, again.

Hubie said: "Malone's hiding in Donegal now. And there's fifty guns will come out of holes when I take this down to Dublin."

"Whist!" said Timmy, and blew out the candle.

Ryan heard the drumming of the horse a heartbeat later. Then, he was on his feet, rifle in hand, and backing toward the loose plank in the rear wall. He heard the lieutenant's rifle scrape along the bench. The others were just dark shapes, motionless in the gloom.

They waited. The galloping came closer.

"All right," said Timmy. "All right. That's Finn McCool."

"Who?" The German's voice was sharp.

Hubie laughed. "The horse. That's his name. Finn McCool."

"And all horse, that one," said O'Malley, relighting the candle.

"You're sure it—"

"Timmy never misses, Lieutenant." Ryan put his rifle back in the corner. He looked at Timmy. "How did *he* know we were here?"

Franz Kuhel looked bewildered. "The horse?" He straightened stiffly when they all laughed.

"The rider," said Ryan. "That's Father Nolan's horse. No one else ever rides him."

"A priest? You let a priest come here?"

"Let?" Timmy chuckled. "Let's a small word for Father Nolan."

The horse had stopped running. They could hear the murmur of voices.

"I don't understand," said Kuhel. "Are the clergy with you?"

Ryan's smile was bitter. "No fear. I'm one who likes the clergy to keep to their side of the altar rail, myself. But Nolan's from Timmy's parish. Local. Timmy—how did he know?"

"Don't look at me," said Timmy. "There ain't much he don't know."

A BOARD snapped in the wrecked end of the barn. A man came toward them out of the shadows. "Greetings, Conn Ryan," said a soft voice.

Ryan spoke harshly: "Coyne let you by? The—"

"Any fault is mine, Conn Ryan," said the priest.

Ryan looked at him. Father Nolan was a small man, slender. His face was broad, high-cheeked, with a hook of a nose that was twisted to one side. He wore a black suit, the trousers tucked into riding boots, and carried his derby in one thin hand. In the candlelight Father Nolan's hair was mixed red and gray, like steel gone rusty. But the blue eyes in their nests of wrinkles were as cold as Ryan's own.

"I've business here, Conn Ryan," said Father Nolan.

"And I," said Ryan.

"Mine's the more important. I've come for Timothy." Father Nolan smiled at Timmy. "It's your wife, son."

"Norah?" said Timmy. "Bad, Father?"

The priest's smile was tender. "I've anointed her, lad. But she wants you. Your place is there, Timothy." He looked at Ryan.

"Of course," said Ryan. This was priest's business and Ryan used a friendly tone. He put a hand on Timmy's shoulder. "She'll be all right, Timmy. Once you're there."

Timmy's fingers plucked at the safety pin in his shawl. "I'll—I'll meet you in Ballymoran."

Hubie said: "You'll get him through safely, Father?"

Father Nolan nodded. "Finn McCool can carry us both. They won't catch Timothy." He looked about the barn; his glance held the lieutenant's for a moment. "Though I wish St. Patrick would find better work for all of you."

"I'm ready," said Timmy.

"A word, Conn Ryan," said the priest. He inclined his head toward Lieutenant Kuhel, but his eyes held Ryan's. "A word. We brought invaders in once to settle a private fight. And we've been centuries since trying to get them out. Think of that, Conn Ryan." He sighed for Timmy to proceed him, and they turned to go out.

"Wait," commanded the lieutenant.

Father Nolan stopped. Ryan saw Hubie reach down and take the submachine gun up into his lap. Hubie's face was blank. He smells trouble, thought Ryan, suddenly wary.

"Yes?" asked Father Nolan.

But the German looked at Ryan. "You're letting him go?"

"Why not?"

O'Malley scowled, puzzled. Timmy, his head lowered, was gazing at the floor. Father Nolan watched the lieutenant and waited.

"He knows why I'm here," said Kuhel.

"And who you're from," said Father Nolan quietly.

"How?"

The priest smiled. He shrugged. "A little bird told me."

Kuhel brought the automatic rifle level at his hip, putting the butt firmly on the wall behind him. "I do not like this," he said.

"Nor I," said Hubie. The candlelight made his glance at the priest very bright and hard.

FRANZ KUHEL looked across at Hubie and said something in Spanish. Hubie answered in the same language.

"Stop that," said Ryan, angry. "Talk English." They both fought in Spain, he thought. A priest's life was cheap in that war. "This isn't Spain," he said to Hubie.

Hubie stared back, unblinking. He sat cross-legged on the floor, but the hands on the machine gun were properly placed and steady.

"War is war," said Kuhel. "And the priest is not with you."

Father Nolan said: "No. I am not."

The German nodded. "I do not trust the clergy when they are not with you. In my country they stay in the pulpit. Or we put them where they are safe."

"I have heard of that," said Father Nolan. "But the man's wife is dying and needs him."

"That's right," said Ryan. "I'm not one to lick the doorknobs off the church either. But he's here on priest's business. That makes a difference." He



felt better because the li
forgotten the talk.

"An old trick," said Ku
pat. The plan's important
knows it. If the police mak

Timmy came out of his l
a roar. "Talk! Are you c
informer?"

"Stand still," said Hubie

"So?" said Ryan, s
There was a salty taste i
If Hubie and the officer s
the odds favored them. F
glance of approval Kuhel s
Hubie's their type of man
Young, hard, and a veter

"No," said the lieute
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Only Father Nolan was
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"No," said Kuhel. "The

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"No," said Hubie.

Kuhel said, "I realize th

Timmy's eyes were shift
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"The organization won't
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priest, but not enough to
priest means to the Irish.

"The organization needn'
Kuhel.

THERE was a long mome
Ryan knew he'd have
chance on Hubie. "I guess
he said. He dove for the lieu

There was a sudden sta
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quick, shuddering roar o
gun. The lieutenant bent
went over the bench back
ing against the wall. O
swinging across the overt

Ryan, on his knees hol
rifle by the barrel, turned
through the smoke at Hub

"Hell," said Hubie. "You
I'd let him shoot Father No
But you near got in my w
crazy dive."

Father Nolan picked him
where Timmy had pushed
noticed that they were al
floor. The priest stepped t
and raised his hand. He
body, his lips moving.

"Are they all like that?" a
ley, brushing himself.

Coyne came running in.
white-faced.

The priest had finish
scowled at Hubie. "You're
quick with that thing, Hu
rough."

"Thank God," said Timr

Hubie took the clip out
and put in a fresh one. H
Father Nolan coldly. Hubie
don't you stay in church wh
long? The man had a dam

Ryan went out to the
Timmy and the priest. "A
said Father Nolan. "I'll be
Patrick for keeping close
of us."

"Us?" said Ryan. "Not
He gave this day to Engla
watched them ride off, and
stood a moment in the dus
went back for the burying,
up into the darkening sky.

"I suppose you know wha
ing," said Ryan, aloud.



"Mrs. Caruso...twin boys...seven pounds...Where's that beer?"

e A M. . . . and the Doctor's day is done. Life and death. an pleasure. He sees them all. And, through the wisdom com s from experience, he knows that a tired man can rest nd relaxation in a glass of mellow beer or ale.

• • •

a world that's racing madly toward an unforeseen future, en' days are crowded, worried, tense. You, all of us, need lax . need to sit down in serenity, need to gather up the ed reads of life . . . a quiet hour, when you can rest and th mellow wholesomeness of beer.

A product of Nature, beer is by nature good. It is rich in the appealing flavor of sun-ripened grain. It is fragrant with the pleasant odor of hops . . . and it is good to the taste.

The brewers of America want the conditions under which beer is sold to be as wholesome as beer itself.

The vast majority of beer and ale retailers operate decent and respectable places. We ask you *to avoid* any others and to report any law-breaking establishments to your local enforcement authorities.

"CLEAN-UP OR CLOSE-UP" is the title of a booklet that describes the Brewing Industry's significant program of self-regulation to improve beer and ale retailing (now operating in 14 states and being extended). We'd like to send you a copy. Address United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. B2, *21 E. 40th St., New York.*

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

Husbands don't TALK about it



but you can't afford to risk it!

Many a charming woman undermines her happiness by carelessness about bad breath. Such a dangerous, yet common fault . . . a fault you may very well have yourself! After all, dentists say . . .



Doesn't Colgate's penetrating foam make your mouth feel clean and refreshed? Aren't your teeth brighter, more sparkling? Such a grand tangy flavor, too! What a pleasant way to combat bad breath!

"You see, Colgate's has an active penetrating foam that gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath."

Play Safe! TWICE A DAY—AND BEFORE EVERY DATE—USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

MAKES TEETH SPARKLE · QUICK AND FOAMY · DELICIOUS TASTE · POLISHES SAFELY · COMBATS BAD BREATH · CHILDREN LOVE IT

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Bashful Brenda

Continued from page 13

agreed. They suggested a scene from The Perfect Specimen. She turned it down scornfully because she would have nothing to do with light comedy. They suggested Golden Boy. That was all right. On the morning of the day she was to make the test, she was offered a role in the Federal Theater production of Bernard Shaw's On the Rocks. She called up MacMullin.

"That test is off," she said loftily. "I'm being an actress again."

Being a gentleman, MacMullin refrained from going around and braining her but it was plain that his patience was tried. During the run of On the Rocks, she made two screen tests for M-G-M, one for Paramount and one for 20th Century-Fox. Informed of this, MacMullin got on the job again and Warners' made an offer.

"That's when I really made a dope of myself," says Brenda. "I sent a lawyer around to make exorbitant demands. I figured they'd either laugh or think I was worth big money. They laughed."

The Actress is Never Right

Paramount still showed interest and wanted some still photographs of her in a bathing suit. They turned out badly. Brenda insisted with asperity that it was the photographer's fault; Paramount suggested politely that it might be hers. It was a losing battle because Paramount had the last word. She didn't like the photographer; they didn't like the legs. Let us part as friends, said Paramount, and hastily withdrew.

Then, just to show how irrational Hollywood can be, her agent took the Paramount test and the same still pictures over to Warners' and they promptly went mad and began wiring frantically to New York to get her on a plane and rush her out there. They wanted her for Espionage Agent with Joel McCrea. This was pleasing enough but when she landed in Burbank she was not thinking of Mr. McCrea and her future career. She was still mad at Paramount.

"Get me a photographer," she cried. "Get me a bathing suit." The press-department boys could scarcely believe their ears because most new arrivals are coy about their attractions and prefer to speak of their Art. They had her swinging from the steps of a swimming pool almost before one could say Edward Everett Horton. "Um-m, not bad," they murmured sagely, when the negatives were developed.

This took away the memory of the Paramount insult and she threw herself into her screen career with ardor, but that was the last independent gesture she enjoyed in some time. Acting upon the old Warners' principle that those who can't swim deserve to drown, they shot Espionage Agent, wrung her hand with gratitude when it was finished, and then hurled her into the arms of the magnificent Errol Flynn in The Sea Hawk.

The speed of all this was not good for her and things were not bettered by the fact that her first shot with Flynn was to be a love scene. To make it worse she was confined with the great man in a horse-drawn coach, with no chance to move around and nothing to do but act like one filled to the ear lobes with amorous affection. As a wife and mother (the little one had been born in Peterboro three years before), that should have been easy for her, but Flynn was obviously not one to be taken lightly. He looked at her possessively. He gave her an ogle whic ing less than an All-Am She cringed and trembled. shake.

"You know what?" said ently. "You're the second I ever knew."

"Wh-o-o-o is the f-f-firs aged to stammer.

"I am," cried the big, jo a big, jolly laugh, and ev dandy thereafter.

But what really saved h wood was the friendship of a script girl who worked c Agent. Flo introduced helped her find an apartm came to live with her. In th the Gaines–Ankerson m blown up and Brenda ar Land of Myth with no mo band, a very slight reput baby.

The Warners' press depart little moans when they s and only strict federal law from attempting kidnapin make faint suggestions to keeping the bairn in the ba she clung to the baby wit tensity of a lion cherishing Flo O'Neill carried on a mother love which eventu the hard gentlemen.

In the meantime, the getting along well in a lit near the studio, with Flo d ing and Brenda doing the both looking after the baby were bright at the studio b ners' were tossing her i rapidly that the critics tho on an endless belt.

By this time the press was tinkering with the ide that Brenda was actually Oriental, for it was true been born in the Philippine dark, olive skin of a Eura answered this by yelling, "I ish, Danish" in a voice of s that they could only regar an excess of racial pride.

What Can a Publicity

All this time Brenda stay pasted clippings and pictu arine Cornell, her stage id gantuan scrapbook. Her n the purity of the stage a ideals of the drama h slightly but she was still a dent of histrionics and Cor goddess. What changed all arrival of a young man Holden, who had scored a s screen version of Golden considered one of the mos the Hollywood swains. T misapprehension, Brenda the baby the first time Mr. to call and Bill chucked under the chin and boun his knee and seemed not The idea that this might di ardor was immediately disp fact that he continued to squ all over the landscape.

This idyll was disrupted pearance in a gossip columr that Brenda Marshall and would soon see the parson. ated Brenda, who stormed i department in protest.

They threw up their han ishment. Brenda just does have any capacity for Holl chat. She may never develo erly light tone which make so charming out there.

The Man at the Door

Continued from page 22

...ight ...e are all going to be sitting th... camp," my boss said, "and ...bot midnight, somebody is go... ...no... on the door." ...wai... ...ip," I said, "so's I can open ...r."

"... m... boss said. "Won't anybody ...nat ...nocking except J. Leonard ...lye.

"I m... n," I said, "everybody else sle...ing?"

"... at ...ll," my boss said. "Every...will ...e awake and will hear the ...ng. ...ut they will pretend not to ... U...erstand? Everybody except ...lye ...ll be in on the joke."

"...s, si... I said.

"Leo...rd, then, will have to open ...or."

"...in't ... y anything.

"... w... n he opens the door," my ...aid, who do you think will be ...ng t... re?"

"on't ...now, sir," I said.

"...rah... Lincoln!" my boss said.

"...s, si... I said, rolling my eyes and ...ring ...y teeth some more. "But ...een ...ad seventy-six years. And ...sing... be an awful cold night. ...e it'... nowing too hard for us to go ...can... anyway. Maybe we ought ...it ur... the weather clears up."

BO... was tickled at the way I ...arrie...on. After a while he stopped ...ing ...ough to say, "It won't really ...rah... Lincoln, you dumbbell. It ...nly ... an impersonator."

"...ho?" ...asked my boss.

"...ma...named Stewart Coldwater," ...oss ...id. "He is an actor who ...d Li...oln in a show and we hired ...to da...s up and come to the door ...nock Hobson is going to send him ...a his ...r. Hobson will ride with us."

"...es, s..." I said.

"...ow ...n't you get scared and spoil ...oke," ...y boss said. "You just act ...you ...n't know a thing and remem...not to...ee or hear the actor when he ...s to...e door."

"...es, s..." I said.

...ough a pair of thick steaks off a ...e loi... a few pounds of potatoes, ...n of ...rimp and a can of tomato ...e and...me things for breakfast, and ...se of...cotch. Then I got my boss' ...y fu... that he bought from that ...mo...der up in Toronto, and we ...ed o... in the big car. We stopped ...9th ...eet and picked up Professor ...non a... then drove across the Mid...for ...k Brown and Dr. Arbuthnot ...e. D... Stone was one of a group ...lvan...d thinkers in psychology that ...boss...d taken up recently.

"...atura...y, I pretended not to know ...Brow... and he looked past me as ...gh h... as not in the world. Link was ...ng t... Dr. Stone when they came ...of th... house, and when they got in ...car ... kept right on talking. He talked about nothing but Abraham Lincoln. I believe he had memorized everything that had ever been written about the martyred President, and was practicing at putting it into epic poetry form. By the time we got to Gary, Indiana, he was reshaping some of Walt Whitman's lines to make them fit his own idea of poetry, and I began to see what my boss meant when he said some of the boys thought J. Leonard Brownlye needed taking down a few pegs.

The boss' camp is not really a camp. It is more a rustic mansion with all the conveniences of the city. But I understand it was once a camp during prohibition days, when my boss used it for a storage place for whisky that he hauled from Canada. But when prohibition ended and my boss took up other interests such as traveling about and meeting intellectual people, he got sentimental about the place. He had logs hauled in over the dunes and built around the sheet-iron storeroom and then took the sheet-iron walls down and made a real attractive place of it.

Things went about as my boss had planned. We almost got stuck in the snow three or four times before we finally got to the camp but we made it. I was turning on the automatic oil heater switch and building a fire in the big fireplace while the boss opened up the whisky, and nobody suffered from the cold. Then I broiled the steaks and made a sort of stew out of the shrimp and tomato paste, and French fried some potatoes and set the table. But before I poured that sauce over that fine steak, I trimmed me a good-sized piece from the short side of the bone, and then I served dinner.

DURING dinner, I noticed that the wind had died down and it began snowing in huge wet flakes. While I was cleaning up the dishes, J. Leonard Brownlye finished his interpretation of Dr. Barton's attitude toward Lincoln and came in the kitchen pretending to get a drink of water.

"How am I doin', Book?" Link said.

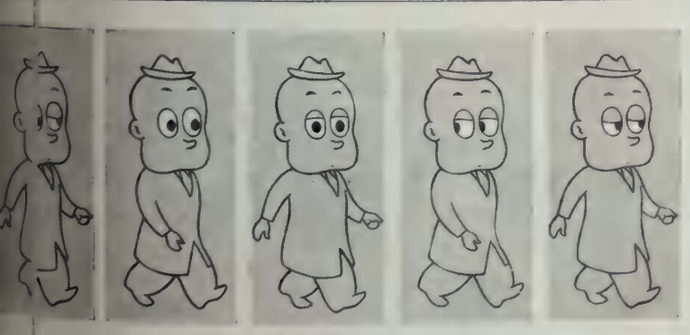
"Okay," I said.

"It's one way to live," Link said. "And I really am doing a great epic poem on the life of Lincoln. Our Deliverer has never been interpreted—"

I put my finger to my mouth and said, "Shh," and nodded my head toward the room where my boss and his guests were. Link stopped talking and nodded his head. Then he whispered, "I just didn't want you to think I was a phony."

When he went back to the living room I almost wished I had told him about the trick they were going to play on him but it was no business of mine, no more than it was any of my business that he was a phony intellectual living on the sympathy and ignorance of other people.

When I finished up in the kitchen, my



Celebrity

CROCKETT JOHNSON

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy



Radio Director: No! No! You're going on the air for PEP! Where's that old "oomph" —you know—that zip-zip, that "pep appeal."

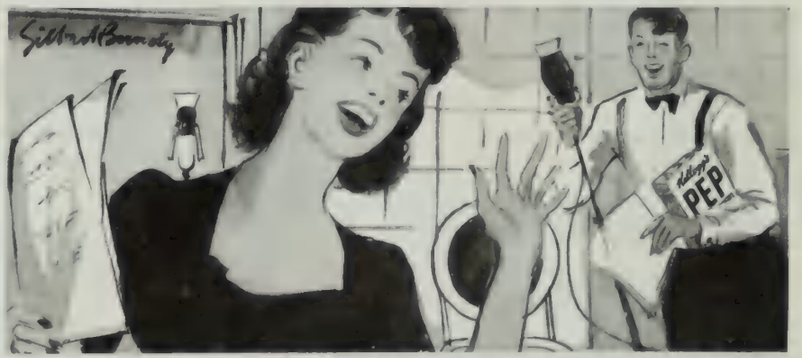


Radio Director: Now! Now! Don't feel so bad about it. I know you can rock 'em when you're feeling right. And—say!—that reminds me. Why don't we take time out to *try* a little KELLOGG'S PEP?



Radio Director: Here in the script it says that none of us can have pep without getting all his vitamins. And right in this crisp, toasted wheat-flake cereal KELLOGG'S PEP are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.

The Singer: Hey! Hold on a minute! This is the best doggone cereal I've tasted in a month of Sundays. Zowie! What a flavor! Why haven't I known about *this* before?



The Singer: Hot diggety! If getting all my vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch me! Before long I'll become the pep girl of the air.

Radio Director: Atta girl! Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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boss made me come into the living room. "This discussion will improve your mind," my boss said. "The subject is Abraham Lincoln. You know who he is?"

"I heard his name spoke," I said.

Everybody laughed. They already were getting pretty high. "Abraham Lincoln set you colored people free," my boss said.

"It must have been before my time," I said, and they laughed at that, too.

"He's the best cook in the country," my boss said. "But outside of cooking, he hasn't got a brain in his head. Have a drink, George."

I took a stiff drink and sat back down. Then Link opened up on me. About Lincoln. He was feeling the liquor, some, and his tongue didn't really need much oiling anyway. He spouted facts and dates for a while. My boss took three stiff drinks during that time. Professor Hobson sat and dozed and Dr. Stone twirled his thumbs and watched me. Out of the corner of my eye I could see he thought I was a laboratory specimen.

It may have been that drink I took or the drinks Link had taken, or it may have been something else. I don't know and it is not any of my business, but all at once J. Leonard Brownlye—old Link Brown, I mean—stopped spouting and began talking. Beautifully. He was saying something but I have no idea what he was saying. Maybe he was just making sounds instead of saying words. I don't know.

ALL at once there came a sharp rap-rap-rap on the front door. That pulled us all back to reality. After a minute, Link said, "I thought I heard somebody knocking at the door."

"I didn't hear anybody," my boss said. "Did any of you gentlemen hear?"

Dr. Stone shook his head. Professor Hobson didn't say anything.

"Did you hear anybody at the door, George?" my boss said.

"I wasn't listening," I said.

The knock came again, three more sharp raps, no louder or fainter than the first time.

"There it is again," Link said. "Didn't you hear it?" He looked right at me and I had to say something. One thing I won't do is lie. But on the other hand I get eighty dollars a month and keep, for doing practically nothing, so long as I please my boss. And as Link said to me out in the kitchen, it is one way to live.

So I turned to my boss. "Do you want me to open the door, sir?" I said.

My boss shook his head. "Never mind, George," he said. "It must have been the wind he heard."

I sat and stared at the floor. In a few minutes the knocks came again exactly the same as before. "I know damned well I heard somebody knocking," Link said.

"You're drunk," my boss said.

"Do you mind if I open the door, anyway?" Link said.

"Go to it," my boss said.

Link opened the door. There was no wind and the snow was falling straight down in great, big, soft wet flakes.

The man was there, all right. He stood framed in the doorway against the snow-night background. He looked exactly like the pictures I have seen of Abraham Lincoln.

When the man spoke his voice was high-pitched and slow and soft, just like all the books said Lincoln's voice was.

The man at the door said, "Son, don't try to make a god out of me. The Almighty is still doing pretty well." He laughed a little. "And besides, I heard an old fellow up the creek say, one time, that human beings are right noble creatures, once you get on to their fine points."

"Shut the door, Brownlye," my boss said. "Do you want to freeze everybody?"

Link shut the door and turned around. I looked at him. His skin was the color of ashes and his eyes almost bulged out of their sockets. I felt sorry for him. Dr. Stone studied him with all the coolness of a scientist. My boss winked at Professor Hobson. And then Link's eyes asked the question of each of the white men and his eyes read the answer in their faces.

When Link looked at me, I had my head turned and was studying the open fire. I can't lie, even with my eyes.

After a while, Link said, "It must have been the wind," then he sat down.

Everybody was quiet. My boss and Professor Hobson looked as ashamed as I felt, but Dr. Stone looked excited. I could tell he wanted to ask a heap of questions but he just stared at Link and didn't say anything.

Then my boss said everybody ought to go to bed and we did. It stopped snowing before I got to bed. I stood by my window and looked out while the snow thinned and finally stopped. And then I watched the clouds drift away and saw the moon come out cold and clear and still. There was no snow falling and no wind blowing when I crawled under the blankets that night.



"How long do you think she'll be able to combine marriage and a career?" JOHN GROTH

I am not used to drinking and the drink of Scotch made me feel queer and kept me awake for a while. I wasn't exactly thinking but I let things pass through my mind. Once I laughed because it seemed very funny that Link had fooled the white gentlemen. For all he knew, Link saw a ghost and when a colored man sees a ghost he is supposed to be very scared. But Link wasn't frightened. Then I wondered if Dr. Stone would write a paper explaining Link's psychological reaction. We did not study psychology at McDonogh High, but I thought I understood why Link had not been frightened. Here he was surrounded by men who wished him evil and along comes a ghost with a friendly word. A man in trouble does not get scared at anybody, flesh or spirit, who offers a friendly word.

THEN I dropped off to sleep. I did not sleep sound but whether I woke up, actually, I cannot say. I remember hearing my boss snore very loud, but I know I dreamed that; because the master bedroom and the guest rooms were over the living room in the front part of the house, and my room was over the kitchen, too far away to hear anybody snoring. I remember hearing the wind blow through the trees but whether that was real or only a dream, I don't know. I just know the wind was not blowing when I went to bed and it was not blowing when I woke up in the morning.

By the time I got the fire in the living room going again, and a few bottles of tomato juice opened, they began waking up. Everybody looked pretty sour. They drank the tomato juice before anybody spoke a word.

My boss said, "You look all tuckered out, Brownlye. Didn't you sleep well last night?"

Link shook his head. "I'm afraid I was pretty drunk," he said.

"Not at all," my boss said. "You were swell. Just oiled enough to loosen up your tongue a little." He winked at Dr. Stone. "You said you heard funny sounds, somebody knocking or something. You finally decided it was just the wind."

Link looked down at his dish of cereal. "The wind," Link said. "Yes, it was the wind."

MY BOSS looked over his shoulder at me and winked. "Did you hear the wind last night, George?" my boss said.

"The wind stopped blowing before I went to bed and it stopped snowing, too," I said.

Link looked at me like he was thinking hard. "Are you sure of that?" Link said.

"Like I said," I told Link. "I stood by my window and watched the snow thin out and stop and there was not a bit of wind."

Link studied a little more and then got to his feet, suddenly. "Wait!" Link said, and he rushed to the front door.

It did not take me long to figure out what was going on in Link's mind. If it had stopped snowing and there had been no wind blowing during the night, there ought to be tracks in the snow.

Link opened the door, and there, spread out before us, was the whitest, smoothest snow you ever saw. Not a track, not a bump in that cold white stretch that waved over the dunes. Link breathed deep and it seemed like his inside nervousness relaxed a little.

Professor Hobson got worried about it first. Naturally he had seen a man at the door and he realized what it meant when he didn't see any footprints. Actors make tracks.

"Give me a drink," Professor Hobson said.

"Hair of the dog?" my boss said, still trying to have fun.

"Don't you see, you idiot?" Professor Hobson said, pointing out the door. "There aren't any tracks!"

Dr. Stone began to get the idea. He jumped to the door to look for himself. He backed away and rubbed his hands over his eyes.

Link and my boss were the only people who ate much breakfast. My boss kept up what he thought was pleasant conversation and Link ate steady and silent but I could tell he had certain things on his mind. Profe
would take a mouthful of
for a while without chewin
swallow it and ask for a
Dr. Stone was getting a t
eye, like he was winking

After I poured the coff
phone rang. It was Gary,
ing Professor Hobson.

"You answer it, George
Hobson said to me. "Ta
sage." His tongue was gett
I knew he would be drunke
owl pretty soon.

It was the police. A car
number belonging to Profe
had been found in a snov
side of the road. The driv
as Stewart Coldwater th
dead.

"What time did it happe
wasn't any of my busine
curious.

"We don't know," the
"The report states the drive
It might have happened
night."

When I carried the mes
fessor Hobson, he sort of
calf and passed out. Dr. St
make a clicking noise a
twitched, too. My boss sai
bad, Hobson. I'll buy you
It was my idea in the first p

Link didn't say anythir
minutes. Then he said, "
art Coldwater the actor
Abraham Lincoln in The R

"I believe he was," my b

Link said to me, "What
accident happen?"

"The police did not say,"
for sure. Maybe around
police thought, because h
stiff when they found him."

LINK frowned and studie
before he spoke again. "
been around midnight whe
that wind making the kn
on the door, last night,"
my boss.

My boss said, "What? V
Brownlye—what's that, wh

By this time Dr. Stone's
was twitching with that tic
sor Hobson was glassy-eye

Link got up and stood
"The wind didn't blow, la
we all heard the wind," Lin
no living man came to th
we all saw the man at the

It was more like singing
the way Link said that.
my boss could have heard
boss had keeled over in a

I didn't have much tro
phoned the Indiana state p
it happened in Indiana in
nois. They came with th
but they couldn't do anythi
went back and got the cor
Professor Hobson was de
ambulance got there.

Dr. Stone's tic was all o
practically, and I heard tha
don't think he will live ver
a little sorry for my boss.
by the time the coroner g
they had to put him into a

I never did talk about
He knew what he knew and
I knew. They put us in sep
the jail at Gary, Indiana,
lice were satisfied that the
no crime committed. Whe
released before or after I
know.

All I know is, when I got
caught a bus for New Orl
a WPA job on the Writer
told this story to Mr. Saxon
me to write it for the Fol
and I did. The job doesn'
dollars a month and keep, b
doesn't call me George, eit
a way to live.

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want re people to meet these peas. So we offer
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Or write to: Enlistment Division (A-1), A.G.O., Washington, D. C.

China Sky

Continued from page 14

"What more do you need?" the boy inquired innocently, food and shelter being all he strove for.

"I have a position." Chung said haughtily. "I am a Western-educated man with many degrees. I have my friends to consider. It shames me to be so poverty-stricken that I cannot give them a feast when it is my turn or pay my share of a little pleasure."

It was true that he had a small circle of ten or eleven men, educated abroad like himself, who clung to one another and looked up to him. They lived in the old Chinese city, alien and contemptuous of it. They discussed bitterly, though always in secret, the filth and poverty and helplessness of their own people, though they had loudly denied these things before white men in foreign countries. In secret, behind the closed doors of a room in a restaurant, they even told one another that it might be better if the Japanese took China under their control and made a modern nation of the huge, shambling, old country.

"Then afterward we could take it back again," they said, and felt themselves patriots.

Still, they enjoyed certain ancient vices, as for instance, the pretty courtesans they hired for a night's feast, one to stand behind each man's chair. At such times how could Chung say that he had no money? Was he alone to endure the shame of having no one to stand behind his chair and for so mean a cause as poverty? Unfortunately, in order to add to their respect for him as a leader among them he had told his fellows that his salary was three times as large as it was, though it was good enough. As for giving up their amusements, all the young men would have felt it impossible. In these miserable times, when death threatened them daily, a few hours of amusement was all that made their lives endurable.

So, therefore, though he had no definite purpose when he came alone this morning into the room where the Japanese lay, nevertheless, certain thoughts had come into his anxious mind. This Japanese had money, even though he was a captive. He wrote checks weekly on a Shanghai bank, now in Japanese control.

"It is necessary for me to remain in the hospital," Yasuda said.

CHUNG was surprised but he did not at once answer. He had been prepared to hear that Yasuda might wish to be helped down the river to a point where the Japanese army might find him.

"The hospital can scarcely keep one of its rooms needlessly occupied in such times, I fear," Chung said. His voice was entirely colorless. He went on rearranging and rearranging his stethoscope parts while Yasuda considered this.

"Your hospital needs money, doubtless, for its good work."

"No," Chung replied in the same colorless voice, "no, we are fortunate. Doctor Thomison's father is a very rich man. And I hear that Doctor Thomison's wife is also of a rich American family."

So sure was the touch of his hands that there had not been the clink of one metal part against another. Now he closed his bag swiftly and turned to his patient.

"I congratulate you on being so nearly well, Mr. Yasuda. Today there is no reason why you cannot get up for a little while, especially if we have no raids, and go out into the sunshine."

"I have no wish to ge[t]," replied.

Chung sat down. "Th[e]," he remarked softly. He [l]ooked the door, and Yasuda caught [h]is breath.

"Lock the door," he sa[id].

Chung obeyed noiselessly.

"You are no ordinary [m]an," said abruptly.

Chung inclined his head [i]n assent.

"Therefore I will speak [t]o you as one intelligent man to a[n]other."

CHUNG did not answer. He bowed his head and gazed at Yasuda's strongly lined face with the [i]nnocent gaze of a Buddha.

"We Japanese and C[hinese] hate each other," Yasuda [s]aid. "There is no reason why [we] should be friends in spite of [wh]at myself deplore."

"I also," Chung murmured.

"Myself, I advised against [war]," said. "At the time when [it was] discussed, though I am a [soldier] the Japanese army, I said [it was] to attack the Chinese would [be to] make them our allies against [the] man."

"How wise!" Chung agreed.

"You hate white men," [Yasuda] quired with energy.

"Entirely," Chung said [quickly]. hate the white-faced mis[sionaries] had heaped favors upon [them] reproached him because [of] their religion? Would he [ever] the reluctance he felt in [his] when he asked them to [dine]. Where among those raw [young] college boys had there [been] was his equal? And yet [the] couth could find his partner not, fastidiously as he [would] pear his best. He had [seen] America sore with many [years]. The clamor of admiration [for] his country did not deceive [him]. Americans considered [themselves] perior to him, putting him [far] above the black men they [had] from African jungles to be [sold], be, the son of a civilization [four] sand years old! When he [said] all this he said with more [than] he had yet spoken.

"I do hate them, indeed."

"Good," Yasuda said. "[Then] agree with me when I say [that] common task of Japanese [and] to drive the white man out [of]

"Entirely," Chung agreed. About this he could even [speak]. This hospital, for instance, [where] people were compelled to [treat] Chinese, would be its best [proof] to see the usefulness of [the] Alone China could scarcely [drive] out the white man. But [with] them out in the name of [the] of China, the difficult [deed] done. It would then only [remain] the Chinese to drive out [each] and there would be left China [free] country. It seemed easy and [very] clear. Anything which led [to] clusion it would be his duty [to] "Japan regrets this war," [Mr.] Yasuda said. "But she [has] now except to go on. To [withdraw] out victory would be unbearable. people would be disgraced [before] world. Our honor is concerned."

"Certainly," Chung murmured.

Through the mists of [pain] the two men began to discern [each other]. Yasuda cleared his throat.

"In short," he said, "[since] here, at a price decided [by] someone in authority. [It]

n the fulfillment of our com-
se. For instance, the guer-
whose hands I mistakenly fell
very annoying to our ad-
nies. If we knew, say, when
planning to attack, it would
litate matters."

d be difficult." Chung mur-
ut his mind was ranging over
mily of useless brothers, all
nting money from him. His
ther was a simple, good fel-
e third one was clever and
a gambler who already knew
when he threw dice in the
as he did from morning to
ould not be difficult to dis-
as a wandering soldier, de-
aps from the regular army,
to join the guerrillas. The
ld, honest-looking eyes and
asked why he had run away
rmy he could say, "Because
treating from the enemy and
treat." That would be a sure
Eagle's heart. After that the
come and go as he liked in
r spying of a guerrilla. That
asy.

are many impossibilities."
t on in his calm, ordinary
English enunciation soft and
the ear. "For instance,
knew what you wish, how
ransmit it to your own men?
s are carefully watched: the
s censored. No, communica-
ssible—that is, regular com-

n fell silent. Yasuda spoke
s the white woman doctor

Chung said. "But—" he
s shoulders.

ngle-minded woman," Ya-
"I admire them, of course,
often in the way."

ere you about to propose?"

that she might be willing to
casional letter to a certain
n occupied territory—an in-
ter, but containing certain
ords. To tell all the truth, I
d with a code already, pos-
se in several foreign lan-
s part of our foresightedness.

Knowing the great prestige and power of the white man in your country, we foresaw that there might be times when we might need to use, say, an English code, in order to gain at least the respect of censors. This code may be expressed in business letters. In the letters of a pupil to an old teacher, of two friends or even of two lovers. Love letters would perhaps be the least suspicious between two white people. White men and women are always writing love letters to one another, or so I am told."

"I do not doubt it," Chung agreed politely.

"But it is a pity we have only these two white people—one rich and so beyond temptation, one single-minded and so without imagination," Yasuda said and sighed. "Otherwise it would be simple. For instance, I am sure that my colleagues are daily expecting such a letter from me. We have in our employ a young White Russian, who speaks all the necessary languages, whose sole duty it is to appear as a white man of a name already arranged, Henry Brown, and receive any letters I may send, under whatever name."

"Can you not pretend a name?" Chung asked.

"You know yourself I cannot in so small a place as this," Yasuda returned. "Your post-office officials are too shrewd. They know every white person in the town. No, it must be a letter from a known person, whose servant, bringing the letter among others, would be unquestioned."

"I fear it is impossible," Chung said rising. His mind was in a ferment of excitement.

"It is too bad," Yasuda said. "I would have paid a very large sum monthly to such a person."

"How much?"

"Half as much in a month as you earn in a year."

Chung's heart leaped like a fish in a pool. Thus might all his troubles cease!

"It is unfortunate there is no one," he said.

"I will increase it—as much in a single month as you earn in a year."

Before the steady gaze of Yasuda's deep-set eyes Chung's own handsome almond-shaped eyes flickered.

UTC

By Laurence Reynolds



"Tch! Tch! I forgot! I was supposed to scare you away!"

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return this afternoon for mination, Mr. Yasuda," he t is," he added, "unless we

Yasuda said, "if the letter promise one more thing— spital will not be raided as in it."

oked at him for a long mo- sonally, as a Chinese, I am he remarked, "but it may be others unlike me."

he door and walked quietly all to his office, under his tounded by the good fortune t be his, which must be his, in agitation, which would ery difficulty, and raise him any place he wished among relieve him of his family im time to marry Siu-mei. less with excitement and in ouched a bell. A Chinese lue hospital coat came in.

Siu-mei Ling to spare me a ts," he said. "Tell her I wish er about some X-ray photo-

coolie cried in customary dogtrotted off.

ice Chung could not sit still. ht be the time for him to ormal proposal to Siu-mei. nodern, he and she, and there nonsense of an old-fashioned for them. He would ask her would tell her he had chosen en they would inform the he parents could be as old- s they liked, if he and Siu- stood each other. First to f Siu-mei, and then he would the possibility shaping in his normous possibility, but it g into the form of a small, erican woman, whose terror had moved him to contempt. He had not told Yasuda of Louise Thomison. But he had thought of her instantly. She could be tempted.

The door opened and Siu-mei came in.

"You sent for me?" she asked. Under her pale, golden skin a deep rose color crept up from the high collar of her long Chinese robe of dark green brocade. She was dressed to go out. She was off duty for the afternoon, and the messenger coolie had caught her as she was leaving her room next to Sara's. Her beauty and his own excitement made Chung hot, and a faint sweat broke out on his smooth upper lip.

"I wanted to show you these X-rays," he said. He picked up the photographs from his desk. Then he flung them down again. "Why do I pretend? I sent for you for one purpose."

Often enough he had seen upon American picture screens the approach of man and woman as lovers. But something in her kept him from that approach, the lovely dignity of a Chinese woman. He stood before her, not touching her.

"I wish to ask you—to invite you—to be my wife."

Her pretty face was all a rose now, but her eyes were brave.

"I—I thank you," she said, "but I—my family—I must speak with my father."

He interrupted her: "Naturally, but tell me first if you yourself can so consider me. You and I are what are called 'new' people. We are modern. Let us decide for ourselves."

She longed to say to him at once that she loved him. She knew she loved him, but she could not speak. The reserve of generations of separation between men and women still made a wall around her. She could not break it down alone to step outside. And he did not help her enough. The handsome face that she had come to look upon as the ideal face of a man, now that it was near, was suddenly remote in the very changelessness of its bland beauty. Her love shrank back.

"Let me think of it for a day," she said. "Let me tell you tomorrow."

His eyes flickered. "Tonight," he said. "Come, let us compromise. The night is hours away. I shall not sleep if you leave me uncertain."

Her heart yielded to his smile. "Tonight, then," she promised, and shut the door between them quickly.

And he, left alone, rubbed his soft, supple hands together. Then he looked at his watch. It was nearly three o'clock. Dr. Thomison would most certainly not be at home at this hour. His wife would be alone. He went to a mirror that hung on the wall of his office and examined his face, smiled and looked grave. He took a small, bright green comb out of his pocket and parted his hair freshly and combed it down smoothly and straightened his collar. Then he strolled out of the hospital door into the still sunshine of the autumn afternoon and sauntered toward the bungalow, stopping once or twice to admire a particularly fine chrysanthemum in the flower border that ran along the bottom of the compound wall. He glanced at the sky. For once he would not mind an air raid. An air raid might help him. Since it did not come this morning it was quite likely to come this afternoon. It would be a pleasant thing if in a raid the hospital could be an island of peace.

"A noble thing," he murmured, "very fine for the patients."

He went lightly up the stone steps of Gray's house and knocked at the door.

SIU-MEI, swaying gracefully in her ricksha to the curve of the cobbled street, gazed about her. Once a week on her day off duty at the hospital she passed along this street and each time it looked different. Certain homes and shops were gone, each time, but others were being built, some solidly of brick again as though the war were over, some of makeshift mats and bamboos. This week the changes were greater than ever. The raiding had been heavy. She was lucky to be going home instead of spending hours in the shelter. If she had had to take her secret into that long, dim quiet today she could not have borne it. She wanted to get out into air and sunshine. She wanted above all to talk with her father.

"Every seven days Chen-li is a new city," she said to her ricksha coolie. She knew him well. For years he had kept his ricksha at the stand in front of the hospital.

He laughed and wiped his face on the end of the strip of blue cotton cloth that hung over his shoulder.

"Yes, but the city is still here," he answered. "Our children and our grandchildren are still being born."

"Are you lucky?" she inquired.

"I had a grandson yesterday," he replied, as though he had given birth to it himself.

"And you did not send your daughter-in-law to the hospital to have the child properly born!" Siu-mei cried at him.

The old coolie did not stop trotting. He flung another laugh over his shoulder.

"That son's wife of mine—she drops them like eggs!" he shouted.

They both laughed at that and by now they were at the end of the long street and he let down the shafts of the ricksha with a flourish between two stone lions on either side of the big black wooden gate studded with heavy brass nails set in a pattern upon its two leaves. It was the gate of her father's house. Siu-mei stepped down and paid him and added the copper coins he expected;



"It's a very important message—he's putting it in italics"



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Why JUDSON MISSED THE 8:15



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"John Judson, be quiet! I'm not making toast in the oven any more—I'm a free woman! How do you like your Toastmaster toast?"



"Not bad, not bad. I mean... best I ever tasted. What's in those little covered dinguses? Jam or marmalade? That's what I call service, darling."



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then she pushed open the gate. Nowhere in the world did she feel the peace and security she felt always when she stepped into these courts. Even the war had not disturbed them. By chance the huge house of many courtyards lay at the foot of a hill, and her father had built a deep shelter far into the bowels of it. He had lined it with brick and furnished it comfortably and bought a foreign oil stove to burn against dampness. Here the whole enormous family of sons and daughters and their wives and children and the servants went always at the instant when the last air warning sounded.

A servant saw Siu-mei and cried, "Shall I tell the mistress of your coming, little mistress?"

"No." Siu-mei replied, "I will go myself to my parents. Where are they?"

"In their own court," the servant replied. But she hurried off for fresh tea.

THROUGH three courtyards Siu-mei walked, nodding here and there to someone working. It was very quiet. Her family was sleeping after last night's long raid. Well, if her father was sleeping he must wake at what she had to tell.

She stepped over the high threshold of a round gate and into her parents' own living place. It was very still. The afternoon sunshine drifted down through bamboo upon the square tiles of the court. In the corner, beds of chrysanthemums blazed and a pool, shaped as a flower, was set in the middle of it. The water was blue under the sky and shot with the flashing gold of small fish. She crossed the court and saw her father in a long bamboo chair, reading, his white beard on his bosom.

"Father," she said gently, not to startle him.

"Eh!" He looked up and put down his paper. "You are late."

"I was delayed a few moments at the hospital." She sat down on the edge of a chair. She greatly loved her father. When she was three years old, at a time when girls' feet were still being bound he had not allowed his old-fashioned mother to bind hers, and at a time when it was considered strange to educate girls he had sent her to school with her brothers. He was a man independent of times. She was glad now she had found him alone.

"Where is my mother?" she asked.

"She is asleep, but she wished to be waked when you came in." He was about to clap his hands for a servant when she stopped him.

"No, wait, Father. I had rather speak to you alone. Father, you have always said you wanted me to please myself, and yet that you hoped it would please me to be a man's wife."

"Yes, I have," her father replied. "Men and women are best when they are married to each other."

"But you have never chosen me a husband."

"No, because it is one of the good things about the new times that the young may choose each other and lift this responsibility from the old. My parents agitated themselves for years over choosing your mother for me. Before they decided they asked continually, was she the right one for me? After she was my wife they continued to agitate themselves asking, now that it was too late, whether they had done well and looking with long wishes at other young women. It was I who said, 'Comfort yourselves. This one is as good as any other, and for all I shall ever know, better.'"

His beard wagged mildly while he spoke and his clear, dark eyes sparkled. She laughed. Her parents loved each other well and all the house knew it.

"I have chosen, Father," she said.

He looked instantly alarmed and sat up. "No, now, if you have ... may be another matter!"

"Now, Father, you ca... your principles!"

"But what if I don't like ...

"You will like him—he is ...

"Good." He stroked his b...

"And handsome."

"Good—good—that is ve... in a husband."

"Well educated."

"Good, too, since you ar...

"He earns money."

"Very excellent."

"He is modern."

"Necessary, for you."

"He is—perfect!"

"Ah, that is serious!"

"Why, Father?"

"It means you can no lo... as he is."

She examined him to se... joking, but his long, mild fa... He pulled at his beard agai...

"I suppose we must en... malities. But I had bett... name."

"He is the doctor at the ...

"You mean Chung Ming ...

"Yes—do you know him ...

"I have heard of him."

"Only good, Father!"

He did not answer at onc... did it was a question: "Ho...

"Thirty-one—perhaps."

"Not a child."

"Nor am I."

"No."

"We'll never be younger ...

"That's true."

And then, as so often i... happen, at this moment wh... wanted interruption the war ... for an air raid. Her father ... and put all else aside.

"I must go to your moth... have waked too suddenly."

Within half an hour th... gathered in the shelter, sa... fortable, but there was the ... play of children, the bustle ... the exchange of family ... and then the roar of bom... her father could talk no mo...

IN THE Thomison house ... have been more opportu... warning of this air raid. ... himself could not have bee... ful had he ordered it.

When Dr. Chung entere... for Mrs. Thomison the sulle... Fah pointed to the living ...

"I will tell her," he said ...

He was a long time abo... he first went into the kitch... sidered whether he would ... would go point-blank to Th... tor and ask him to come ho... cided he would tell her. G... to stumble over the cliff. ... leave her time in which t... she was! So he went and ... the bedroom door. The mo... son doctor left the house ... ing she went into that roo... the door. He had to get ... he could while they were ... Now he heard the lock ... stood there, clasping a lon... her, her hair tumbled, her ... crying. Since she spoke no... could understand he jerke... toward the living room an... at her hair and robe.

"Dress yourself," he said ... Chinese.

She did not understand. ... into the living room. The ... out and went back into t... He returned to his kitch... a small, three-legged stoo... door. From experience h... when he sat on this stool h... at the exact level of the ke...

"I'll be out in a moment. ... called. Why, she wonder...

Ch ese want to see her? She
ed a Chinese but he was a little
like in American. At least his
h w perfect. She had not dressed
f pr erly for days. Why should
The was nowhere to go. In the
ng s put on a negligee and when
was one came back to her bed-
to eep and write long letters
to eryone she knew, to read
hing he had taken out of Gray's
es. e had already finished the
s bu after opening one book after
er o lid pages she was beginning
d th novels over again. At night
it or ne of her housecoats. Gray
asil leceived.
ou l k gorgeous, sweet—what's
' he ked, fingering velvet or silk
feta
imet g I thought you might
she id.
d da after day all the time she
ense with listening for the shriek
sire that meant she must throw
r co and rush to join the hob-
crow of sick whom she feared and
ed. What were their filthy dis-
? S shrank away from them.
trew ward the gentlemanly look-
apan e with whom was always the
some Chinese doctor.
thou Japanese and Chinese were
osed be enemies," she had said
to G .
o the are," he replied.
hat . Chung seems friendly to
Japa se."
ie is o good a doctor to allow his
onal elings to influence him to-
a p ient," Gray had answered.
it Ja nese, by the way, is about
enou to go back to the guerrillas
capt d him."
Won't ey kill him?" she asked.
ara s s not," he replied.
e let im mention Sara now with-
a wor She knew Sara was in love
him, t most of the time she could
com cent. Gray did not know
it Sa —he was too much in love
his w e.
e dr ed herself rather carefully
thin ark blue wool with a wide white collar and went into the room where her visitor waited. Then she put out her soft, narrow, little hand.

"How do you do," she said gently. She said it timidly, scarcely aware of her wish to please even a Chinese man.

He looked down into her pretty face. She was very young, he thought, and very pretty—prettier, even, than Siu-mei. The old hurt that American girls like this had once dealt him came alive. If he had been in her country she would perhaps not have put out her hand. He disliked intensely shaking hands with a man, but this little hand was pleasant.

Louise drew her hand away. His hand was very warm and the palm was damp. His grasp was at once soft and powerfully strong. She felt a little afraid of him.

"Will you sit down? My husband—"

"I know your husband is not in, Mrs. Thomison. I came to see you—on a private matter."

"Yes?" Her eyebrows lifted slightly.

He leaned toward her and she smelled a faint perfume. He was immaculately clean and his American clothes made him seem not quite Chinese.

"Mrs. Thomison, I will be frank with you if I may be sure I can speak to you in confidence—in absolute confidence."

"You mean—not tell my husband?"

AT THE keyhole Siao Fah's small black eyes noted the lean of the man's body, the startled interest on the woman's face.

"Now he says something to her in that foreign tongue which he should not," he thought with great satisfaction.

"I cannot speak otherwise," Chung said.

Louise drew back. Was this the Oriental intrigue which she had seen in so many stories and pictures? She began to stammer:

"I don't think—I couldn't, I'm afraid."

"It will save many lives," he said, "many, many lives."

This, he saw at once, was the wrong thing. Her face did not soften.

"You are so frightened," he said gently. He had a voice that he could





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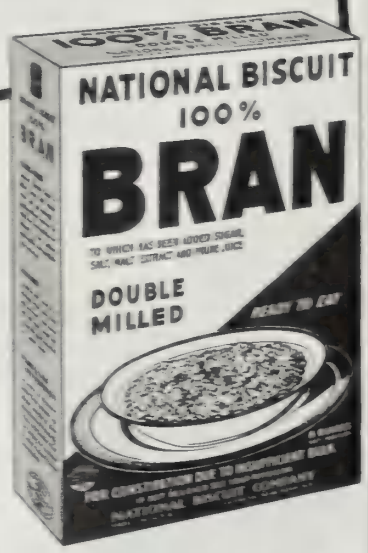
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shape to the tones of music. "This life is too hard for you."

Ah, now he was right. Her lips quivered. He went on:

"Let us forget what I came to say, Mrs. Thomison. Do you know you are not looking well? You stay in the house too much, but who can blame you?"

At the keyhole Siao Fah pursed his underlip. Ah, if only he understood English! And yet who needed to understand the words between a man and woman who looked like this?

"I—it's just I'm not used to—to—everything," Louise said faintly. This morning in a letter to her mother she had said, "The only real understanding word I have had has been from a Japanese—of course I can't say such a thing even to Gray, but the truth is I think I'd like them."

"Of course not," Chung said pityingly. "I have lived for years in America. I know everything that shocks you—the poverty, the dirty streets, the lack of ordinary conveniences in your home, the beggars."

"It is wonderful of you to understand," Louise murmured gratefully.

"I do understand—and I do not blame. And on top of all else, these fearful raids. But they at least could be prevented. At least your life could be safe," Chung said earnestly.

"How?" She was not afraid of him now.

"This Japanese gentleman in the hospital—Mr. Yasuda—if he could get word through to the Japanese army that he was here, their planes would not bomb the hospital. Of course they do not know he is here."

"Then—why doesn't he just tell them, a telegram or something?"

"Our censorship is very strict," Dr. Chung said. "Every telegram, every letter to the enemy is blocked. But you could help, Mrs. Thomison."

"How could I?"

"If your name were signed to a letter, a short, ordinary letter about something else, an American name, and Dr. Thomison is very well known here. Of course I do not ask you to sign his name—only your own. It might be you would have to sign a letter or two every week, merely to let them know Mr. Yasuda is still here. Then the hospital would be safe—your husband, yourself—"

He watched her closely.

"But why shouldn't my husband do it?" she asked.

Chung shook his head. "Dr. Thomison is so generous toward my people. He hates all Japanese. B you and I, that not all Japar even if they are our enemi suda is a gentleman and a

She did not answer at onc he was right. Never, never ask a Japanese for protec when she had dared to s Japanese were cleaner than he had been furious.

"I'd rather have a man' than his heart," he had rep

She had said nothing. many things about which s nothing to Gray—more a they went on living togethe

She lifted her head. "Bu wouldn't—incriminate me,

He laughed. "Not in the shall read them—friendly tween a woman and her frie say, called Henry Brown."

She looked relieved. " wouldn't have to write to a

He shook his head and s indeed—to a European!"

And as if the Japanese c him there sounded the wa approaching air raid.

"Ah," he said, "here they it be, perhaps, for the last t

THEY rose together and s the bedroom to put o Through the keyhole Siao intently. Chung doctor w men smiled when they wer ceive women. Louise cam her coat. The second warn

"They are in a hurry to remarked. "It's not a goo raid will be severe Let u

He took the coat from he and she slipped her arms i she paused to turn her hea him. "Let me think it over? him.

"As long as you like," he ing, he thought, could have than this raid.

Siao Fah, not moving, turned face and the man smile. He watched them door together before he hi the kitchen door to saunte shelter. The only question ing in his mind was when Thomison doctor of what Tonight? Tomorrow? Th was like a secret weapon. not tomorrow.

"I will keep it," he thou need it most."

(To be continued nex



"We have a certain amount of blasting to do around here we would be happy to collaborate with you in your war ga

To Glory

Continued from page 12

hrou the black desolation to the
or. ere, it seemed, the dead had
ered r the final crossing. The jetty
blac with their silence. But they
all omen. They turned to glance
im. ney drew away from him as
so gross intrusion. Where the
s tie up was empty water. Not a
si ouetted itself against the
ness But somewhere close at hand
engi chugged. A man's resonant
e sh ted an order.
'hat' ny Fred!" a woman cried.
esm d turned back and climbed
n a sty iron ladder to the sands.
n th rowboats had gone. What
catc ad called the whole fleet out,
vond ed? A lantern burned where
own at still lay above the water
. It nced like a mad will-o'-the-
. D mond came upon his son.
t, at ast, did not surprise him. For
ad k wn that they had not finished
n eac other. He said curtly, "And
t the ll do you think you're doing?"
n the antern light the boy's white
gle ed with sweat.
I'm g ng to—" he said.
You' eave my boat behind you—"
If it yours I'm glad." Suddenly
ng F er laughed. "You won't ar-
t you on for stealing."
No. ut I'll knock his head off—"
Try, ."
The at, under the boy's savage,
kwar opulsion was on the move,
ling own to the sea. Desmond
ght y ng Peter by the scruff of the
k. H was glad of this encounter.
had l n inevitable from the start.
'I dor want to fight you, sir—"
'But ant to lick you—badly."
He sh ld have been either drunk or
er. e half-state was bad. Des-
nd m ed his right and a hard upper-
caus him square on the jaw. He
nt do twice before he stayed down.
en he rew himself into a sitting pos-
e and ursed his battered face.
'All r t, my dear son. Have it your
n wa
He w half amused. The boat was
oat n , bobbing idly on the outgo-
g tide By the lantern in the stern he
uld se Peter at work on Jezebel. He
uld h r the desperate breathing of
e fam ar, defiant sputter. There was
ly on man on earth who could coax
t hus into action. And he sat there,
k and ruised and laughing.
The b blundered ashore. He leaned
er Desmond.
"I'm rry I hit you. I had to. I've
t to . Help me. I've never asked
u for nything before—"
Desm d became aware of a shock-
g fact The boy was crying. And that,
dly hough, was something he
uldn' tand. He scrambled stiffly to
s feet plashed through the water and
mbed n board. With a patient cun-
ng he urned on Jezebel. She knew
m and er recalcitrant sputter became
rich, roaty drone. Desmond settled
own b ide her, nursing her. At least
e was till in control. He could steer
s own ourse.
"All board, my son!" He spoke
oftly. Where do we go from here?"
The y's voice came back exultantly:
"Due outh, sir—to Dunkirk."

DESMOND calculated in silence. Dunkirk rom where they lay, must be about irty miles. On this glassy sea ezebel ould make it by daybreak—if e pus d her to it. But he wasn't go-ng to . He had his own plans.
Pete was talking freely now—almost gaily a o a trusted comrade. His voice, omin ut of that black smother, had the ring of high-tempered metal. It forced Desmond to listen. There were thirty thousand men, Peter told him, herded together over there, with their backs to the sea, with death raining on them from the sky and the land, fighting and waiting. He talked as though it were up to Desmond and himself to bring those thirty thousand home.

DESMOND grinned sardonically. Things like that didn't happen—outside ■ Hollywood studio. He was goaded into a snarl and heard Peter's good-natured laugh answer him:

"Oh, I don't know, sir. They used to happen—quite often—in the Bible, for instance. Take the Red Sea. I bet that gave Pharoah a jolt."

Desmond shrugged. The boy was making a fool of himself—a fine fool. The phrase repeated itself in the man's mind. It evoked a memory. In medieval days they spoke of God's Fool, meaning a man inspired by God to be different from other men. Such men were freaks who made history. There was no rhythm or reason to them—just an absurd faith.

Desmond glanced back uneasily over his shoulder. He was conscious of having lost his own secret direction—of having been caught in a tide that was running against him. And they were no longer alone. Unseen yet sensed were fellow travelers streaming with them through the darkness. Sometimes he thought he heard their voices. And suddenly a lean, black shape, monstrous as a nightmare, tore past them, churning the water to a backwash that threatened to engulf them. It took all his skill to bring the boat out of the trough and back onto an even keel. He cursed. The boy was shouting to him.

"One of our destroyers, sir!"

"Oh, damn you! Damn you!" Desmond said. But in that tumultuous moment, hanging between life and death, he had changed his course. He had swung south. "I must have gone mad too," he thought. But in fact he was sober enough now to know what he could not do. Let Peter make a fool of himself. He would have no hand in fooling him. Let the boy run himself onto the rocks of human futility.

After that he drove Jezebel in silence, watchful and tense, toward a brightening radiance that was not that of morning. He recognized it. He had seen cities in flames. When dawn came it was livid and cheerless as death. It broke on a blasted shore line, on a flat gray sea on which floated strange craft, unco-ordinated and haphazard as the survivors of a wrecked fleet. The stern of something that had been a freighter lay offshore, thrusting up out of the water like a submerged rock, and shapes that had been men floated past, grimly serene, outbound on their own.

Desmond felt for his pocket—for the half-empty bottle. His hand dropped away helplessly. He was bleakly, bitterly sober. But somewhere in the long night, that line of escape had been cut. Young Peter turned his face to him. It struck Desmond as strange that in ■ few hours young, unformed features could have been fined down to ■ man's lean, hard-bitten maturity.

In their fight the boy's glasses had been smashed and his eyes had a brave, defenseless look. Kathy's eyes had had that look. But then she had had nobility in her too—she had thought nobly of the human soul, as he had told her once, mocking her in his growing scorn of himself and of all human endeavor. He had defeated her—dragged her faith down



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into the dust with his—but not, it seemed, finally. This was her son. Under that familiar, steady gaze Desmond felt something in himself that he had thought dead and buried shocked back to life.

"Peterkins!" he thought wryly. "What a mess you've made of me!"

Peter was laughing.

"Look at that old tub, sir! She's the Gypsy Belle. Used to ferry from Margate to Boulogne—ten and six return, and your lunch thrown in. Mother took me once. I was awfully seasick. I never even saw Boulogne—" He stood up, shouting and waving: "Good for you, old girl!"

The steamer lay offshore, leaning slightly to starboard like a blowsy, drunken harridan. Her decks were black with men—crazily overcrowded. If someone didn't take care, Desmond thought angrily, she'd turn turtle. A man leaning over the rail yelled to Desmond through a megaphone as he chugged past under her stern:

"There's a packet of boys on the east beach—cut off. All our boats are smashed. Maybe you could pick up a few—"

Overhead a covey of huge birds swooped and sang. One of them dived out from their midst, skimming the ship's decks, and where there had been cheering and laughing men there were unsightly, struggling heaps that screamed and then subsided slowly into silence. The plane came so close that Desmond thought he saw a white, grinning face. He yelled at Peter, "Keep down! Keep down!" But he himself, thinking suddenly of Kathy, stood up covering her son's body. Something struck him between the shoulders—a light almost negligent blow. It scarcely hurt.

"They've got me!" he thought, mildly astonished that he should have been caught a second time. But he saw that Peter had been unaware of the death that had brushed past him. His face was turned shoreward, alert and questing.

"I think I see them, sir. Over there to the left—in that little cove. We can make it—"

THERE was a brief interval of time in which Desmond stood poised on the brink of a gulf that had divided him securely from his own past. He could still turn back from this reunion. He could still escape, return to the waiting ship, climb on board (wasn't he decently and legitimately wounded?), and drink himself blind again. Tomorrow he would be safe back in his isolation, cut off finally from those heroic illusions that took men to a futile death.

"Listen, sir! They've seen us! They're shouting to us!"

Desmond scowled into the growing light, his teeth set. Yes, they were there all right. They were wading out into the water, making a chain, holding one another's hands like lost children. A plane swooped again. And the chain broke. They reformed it, patient and quiet.

Desmond saw Peter, crouched like a young panther in the bow, making ready. Kathy's son, riding no doubt to his death, with his damned and drunken father at the helm. What would Kathy have to say to him? "Have you killed him too?" What had the boy said in that first bitter encounter? "I had to tell you—what you did was great—it was worth while—it *is*—"

Belief like that—that shining faith in some far-off victory, perhaps that in itself was enough, justifying death, justifying even a mangled life. Cripes, what a fuss he'd made about *that!* About a pretty face spoiled and a twopenny-halfpenny career. Now he'd stopped one between the shoulders. He guessed it was one of those small deep wounds that didn't bleed much. It didn't hurt. He didn't feel like dying, but strangely, exultantly alive.

They were in shallow water. The first men scrambled on board without haste. Disreputable, scarecrow figures. One of them said good-naturedly, "Thanks. You've had a rough trip. You'll come back for our chums, won't you?"

"Sure," Peter said.

They made the journey between the shore and the Gypsy Belle twice. The last time they were curtly warned: "We've got a hole in us the size of a house. We may not be able to wait for you. Maybe you'd better come on board—"

"You can go to hell," Desmond yelled back.

He swung shoreward. For a second time he knew that there were tears in his son's eyes.

"Well played, sir—well played!"

They had left five men waiting for them. Now only one was left. He knelt at the water's edge, in the midst of his quiet friends, his arms limp at his sides, his head bowed in an attitude of resignation. A machine-gun section must have crept up on their flank. Desmond recognized that malignant chatter. The water in front of the kneeling man kicked up in little jets of spray. The boat's keel grated against the shore and Desmond lurched over to Peter's side and held him again.

"My turn, Peterkin!" he said.

The boy looked up at him, grinning. "Fair enough. Carry on, sir!"

Lifting the wounded man brought something hot and sticky and bitter-tasting into his mouth. He held his burden as a mother might hold a sick child. "That's all, Peterkins. The others—we can't help them now."

But Jezebel had coughed her last.

"We're out of juice, Peterkins. Got to make sail, my hearty."

Peter might be a landlubber, but he could obey orders.

Desmond turned the boat for the last time seaward. The Gypsy Belle had become a smudge melting into the summer haze. They were one among a thousand craft, beating their way home under a hail of death—white, lordly pleasure yachts from Cowes, chubby, unseaworthy rowboats in tow of motor launches, wallowing under their dangerous overload, the riffraff and the butterflies of the water front, with their sails set to catch t suddenly risen breeze. Perha all, Desmond thought grimly, a heart for His Englishmen and His good wind to blow them i In the wind he imagined that Drake's homeric laughter.

The wounded soldier lay outs at Desmond's feet. He was d uncomplainingly, his grimed, w hands clasped meekly over t wound in his breast. It was co to look down into the stranger and graying face and to feel su kinship.

Peter had stumbled over to h —you're hurt—and I didn't kn

"It's all right. Don't fuss. V most home—"

His son laid him down with propped against his knees. H shirt was being ripped apart. I hands fumbled with a clumsy that came too late. Yet Desm pleased with that last tenderr

"That's fine. Don't worry. V it, didn't we?"

"You made it, sir—"

"Tell Kathy—" He blinked into the boy's white and sorrow "Tell your son—sometime—it w while—"

"You—you bet, sir—"

A HANDFUL of men saved. (brought home to sleep among his people. And somethi attained—something beyond spe and the dead and the living and born had joined hands. His fut merged into significance. A years from now, in some gol they would remember of him had held his little bit of grou chain had not broken. Not with

That he would be nameless matter.

The breeze freshened. It blew ning. So strong was the joy o him that he held death off, telli how to keep his course, his vo ing a clear, authoritative ring. A the failing light he saw the w miliar cliffs come out to meet hi were no longer hostile. They w low countrymen welcoming hir and he raised himself up and l hand to them for the last time and happy salutation.



"It was ironic. He organized a home-defense unit and three weeks later his landlord evicted him"



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Can you name these Immortal Scotch Figures?



1. A warrior who hid in a cave after losing six campaigns. There he watched a spider finally spin its web after six failures. Taking courage, he gave battle the seventh time—and won. He succeeded to the Scottish throne at Ayr, 12 miles from Kilmarnock, home of Johnnie Walker. *(Answer below.)*

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1. ROBERT THE BRUCE
2. JOHNNIE WALKER

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One-Trip Darling

Continued from page 15

d n er guess the picture had
ok my back yard with me on a
d th fellow on my hook. I'm
k w n Paris-green woods behind
l a b ht blue lake in front of me,
i ju yanking up out of this lake
of s e kind or another which is
e o fire hydrant. They have
ne an I never got lying under
and ve made words come out
mou as follows:
ther bet you wish *you* had one
se sy-Pay Super-Safe Extra-
ous nuity Policies the Frugal-
es g out."
his ks like a spot where there
ven ny Indians, this ad makes
t th ort of fellow who talks to

it's re, my name is there in red
a t high, A. B. DARLING
ed).
lled er to the curb, too weak to
in tr ic. Pretty soon, Doll's eyes
back nto their sockets, and she

mpf o you've retired, hey, Dar-
I s You've been making out
ou re at your plumbing, and
e be sneaking off to goodness
s wh and fishing with goodness
s wh
iietly xplained that this was a lie.
saw point and by the time we
the cture show, we were a pair
llywe again. Just to keep peace
ner, I ent in and saw Valcour who,
ual, i ome kind of prince in some
n pl e where all the gents dress
hey s high-ups in some colored

the me it's over and I'm out
e fr air again, Valcour has
ked t bewhoozis out of all the
and ssed the bewhatzit out of
he gi , and he winds up marry-
thin onde who is supposed to be
kmai nly she milks a cow like shé
playi a harp.

WE ove home, I began to kid
bout e on the billboard fishing,
what joke it was about me being
ed, an Doll said what was so funny
t it? What sense, she wanted to
v, wa here in a man lying on his
unde a leaky sink when he could
ravel and broadening himself by
g th Grand Canyon, the Golden
and her points of interest in the
t and lsewhere? To quiet her, I
we n ht, in the fall, go on a little
and t e in the World's Series and
e rass g matches; but that did not
ease h . It would've saved me a lot
ear a tear if I'd give in to her right
y inst d of trying to put off what
boun o be. Our house was worse
Con ss for a week or so; and then
id all ght I'd retire but, I warned
. I'd probably wear myself out
rying hat to do with all that time
ny ha s.
oll w as happy and excited as a
olgirl ressing for her first date.
felt s good I couldn't go on feeling
. I g ss making your wife happy
nore portant than plumbing, in
long r . Just to make sure I wasn't
ring h my fingers crossed, Doll
me sell my business to Ed
tz.
etwee us, the day I handed over to
the k s of my shop, I went around
the itchman's and got quietly
wed i he back room; but I wasn't
ebrati When Dutchy cracked, "Is
easy t quit plumbing, One-Trip, or
you h e to wrench yourself away?"
ve hin snarl and dared him to come
tside a I say that again. . . .

The first piece of retiring I did consisted of a little trip to Chi. We took it slow and easy as we was breaking in the new sedan and we had a nice enough journey but it would have been nicer if we hadn't passed so many billboards on which were I and the fish. Those insurance fellows had certainly spread themselves—and me—all over the country.

We stayed in Chi just a day and a night. I went to a picture show with Doll. It was the same as the last one. Valcour kissed and dueled until it was time to marry the blonde and call it a day.

Next morning we shoved off in the sedan; but not east. We took in the Grand Canyon, and when you get that far you might as well go a little farther and see Boulder Dam and Las Vegas, and, when you get *that* far, you might as well go the whole hog and keep on till the Pacific Ocean stops you. At least that was Doll's point of view.

Next thing I knew I was walking up and down Hollywood Boulevard, and Doll was trying to get a look at some movie stars; but all we see was other folks like us doing the same thing. After a few days this sort of began to pall on yours truly.

"Doll," I remarked, "let's go home."

"One-Trip," my wife replied, "we *are* home—or very near it. Tomorrow we move to our new ranch in the San Fernando Valley. And *that's* final."

"Since when have we had a ranch in San Fernando or any other valley?" I inquired.

"Since an hour ago when I signed a lease for one," Doll informed me.

"All right," I said. "But I warn you, Doretta Phelps Darling, I'll be no use at all as a lone cowhand. I never rode a horse in my life and I have no wish, at fifty, to do so."

"This is a walnut ranch," said Doll.

We moved out to the ranch next day. On the way there I bought me a sombrero. If Doll had set her heart on living in the great open spaces, I might as well see it through, I figured.

We drove out into the country about nine miles from Hollywood, and stopped at a bungalow and Doll said, "Well, here we are."

"Where?" I asked.

"This is it," she said. "Rancho el Darling."

"It looks like what back home we'd call a big back yard with a few nut trees in it," I said.

"It is called here a junior estate," said Doll. "Now stop standing there gawking and carry in the grips."

I must say that raising walnuts is not backbreaking work. We belonged to some sort of association which planted the trees, took care of them, picked the nuts and sold them and gave us a share in the profits, if any. All we had to do is sit and watch the nuts grow. It seemed to me a rather poor way for an able-bodied man with a born talent for plumbing to spend his time; but Doll seemed so happy I didn't kick. Before we got settled in, she went to a drive-in beauty shop, and came back all frizzled and with a new paint job. She put on some blue shorts and wandered out among the walnut trees looking awful pretty and not a day over thirty-five. I could tell there was something going on inside her, but I did not have any idea what it was.



Next day she had to drive into Hollywood to open a bank account, and I stayed home and watched the walnuts grow. I went over the plumbing in the bungalow hoping it was busted so I could fix it, but it was in good shape. Doll had warned me I must keep dressed up at all times but I sneaked into the greasy old pants I clean the car in, and moped down to the back wall of the ranch, and sat there smoking my pipe, with my shoes off and my suspenders showing. A retired man has a right to have some fun.

I WAS sitting there, feeling unnecessary, and then I heard, on the other side of the wall, a tap-tap-tap. It was as sweet a sound as I ever heard. Somebody was tapping a pipe with a hammer. Up I jumped and stuck my head over the wall and there was a fellow installing a washbowl in a small workshop at the rear of the next property. He was a rough-looking fellow of about my age who needed a shave, a bath and a clean pair of pants. He looked up at me and grinned. He was sort of shy of hair and teeth.

"Hi, neighbor," he said.

"Hi, neighbor," I replied. "Excuse me, but you're trying to put that pipe in upside down. Mind if I give you a hand?"

"Glad to have you help me," he said, with another grin. "Know anything about plumbing?"

"Brother," I said, as I climbed over the wall, "I was born with a soldering-iron in my mouth."

It certainly felt good to have tools in my hand again and the smell of putty in my nose.

"Gosh," he said, as he watched me work, "I wish I had your touch."

"Amateur, ain't you?" I inquired.

"Yep," he said, with a sigh.

"Well, some of this work ain't bad for an amateur," I said, just to cheer him up.

He looked tickled.

"Gimme a fill of that tobacco you're smoking," he said. "It smells grand."

"My wife claims that when I smoke it, nice people think I'm cremating a polecat," I said.

"Nice people give me a pain somewhere," he said, and stuffed his pipe, and started to puff. "Thanks—"

"Darling's the name," I told him. "I didn't pick it out myself. Call me One-Trip like they do back home in Ashtabula."

"Shake, One-Trip," he said, and stuck out a paw like a hunk of coal. "I'm an old Ohio boy myself. Yep, Upper Sandusky. My name's Ray Johnston; but the folks in Ohio always called me Buster."

"Glad to know you, Buster," I said. "Hand me that wrench."

I did some plumbing, with Buster Johnston watching. He knew enough to appreciate the fine points. I never had a better audience.

"The folks you work for have got a mighty nice piece of property here," I remarked. "That's a swellelegant house. How many bathrooms has it got?"

"Six and a half," my neighbor said.

I gave a whistle.

"That's a lot for a residence of that



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size," I said. "Offhand, I'd say those folks are overbathroomed."

"*I'm* the folks who live there," Buster Johnston said. "I told the builder to leave space for as many bathrooms as possible. I installed the plumbing myself."

"Far be it from me to pass a remark," I said, "but does it work?"

Buster grinned a large grin.

"Nope," he said. "All of 'em get out of kilter at least once a month. Only last night I had to bail out my bedroom."

"I'll fix 'em for you, Bus," I said.

He shook his baldish head.

"I'll do it free, gratis and for nothing," I said.

"Thanks, One-Trip," he said, "but I'd rather let 'em leak. Fixing 'em is the most, if not the only, fun I have these days."

"Don't you get a kick out of your real work?" I asked.

He looked like he had a mouth full of sour caterpillars.

"Not any more," he said. "Same old stuff, day in, day out. I'd a darn' sight rather be a plumber."

"Than what?"

"Than anything," he said, plenty gruff. "So let's plumb."

We plumbed.

"You married, One-Trip?"

"Yep. Pass the putty. Are you?"

"Yep. Got a boy of twenty."

"What does he do, Bus?"

"Eats and sleeps." Bus replied. "Mind you, he's not a no-good. Just hasn't clicked yet. Ray, Junior, is handy with his hands and likes to tinker. He's got the makings of a crackerjack mechanic, and what do you think his mother is trying to make out of him? An actor!"

He made another sour face.

"Now, mind you," he went on, "I'm not knocking Margie, or the movies, or anything. The movies are all right, if you like 'em, and so are wives. But wives are women, and women just naturally are people who want a man to do something else."

JUST then from my nut grove came Doll's voice: "Oh, yooooo-hooooo, One-Trip. Come here and help me carry in the groceries."

"See what I mean about women?" remarked Bus.

A lady with a loud voice hollered from his house. "Oh, Ray—Raaaaaaay. It's nearly dinnertime, and I bet you need a bath."

"I see what you mean," I said.

Bus hollered toward his house, "Be up in a few minutes, Margie."

Then he turned to me and said, "Suppose I didn't go?"

Doll paged me some more. "Oh, One-Trip, I know you're around somewhere. I can smell that glue factory you smoke. Come out, come out, wherever you are."

"Suppose," said Bus, in a low, stubborn voice, "neither of us went! Suppose we just set here and let 'em wait till we got good and ready."

"I'm game," I whispered back.

We smoked a minute, maybe a minute and a quarter.

Then I said, "I guess I'd better go. When you got somebody to worry about you it's sort of mean to worry her. Don't you think so?"

"Glad you said it first," said Bus. "Well, guess that was about the shortest sit-down strike in history."

Doll stuck her head over the wall and saw us. "Oh, there you are, you little rascal," she said, playful enough. Then she saw Bus, and looked none too pleased. I said, "Doll, shake hands with my new pal, Buster Johnston."

She said, "Howdodo," without opening her lips.

"Glad to know you, Mrs. Darling," said Bus. His smile was polite but gummy.

I could tell Doll did not care for his looks. He could, too.

"If I'd 've known I was going to meet a lady," he said, "I'd 've worn my teeth. They're up in the house. So is my hair."

He meant it comical, so Doll smiled; but I've seen bigger, warmer smiles on frozen mice.

"So long, Bus," I said.

"Howz about coming over here tomorrow morning—'bout seven—so we can do some plumbing and gabbing before I go to the treadmill?" Bus asked.

Before I could say "Swell," Doll said, "Sorry, but I have some very important work I want my husband to do for me. It will keep him busy indefinitely. Good night."

I shrugged and followed her into the bungalow. "Say, what's the important work?" I asked. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you *not* to hang around with that frowsy bum of an odd-job man next door," said Doll. "I don't want our new neighbors to get the idea that you prefer low company, even if you do."

"Doretta Phelps Darling," I said, and was I stern, "Mr. Johnston is, and will remain, I hope, my good friend. He is positively not a bum."

"I've got eyes," wasped back Doll. "If that dirty, disreputable-looking, toothless, bald old bum is not a bum, I never saw a bum."

"Mr. Johnston is a well-to-do gentleman with a weakness for plumbing," I retorted. "He may not be a Ramon Valcour, but he's a right guy, and I intend to go over to his house and plumb with him any time I see fit—"

"What do you mean—his house?" said Doll, in a peculiar voice. "Does *he* live there—?"

"Sure. Him and his wife and his son."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear," said Doll in a sort of long moan. "Oh, dear."

"What ails you?" I asked.

"I should 've known him by his eyes," she said.

"Who?" I asked.

"Ramon Valcour."

"Now what in the hell has that pantywaist got to do with Buster Johnston?" I asked.

"He *is* Buster Johnston," said my wife. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear."

"That," I said, "is a slander, a libel and a lie."

"I wish it was," said Doll, "but it's true. I know for a fact that that is Ramon Valcour's residence. The real-estate man showed it to me on the map.

"Ah-ha," I cried. "So you inviggled me all the way out here to this nut ranch just so you could mee

"One-Trip," said Doll, ried to a silly, simple-mi town goose—I'm awful sor

"Don't be, baby," I sai one who ought to apologiz all wrong. Why, he's regul folks, like us."

Doll didn't say anythin spell. Then she said:

"Maybe I haven't a lot o Trip, but I've got a lot knew what she meant so and snuggled her to me ar and said, "*I've* got a lot of most of it is sitting right knee this very minute."

Pretty soon she said, "W getting your supper ready, "What are we having?" "Ham" and we both enjo laugh.

Next morning I went plumbed some with Buster. was he really Valcour and a snarl, "Yeah. Want to thing out of it?" I said I di laid off the subject.

We had a lot of fun, work Bus and me, and then, af weeks, one night, at suppe "You homesick, One-Trip?

"Sure. Sometimes," I re not as much as formerly. A you can't expect me to get and the old shop out of my couple or three months—"

"We *did* have fun in Ash Doll, and she hove a sigh.

"Now don't sigh for me," be hunky-dory."

"But you wouldn't *mind* would you?" Doll asked.

"Great Caesar's goats, d to, Doll?" I exclaimed in surprise. "I thought living a certain party tickled you

"I'm not ticklish any more

STRANGER in Ashtabul Mister? Well, if it's pl want, you're in the right sho back at the old stand an happy as a pup with a slip junior partner now. He's green, but learning fast. H some day—in the plumbing come here, young Buster. care of you, Mister. I want to the Bijou-Dream and s show. It's Kings Kiss, To does Old Buster mow down mammas! Don't miss it, M seen it three times. But I wife to go.



"In the fourth act you eat. Will you want the 40¢ or 75¢ dinner deducted from your salary?"



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Swift proficiency is the idea in Fritz Loosli's unorthodox ski instruction: his pupils ski from the start. Here he demonstrates a knee bend

Ski UPSET

By Bill Kno

Here's good news for ski novices—Fritz Loosli will teach you the sport in half the time. You may never be a champ but you'll have fun trying

THE stocky Swiss at the foot of the big slope watched with a poker face that deceived no one. As the last novice sped down at maybe thirty miles an hour, slid around in a Christiania and stopped, still standing, he nodded his bulldog head. In ten days, more or less, he had scientifically demonstrated that the revolution in ski learning was an accomplished fact.

Less than a week before, Fritz Loosli had watched his cheerful guinea pigs on the nursery slope. They had been going downhill a little faster each time, bobbing up and down, sliding first one ski ahead, then the other, shifting weight rhythmically from side to side. In the fifth lesson he broke all the rules and gave them the Christiania.

At this crucial point in his experiment, he prompted his assistant in a hoarse stage whisper: "Not showy, please. Dey lose hope ven you do it too perfect. Discreet, modest simplicity—dot's de way."

And the aide obediently glided down the baby incline, skidding at the bottom into a discreet and modest Christie. It looked easy, so easy that one after another the pupils followed him down. Nine out of ten got it on the first try.

This was unheard-of on the American slopes, teaching the Christie to novices who had never learned the snowplow. A high-speed turn, the Christie is a deliberate skid, done with a shift of weight and a swing of the body—what you see the experts do when they turn or stop in a swirl of snow.

But in this part of the world the favorite teaching system up to now has been the slow-speed Arlberg method, and the snowplow—the stop—is the A of its ABC. Toes together, the ski tails forced wide apart, your skis form a V like the cowcatcher on a prestreamlined locomotive—whereby you slow up and, if you want to, halt.

The snowplow is one of the fundamentals that Hannes Schneider, the grand old man of skiing, evolved at St. Anton am Arlberg when he had thousands of green Austrian ski troops to train for the first World War. He lowered their center of gravity by putting them into a deep crouch, taught them to stop or brake with the snowplow, and gave them the stem turn, a slow-speed turn in which the outside ski is pushed the way you want to go and the other drags after it. That way he got them and their sixty pounds of soldier stuff from Alp to Alp without falling down and piling up the regiment behind them.

But this, says Loosli, is like learning to ride a bicycle by riding a tricycle. The way to learn to ride a bicycle is to ride it. The way to ski is to learn balance and stability on the hickory runners just as you are going to ride on them thereafter. An accomplished skier keeps his runners parallel; his trail through the snow is like a railroad track. When he turns, the track turns, still parallel. He wouldn't use the snowplow at his speed, for if he did, chances are he would finish the run on his face—you'd get the same effect if you put brakes only on the front wheels of your car. Nor does he stem, unless he is slowed down by deep snow or the nature of the terrain.

So it comes to this: once you've learned the snowplow, you have to forget it. And the majority never get beyond the snowplow stage.

A Hint from the Kibitzers

In his fourteen years of teaching in Canada, and before that at Lausanne and St. Moritz, Loosli had seen youngsters who hadn't the cash to join a class watching the experts and aping them. They seldom bothered about a snowplow and didn't miss it. They learned to run on parallel skis from the start, and very soon they outdistanced the tenderly nursed pupils in Fritz's own classes.

So two winters ago at the Toronto Ski Club, the world's largest, he conducted an experiment. He took twenty new pupils and divided them at random into two classes. One class h
the orthodox Arlberg meth
he ticketed for parallel ski

What happened astonish
but it surprised Fritz scarc
the first few days the A
went ahead fast, climbing
slope on about the third
guinea-pig group were sti
and down on the baby hill.
day, equipped with an
Christie, the guinea pigs
on the tow. From then o
mountain. The snowplow
far behind.

Those ten days on the
side gave the picturesqu
professors of the America
quite a start. Fritz is teach
lel skiing this year at th
School of the big and fash
teau Frontenac in Queb
Weider, his concertina-pl
ant, is carrying the revol
Laurentians.

The speed boys who schu
Washington Headwall or d
Magic Mile on Mount H
that Fritz's revolution mal
ference in their ski life. Bu
sands who cling doggedly t
slopes, tangling with snowp
turn, parallel skiing is gooc

The more elderly of Frit
tonish him. It's one thi
youngster on skis and sen
hill in the wake of an expe
on skis at the age of three
his daughter flits down the

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curls flying, as though her skis were part of her feet. But until he saw the forty- to sixty-year novices take to parallel skiing, he hadn't realized that he was offering such a boon to the older generation.

I took a chemical engineer, father of three children, out skiing for the first time last winter. An average fellow, near fifty, he takes no more exercise than most busy Americans. He sailed down the hill a bit stiffly, and at the bottom he stopped with a Christie! When I told him what he'd done, he said, "Christie, hell! That's the way I stop on skates!"

That just gives you an idea how natural skiing can be. No one pretends it is such a cinch to learn as that. Ski teachers like Loosli know the snags that give us our come-uppance. He once had a week to teach a company of actors who were making a film in the St. Bernard Pass, which ought to give him some kind of championship among the ski fraternity.

Speed from the Beginning

Loosli keeps his pupils going down the nursery slope, bobbing up and down like parallel rulers opening and closing, to learn how to shift their weight. He has them put their weight well forward, backs straight, with the bend at the knees and ankles. Next comes the skating motion, pushing first the right, then the left ski ahead. After that they get to swaying from side to side, making ready to swing into a Christie.

All this time they have been gaining speed. He says you can start your Christies when you feel comfortable skiing downhill as fast as you could run at top speed. He goes further and says you are wasting your time practicing turns at any lesser speeds.

With this charm alone parallel skiing could win America. We like speed. We're used to it. When ski beginners complain, it's against the slow going. They are frustrated by drills and setting-up exercises, as though skiing were unlike any other sport and needed special conditioning. What most people want to do, once they get out on the hill, is ski. Fritz says, go ahead and ski.

Solemn fellow that he seems, he knows the intoxication of the fast downhill run and the lasting happiness of winged flight across snow-mantled hills. He lectures his aides daily, "Dese peoples are here for fun, not vork." Fun is what parallel skiing seems to give from the first day out, not just the promise of it later on, when you have climbed out of the snowplow class.

What you have been doing before you discovered skiing makes a difference. If you've been skating, rowing, riding horses, you're in luck, because those sports aren't right- or left-handed. If you are markedly one-sided, the skiing medico, Dr. Edwin Grace, suggests you walk on the curb with your left shoulder hanging off, traffic permitting. Also walk Indian-footed, one foot directly in front of the other, for balance.

Go out in the back yard, he further proposes, and kick a ball against the house with your left foot. If anyone makes a crack, just look over your shoulder—your left shoulder—and ask, "How's your Christie?"

Buying your skis, you ought to look into the laminated variety. They were introduced in Europe five years ago and have about taken over the Continental slopes still peaceful enough for skiing. Built of strips of hickory and other woods with crosspieces to hold them firm, they have tested seventy per cent stronger and more resistant to warping than hickory skis, and they are thirty-five per cent lighter on the feet. Steel edges are a good idea, but they are up in the graduation class. If you get them, you will want also the new sealskins which fasten with a tape waxed into the groove of your runners, instead of tying over the edges—the steel will cut the old-style tapes.

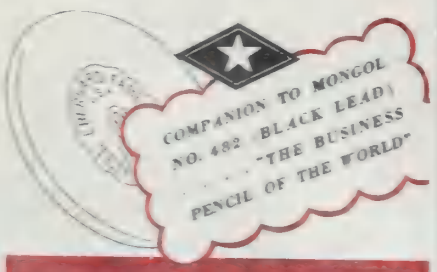
For parallel skiing, here is the kind of ski and binding Fritz says you need. You don't have to understand it, because the salesman will. The skis should be stiff at the upturn, and the toe iron should be placed an inch or two ahead of the point of balance, giving you a trailing ski. The bend of the upturn should be as near as possible to the tip to allow the longest running surfaces. The peak of the camber—that arch you see between the ski bottom and the floor—should be at the front of the toe iron and not at the heel.

Later on you'll want a cable binding, so you might as well get it at the start. And your ski poles, when you're standing on your skis with the poles resting on the snow, should come no more than an inch or two above your hips, instead of the more usual armpit height.

And now that we've got that settled, how *is* your Christie?



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AMERICAN EXP...ESS TRAVELERS CH...UES
1891—Fifty Years of Unbroken S... —1941

Our New Army

Continued from page 23

red tunics of the last war. more comfortable uni- ng fast from factories.

amatics are going strong In the reception center ort Lewis, Washington, ressing rooms, each fitted zen make-up tables and table has a light, with Every soldier-actor is a

th-old regulations, en- *not* have to salute com- ers away from military ervations. The step is far in democratizing our zens' army. The hitherto d cleavage between of- will not be emphasized in niversal salute—and the y read into it during the s out.

k up the clinic records at ng's Army hospital and s:
girl at Beechie Howard's." l at Dixie Inn." "Picked ue Bonnet." "Picked up le." "On corner in down- us, carried to house in taxi driver."
record runs on and on in harts of the huge fort near ., and Phenix City, Ala- ross the muddy Chatta- from Columbus.
es mentioned in the rec- of juke joints, dives and enix City, which never in ory as a brazen, bawdy n from its immoral ashes. th post towns have a prob- ly Phenix City has been y the Secretary of War as pot, plaguing the Army. ioned the tripled rents in hich last March cleaned id not assuage the pain of which saw, at last, the be- end.
timson made his accusa- December and by early s are expected to be shut- sed for at least the time rhaps for the duration of y.
partments all over the ed months ago, when the ation began, great restless- the soiled doves taking heir clinics. They wanted here our Army posts were where armies of workers new ones.
d temporary havens here t usually their stay was not ey were moved on.
e was having a problem. in the past few weeks have to be present from Akron Ohio; Philadelphia, Louis- lle and other points, north, nd west.
lle, Georgia, a small coun- sheriff put his foot down ult some of the girls who place in the woods left.
story could be told every- ot at Phenix City.
all found roosting places. epartment arrested them re accepted as "hostesses" or as residents in outlying s or in the rooms over the

l department came around m.
g the Army called for the help of the United States Public Health Service, and they sent an investigator. The American Social Hygiene Society also sent one. They reported:

"Vice is wide open both in Columbus and Phenix City. No effort at control is being made."

This startled staid Columbus, which had always drawn its skirts away from the bawdy, poor little town across the river. Columbus cleaned up.

The girls were all brought in and given two days to leave town. Some went over the river to Phenix, already crowded. Others moved on to other cities. For two days the roads were rather well populated with girls standing beside their suitcases thumbing rides. Taxi drivers hauled them to the county line and deposited them there to wait for rides.

Columbus found out, and laughed ruefully, that one "place" had been across the street from the courthouse; another upstairs next door to the chief's office. The system was different in Columbus. There houses and streetwalkers, the latter using cheap hotels and rooming houses, were the problem. Columbus could—and did—clean house.

But Phenix City had its dives and its jukes and its joints. There most of the girls worked as "waitresses" and as "hostesses."

There were about six joints in Phenix City where it was dangerous for a stranger to go and show any money. Phenix City had more than its share of killings, slashing and stabbings. Not more than half of them were reported.

There were other joints not so tough. There were still others where officers could go to gamble. These places were crooked and no one ever won.

Phenix City has many good citizens. They make up the majority. But Phenix City is broke. It is in receivership. It has few taxable values. So, Phenix City deliberately has lived off vices, gambling and other lawlessness. It did so during the prohibition days.

Now that the Secretary of War has pointed the accusing finger and now that alarmed mothers over the nation have read of it, something is being done. Mayor Elmer E. Reese has proposed a curtailment of municipal revenues obtained from "liberal amusements."

The most famous city of vice in America actually is a tawdry, poor, struggling town of a few mills and a few businesses.

The town always has had those who worked to make it better. Chief among them is Father James Salway, pastor of St. Patrick Church:

"The people are poor, but they are good people. They worship God and go their own way. They do not patronize the honky-tonks. They only tolerate them because it cannot be helped. But some day they will throw them off. It is the outsiders who give Phenix City a bad name."

Now, the Reverend Father may see his dream come true.

THE shortage of uniforms for the expanding army is already a problem. One private came to complain to his lieutenant.

"Sir, this stand-up collar is driving me crazy. It has chafed and irritated my throat till it's all raw."

Before the officer could reply, another private broke out.

"If you'd hold your head up like you're supposed to in the Army, you wouldn't get hurt," he cried. "Quit dragging your chin on your chest!"



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The Prisoners of Riom

By Hans Habe

Gamelin and Reynaud and those other men of the France of yesterday are at the Castle of Chazeron—living ghosts who await judgment day, each in his own way. An intimate glimpse into their lives as prisoners of the state they once served



BRITISH PRESS COMBINE

France's destiny lay in the hands of Premier Daladier and Commander in Chief Gamelin when they met in Paris in March, 1940, to discuss a war that was about to blaze into action. Now both are prisoners awaiting the day when they must justify their conduct of that war to the French people. Gamelin will probably be acquitted, Daladier banished. Below, another of France's ex-statesman prisoners, ex-Premier Reynaud and his eighteen-year-old daughter

BLACK STAR



A MAN cried out in the night. Two steel-helmeted soldiers walking the walls of the castle looked at each other.

"Daladier!" one of them said.

The other cleared his throat and said nothing. They shook the snow from their shoes and continued their patrol.

Lights burned in two windows of the solitary castle. Gamelin was awake and Mandel worked. The only difference between the Castle of Chazeron and an ordinary prison is that prisoners are allowed to work at night if they can't sleep.

But who among them can sleep?

The Castle of Chazeron, situated in the heart of France, today houses five important men. Not so long ago each lived in his own mansion. Today each is assigned one room, austere and unfriendly though spacious. In front of each room an armed guard paces. All night long the prisoners can hear the heavy tramp of the guards' boots.

For many months the castle has sheltered France's former rulers. They await their trials behind its high walls. Marie Gustave Gamelin, former commander in chief of the French army, on whose word every Frenchman's life depended for nine months, occupies a damp, unheated room—as does former Premier Daladier, who during the first months of the war was regarded as France's coming dictator. The castle is large enough so that the prisoners can be kept separated from one another, and a special organization of *Gardes Mobiles* sees to it that all communication between the five men is made impossible.

This organization has been particularly alert since a zealous policeman discovered a note Reynaud was trying to smuggle to Daladier. The commander of the guards, persuaded that the note contained an important state secret, sent it to Vichy. There, government officials solemnly opened it and read the following significant words: "Please send me a new toothbrush, if possible." The policemen and politicians were somewhat disappointed. Nevertheless the guard was reinforced.

Men Who Walk Alone

The Château de Chazeron, for many centuries the home of French aristocrats—it was once owned by the La Rochefoucaulds—is situated near Riom, not far from Vichy, midway between the seat of the government and the court. Its very geographical position symbolizes the road from power to prison. For many years the castle was uninhabited. At the beginning of the war it was requisitioned by the state authorities. The original plan was to use it as a refuge for children, but the course of events has transformed the children's home into an internment camp for the former leaders of France.

A glance across the high walls of the castle reveals an ancient, austere building in the midst of a vast, neglected park. Every morning between nine and ten, and every afternoon between four and five, solitary men can be seen walking up and down separate paths bordered by lime trees. The men are absorbed in their own thoughts or exchange a few words with their wary guards.

Of the eighty rooms in the castle only ten are occupied. Each of the former masters of France must content himself with one room. To those who remember Reynaud's suite in the premier's mansion in Paris, his book-filled room in the castle seems particularly sad. The contrast is more striking than if these rooms were real prison cells, for Chazeron is full of objects that evoke its former splendor. It is true that the rooms are unfriendly and almost impossible to heat, but they are furnished with antiques from the castle, so that sometimes the prisoners must forget momentarily where they are. The unceasing tramp of the heavy steps in front of their doors soon brings them back to reality.

Discipline but no Luxuries

The prisoners must wash in their rooms and are allowed only one bath a week. There is only one bathroom in the entire castle.

The food is rationed and is about equal in quality and quanity to that served in a small restaurant. Reynaud wanted to have a chef come from Paris but his request was refused. The army chef who cooks for the guards—a former restaurant owner of Vichy—cooks also for Their Excellencies. The prisoners of Riom have ration cards like all French citizens, and regularly receive allotted portions of sugar and soap. They are allowed to receive one extra parcel a week from outside.

Until recently the guard consisted of 24 police officials and 150 *Gardes Mobiles*. The entire personnel has been changed twice. Every one of the guards was once a French voter. One of the guards was severely reprimanded and later dismissed for allowing Gamelin to paint the portrait of his three-year-old daughter. Painting is Gamelin's avocation.

The French commander in chief was dismissed from his office after the German offensive began. At that time he was at the front, near the Belgian border. I remember the deep impression made on us soldiers by the removal of Gamelin. The day before, in the marching line, we had listened to Gamelin's order of the day, which repeated the once given by General Pétain at Verdun: "All troops unable to advance must die where they stand: they must not retreat." And the next day Gamelin was dismissed.

A few weeks later, the general was arrested. After his dismissal he lived with Monsieur L. A. Gaboriaud, editor of the patriotic weekly *Epervelle*. While Gaboriaud was host his friend the censor would not allow a word in defense of Gamelin to appear in Gaboriaud's publication.

During the days that saw the completion of France's defeat many wondered what had happened to the generalissimo. Some asserted that he had committed suicide, like Scipio after the disaster of Tannenberg. Others maintained that he had taken boat to America under a false name and in disguise. None of these rumors did justice to the disciple of Foch and Joffre. With





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THE AMERICAN ARMY of 1941 is the cleanest, healthiest army in our history. And wise heads are working day and night to keep it so.

No man with a social disease is accepted but the army is being completely realistic about the "camp-followers" surrounding our army posts—seasoned harpies and sweet young things all determined that the boys will not be lonely; in addition to the juke-joints, dives and honky tonks.

There is no disposition among army men to hush-hush these conditions. Whatever is vicious is being fought openly, and offset by building up our fighting men's morale so that they will not turn to vice for recreation.

In the March American Magazine, Clarence Woodbury tells you how he saw the encouraging progress of this great campaign.

It is an important, reassuring article that every parent, every man of draft age should read. It is not printed to provide sensational reading but to let good honest sunlight strike at a very real problem.

IN THE MARCH AMERICAN MAGAZINE

"THE ARMY'S WAR ON VICE"



HALF A HUNDRED FEATURES HELP YOU KNOW and ENJOY

HOTEL ETIQUETTE—how the seasoned traveler behaves (and sometimes misbehaves!). By the manager of Chicago's Stevens Hotel.

SOMEONE PINNED A MURDER CHARGE on Capt. Pete Hallam—but three beautiful women had vital reasons for proving him innocent... A gripping mystery novel of army life by Charles L. Clifford, complete in the March issue.

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FROM WASHOUT TO GLAMOUR GIRL—Amy did the trick in three weeks, but not to catch a man. Brooke Hanlon's gay short story tells you the reason; and there are ten other fine short stories in the March issue.

OUR INTERST... BARRIERS. There a... be any, but—

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AND over 40 other f... puzzles, contests, ... the biggest readi... value on your new... the 2,250,000 famil... covered how much ... modern America... deliver for a quarter

n fled from Paris when ached the gates of the t to Vichy, the seat of ient. From the day of never again donned his to the days immedi- his arrest he was fre- the Hotel du Parc in say that the day before t he talked with Pétain

Gamelin lives the sim- er. Of all the prisoners, from the change. Dur- his glory he often com- had no time to give to he is working simul- o pictures, a still-life le usually wears a dark he looks more like a rgeon than a famous mander. On Thursday, receives only his friend guards told me that he be concerned with his d to one of them: "A is the best defense."

a hard time finding a his fellow prisoners, he . He was known as a ds. For this reason he te his own defense in France's great lawyers, he Corsican, Torrès, and are now refugees or ct. Finally, an obscure Paris suburb agreed to lin.

once the most popular who was hailed as the u," is having great diffi- counsel. De Monzie, of Reynaud's cabinet, ame side of Parliament as refused to undertake 's defense. Earlier, Jean nister of education, who sent ced to lifelong deporta- on, had tried to secure vices. But de Monzie is up with the new regime. oth cases. At the time Chazeron, Reynaud still . He will probably be a lawyer appointed by the issue is not really Reynaud is a great legal probably prefer to con- fense.

e Ch ming M. Reynaud

of the supple little man, Palais Bourbon as "the ," has not changed in En in Chazeron, Reynaud ming Frenchman whose ce allows him to adapt situation.

st submerged in his fur man with the Mongol disappearing inside the es of the park. He was at Vichy, his birthplace ance. Almost without ex- portant politicians of pre- me from the south of of the men of Vichy are

arrest took place under mstances. Immediately gnation he went to St. all resort on the Riviera, . He intended to see his who is now eighteen to whom he is extremely 1919 Reynaud married the enri Robert, president of r association. Later he were divorced and he has evoted to his child. Out- and a favorite of the ud was in reality a frus- man who spent every free his daughter or his mother

fifteen years of his career as a statesman Reynaud had many affairs with women, but only one love: his daughter. Only during the last two years did a woman succeed in dominating him. She was the Countess Hélène de Portès, an adventuress in the grand manner. The Countess de Portès was born Mademoiselle Rebuffet in Paris. For the past fifteen years she has served various masters. After the pact of Munich, her favorites were German. Reynaud was infatuated with her and clung to her desperately.

On that day last June she was going with him to St. Maxime. In circumstances that remain unexplained his car became involved in an accident. The countess was killed and Reynaud injured. He was brought to Barcelonette, and his daughter was summoned. When the police arrived they found Reynaud in the care of his mother and daughter. The *Gardes Mobiles* took him directly to the Castle of Chazeron.

It has recently become known that Reynaud had an opportunity to escape before he was taken to prison. The British government was ready to dispatch a warship for him to Marseille. One of the strongest points in Reynaud's defense is that he rejected this offer.

Hans Habe, the author of The Prisoners of Riom, is only 29 years old. But few men have packed into so young a life the excitement and experiences of Hans Habe. A member of an old Hungarian family, he was foreign editor of the Viennese newspaper "Morgen" and later, as foreign correspondent for the "Prague Tageblatt," traveled continuously all over Europe to satisfy a double appetite for adventure and news. He became intimately acquainted with most of Europe's leaders—the big men and the little men whose personalities and convictions shaped the Continent's destiny.

Habe's novels, two of which have been published successfully in this country, were publicly burned in Germany and the author blacklisted. Viennese Nazis tried to kill Habe, but he escaped, went to France. At the war's outbreak he volunteered for service in the 21st Regiment Infantry and was captured by the Germans after one of the futile battles on the Belgian frontier. To hide his real identity, he persuaded a French soldier to give him part of his papers and the two were fortunately sent to different concentration camps by the Germans. Habe escaped in a junked ambulance, assumed successively the identities of a wine salesman, a railway employee and a secret agent. He swam the River Doubs between occupied and unoccupied France, made his way to America across Spain and Portugal after visiting Riom, where the men who are accused of having betrayed France are prisoners in the Castle of Chazeron.

He asked for some light reading to supplement his juridical and political books and was permitted to have a number of detective stories, including several by Agatha Christie. Every Thursday the former premier is the cause of a series of quarrels. Only relatives and lawyers are admitted to Chazeron. But regularly, every visiting day, many other persons, among them ladies, throng into the château to try to see Reynaud.

For a short time Chazeron also harbored Guy La Chambre, former air minister who, accompanied by his charming and famous wife, one of the most fascinating actresses of Paris, flew directly from New York to jail. Like Pierre Cot, his predecessor in office, Guy La Chambre was living in New York when the Riom court was constituted. But whereas I saw Pierre Cot with his beautiful Venezuelan wife dining in a Russian restaurant in New York only a few days ago, Guy La Chambre took the first available Clipper to report to his government. Vichy has little use for such chivalrous gestures—the former minister was promptly taken to Chazeron. La Chambre tried in vain to obtain an audience with Pétain. Later he was transferred to the Castle of Bourassol, which shelters the "second-class" former "excellencies."

Solitude that Hurts

When you speak with the guards of Chazeron—day and night eighteen of them patrol the high gray walls of the castle—you can feel that what most impresses these simple men is not their prisoners' downfall but their solitude. Formerly, their antechambers were crowded daily with hundreds of distinguished visitors; thousands of beautiful women competed for their favors; scientists, writers, army commanders and financiers flattered their vanity. It comes as a shock to learn that Daladier, the "bull of Vaucluse," who, people feared, might become an all-powerful dictator, has not received a single visit since his imprisonment. The only person who asked for permission to see him was his son, Jean Daladier, but his request was refused because of his previous political activities.

No other visitor appeared. After three months of solitude Daladier asked, for the first time, for the Marquise de Crussol. For many years the marquise had been Daladier's friend and adviser; in Paris she was known as "Madame Lucifer." The difference between the two men, Daladier and Reynaud, is clearly revealed by their women. The two men came from the middle classes, both had a secret respect for names, titles and society. Both were attracted by the life of the salons. But whereas Reynaud, an educated and witty man, chose an adventuress with great intellectual qualities, Daladier was attracted by the Marquise de Crussol, who was noted for her aristocratic elegance. Reynaud's "Lady of Catastrophe" remained at his side after the little man had lost the great game. The marquise left Daladier with a smile after his fall. For months Daladier had been desperately asking for a letter, a word. His guards can hardly bear to tell him the truth. Not a line, not a word has come from the marquise.

Of all the prisoners of Chazeron, Daladier is most adept at handling his guards. He knows the language of the people. His guards have been replaced three times, because the government discovered that they had become too friendly with their prisoner.

What Daladier misses most in his prison is his beloved *Pastis*, a liquor high in alcoholic content, similar to Pernod, of which his enemies never failed to mention that he used to drink

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An' th' loch an' th' heather;
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86 PROOF

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seven or eight glasses a day. Today, beverages containing more than 12 per cent alcohol are banned in France, and the prisoners of Chazeron are allowed but one liter of red wine a day.

Daladier is a great letter writer. The prisoners of Riom may write as much as they please, but mail leaves only once a week. It goes without saying that it is censored many times. First the letters are read by police officials in Chazeron, then they are sent to Vichy where they are examined again, photographed and copied. Daladier writes mostly to his son. In the first letter to him, opened by the censor, there were these beautiful words: "Never forget that it was not your father who lost the war." This single sentence speaks volumes for Daladier's intentions. The former Premier will not be satisfied with merely defending himself. He intends to show who *did* lose the war. That is the reason why the trials of Riom present so many difficulties, why they have been postponed time and again. That is why the court formed to judge the ex-masters of France has already changed its own presiding judge twice, before the trials have even begun.

During his years in office Daladier never wore a uniform, although he distinguished himself as an officer in the World War and returned from the front with the rank of captain and numerous decorations. During the speech that he intends to make before the trial court, however, the former president of the council will probably wear his uniform. His great oratorical powers will doubtless count for much. Frenchmen still remember Daladier's speech at the outbreak of the war, in which he said that if France lost she would inevitably fall into "the most abject slavery." It is doubtful, however, whether rhetoric will be enough to save a broken man.

Five Men—Five Problems

Every prisoner of Riom presents a different psychological problem. Gamelin became famous against his will. He is almost happy to have been removed from the spotlight. Reynaud never took himself nor the world seriously. He remains as he was. Daladier is going through the tragedy of a little man first exalted and then destroyed by fate. This man never trusted himself. He was filled with a sense of inferiority. And it is not to be wondered at that the silent Castle of Chazeron is often roused in the night by the terrible cries uttered by Daladier in his dreams. They are the dreams of a man whose high position was more than he could bear.

Whereas Daladier has been abandoned by his friends, the opposite is true of the man who during his years in power always acted on his own—Georges Mandel.

The former Minister of the Post Office, Colonies and Interior is the man whose conduct in prison is the most dignified. Of all the accused, Mandel is the only one whose life is at stake. The maximum penalty for the other imprisoned ministers is deportation for life. But Mandel is charged not with responsibility for measures dangerous to the state, but with high treason, the same crime for which de Gaulle was sentenced to death. Mandel is accused of having intended to form a new government in Meknès, Africa, and of continuing the war with the help of the undefeated African forces and the undefeated fleet.

There are other reasons why so much hatred is concentrated on Mandel. Mandel, a Jew, was once the favorite and disciple of Clemenceau. The French conservatives and especially the army officers cannot forgive this man for having gained the "Old Tiger's" absolute confidence. Mandel is also the man most hated by the Germans. From the very beginning Germany has demanded the death of this "warmonger."

Despite all this, no one has yet seen Mandel despair. In his long, black coat, with his high white collar and carefully parted, oily black hair, he still has a challenging and inspiring air. He has changed neither his habits nor his manner of speaking. He treats his guards with cool friendliness, as if they were clerks in his ministry.

Here, too, character plays an enormous role. Gamelin was a victim of politics, Daladier of overestimation, Reynaud of a world poor in heroes, Mandel is not a victim. He was not the object, but the subject of politics. He was never a pawn in other people's game—he was a passionate gambler himself.

Imprisonment is a true measure of character. The black-clad man with the pointed head has not changed even in Chazeron.

$50,000,000

in American money has been poured into Puerto Rico—so far.

●

The story of our most important Caribbean naval base—

GIBRALTAR ON SAND

By Frank Gervasi

●

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Like all things political, Mandel's bearing has, to a great extent, personal causes. One is clear to everybody. As Minister of the Post Office, Colonies and Interior, Mandel acquired an astounding knowledge of people. No one is more dangerous than this man who was thrice refused permission to have his dossiers transferred from his residence, who asserts that his "head is France's greatest dossier," and whose appearance in Paris often caused people to whisper: "That's Mandel! He knows everything!"

Mandel's visitors are surprised at his knowledge of what is going on in the world. Though he was refused a radio—whereas, several other prisoners are allowed to listen to broadcasts—the great, silent man seems well informed. "My memoirs are my defense," he once said to one of his visitors. He often makes coffee at night on a small stove, precious coffee sent to him by friends. And he works steadily at the memoirs that will perhaps prevent the trials of Riom from being held at all. Unlike Napoleon banished at Elba, Mandel does not trust history to judge him.

But Mandel's excellent bearing has still another, more intimate cause.

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Bretty was warned. H
at stake, the benevolent
of Vichy explained. B
mained adamant. The
deliberations. Finally
Beatrice Bretty of the
çaise was allowed to ma
Mandel. The wedding t
castle. The friends of the
litical visitors"—served
Of course, Mandel wa
any contact with Léon B
Premier of the Popular
ment, during the latte
Castle of Chazeron.

No Help from t

Blum was arrested in
charming city at the ed
nees, which he had repre
liament for many years.
he had been living there
dustrial family, the M
officials who had come i
him to Chazeron, he de
arrest was illegal. He qu
articles.
Even in Chazeron, L
himself in political cons
refused to realize that
Europe the laws of for
than is written law and
could defend him agains
for revenge. From the
confinement Léon Blum
He never recovered fro
the death in 1937 of his w
constant companion and
Blum, too, had an e
time finding a defense
day, the man whose defe
once brought fame and
Paris lawyer received
refusals.
No French lawyer
branded as "Blum's def
But he finally found a la
suburbs of Paris, a R
Samuel Spanien, who for
in court in behalf of stri
ployed lawbreakers.
In the wintry park of
former masters of Franc
down. They have turne
lars and scuff through t
heads bowed. Now and
one another at a distance
Nobody knows what th
thoughts are as different
themselves. Different fat
Mandel faces death, Dala
naud will probably be
France for life, and Gan
certain of acquittal. And
able that they have one th
mon. Every one of them
the fall of the others. Da
Blum, and Reynaud follo
They know, these forme
than anybody else the ep
ity of all human power.
tainly reflect upon the wo
to his executioners: "You
Robespierre!" They mus
Robespierre can be safe
has mounted the guillotin

Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 18

an was in the train com- London where he'd gone on business. Four other the carriage with him. on he took the local bus, ow passengers traveling got off at the Pine Ridge 'd arranged to meet his ne then was four twenty- d tea for them both, but g it till she came. Then t outside waiting for her. o'clock she hadn't turned ng alarmed—thought she ained her ankle. ment was that she was to e moors from the village ere staying to the Pine d go home by bus. Cae- ot far from the café and at as she was ahead of own there to admire the before going on, and that madman came upon her ght her unawares. Once as proved to be out of it, connected up her death llie Parsons—that rather girl who was found stran- y Copse. They decided man was responsible for t they never caught him more they never came ng him! Drew a blank

and then he said slowly: re's a third woman stran- rtain gentleman we won't the spot."

ED. His small, shrewd around to Poirot. He lly.

s moved. Inspector Col- rward.

murmuring, "It's so diffi- hich pieces are part of the ich are the cat's tail."

don, sir?" said Inspector ed.

quickly: "I apologize. I a train of thought of my

is about a fur rug and a

nothing at all." He paused. pector Colgate, if you sus- ne of telling lies—many, t you had no proof, what ?"

Colgate considered. "It's is. But it's my opinion ne tells enough lies, he's up in the end."

ded.

is very true. You see, it mind that certain state- I *think* that they are lies, *know* that they are lies. t perhaps make a test—a tle not very noticeable lie. re proved to be a lie—why, uld know that all the rest !"

Colgate looked at him curi- mind works a funny way, ? But I dare say it comes n the end. If you'll excuse hat put you on to asking ulation cases in general?"

slowly: "You have a word guage—*slick*. This crime e a very slick crime! It nder if, perhaps, it was not pt."

spector Colgate said.

t on: "I said to myself, 'Let ast crimes of a similar kind is a crime that closely re- one—*eh bien*, we shall have valuable clue.' "

"You mean using the same method of death, sir?"

"No, no. I mean more than that. The death of Nellie Parsons, for instance, tells me nothing. But the death of Alice Corrigan—tell me, Inspector Colgate, do you not notice one striking form of similarity to this crime?"

Inspector Colgate turned the problem over in his mind. He said at last, "No, sir, I can't say that I do really. Unless it's that in each case the husband has got a cast-iron alibi."

Poirot said softly, "Ah, so you *have* noticed that?"

"HA, POIROT. Glad to see you. Come in. Just the man I want."

Hercule Poirot responded to the invitation.

The chief constable pushed over a box of cigarettes, took one himself and lighted it. Between puffs he said: "I've decided, more or less, on a course of action. But I'd like your opinion on it before I act decisively."

"Tell me, my friend," Hercule Poirot said.

"I've decided to call in Scotland Yard and hand the case over to them," Weston said. "In my opinion, although there have been grounds for suspicion against one or two people, the whole case hinges on dope smuggling. It seems clear to me that that place, Pixy's Cave, was a definite rendezvous for the stuff."

Poirot nodded. "I agree."

"Good man. And I'm pretty certain who our dope smuggler is. Horace Blatt."

Again Poirot assented. "That, too, is indicated," he said.

"I see our minds have both worked the same way. Blatt used to go sailing in that boat of his. Sometimes he'd invite people to go with him, but most of the time he went out alone. He had some rather conspicuous red sails on that boat but we've found that he had some white sails as well stowed away. I think he sailed out on a good day to an appointed spot, and was met by another boat—sailing boat or motor yacht—something of the kind and the stuff was handed over. Then Blatt would run ashore into Pixy Cove at a suitable time of day—"

Hercule Poirot smiled.

"Yes, yes, at half past one. The hour of the British lunch when everyone is quite sure to be in the dining room. The island is private. It is not a place where outsiders come for picnics. People take their tea sometimes from the hotel to Pixy Cove in the afternoon when the sun is on it, or if they want a picnic they would go somewhere far afield, many miles away."

THE chief constable nodded. "Quite," he said. "Therefore Blatt ran ashore there and stowed the stuff on that ledge in the cave. Somebody else was to pick it up there in due course."

Poirot murmured: "There was a couple, you remember, who came to the island for lunch on the day of the murder? That would be a way of getting the stuff. Some summer visitors from a hotel on the moor or at St. Loo, come over to Smugglers' Island. They announce that they will have lunch. They walk around the island first. How easy to descend to the beach, pick up the sandwich box, place it, no doubt, in Madame's bathing bag which she carries—and return for lunch to the hotel—a little late, perhaps, say at ten minutes to two, having enjoyed their walk while everyone else was in the dining room."

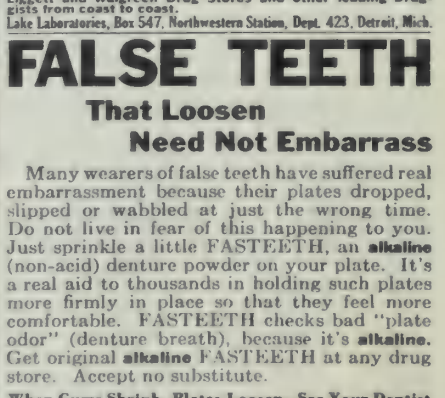
"Yes," Weston said, "it all sounds

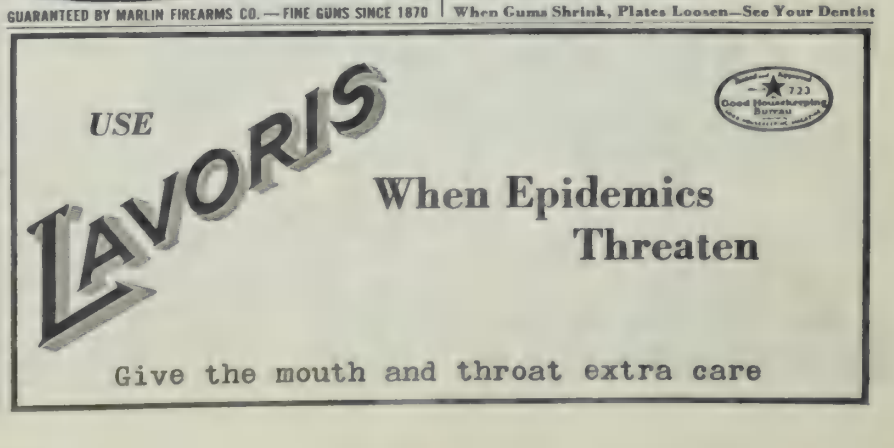








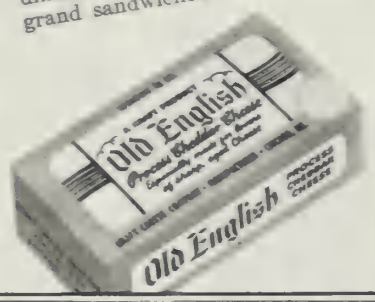




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practicable enough. Now these dope organizations are pretty ruthless. If anyone blundered in and got wise to things they wouldn't make any bones about silencing that person. It seems to me that that is the right explanation of Arlena Marshall's death. It's possible that on that morning Blatt was actually at the cove stowing the stuff away. His accomplices were to come for it that very day. Arlena arrives on her float and sees him going into the cave with the box. She asks him about it and he kills her then and there and sheers off in his boat as quick as possible."

"You think definitely," Poirot said, "that Blatt is the murderer?"

"It seems the most probable solution. Of course, it's possible that Arlena might have got onto the truth earlier, said something to Blatt about it and some other member of the gang fixed a fake appointment with her and did her in. As I say, I think the best course is to hand the case over to Scotland Yard. They've a far better chance than we have of proving Blatt's connection with the gang."

Hercule Poirot nodded thoughtfully.

Weston said: "You think that's the wise thing to do—eh?"

Poirot was thoughtful. He said at last: "It may be."

"Dash it all, Poirot, have you got something up your sleeve, or haven't you?"

"If I have," Poirot said gravely, "I am not sure that I can prove it."

Weston said, "Of course, I know that you and Colgate have other ideas. Seems a bit fantastic to me but I'm bound to admit there may be something in it. But even if you're right, I still think it's a case for the Yard. We'll give them the facts and they can work in with the Surrey police. What do you think, Poirot? What do you feel ought to be done about it?"

Poirot seemed lost in thought. At last he said: "I know what I should like to do."

"Yes?"

Poirot murmured, "I should like to go for a picnic."

Colonel Weston stared at him.

"A PICNIC, M. Poirot?"

Emily Brewster stared at him as though he were out of his senses.

Poirot said engagingly: "It sounds to you, does it not, very outrageous? But indeed it seems to me a most admirable idea. We need something of the every day, the usual, to restore life to the normal. I am most anxious to see something of Dartmoor, the weather is good. It will—how shall I say, it will cheer everybody up! So aid me in this matter. Persuade everyone."

The idea met with unexpected success. Everyone was at first dubious and then grudgingly admitted it might not be such a bad idea after all.

It was not suggested that Captain Marshall should be asked. He had himself announced that he had to go to Plymouth that day. Mr. Blatt was of the party, enthusiastically so. He was determined to be the life and soul of it. Besides him, there was Emily Brewster, the Redferns, Stephen Lane, the Gardeners, who were persuaded to delay their departure by one day, Rosamund Darnley and Linda.

Poirot had been eloquent to Rosamund and had dwelt on the advantage it would be to Linda to have something to take her out of herself. To this Rosamund agreed. She said: "You're quite right. The shock has been very bad for a child of that age. It has made her terribly jumpy."

"That is only natural, Mademoiselle. But at that age one soon forgets. Persuade her to come. You can, I know."

Major Barry had refused firmly. He said he didn't like picnics. "Lots of baskets to carry," he said. "And darned uncomfortable. Eating my food at a table's good enough for me."

The party assembled at ten o'clock. Three cars had been ordered. Mr. Blatt was loud and cheerful, imitating a tourist guide:

"This way, ladies and gentlemen—this way for Dartmoor. Heather and bilberries, Devonshire cream and convicts. Bring your wives, gentlemen, if you wish! Everyone welcome! Scenery guaranteed. Walk up. Walk up."

At the last minute Rosamund Darnley came down, looking concerned.

She said: "Linda's not coming. She says she's got a frightful headache."

"But," Poirot cried, "it will do her good to come. Persuade her, Mademoiselle."

Rosamund said firmly: "It's no good. She's absolutely determined. I've given her some aspirin and she's gone to bed."

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 26



A dyed-in-the-cactus Texan, Tom Holloway was born in Ennis, educated at the University, and later hired by a San Antonio advertising agency. In Manhattan for the past decade he has done promotional layouts for a publishing company, with cartoons (sample on facing page) as a side line; and enjoys the distinction of being the only person in the world who likes to sit through double-feature movies twice.

She hesitated and said: "I think, perhaps, I won't go, either."

"Can't allow that, dear lady, can't allow that," cried Mr. Blatt seizing her facetiously by the arm. "No refusals!"

He led her firmly to the first car. Rosamund threw a black look at Hercule Poirot.

"I'll stay with Linda," said Christine Redfern. "I don't mind a bit."

"Oh, come on, Christine," Patrick said.

"No, no," Poirot said, "you must come, Madame. With a headache one is better alone. Come, let us start."

THE three cars drove off. They went first to the real Pixy's Cave on Sheepstor and had a good deal of fun looking for the entrance and at last finding it, aided by a picture post card.

It was precarious going on the big boulders, and Hercule Poirot did not attempt it. He watched indulgently while Christine Redfern sprang lightly from stone to stone and observed that her husband was never far from her. Rosamund Darnley and Emily Brewster had joined in the search th... slipped once and gave ... her ankle. Stephen La... gable, his long, lean fig... twisting among the boul... contented himself with g... and shouting encourage... ing photographs of the ...

The Gardeners and ... staidly sitting by the ... Mrs. Gardener's voice u... a pleasant, even-toned m... tuated now and then b... "Yes, darlings," of her sp...

"—and what I alway... Poirot, and Mr. Garde... me—is that snapshots c... noying. Unless, that is ... taken among friends. ... has just no sensitivene... He just comes right up t... talks away and takes ... and, as I said to Mr. ... really is very ill-bred. ... said, Odell, wasn't it?"

"Yes, darling."

"That group he took ... on the beach. Well, that ... but he should have ask... was, Miss Brewster was ... from the beach and it c... her look a very peculiar ...

"I'll say it does," said ... with a grin.

"And there's Mr. Blatt ... copies of all these pict... taking, to everybody, wi... as asking first. He's bee... to you, M. Poirot, I noti..."

Poirot nodded. He s... those pictures very muc...

AT THIS moment the ... Pixy's Cave was hail... with loud cries.

The party now drove ... cule Poirot's directions, t... a short walk from the c... side of heather led to a ... by a small river.

A narrow plank brid... river and Poirot and Mr ... duced Mrs. Gardener ... where a delightful heath ... from prickly furze, looke... for a picnic lunch.

Talking volubly about ... when crossing on a plan... Gardener sank down. S... was a slight outcry.

The others had run ac... lightly enough, but Emily ... standing in the middle of ... eyes shut, swaying to and...

Poirot and Patrick Rec... the rescue.

Emily Brewster wa... ashamed.

"Thanks, thanks. Sorr... good at crossing runnin... giddy. Stupid, very."

Lunch was spread out ... began.

All the people concer... cretly surprised to find h... enjoyed this interlude. It ... because it afforded an e... atmosphere of suspicio... Here, with the trickling of ... soft, peaty smell in the air ... coloring of bracken and he... of murder and police inqu... picion seemed blotted ou... had never existed. Ev... forgot to be the life an... party.

It was quite a grateful ... ple who packed up the ... and congratulated Hercul... good idea.

The sun was sinking as ... along the narrow, winding ... the top of the hill above ... Bay they had a brief gl... island with the white hote...

It looked peaceful and i... setting sun.

arr came out to greet them

he id. "Had a good day?"

rde r said, "Indeed we did. we just too lovely for any-

En sh and old world.

ber id had come out of the w a little out of breath.

ted r a moment then came to ristine Redfern. Poirot

hes Gladys Narracott. Her q k and uneven:

me Madam, but I'm worried rou lady. About Miss Mar-

ok r up some tea just now dn et her to wake and she

so eer somehow."

e l ked around helplessly. at r side in a moment. His r h elbow, he said quietly:

o u and see."

irri up the stairs and along age Linda's room.

ace her was enough to tell n t t something was very

he s an odd color and her was ardly perceptible.

ha went to her pulse. At tim he noticed an envelope aga t the lamp on the bed-

It as addressed to himself. Ma hall came quickly into

He aid: "What's this about hat the matter with her?"

l, f htened sob came from Rec rn.

Po t turned from the bed. o M shall: "Get a doctor—as yo possibly can. But I'm

may too late."

th tter with his name on it nd o n the envelope. Inside w s of writing in Linda's bolg hand:

th s the best way out. Ask to forgive me. I killed tho ht I should be glad—but I very sorry for every-

."

ere sembled in the lounge—

t Redferns, Rosamund and ercule Poirot.

at re silent—waiting. . . .

The door opened and Dr. Neasdon came in. He said curtly, "I've done all I can. She may pull through—but I'm bound to tell you that there's not much hope."

He paused. Marshall, his face stiff, his eyes a cold, frosty blue asked: "How did she get hold of the stuff?"

Neasdon opened the door again and beckoned. The chambermaid came into the room. She had been crying.

Neasdon said: "Just tell us again what you saw."

Sniffing, the girl said:

"I never thought—I never thought for a minute there was anything wrong—though the young lady did seem rather strange about it." A slight gesture of impatience from the doctor started her off again: "She was in the other lady's room. Mrs. Redfern's. Your room. Madam. Over at the washstand and she took up a little bottle. She did give a bit of a jump when I came in and I thought it was queer her taking things from your room, but then, of course, it might be something she'd lent you. She just said: 'Oh, this is what I'm looking for,' and went out."

Christine said almost in a whisper: "My sleeping tablets."

"How did she know about them?" the doctor said brusquely.

"I gave her one," Christine said. "The night after it happened. She told me she couldn't sleep. She—I remember her saying: 'Will one be enough?'—and I said: 'Oh, yes, they are very strong—I've been cautioned never to take more than two at most.' "

Neasdon nodded. "She made pretty sure," he said. "Took a lot of them."

Christine sobbed again. "Oh, dear, I feel it's my fault. I should have kept them locked up."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "It might have been wiser, Mrs. Redfern."

Christine said despairingly: "She's dying—and it's my fault. . . ."

Kenneth Marshall stirred in his chair. "No, you can't blame yourself," he said. "Linda knew what she was doing. She took them deliberately. Perhaps—perhaps it was best."

He looked down at the crumpled note



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TOM HOLLOWAY



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in his hand—the note that Poirot had silently handed to him.

The door opened and Colonel Weston came in. "What's all this I hear?" he said.

Dr. Neasdon took the note from Marshall's hand and handed it to the chief constable. The latter read it. He exclaimed incredulously: "What? But this is nonsense—absolute nonsense! It's impossible." He repeated with assurance: "Impossible! Isn't it, Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot moved for the first time. He said in a slow, sad voice: "No, I'm afraid it is not impossible."

"But I was with her, M. Poirot," Christine Redfern said. "I was with her up to a quarter to twelve. I told the police so."

Poirot said: "Your evidence gave her an alibi—yes. But what was your evidence based on? It was based on *Linda Marshall's own wrist watch*. You do not know *of your own knowledge* that it was a quarter to twelve when you left her—you only know that she told you so. You said yourself the time seemed to have gone very fast."

She stared at him stricken.

"Now think, Madame," he said, "when you left the beach, did you walk back to the hotel fast or slow?"

"I—well, fairly slowly, I think."

"Do you remember much about that walk back?"

"Not very much. I'm afraid. I—I was thinking."

POIROT said. "I am sorry to ask you this, but will you tell just what you were thinking about during that walk?"

Christine flushed. "I suppose—if it is necessary—I was considering the question of—of leaving here. Just going away without telling my husband. I—I was very unhappy just then, you see."

Patrick Redfern cried: "Oh, Christine! I know . . . I know . . ."

Poirot's precise voice cut in: "Exactly. You were concerned over taking a step of some importance. You were, I should say, deaf and blind to your surroundings. You probably walked very slowly and occasionally stopped for some minutes while you puzzled things out."

Christine nodded. "How clever you are. It was just like that. I woke up from a kind of dream just outside the hotel and hurried in thinking I should be very late but when I saw the clock in the lounge I realized I had plenty of time."

"Exactly," Hercule Poirot said again. He turned to Marshall.

"I must now describe to you certain things I found in your daughter's room after the murder. In the grate was a large blob of melted wax, some burnt hair, fragments of cardboard and paper and an ordinary household pin. The paper and the cardboard might not be relevant but the other three things were suggestive—particularly when I found tucked away in the bookshelf a volume from the local library here dealing with witchcraft and magic. It opened very easily at a certain page. On that page were described various methods of causing death by molding in wax a figure supposed to represent the victim. This was then slowly roasted till it melted away—or alternatively you would pierce the wax figure to the heart with a pin. Death of the victim would ensue.

"I later heard from Mrs. Redfern that Linda Marshall had been out early that morning and had bought a packet of candles and had seemed embarrassed when her purchase was revealed. I had no doubt what had happened after that. Linda had made a crude figure of the candle wax—possibly adorning it with a snip of Arlena's red hair to give the magic force—had then stabbed it to the heart with a pin and finally melted the figure away by lighting strips of cardboard under it.

"It was crude, childish, superstitious, but it revealed one thing: the desire to kill.

"Was there any possibility that there had been more than a desire? Could Linda Marshall have *actually* killed her stepmother?

"At first sight it seemed as though she had a perfect alibi—but in actuality, as I have just pointed out, the time evidence was supplied *by Linda herself*. She could easily have declared the time to be a quarter of an hour later than it really was.

"It was quite possible, once Mrs. Redfern had left the beach, for Linda to follow her up and then strike across the narrow neck of land to the ladder, hurry down it, meet her stepmother there, strangle her and return up the ladder before the boat containing Miss Brewster and Patrick Redfern came in sight. She could then return to Gull Cove, take her bath and return to the hotel at her leisure.

"But that entailed two things: She must have definite knowledge that Arlena Marshall would be at Pixy Cove and she must be physically capable of the deed.

"Well, the first was quite possible—if Linda Marshall had written a note to Arlena herself in someone else's name. As to the second, Linda has very large, strong hands. They are as large as a man's. As to the strength, she is at the age when one is prone to be mentally unbalanced. Mental derangement often is accompanied by unusual strength. There was one other small point. Linda Marshall's mother had actually been accused and tried for murder."

Kenneth Marshall lifted his head. He said fiercely: "She was also acquitted."

"She was acquitted," Poirot agreed.

"And I'll tell you this, M. Poirot," Marshall said, "Ruth—my wife—was innocent. That I know with complete and absolute certainty. In the intimacy of our life I could not have been deceived. She was an innocent victim of circumstances."

He paused. "And I don't believe that Linda killed Arlena. It's ridiculous—absurd!"

Poirot said: "Do you ter, then, to be a forger

Marshall held out hi Weston gave it to him. it attentively. Then he

"No," he said unwill Linda did write this."

"Then if she wrote "there are only two exp she wrote it in all goo herself to be the mur say—*she wrote it delib someone else*, someone was suspected."

Kenneth Marshall s me?"

"It is possible, is it

MARSHALL conside or two, then he sa I think that idea is abs have realized that I w suspicion at first. But nitely by now that th done with—that the po my alibi and turned the where."

"And supposing," P it was not so much that you were suspected a you were guilty."

Marshall stared at h short laugh. "That's a

"I wonder." Poirot s you know, several po Mrs. Marshall's death. ory that she was being t she went that morning t mailer and that the bl her. There is the theory and Pixy's Cave were drug running and that because she accidental thing about that. Th possibility—that she wa ligious maniac. And t possibility—you stood money by your wife's Marshall."

"I've just told you—"

"Yes, yes—I agree t sible that you could h wife—if you were actin *supposing someone he*

(To be concluded



"Now, generally speaking, if the wings flap, it's a b



The man who always makes them think of Jim...

e fir of every month, there's some- very precious in the mailman's bag he st s at the little white Wilson house ple reet . . .

loesn look much different from other —ju a plain brown business envelope it b gs security and comfort to Jim n's w low and his daughter.



t brin s back memories, too . . . memories thou tful, loving father who gave up luxu es for himself so that the wife and little child he loved would always have the priceless gift of independence.



It was ten years ago that Jim Wilson sat down with his Prudential agent and planned the protection that now means so much to his widow and daughter.

Jim wasn't making a great deal of money. But he found—just as so many others have —that it costs surprisingly little to give your family the safety and security of Prudential life insurance protection.

DO YOU KNOW *THIS* ABOUT LIFE INSURANCE?

Q: How will The Prudential pay my beneficiary?

A: Under your Prudential Ordinary policy, you may select any one of the following ways, or leave the choice to your beneficiary.

*

Cash payment in one lump sum.

*

A monthly income of a definite amount continuing for life.

*

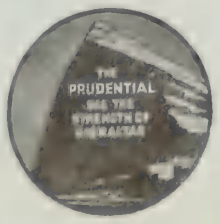
Installment payments of a definite amount for a limited number of years.

*

Or the insurance money can be left with the company and the interest paid to the beneficiary. Withdrawal of all or part of the principal may be arranged for as desired.

The Prudential

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, N. J.



INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA



"Ma Says It Tastes of Coal Oil!"

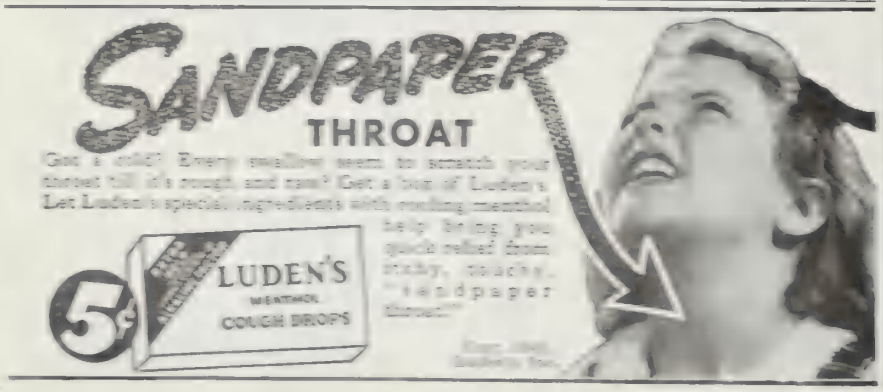
MA IS probably right. The clerk who had to fit shoes and horse collars, measure out nails and putty, and draw kerosene couldn't always stop to wash his hands before he handled the butter and crackers. And every so often the pecans on the spout of the oil can would joggle off.

Today, for most of us, the mixture of food and kerosene odor has ceased to be a problem. More and more of our food, packed by electric machines, comes to us in sanitary containers. Electricity does the work, too, of washboard and carpet beater. Automobiles and good roads have shortened distances to town and work. And because so many of the unpleasant jobs which occupied our parents' time are now only memories, we have more opportunities for enjoying life.

Practically every industry in America has helped to bring about this progress. And every industry, in doing so, has made use of the economies and manufacturing improvements that electricity brings. General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen have been, for more than 60 years, finding ways for electricity to help raise American living standards—to create More Goods for More People at Less Cost. Today their efforts are helping further to build and strengthen the American way of life.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC



You Can't Say That!

Continued from page 19

sor, or failing to select a man who can pass the administration's stern requirements, the administration has its own nomination—Mr. Lowell Mellett, at present Director of the Office of Government Reports and administrative assistant to the President of the United States. Whether the publishers can fix upon a better censor than Mr. Mellett we don't know; it is unlikely that anyone could nominate an abler journalist or a man more passionately devoted to the democratic ideal.

However, we'll come to Mr. Mellett later. Before we go further you ought to know what the plan is in its present outlines—and how it will be introduced. It won't be necessary for Congress to bless it with permissive legislation. The National Defense Act of 1916 still exists and therein are the enabling clauses for censorship. That much for the press. The radio is already in the President's hands, the law stipulating that he may take broadcasting over at any time he deems that an emergency warrants it. All he has to do is to speak to the Federal Communications Commission and the nation's broadcasting stations will be told precisely what not to do.

All Ready with the Plan

To begin with, then, the President will call to Washington certain publishers representing the American Newspaper Publishers Association, publishers of magazines, representatives of radio broadcasting stations and chains and, so that a delicate job be done as tidily as possible, a few Washington correspondents. The talk will be general, the guests being warned that the problem is all theirs. A few of the bolder ones will pay tribute to the traditions of the American press, to its Constitutional guarantees, to the right of the people to know the truth. And they will cite horrible examples of censorship's past. And no one present will applaud this louder than Mr. Roosevelt himself. Presently the conference will dissolve, the participants having agreed to appoint a working committee that will proceed without much delay to evolve a voluntary censorship plan.

As we've told you, a plan already exists. By the time the publishers meet it will be on paper. In its present form it is a compromise between a censorship and a sales campaign—a campaign to sell the war to the halfhearted, the fearful and the doubtful. Washington is almost unanimous in that never in the memory of the oldest militarist has there been less enthusiasm for war. There is none of the spirit of high adventure that swept the country in 1917. In 1917 America viewed war as a lark. American arms hadn't fired a gun in anger since 1865, the affair in Cuba having been a mere skirmish fought by a few volunteers. There is none of 1917's exhilaration around these days. The ballyhoo has a banshee motif.

Therefore, an important part of the present plan is to sell the war to the masses. What can be said in the praise thereof will be mortised neatly into what may not be said that the praise be not tarnished. The sales campaign will glorify ship launchings, military parades, camp festivities, naval displays. But revelations of strikes, sabotage and laggard production will be discouraged—at best minimized. If the spirit that Washington hopes to see prevails, the radio will ring with soldiers' choruses, workers' glee clubs and patriotic talks by mothers whose sons are in uniform.

That gives you a hint. And the movies will thrill you with m and doughboy humor. The and magazines will regale y brilliance of victories, sad heroisms and the misfortu enemy. Our own reverses battled and failures ignored. shouters may be missing fro forums of 1917, but not beca not exist. The radio has cha indoors.

In conjunction with Holl government proposes to resu ing movies. Films as ambiti impressive, they hope) as The Plow that Broke the The Fight for Life three ma produced by Pare Lorenz f ernment under the auspic Mellett, will be attempted. Th are not yet written but unle idea is found these major will treat of the war in a b jective manner, informing t what it fights for. Simpler movie shorts which, they serve the cause of democr many one-reelers were su serve the Agriculture, Interio merce departments a coupl ago—until Congress cut out tions for them.

You may or may not have of the shorts—The CCC Do Way, The CCC in the Blue Ri tains, The CCC in A Crisis, ness, How to Handle Fores Coal, The How and Why of ing, Better Days in Dime tastes in Stone, Four Little others.

These quickies will endea you how well your favorite doing, looking, eating, sleep ing and working. They will m physical benefits enjoyed by necked, narrow-shouldered faced lad who is eased out o shop or factory into his cour ice. Such major films as The the government $60,000. The be ground out for about $5,

A Fast-Growing Bal

In addition to these film radio, special movies and will be prepared for Latin consumption, the desire bein Not the least of the censors to light the fire in South Ame keep it going. To this end La can playwrights, actors and will be hired and charged wi our southern neighbors with propaganda against totalitari whole project will be a hug censor's office might very w one of the largest of all g agencies. The present idea a all administered from one o in Washington, by one man Mr. Mellett. But there will hundred field officers who t themselves more to straight and observation than to sellin

Details will be left to the film producers and the bros the working committee. But will represent a vast amoun to say nothing of much sus discontent. For example, it s cided whether the central of censor will have command o publicity agencies and publi tion sections of all the existi ments, bureaus and other agen government whether they are indirectly related to the activ tion of the war. The tendenc direction, giving rise to a fea

he eep of a number of those
rs Congress who do not love
ose elt.
a solidation of press sections
tha contend, give Mr. Roose-
ows Director of Public Infor-
an xclusive authority over all
ne news, propaganda, infor-
ar general ballyhoo. And if
in stry, fearful of displeasing
ves nent and incidentally of
igh d in government broadcasts
eas should prefer to make the
ot e the outlet for their facts,
i-R sevelt forces think that the
m ght develop into something
ren Mr. Hitler's Goebbels and
ssa ni's Gayda might respect.
fr kly, there is nothing in the
pl which lends substance to
se resentful gentlemen ap-
be eeing. And the completely
M Mellett merely looks just a
rea r whenever such fears are
in is hearing. Were his own
tio to be served, Mr. Mellett
be st as pleased if he were to
oth whatever to do with cen-
H vever, he is the one man in
ose elt's confidence best fitted
job

fric n is Bound to Come

erth ss, the publishers, movie
ers d broadcasters will have to
r c sorship from a number of
so of which may curtail their
ime edom. They may agree to
ral formation dispensary sys-
bus ving time and speeding up
pub ation. But they are not
to b villing to go along with the
mei in the censorship of what
egar as "exclusive information"
an semifacts—dredged up by
dual ewspapers.

exa ple, if a reporter by dint of
of e a and intelligent leg work
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itors or his publishers are going
hap if required to submit the
to f censor. And they are going
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sho d kill it. But we have no
for ails. Please take our word
that e business of setting up a
rship s not going to be a joyous
or an ody.

ong r. Roosevelt's private infor-
n ar number of reports on cen-sorship as it is operated in England. Among them is one telling of England's chowderhead setup in the early days of the current war. England's censorship woes were traceable then to the record-threatening stupidity of the men she entrusted with censorship's functions—most of them dullards whose experience in journalism had not extended beyond writing windy mumbles to The Times. If Mr. Roosevelt's wishes are respected (and it shouldn't be surprising if they are) none but experienced newspapermen and radiomen will fill any important position in the office of the Director of Public Information. Moreover, it is upon these reports that much of the idea of a comprehensive and all-inclusive office is based.

There is considerable argument as to whether the central office of Public Information should have authority over the Army Intelligence and the Navy Intelligence services insofar as news releases, broadcasts and pictures—still and movie—are concerned. The central office won't, if the Army and Navy have anything to say about it. Not that they are not sympathetic to censorship, but neither does publicity of the more flattering variety nauseate them. Each will continue to maintain its own intelligence service, set up its own listening posts within its own organization and apply the reports of its intelligence officers to the military problem immediately at hand. But it is yet to be decided whether the Army, Navy and Air Force will announce results of their operations independently to the press or through the office of the Director of Public Information—the censor.

These are merely a few of the aspects of censorship that are now being considered. Others will present themselves. It is our private suspicion that nothing quite as comprehensive or anything so closely related to efficiency will happen—certainly not at first. Or if such hard-boiled centralization is attempted at the beginning, it is not unlikely that it will either buckle under its own weight or that Congress, nagged into action by an outraged press, interdepartmental resentments and lack of co-operation, will say it's Nazi and the hell with it.

Both the Army and the Navy have efficient intelligence sections. Both have and will assign to these sections officers who have either made a specialty of intelligence work or reserve officers who have had newspaper, publicity, advertising or kindred training. If censorship



"Which South American republic wants us the most?"

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..you get more

Highballs may look alike. But, Sir, they don't taste alike. It's the whiskey that's poured that makes some worthy and others wanting. And it's character that makes a whiskey worthy. Now in Old Kentucky, the character of our fine Glenmore liquor is a tradition that has been maintained by the same family for 69 uninterrupted years. No other whiskey anywhere has been so favored. And from no bottle at any price can you pour a Bonded Bourbon so distinctively flavored, so mellow, rich and smooth as our own Glenmore.

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becomes as tough as some of its current enthusiasts hope, a number of these officers may be assigned to field offices to keep their wise eyes on the publications within the region of the field offices.

Advocates of this idea do not put it that bluntly; they'll tell you that such officers will be there merely to "advise" editors. What would happen if the editor, perplexed though he may be, rejects the deputy censor's "advice" we don't know. It is likely that most of such regional work will consist of observing the pages of foreign-language publications and standing by with lid in hand lest the more radical press let go with a few unpatriotic remarks.

Housecleaning Begins at Home

In the beginning—perhaps at the preliminary conference at the White House—the press and radio will be asked to be sure their own houses are clean. The Federal Bureau of Investigation is reported to have made a rather wide inspection of the American press and to have compiled an interesting mass of dossiers on editors and writers. The F.B.I. denies that such members of the community have been given any particularly searching going-over—no more, that is, than any other group nor half as much as such chronic nuisances as the German-American Bund and the various malcontent mobs and "shirt" racketeers.

Nevertheless, we have it on authority that we trust that journalism has had quite an inspection by the F.B.I. lads, with particular attention being lavished upon editors and writers who do not always regard the status quo as holy. Anyway, the publishers and broadcasters who will be asked to set up a censorship of their own devising will be asked to make sure that their staffs do not include men and women who have un-American affiliations or who are not wholeheartedly opposed to the German, Italian and Russian ways of life.

American information services maintained in this country by foreign governments will be closed as a matter of course. This will not apply to offices financed by England or any other ally we may pick up. It is expected that the British Intelligence Service, which has been exceedingly active here for years, will co-operate with our Bureau of Public Information.

At the offices of the Defense Commission they'll tell you that as far as they know there are few men in the United States who aren't convinced that they could do a better job of rearming the country and simultaneously aiding Britain. But as far as we've found out the country is populated exclusively by men and women who know precisely what to do about censoring the newspapers. Moreover, there's not one of them who isn't sure that, at the lift of a finger, he or she could run a newspaper and magazine far better than the beef-witted rabble who are doing it now.

But Washington is going to do its best to keep the office of the Public Information Service out of the rodeo class. At the moment there are those who would set up a censorship that would make Mr. Stalin's seem democratic and Mr. Hitler's a liberty-loving thing, the only aim of which was to furnish the masses with the ultimate syllable of truth. The job of making censorship in America airtight would be just a little more than democracy could bear. For example, there's Congress itself.

Since the creation of the Defense Commission, several members of Congress have introduced resolutions demanding that the whole truth of munitions production be made public, or at least given to Congress where such reports are regarded as a constitutional right.

Probably the resolution t
the most publicity is the on
by Senator Harry Flood B
ginia. Senator Byrd's de
periodic reports in complete
resolution was still languis
mittee when we inquired
had an excellent chance
there. Ordinarily the var
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cies, too, are scarcely bol
deny information to Congr
loath they may be to rev
crets. In ordinary circum
give in because Congress, t
must go for money, is likel
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mands.

But these are not ordina
Congress is in no position
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Congress would be tantam
ing the story to the public.
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to tell them everything the

The total censorship set
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mission. They would go
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too, submit off-the-floor s
and through the censor. Th
also, to the legal advisers
And there you discover tha
is no law compelling age
government to comply w
sional demands for informa
are there statutes protectin
ments who don't want to te

The Mysterious Mr. . llett

There are precedents, ho
eral of them are in the form
resolutions demanding fact
stipulating that the Pre
specify that publication of
tion (from the State De
particular) would not be
interests of the public.

But there you have th
outlook as it exists before
is rather generally concede
it comes the censor will be
who is probably as deeply
the President's confidence
any man in Washington.
is middle-aged, gray, scl
spare, of medium height
estimation of a number o
judges, handsome. He is
President's idolators. On
he is regarded by the oppo
most mysterious of all of
velt's mystery men, past
By these men he is feare
disliked.

In politics and journalism
a fearless and uncomprom
He absorbed his first less
pendent thinking and poli
ism from his father, Jesse
was editor of The Free Pres
Indiana, the birthplace of
Mellett, and a town which
surface in the latter half of
Mellett's Free Press was a
newspaper but not blindly
being of the opinion that h
was a more reliable gui
Democratic National Con
those days it didn't take m
a sensation. Therefore,
Mellett refused in 1892
Grover Cleveland, because
land didn't measure up to
became a marked man, a
villainous apostate. If the
calling them Reds in those
Mellett would have been c

ellett's brother, Don, was gangsters in Canton, Ohio. was editor of the Canton ite of repeated threats and persisted in exposing the en mobsters and the city in particular the police as fatally successful. Don ed the official and non- lums to their faces and in id editorial columns. One e got out of his car in front gunmen killed him from

ellett was managing editor or one year. He served in orial capacities on several ard newspapers, the latest Vashington (D. C.) News. igned the editorship of that cond time because he could ith the ownership's opposi- ident Roosevelt's Supreme -the furor popularly known ident's court-packing bill. iducements to return to his jected by him.

velt appointed him head of al Emergency Council—a gency which furnished New nation (and some propa- he newspapers, radio, the the magazines. Further- a newspaper and magazine eau which was supposed to w Deal informed of how it ith the public—for better or a propaganda agency it was tive. For example, it pro- stributed 2,847 government therefore got itself de- Republican Congressmen— ive Dirksen of Illinois for e biggest piece of fakery in nent establishment." Nev- en the bitter Mr. Dirksen Mr. Mellett as "a man of an of capacity."

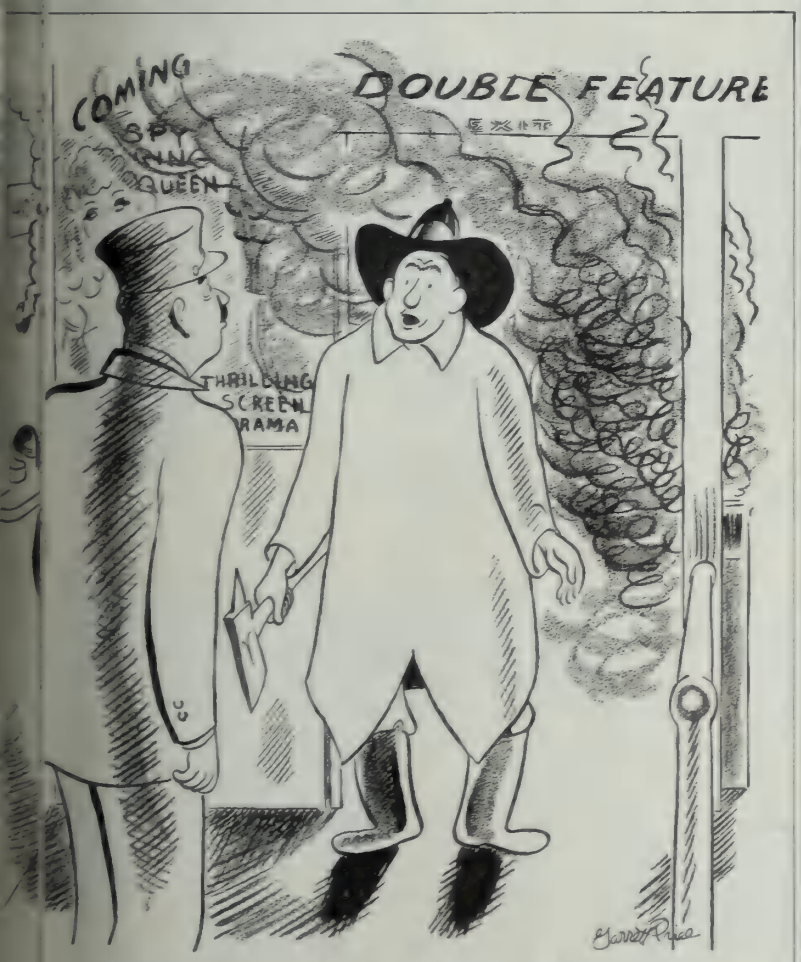
tt got $10,000 a year and his ed upward of a million dol- ly from Congress until it million and a half for 1940 elf hamstrung by a fed-up Senate. But Mr. Mellett had done a rather large job in his quiet way. He had set up machinery to co-ordinate relief and recovery agencies throughout the country although the machine never quite got going. He organized state lobbies to promote New Deal legislation in legislatures and guide the same to adoption. He did a lot of wire pulling in congressional committee rooms for the White House and was a painstaking researcher for members of Congress. That gives you an idea—but only an idea.

Not a minor part of his job was to whoop it up for new New Deal projects and enterprises—the Wage and Hour Act, the Home Owners Loan and the like. His "confidential reports" to Mr. Roosevelt are still confidential in spite of many vigorous and frequently angry demands by congressmen that they be made public. As a propaganda-film producer, Mr. Mellett was unable to finish what would have been his masterpiece and which Mr. Roosevelt wanted more than any other. It was to be called Ecce Homo, to cost $165,000 and in Mr. Mellett's own words to be a "documentary film designed to dramatize certain aspects of the unemployed problem—man in the machine age." Congress refused to appropriate the money.

When the National Emergency Council withered for the want of appropriation, it reappeared, considerably abbreviated, as the Office of Government Reports with somewhat similar but less expensive duties to discharge. And to keep Mr. Mellett busy at his work on Capitol Hill, he was made Administrative Assistant to the President—one of those jobs for men with a passion for anonymity.

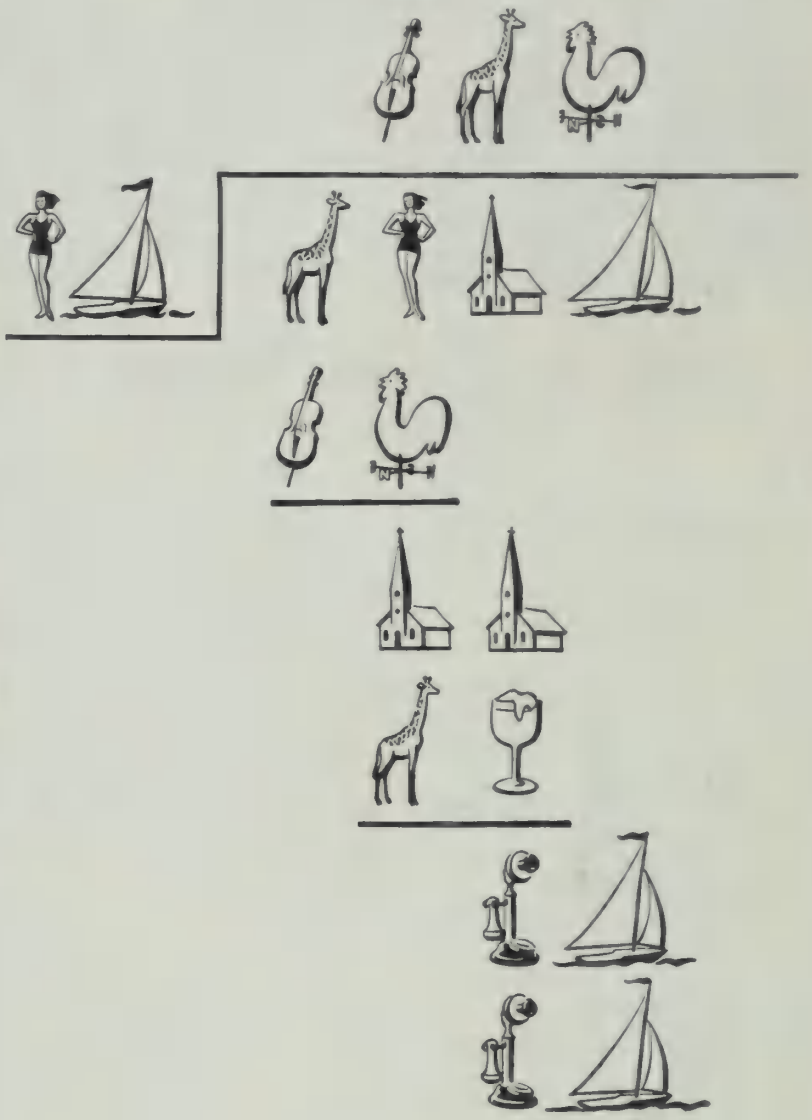
Thus Mr. Mellett—the very capable gentleman who will very likely be the American censor should the United States slip into this war. Some time ago Mr. Roosevelt assigned Mr. Mellett to work up a plan. He is still working on it. He says that drafting such a plan is simple enough.

"But the administrator," he adds, "is going to win no popularity contests."



"The men won't leave the women, and the women can't get their shoes on" GARRETT PRICE

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC



4152 divided by 12 is a very simple problem in arithmetic.

It looks a bit confusing, of course, if you use a bathing beauty as a symbol for one, a sailboat for two, a fiddle for three, and so on—though there's no reason except convenience and convention why you shouldn't. (They're much more interesting than the symbols "1," "2," "3," etc.)

We're not advocating the reform, of course . . . merely making the point that figures, as employed by Business and Industry, *are* symbols, abstract and meaningless except in terms of dollars, or customers, or carloads, or what have you.

And, in this modern blitzworld, the validity of yesterday's figures is almost as questionable as the validity of yesterday's headlines. Management needs *accurate, up-to-the-minute, intelligently interpreted* figures if its decisions are to be sound and profitable.

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Churchill was Right

THE more we ponder Italy's misfortune in this war, the wiser seems Winston Churchill's advice to Italy to get out of it—even if that entails booting Benito Mussolini out to some new St. Helena for life.

We feel this way in spite of the loud howls of loyalty going up from the wheel horses of the Fascist party, and the echoes of same emitted in this country by Italians who don't chew Fascist propaganda long enough before swallowing it.

It has been an open secret since Italy entered the war that the Italian masses' hearts weren't in it. It has been an even opener secret that the Germans despise their Italian ally, and hope after a German victory in the main war to cut Italy down rapidly to vassal status.

Benito Mussolini hasn't done anything at this writing to sell his people on the war or to sell the Germans on Italy's power and prestige.

He attempted a blitzkrieg in Greece, and by the time that fight was a month old was making big victory speeches to the Italians with his mouth but wigwagging behind his back to Adolf to do something for heaven's sake to stop those Greeks. The last we heard, Adolf wasn't falling all over himself to oblige.

As if this wasn't grief enough for one Invincible in one winter, the British fleet's air arm knifed into Taranto one night and cut down three of Benito's six battleships. The British navy followed this one up by sending light units into Mussolini's own personal Adriatic to toss 100 1-ton shells into Valona, his main Albanian base.

At the same time, Mussolini's greatest tragedy of the war to date was warming into its first act in Egypt. Marshal Rodolfo Graziani had taken Sidi Barrani from the British long since, and had made it into a strong advance base for a drive on Cairo, Alexandria and the Suez Canal. The British in Egypt had been looking pretty sick all fall.

Came a day in December, though, and the British sickness turned out to have been faked. Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell, commanding the British and Imperial Army of the Nile, cut loose on Nibeiwa and Sidi Barrani with a full-dress blitzkrieg, in the latest approved German style and then some. And whereas Benito's blitz had backfired on him in Greece, Wavell's blitz all but blew the shirt off Graziani's back in North Africa.

Sidi Barrani was down in almost no time, and so was Buqbuq, or Bagbag. Solum and Sidi Omar cracked five days later, with Fort Capuzzo going capoot and the British storming across the Libyan border to take their first piece of enemy territory captured in this war.

A 30-day, long-range, man-saving siege of the big port and base of Bardia followed, with Wavell's artillery and dive bombe ing the town from the land side warships showing up periodically erything but their gun turrets into sea.

And proceedings paused with t of the Anzacs into Bardia, singing ing to See the Wizard, the Wonde of Oz." They didn't find the wizar manding general, who went by th name and nickname of Gen. Annib Whiskers) Bergonzoli, had done a t like vanishing act. Bardia was do The British reckoned the total pa from Graziani as 94,000 men kille or captured, plus mountains of loot struck for Tobruk, 70 miles west.

Well, as we started out to say, ca people afford to stand much more and what he is doing to them? He and picturesque before the shootin we'd hate to live in a country head liability as he has become since th the generals and politicians he h power, we mean, of course.

It does seem that Churchill, tho against Italy with every weapon t from his war against Germany, ga ians the best and friendliest adv when he counseled them to give boot and tell Adolf to finish his ow

Stand by the President

Let us say to the democracies: "We Americans are vitally concerned in your defense of freedom. We are putting forth our energies, our resources and our organizing powers to give you the strength to regain and maintain a free world. We shall send you, in ever-increasing numbers, ships, planes, tanks, guns . . ."

In fulfillment of this purpose we will not be intimidated by the threats of dictators . . .

The nation's hands must not be tied. We must prepare to make the sacrifices that the emergency—as serious as war itself—demands. Whatever stands in the way . . . must give way to the national need. —*President Franklin D. Roosevelt.*

In the words above quoted, we believe President Roosevelt spoke the majority American mind with regard to this war.

For better or for worse, most Americans have decided that this nation cannot and will not stand idly by while the dictators knock out the remaining free nations of the world.

One reason for this decision is that this nation cannot be happy, and may not be able to remain free, in a world of slave nations.

Another and probably more potent reason is the inborn American sympathy for anybody who will stand up and fight for freedom.

The illimitable courage of the British—the fatalistic doggedness of the Chinese—the heroism of the Greeks—the grim and dauntless sabotage known to be going forwa day in conquered Holland, Belgi Czechia, Norway and Denmark things have fired anew the ancien determination to help the underdo

That is the way this people is m ter or for worse. Dictators who d stand this cardinal American t understand us at all. It may be a Certainly in this war democracy odds. But so we are made; and these lights the majority of us are act, come what may.

The word for Americans, we Stand by the President.

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

February 22, 1941

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JAN 2 '42

RIDE IT_And You'll BUY IT"

...Take Plymouth out on the road. That's the way to get the most for your money.

TAKE TO THE ROAD_AND BUY WISELY!



1—M[illegible] power shift[illegible]—fast y... [illegible]t's how ith P[illegible]nouth's gh-To[illegible]ue Per- ceanc[illegible]ew pow- ring! [illegible]teering pedals [illegible]ndgear- spond[illegible] a touch.

2. STRAIGHTAWAYS. As you breeze along, you use only a fraction of the new Plymouth's great power. And patented Floating Power engine mountings banish vibration.

3. CURVES let you experience the 1941 Plymouth's unusual riding stability and steadiness. This new beauty is long, low, and wide—it "hugs the road" as you sweep around bends!

4. ROUGH ROADS prove to you Plymouth's easy comfort...resulting from Amola steel springs, airplane-type shock absorbers, and a big 117-inch wheelbase.

5. HILLS give you the full thrill of new High-Torque performance! It's a great sensation, going up and over the top with power to spare. Plymouth is a "powerhouse" to drive!

6. DOWNGRADES are a good place to test the perfect control Plymouth precision-type hydraulic brakes give you for slowing, stopping! You enjoy a new sense of mastery in driving—on any road you travel.

7. TRAFFIC reveals this new Plymouth's unusual handling ease and flexibility. The powerful pick-up, the ease of shifting and steering, the vast reductions in driving effort, the control of the brakes—all make Plymouth a joy in traffic.

climbing, cruising, turning...you'll like the get-ay and go, the silky handling "feel" of this brilliant 19 Plymouth! Today, take this great car out on —get *first-hand* knowledge of how much more rid- dri[illegible]g enjoyment low price is now able to buy!

[illegible]w Safety Rims on wheels...new High-Duty En- arin[illegible]...new Oil Bath Air Cleaner...Spring Covers... lor [illegible]oices—on even *lowest-priced* models!

[illegible]1 Quality Chart, comparing "All 3" low-priced you Plymouth dealer's. *Ride* Plymouth and you'll PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

MAJ[illegible] BOWES' HOUR, C. B. S., THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.
MOU[illegible]'S 1941 COMMERCIAL PICK-UP AND PANEL DELIVERY!

[illegible]OK AT THE 1941 PRICES OF "ALL THREE"

[illegible]th is [illegible]ctually lowest-priced of "All Three" on many models. [illegible]sen[illegible]ar will probably cover a large part of Plymouth's low de- rice. [illegible]balance in low monthly instalments.

PRI[illegible]S ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

PERFORMANCE CHECK LIST

- ☑ 1. Fast Getaway from a Standstill—Great Power
- ☑ 2. Smoothness on the Straightaway
- ☑ 3. Stability on Curves
- ☑ 4. New Riding Comfort Over Rough Roads
- ☑ 5. New Climbing Power for Steep Hills, Long Pulls
- ☑ 6. Smooth, Sure Stopping
- ☑ 7. Easy Handling and Flexibility in Heavy Traffic

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FEBRUARY 22, 1941

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COVER HARRY L. TIMMINS

ANY WEEK

BEING a patriot of the more vociferous and ground-pawing school, we hate to mention this, but we've recently been told by a group of high-ranking Army officers that there are lads in this new Army of ours who are not completely virtuous. In fact, one or two of them are going to be court-martialed unless, haply, they should mend their ways. To remove us from the dismals into which this news cast us, one of the officers told us about a young warrior—a Filipino, by the way—whom he defended before a court-martial in Manila. Juan, as all Filipino soldiers are named, had shot and killed an escaping prisoner. You are permitted to shoot escaping prisoners, but afterward you must stand trial for murder. It's a formality whereby your record is kept clean. Questioned by the court, Juan told a straightforward story, demonstrating, incidentally, that he knew his regulations. "What did you do first?" the court asked. "I shouted to halt," said Juan. "They do not halt." The court looked shocked. "Then what?" Juan replied: "According to regulations, I fire a warning shot." This time the court nodded approval. "Quite right. And then?" Juan looked apologetic. "I missed," confessed he.

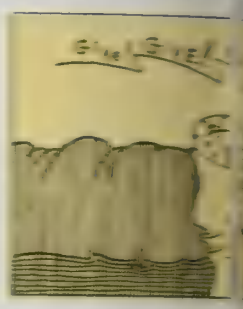


ALSO we got to talking to a German propagandist, a jovial fellow who does not deal in apologetic literature nor condemnation of Britain. He just doesn't believe that democracy can survive and scoffs at our contention that he really means plutocracy and that democracy will survive all the Hitlerian political racketeers to the end of time. "Anyway," we said, "we don't like Nazis. They're arrogant, cruel, stupid, humorless and—" But there he stopped us. "Not humorless," he protested. "Perhaps you do not know that in Berlin there are followers of the Fuehrer who even now speak of eventually invading the United States to save you from invasion by the British." Which explains why he's our pet Nazi.

WE'RE notified by Miss Eugenia Borrells of Washington, D. C., that several obscure but probably subversive citizens are thinking of launching an Aid-America movement. Personally we don't think it will be successful in times like these. Nevertheless, its obviously selfish promoters propose to go ahead, hopeful of raising a fund and enlisting the patronage of a group of influential citizens who will have the courage to let their names be printed on the Aid-America stationery. Influential as we are we nevertheless refuse to become a sponsor. We are not to be caught in a pro-Nazi trap so easily. "Briefly," writes Miss Borrells, "this unique organization's purpose is to urge that a part of the munitions manufactured in America be kept in America—just in case. Furthermore, Aid America hopes to convince the country that there are still people here who need overcoats, socks, vitamin pills and a few kind words. Are you listening?" But maybe we'd better turn the letter over to the F.B.I.

OR MAYBE we'd do better to pay no further attention to it. Anyway, we have something to do that's worth while doing. Something we'll understand. We've been invited to go to Florida to watch the Yankees train. Here's something that needs no donation-seeking propagandists. In more than half the states in this emotional Union it is a more serious crime to bribe a baseball player than it is to bribe a legislator. And that is as it should be. It's harder to replace a good second baseman, and we'd give you the entire legislatures of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and California for one good southpaw pitcher. Or aren't you that easily gypped? Anyway, we're going to sneak off to Florida if we can, and swap profundities with Joe DiMaggio, Joe Gordon, Gerald Priddy, that Rumatic boy, Red Rolfe and Bill Dickey. And get grunted at by Joe McCarthy.

AND we're warned by Mr. Joseph J. Holden of Yonkers, New York, that if this country is forced to fight we may possibly lose before firing a gun. "Frankly," sighs Mr. Holden, "we're likely to be so emotionally exhausted that we won't have anything left. The way things are going now, actual hostilities will be an anticlimax." And to prove it Mr. Holden had just returned exhausted from Redding, Connecticut. Under the direction of his host he spent the week end digging bomb shelters, being drilled in the arts of home defense and galloping two miles to an open field where he and seven others fired shotguns at the sky—antiparachute exercises. Once they routed him out at two in the morning to shoot parachutists. When he complained they asked him to think of what his plight would be were parachute troops to appear some time and catch him untrained. Mr. Holden got home in a pretty depleted condition. Although it was late Sunday night he had no sooner fallen into a fitful slumber than his telephone rang. A woman was calling. "Give, give, give for England and democracy," she said in a tone which Mr. Holden describes as unearthly. "It is later than you think," he replied. "I was accosted by a woman—" demanded [illegible] "Speaking," said Mr. Holden, [illegible] has purchased a [illegible] shoots horizontally.



WE'VE just been told [illegible] we buy our early [illegible] that, due to the war [illegible] shortage of spinach [illegible] seed comes from Holland [illegible] or some such place. A [illegible] night, because he's a [illegible] man and he's having [illegible] he's "setting them as [illegible] that's what ought to be [illegible] seed anyway. But the [illegible] letter that warms us [illegible] planting spinach this [illegible] the seed shortage is [illegible] the large growers are [illegible] from your vegetable [illegible] we've either paying [illegible] being told sadly that [illegible] ach on the market." All of [illegible] makes a nice timely [illegible] letter we've just got [illegible] Blankridge of Nash[illegible] Mr. Blankridge is a [illegible] reads seven a day—e[illegible] that, he reads ten we[illegible] cluding this one. Bl[illegible] spinach. "However, [illegible] nine journalists serve [illegible] be. "You comfort m[illegible] edge that I'm not the [illegible] in this country."

MR. WHEATLEY [illegible] Santa Cruz, California, [illegible] enously volunteered t[illegible] his section. He promis[illegible] "pressives, both sub [illegible] pop up in Santa Cruz [illegible] accompanied by a [illegible] which we learn, must [illegible] him, that something [illegible] the Santa Cruz lighth[illegible] tablished in 1868." re[illegible] "when schooners ma[illegible] rail. Ten years later [illegible] railroads. The Coast [illegible] this out and says w[illegible] along with an [illegible] light on a fifty-five-f[illegible] tower without anyon[illegible] two of the 15,000 [illegible] have had for the pa[illegible] years."

PRACTICALLY a[illegible]

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Where does he put it?

NGSTERS, as they reach their teens, often
p at xtraordinary capacity for food. Many
zled other has said, "I don't know where he
t!"

s im rtant for parents to realize that in the
rity cases, such an appetite is normal
houl be encouraged. One important excep-
of c rse, is the child who shows a tendency
esity and in such a case a doctor should be
lted

ring he teen age, a normal child is excep-
ily tive. Each year he is adding 2 or 3
s to s height and as much as 10 pounds or
to h weight. Therefore, a youngster has to
larg amount. Too little food, or the wrong
can nder normal development at this time
s tr as in infancy.

ur c tor will tell you that an adolescent
's ac vities can be as strenuous as a manual
er's ometimes requiring from 50% to 75%
foo than is needed by the average adult.
's wi it may be perfectly proper for Junior to
awa lots more dinner than his office-work-
Dad!

Three generous meals a day should include milk, cereals, vegetables, fruits, meat, and eggs—all so necessary for growth and good health. Furthermore, these meals should include wholesome desserts to satisfy the "sweet tooth" that boys and girls usually develop.

▶ This doesn't mean, of course, that the youngster should be free to gobble anything at any time. Simple, sensible snacks may be given to the child at appropriate times if they do not affect the child's appetite at regular meals. Good, satisfying foods like milk, bread and butter, and fruits are usually easy to keep on hand for the hungry young one.

In between times—right after school, for instance, but not too close to the next regular meal—such wholesome foods tend to discourage round-the-clock "nibbling."

To help you satisfy youthful appetites, and also to avoid one-sided or indigestible diets, Metropolitan offers a helpful, free leaflet, "When You Are In Your Teens."

▶ "THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING"—a ten-minute, Technicolor movie on food and health—has just been released by the United States Public Health Service and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. When it is shown in your neighborhood, it will be worth your while to see it.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, "When You Are In Your Teens."

Name _____

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You'll like yeast  this new way





HARRY: What a good idea, smarty! I had that up-and-coming feeling, just like now, when I was eating yeast. But I didn't like the taste. BETH: Well, you'll like *this* taste! It's like oven-fresh bread! Millions of old yeast-eaters like you are going to fall for it. Twice a day for me . . . and it *does* make a difference.



HARRY: I'd give it a work-out if I thought I could stick with it. I believe what the authorities say. "Yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex." BETH: Believe it! I know it! And maybe you aren't getting enough of these vitamins. Drink it first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . See if there isn't a boom in your personal pep!



MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!



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Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast

DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

WING TALK

ALTHOUGH foundations for our modern air-travel system were poured in 1926 with the Air Commerce Act, hardened in May of the following year by Lindbergh's journey to Paris and by the ensuing heroic age of ocean flights throughout the late twenties, it wasn't until 1930 that scheduled air transportation really started to take form.

That year began the decade that can be fitted to Rudyard Kipling's famous aviation reference: "The opening verse of the opening page of the chapter of endless possibilities." It was a rich and confused decade and in view of present criticisms it is reassuring not to forget its glorious high lights.

It saw the disappearance of the barnstormer (peace to his hay-wired struts), the Air Mail Scandal, the introduction of high-speed planes, stewardesses and blind or instrument flying; the scheduling of both the Atlantic and the Pacific; the establishment of many safety records, including the first wholly safe year, and the recognition of scheduled air-travel safety in your ordinary life-insurance policies.

Engineers' libraries are filled with books that list the technical gains of this decade. However, for lay folks like you and me its real importance was two-fold:

First, aviation became a "business," providing commonplace daily transportation.

Second, aviation ceased to be a rich man's sport and became a pleasure that anyone in normal health and moderate circumstances might enjoy.

In 1930, 374,935 passengers were carried by domestic scheduled airlines. In 1939, the tenth year, 1,876,051. About 3,000,000 in 1940. In 1930 the cheapest new private-type plane cost $3,500. In 1939 you could buy a better and safer one for about $1,000.

All that is why airmen call the decade just ended the "Thrilling Thirties."

Also it is why Pat (W. A.) Patterson and Tom Braniff, among other well-known operators, are probably not too far out on the limb when they enthusiastically tell everybody that aviation soon will be so integrated into your private business lives, that the decade we are now in will be historically known as the "Flying Forties—"

VIGNETTES of Growing Up:

More passengers go through New York's airline terminal every *two days* than flew on all lines in all parts of the United States during the whole first year of regularly scheduled air service, 1927.

It took one typical company, American Airlines, 8 years to reach its first-millionth passenger—two more and a couple of months to count its second millionth. And less than one year for the third millionth to walk aboard. . . .

A dozen years ago scheduled air traveling cost you about 12 cents a mile—$400 from coast to coast, and like as not you sat on a mail sack. Nowadays, it costs you an average of under 6 cents, or $149.95 across the continent in feathered and pillowed luxury.

There is no way of estimating precisely the total number of Americans who have flown as passengers since the days of the Wright brothers. Count the "distinguished guests" of Curtiss, the Wrights, other pioneers, add the guinea pigs carried by the barn- cow pastures or fair grou friends of plane owners of the splendid charter available all over the nati sum up, in the opinion of S. Gorrell, president of Transport Association, to present total population o

It is of record that sche alone have carried about equivalent to the popul York State plus Oregon.

THE BACK SEAT: week by two men w ing to the plane's weig even see them. For the man with the eagle nose complimentary ride to birthday: George Washin amiable companion is Franklin. A fact not gene that the Father and First country was also its fi leader. He followed wit patches telling of the asc Montgolfier boys in Fra Philadelphia one autum 1783, he got up early Franklin walked out to se nautical flight in the Uni

The Philadelphia Phi ciety had built a balloon. understandable lack of their experiment, the sch side their ranks for a James Wilcox, an unemp ter, who came wearing carrying the tools of his brief flight Mr. Wilcox fe loon down by the simpl puncturing its hydrogen-t with his chisel.

"Balloons! Flying! Fid a prominent citizen. He crumpled balloon. "Wha thing?"

"What good," shouted characteristically, before ington had a chance to o "is a baby the day it is bo

Now even the landing long pants!



Ben Franklin saw pos the Montgolfier brothe

Why you should start young fingers thinking early

's MIND is a storehouse of unfinished
ess.
v the great, fleeting thoughts it con-
se soaring sparks of imagination, could
t in mid-air . . . *put down on paper!* But
ping progress of his pencil lags far
youngster's impatient mind. And the
is often lost in its laborious execution.

That's one reason psychologists and modern educators advise a Portable for your child. Many tests in the nation's schools have shown that "typewriter" children think faster, better, and clearer than those who do their work the old-fashioned way.

One such test disclosed that they get 10% to 30% higher grades in many subjects. Another, that use of a typewriter decreased English errors by 75%—cut spelling mistakes in half—increased volume of work *by 17%!*

Why? Because the greater speed and ease of typing release your youngster's mind for thinking—enable his fingers to keep pace with his racing thoughts—help him to concentrate—develop accuracy—stimulate his imagination.



*Trademarks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1941, Royal Typewriter Co., Inc.

gs a youngster can learn will pay higher dividends in
the typing. For typing can be an immense asset in
pressions . . . or a career *in itself*. And it's easy to
perom the "Self Teacher," shown below. This pat-
ecomes with every Royal Portable. With it, even a
hool child can learn the touch system in short order.



Why do teachers recommend the Royal Portable for home use? Because the Royal Portable has a keyboard just like that on a full-sized office machine. In fact, this Royal Portable is almost an exact *replica* of a standard typewriter. It has the same famous features which have helped make the full-sized Royal the World's Number 1 Typewriter.

Such as: *MAGIC* Margin* (just flick the lever, to change and set margins) . . . *Touch Control** (with which the user can adjust key tension to his particular touch) . . . *Bob-less shift* (the carriage doesn't clatter or jump up when the shift key is struck). And these are only *a few!*

Yet the Royal costs no more than other Portables! In fact, you can *own* an easy-writing Royal for about the cost of *renting one*. Your dealer is authorized to sell you a Royal for as little as *$2 down and $3 a month*—including the small carrying charge. See your local dealer or write to Royal, 2 Park Ave., N. Y. C., for *a free trial in your home.*



ROYAL ARROW MODEL—$54.50. OTHER MODELS—$34.50 TO $64.50

Royal Portable

THE STANDARD TYPEWRITER IN PORTABLE SIZE

TEST RESULTS HAVE SHOWN

Listerine's amazing ability to fight colds!



Year after year, evidence from painstaking research with test groups continues to pile up supporting this impressive fact:

Those who use Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it. Moreover, Listerine Antiseptic users contracted fewer sore throats.

Kills Associated Germs

The reason for Listerine Antiseptic's success, we believe, must be this:

That it kills millions of surface germs associated with colds, known as the threatening "secondary invaders," some of which are shown above.

These prevalent types of germs, unless combated, may invade the tissue and accelerate infection. Many an authority gives them credit for causing most of the distress of the common cold.

How thoroughly Listerine Antiseptic attacks them has been recorded by tests that showed that even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranged as high as 96.7%—an hour after, as high as 80%. Yet Listerine Antiseptic is so safe, so gentle in its action, that it does not irritate the tissue.

Fight Colds Intelligently

Get the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning as a precaution against catching cold, and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle. This emergency treatment may spare you a nasty siege.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.





KEEP UP WITH THE WO

By Freling Foster

Buddhism teaches that there are only three cardinal sins—stupidity, ill-will and sensuality—and symbolizes them, in religious drawings, by the hog, the snake and the dove. —*By Alfreda Sill, New York, New York.*

El Salvador in Central America, which surpasses all other countries in the number of volcanoes that have erupted in modern times, is the only country where a person, regardless of his location, can always see one, if not several, volcanic peaks. The chief one is Izalco, whose almost daily activity has earned for it the title of "The Lighthouse of the Pacific."

Many business definitions differ from those in the dictionaries. A piece of furniture is not an antique unless it was made before 1830. A fire is not a conflagration until it "spreads over a wide area and destroys numbers of buildings under a diversity of ownership."

America's foremost "fire fan" is Dr. Harry M. Archer who, during the past forty-four years, has rendered medical aid, without pay, to about 50,000 firemen and civilians injured in fires in New York City. In reward, the fire department has given him his own uniform, three medals, the rank of deputy commissioner and has purchased for his use a $17,000 ambulance equipped with twenty-five portable beds, which he takes to all important fires.

The Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature, recently completed in four large volumes after ten years' work by two hundred literary authorities, lists forty thousand books by sixteen thousand authors, or every work written over a period of 1,300 years that can be regarded as a contribution to English literature.

There are no Sunday newspapers in Vermont, no surgical schools in New Jersey, no inheritance taxes in Nevada and no parole system in Florida or Virginia.—*By Marguerite Young, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

Recent X-ray [illegible] nearly five thousand [illegible] vealed that sixty-s[illegible] them have legs tha[illegible] in length, the left [illegible] shortest in the majo[illegible] and women.—*By J[illegible] Hopatcong, New Jer[illegible]*

Among the planet[illegible] only one bright en[illegible] shadow on the eart[illegible] only one light enou[illegible] water, and Neptune[illegible] the only ones so far[illegible] not be seen by the u[illegible]

A dry, warm win[illegible] evaporate more mo[illegible] surface of a lake t[illegible] the sun, but it will [illegible] many times faster [illegible] sunshine. In fact, w[illegible] been known to e[illegible] pletely many great s[illegible] Western prairies.—*J[illegible] ney, Brooklyn, New*

Less than twenty-[illegible] so many interurban[illegible] ways were operated[illegible] eastern section of th[illegible] a person could trav[illegible] connecting trolley ca[illegible] points as Wilming[illegible] and Boston and be[illegible] and suburban New [illegible]

Although Mou[illegible] Europe's only active[illegible] stantly emits smoke[illegible] hot lava, it is visite[illegible] thousands of tourist[illegible] allowed to descend[illegible] when they are ac[illegible] guides or have agre[illegible] beyond the marked[illegible]

The pressure incr[illegible] level to a depth of[illegible] feet in the sea is a[illegible] pressure decrease at[illegible] fourteen thousand[illegible] *D. Chapman, East C[illegible]*

Five dollars will be paid [illegible] or unusual fact accepted. Contributions must be [illegible] factory proof. Address [illegible] World, Collier's, 250 Park [illegible] City. This column is copyr[illegible] The National Weekly. No[illegible] be reproduced without [illegible] the publi[illegible]

LDS CRASHES LOW-PRICE IELD WITH BRAND NEW



NOW, for the first time, Oldsmobile offers a real cruiser-type model to buyers of low-priced cars. It's the big, beautiful six-passenger "Special" Town Sedan, available with 100 H. P. Econo-Master Six or 110 H. P. Straight-Eight engine. Yet with all its extra size, extra comfort, extra performance and extra luxury, this brand new car is *priced just above the lowest!* See your Oldsmobile dealer. Take a ride in this new addition to the year's Styleader line. You'll find that the Olds "Special" Town Sedan is the extra-special "buy" of the low-price field.

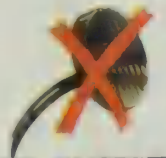
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STYLED AHEAD BUILT TO LAST



WHEN I WAS 28, I thought I'd probably never get married.

I'd always been over-tall, and my hands and feet were always getting in my way, and my clothes never looked nice on me the way clothes looked on other girls.

It seemed pretty certain that no knight would ever come along on his big white charger and carry me away.

But a man did come along. Everett wasn't the masterful kind you dream about when you're sixteen, but a shy and awkward sort of fellow who didn't exactly know what to do with *his* hands and *his* feet, either.

He saw something in me that I didn't know I had myself. I actually began to feel like somebody. In fact, both of us did. Pretty soon, we got so used to each other that we felt lost when we weren't together, so we figured it probably was the sort of love you read about in the story books, and we got married.

It was a day in April, and the apple trees were in blossom, and the whole earth smelt sweet. That was nearly 30 years ago and it's been that way almost every day since.

I can't believe so many years have gone by. They just carried Ev and me along so peacefully, like a canoe on a quiet river, that you didn't realize you were moving. We never went to Europe. We never even went to California. I guess we didn't need to, for home was big enough for us.

I wish we'd had children. But we couldn't. I was like Sarah in the Bible, only the Good Lord didn't work a miracle for me.

Perhaps He thought that Ever[illegible] was [illegible]

Well, Ev died two years ago la[illegible] April. Q[illegible] and smilingly, just as he had l[illegible]d. The [illegible] trees were in blossom and the ea[illegible]h again [illegible] sweet. I felt too numb to cry.

When my brother came in to h[illegible] me s[illegible] out Ev's affairs, I found he'd bee[illegible] thoug[illegible] I suppose men built like him al[illegible]ys are [illegible] wasn't a great deal in the bank, i[illegible] there w[illegible] insurance policy that will take [illegible]re of [illegible] needs as long as I live.

I'm as content as a woman ca[illegible] she really loved has gone.

Moral: Insure in The Traveler[illegible] The Trav[illegible] Insurance Company, The Trav[illegible]s Insu[illegible] Company, The Travelers Fire [illegible]urance [illegible] pany, Hartford, Connecticut.



o as ee fit," Marcel Denis said. "I simply want you to un-
and y position. I expect nothing from you but your work"

hains from France

W liam A. Krauss

TRATD BY RONALD McLEOD

sideng the circumstances of his
riag it was not surprising that young
cel Denis should hate his bride

AT SIX o'clock in the morning of a day already brilliant with tropic sun, Marcel Denis, his hair drawn loosely back in the contour of fashion, his pantaloons fresh from the tub, left his house and started afoot for Cayona to find himself a woman and take her for a wife.

His mind was not entirely at ease as he picked his way along the stony path that followed the ridges toward the glorious east. One half of him debated the other half, sometimes warmly; his attention was wholly absorbed. He did not feel the sun. If birds sang, he did not hear them. His eyes were fixed upon the path, straying neither to the ocean that spread like a fine dark blue blanket in the north nor to the narrow and turbulent windward channel separating Tortuga from the main island of Hispaniola. This was assuredly no morning for the idle admiring of West Indian scenery; the immediate problem of acquiring a wife—and the still debatable wisdom of such a step—occupied all his thoughts.

The women would be at Cayona at nine o'clock.

The time and place had been announced a week ago by the governor, a most precise, most punctual man. And now, only a little past six, there was no need to hurry. Yet Marcel Denis walked briskly, as was his custom; and it is worth observing that when his foot caught in a root and he tumbled headlong in the path, the deep preoccupation of his mind was scarcely disturbed. He simply picked himself up and went on walking and went on thinking. Such was his concentration. It was a full hour later, as he stood in the hibiscus grove on the steep green hill above the governor's house, that he reached his clear decision—and sufficiently justified it to himself.

This was necessary and this was good.



This he would do: He would pick a woman that morning, marry her at noonday, and in the afternoon, when the trade-wind clouds tempered the sun's heat, take her up the sharp trail to his two-room log house and say to her, "This is your home. There is work to do." He murmured the phrases half aloud, trying them. They were sound; they explained his position.

For Marcel Denis had no romantic notions chasing about in his brown young head. He told himself—simply, sternly—that he was taking a wife in the same spirit, and for much the same reasons, that he would buy a mule. That is to say, for practical reasons. He needed help to grow his tobacco, he needed a woman to cook his food. Very well, he'd find a woman. And a proper one.

HE SAT on a stone, stretching his legs, and his eyes rested for a minute or two on the stout wooden residence of Governor Ogeron, in whom the authority of the West India Company was established. It was a gaunt, bare house, half fortress—unattractive but strong. Close by were the barracks of the soldiers; the town was still farther down, on the water's edge. Marcel Denis could see, far below, the roofs of the storehouses, the uniformly brown dwellings of the merchants.

To the east, on the curve of the blue bay, lay the ramshackle collection of saloons and dives that catered to the special requirements of the cutthroat filibustering crews. Cayona was a brawling, roistering town in 1668; if Marcel Denis did not entirely approve of it his reasons had nothing to do with moral judgments. He was by instinct and training a countryman; he mistrusted towns; he disliked neighbors peering in his windows and plucking at his sleeves. He had found what he wanted on the high, lonely, wind-swept hillside in the west of Tortuga, where, in ground made wonderfully fertile by sun and rain, he grew tobacco to sell in France.

He drew a deep breath; he arose and started down the trail to Cayona. Now, ahead of him, was the roadstead of the town, with a dozen ships swinging lightly at anchor, poles bare, sails drying on deck; there was a quick flurry of activity in the harbor. Boats were being put over from the French frigate that had carried fifty women of Paris to the unruly small island of Tortuga. They moved skittishly in toward the landing stage. Seen from above, their oars scraped the water like black fingers, a spidery movement. Marcel Denis watched, and was not unaware of a flush of excitement.

THE fifty women of Paris were wholly the idea of Governor Ogeron.

Tortuga was first a colony of pirates—or freebooters, filibusters, buccaneers, as you please—their activity was directed especially, though not exclusively, against the ships of the Spaniards. They cruised the coasts of Cartagena and Caracas, sacked the maritime settlements of Campeche and Maracaibo, impudently attacked Santiago and San Cristobal de la Habana, the queen cities of Cuba. Their fast fly-boats hid behind the headlands of Cape Saint Anthony and Cape de Catoche, or lay in waiting under Cape Corientes, prepared to scurry out and defy ships of thirty guns. Tortuga was fat with plundered riches; but the filibusters poured their money into the gro
taxes claimed by the
were generally evaded.

Governor Ogeron so
order. He was heard t
"By the saints, I'll fe
France to fetter these

Marcel Denis lifte
laughed. Ogeron was
from France!" A ver

Soon Marcel Denis p
built shoulder to shoul
the trail; and then the
Cayona opened before
about him. He was, fo
conscious of a vague
presence of this unacc
tion. He felt a rather
turn and run back int
by an effort, he calm
moved on boldly. He
of the brown and be
passed within an arm's

He was himself bro
and not out of place i
was taller than the ave
all his movements were
a cat's. The sun of the
nothing to line or wrir
ture of his skin; his c
small, trimmed beard,
clear, even shade. He
years old and looked
more nor less.

In the *place,* where t
lifted its spouting dolp
joined the throng of m

HE SAW the plumed
Ogeron. And there
there, and half a hund
filibusters and a squa
troops. Voices were l
and violent speech, la
boisterously. Waiters
shouldered through
buckets of warm brand
cupfuls to those wh
Someone was bawli
Where are the women

Marcel Denis touch
man standing close by
early?" he asked.

"Soon," the man
o'clock, you know."

"It must be nine no

"Almost," the man s
him curiously.

Marcel Denis stood
of the throng yet apart
withdrawn from it—al

His thoughts were in
minutes later by the
addressed—a Frenc
Cayona, a trader in clo
said, "Young man—a
Denis?"

The question seem
Marcel Denis saw no
swer. "Yes," he said.

"Ah. And you're fa
"I am."

The merchant grin
amiable man with a
shock of dirty white
so," he said. "You
about you, the way on
like this. It isn't ever
climbs into the hills f
of farming. Your kin
this colony; naturally
comment about you.
ing to ride out one day

Again the merchant
he was trying to be fri

"I don't think I kn
Marcel Denis said.

"Soule—Ajax Soule.
not a good business.
comical, long face, and
silent.

A burst of shouting
crowd, and Marcel D
head to see. Governor
ferring with his orderli

(Continued on

"Your wife came for me," the doctor said. "She led me back. Those narrow ledges—at night it isn't a very pleasant trip for a woman'

verybody's Army

Jm Marshall

ne long and watch the home folks take care of the s the 260th Coast Artillery rolls down to Texas th longest motorized jaunt in the Army's history



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

lks along the roads learn all about antiaircraft guns m Gunner Proudfoot of Battery B, 260th Coast Artillery

new white bathtub was full of my olden potato salad. Her t sh ng and her cheeks rosy, H. son looked at it pridefully e it last vigorous stir. And ne, o, for down Highway 84 ald a the Damyankees were ell r rubber, wheels purring, vayi , soldiers singing in the eorg sunlight. The Damyan- rs. son had heard old gray- ay, dn't ridden into Quitman e U on's cavalry raiders gal- t the day in '64.

It w winter of '40-'41 and down the 60th Coast Artillery Regi- n an aircraft outfit, was rolling long t motorized trip in Army —2,4 miles from its home sta- Wa ngton, D. C., to Fort Bliss Pa Texas. As its $3,000,000 f gu , trucks, searchlights and ent undled south and west th Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama and Mississippi, na d Texas, the little towns out welcome it and speed it with ft Southern accents—and of e meat and grits—for its icers nd men.

spri and summer you'll meet uch nvoys on the highways as ar p rs along—so come along he 2th and see what it's like the ide, as a new regiment fro ts home town to a faraway for t ning.

260 is a lineal descendant of 60t Artillery of the World War. , un federalized, a National out with headquarters in a e-do building in downtown ngto Most of its officers and are n at the game, but there are enough old-timers to handle it effectively.

Because the regiment was a Guard unit, the Regular Army paid little attention to it as it rolled along. When it camped for the night at military posts, it got along as best it could. At Fort Bragg, outside Fayetteville, North Carolina, it was sent to unfloored shacks, bitterly cold, without any sanitary facilities. At Camp Jackson, near Columbia, South Carolina, things were a little better.

It was the little towns and the folks along the highways that really welcomed the convoy and did things for it and went out of their way to help. They had known for some time that the regiment was to pass by because its route had been published.

"And," said Colonel Walter W. Burns, the commander, "if we'd accepted all the come-and-set-and-stay-awhile invitations we got by mail, phone and wire, we'd have been eleven weeks on the way. Our schedule is seventeen days."

"And Quitman feels proud to be chosen as host to the soldiers for a night," said Edna Cain Daniel, who owns and edits the Free Press.

What Quitman did is typical of the other small towns: Mrs. Daniel ran off a small extra of her paper, telling the folks of Brooks County to come in and

(Continued on page 60)



Sergeant J. R. Hunt and Corporal Dyer make up for lost sleep as the 260th rolls its batteries along the trail from Washington, D. C., down into Texas



The Man for Aurora

By Jack Macmurragh

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

"If you weren't an old man," I said, "I'd haul you out of there and beat a hole in the fender with your head"

A stubborn man's only conqueror is the woman who loves him stubbornly

IF HE were to come to me tomorrow and say, "Silver, I want a leg," I think I'd have to lean up against the switch shanty and start butchering one of mine off.

That first morning when I saw him swinging along beside the yardmaster, I thought: There's the man for Aurora! As plain as though she were really there, I could see Aurora Fynn beside him. That isn't so funny when you stop to think of it.

The yardmaster said, "Silver, this's Larry Sleeman. Break him in gentle." To Sleeman, he said, "Don't let Silver's white hair fool you."

Larry Sleeman was the prettiest man ever in the Michigan iron country. His teeth were flashing white, and the hair under the hat on the back of his head was black and curly. He had big shoulders, and he carried them high, like a man who knows he has good shoulders. Because I'm an ugly man myself, I notice fine-looking people. Shoulders I have, but my face, not exactly pretty to start with, has been kicked around a bit.

Most men—even us boomers—are a little subdued the first morning on a new job. But not Larry Sleeman. He said, "Ever switch anywhere else but here, Silver?"

I laughed. "Name a railroad north, south, east or west, and if I haven't thought of workin' for it, I've been fired from it."

"That's fine," he said. "I was afraid that the Jack O'Brien'd put me with some shuffle-footed local monkey to show him a little fancy switchin'."

The engine came out of the roundhouse. "Get on her back," I said to Sleeman, and waved good morning at Old Dynamite Fynn, the hogger. "I been here three summers, so I'm practically a home guard. Get on her back, and get fancy."

He turned out to be a good enough switchman, and a pretty man to watch. He'd get on or off a car with the flourish of a skater. But a lot of the boys in those days were Fancy Dans. Sleeman was a good man on his feet, though. You could see that even when he walked.

I watched him come across the red iron-ore street from the Bannerman House that night after supper. I was sitting on the ledge in front of Rogan's saloon, and he sat down beside me. We just sat there with the evening sun warm on our faces, resting, waiting for bedtime.

I remember I was watching an ant haul a chunk of bread along the planks of the sidewalk, when I heard Sleeman say, "Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Oh! . . ." with a pause between each word, as though an angel had stuck its head around the corner, looking for him.

Before I looked up, I knew he'd seen her. There was that in his voice.

SHE was across the street. She was walking along with her notebook under her arm, and a pencil stuck in her dark hair. She looked across then, and saw me, and waved. I stood up and tipped my hat, and she went on down the street.

Larry Sleeman just sat there with his hands on his knees and his eyes wide. "Who is she?" he said. "Silver, who is she?"

"That's Miss Aurora Fynn," I said. "The daughter of the engineer we had today. She's the lady reporter on The Diamond Drill."

He just sat there looking after her. I don't think there was ever another girl like Aurora Fynn. She always reminded me of a deer, the easy, proud way she carried herself, and t
legged sleekness of her—
didn't have that rea
look a deer has. She wa
woman; she wasn't mea
things. You could tell t

Larry Sleeman stoo
pushed his hat over one
he said. "Silver, that's t
to marry."

He pulled a ten-dolla
pocket. "It's all I've got
I was savin' it till payd
ver; I'll buy you a liq
your hair black as the si
and curly as mine."

"It would be dark brow
my mouth would be full
morning. I'll go to bed."

"I need company to
said.

"The saloons'll be full
said. "As long as your te

"Well, go to bed, Gra
"I'm on my way."

When he'd left, I just s
was a forest fire somewh
was thick and perfumed
smell of it. I don't thi
country prettier than th
country. The sun came
through the smoke you c

(Continued on p 32)

Big Saturday

By James R. Aswell

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



Ovid Bascom, popular local bachelor, is now deep in courtship. He says the love of Gracie Parmalee is worth a great deal of trouble. He should know

sed the crowded square in
om that high morning, ugly
s flapped like bats in my
-headed and frowning, with
ck hat pulled low, I cut
courthouse yard, aiming to
o the Little Gem, the eating
Parmalee helped her daddy
dreaded facing Gracie but
ust better do it now.

len I had to stop dead. Di-
of me I did view a hate-
t was Earl Luther Siler,
ainst that cement Confed-
. So I had to grip myself

seen me yet. He was too
g the flocks of girls parading
that commotion of folks on
As usual, he was rigged out
ladies—striped flare-bot-
and bright green shirt, side-
d curly, a plaided cap tilted
r and a tight-roll cigarette
is lip.

ward him, and he spied me.
ed. He shot his hand in the
here he always kept two or
ng rocks handy.

d through my teeth, "I'm
, Earl Luther! Don't you
off your mouth to Gracie
trouble! If need be, I'll tell
self. I'll tell her the *true*

or something to start then,
t answer, didn't move. Just
nst the soldier, as empty-
cement.

acked off, I wondered about
—till aw the red, big, peering face
Highfill, high constable of
n the courthouse porch.

weaved through the swarm-
d. Everybody everywhere
g and chattering. I could
y tootling of the flying jinny
ld jockey lot just off the
re the carnival was pitched
g. Such cheerful liveliness
nightily today. The jingling
dollars and seventeen cents
pocket was another sore, re-
g. For it was Big Saturday
he carefree time when folks
wn from circles of miles to
und before the hard siege of
in. And there I was, jingling
and not able to spend a thin
se of the pushing need that

ybody else, I'd long looked
ig Saturday. I'd planned on
gh times for me and Gracie
s the three dollars and sev-
s I'd saved could buy us. But
nted on what would happen
day morning before that fine

iler trouble, of course. Al-
ver, since the first set of Bas-
steaded our farm at Valley
e been plagued with the
ghbor trouble over dogs and
stray hogs and fence lines, a nagging and a jowering down the generations. Though there's never been any real rifle feuding, the young ones like me and Earl Luther have done a heap of downright scrapping. Earl Luther was a boy who liked to lurk. He was the deadest sort of shot with rocks. When I'd pass along unbeknowing, he'd hop up and let fly a volley, then make off racketysplat. Even after I'd reached my manhood size, I still used a careful eye when I had to pass by thick bushes, gullies, and such.

This latest Friday sample of the old trouble was when Fonzo Siler, Earl Luther's pap, had missed his new-bought rastus plow. He claimed he'd left it setting near our fence line. Happened also that Fonzo'd run out of bust-head whisky and was just wild, crazy sober. So he stormed over to where Pap and me were working in our bottom field. He accused Pap of thieving that plow. It was just too many for Pap. His temper got loose and he gave Fonzo's long, bristly jaw a good polishing and then warned him off our land.

Silerlike, Fonzo had Pap arrested and Squire Porterfield held a justice-of-the-peace session on it that same Friday morning.

Pap didn't deny he'd whanged on Fonzo, so Squire Porterfield did sentence and condemn him for disturbing of the peace. It was either a fifteen-dollar fine or thirty days on the county's disgraceful road.

Now, our main crop was sorghum. Cutting time and molasses making were closing in. Pap's a master molasses maker, and without him to oversee the stirring and taste every making as it ran through the boiling pans, we'd be sure to scorch or ruin anyhow a third of it. The squire knew as much, and he gave Pap a week's grace to scrape up the fine money. After that was settled, squire warned us, Fonzo Siler aimed to law Pap over the rastus plow.

Just before harvest, money is scarce. My three dollars and seventeen cents I'd saved for Big Saturday was the only cash on the place. We figgered together and Mommy said, "Son Ovid, it's up to you. Seeing as Pap himself can't be spared from the crop, you must get a week's job of town work and make fifteen dollars." I said, "I can live on my three dollars and seventeen cents enduring while I'm earning it."

So in the gray of the morning on Big Saturday I began tramping Dukedom over asking for jobs. Nobody needed me, nobody gave me hope. Now I was wondering if Gracie's daddy could maybe point me to some work.

(Continued on page 43)

Again he dropped his arm way back, got set and started to let fly. I must have forgotten to make my squinchy face, for Gracie was squealing, "It's Ovid!"

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

HERCULE POIROT, noted Belgian criminal investigator, goes to the Jolly Roger, an unpretentious old hotel on an English south-coast island. A short time after he arrives, one of the guests—Captain Kenneth Marshall's wife, Arlena, who has been having an "affair" with Christine Redfern's husband, Patrick—is found dead, strangled, on the beach at Pixy Cove, which is not far from the hotel.

Naturally, Marshall is decidedly suspect. But, interrogated by Poirot, Inspector Colgate and Chief Constable Weston, he produces what appears to be a perfect alibi. Among the Jolly Roger's guests are Linda Marshall, Kenneth's daughter by his first wife; Miss Emily Brewster, an old maid—seemingly harmless; the Reverend Stephen Lane, a religious fanatic; an American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Odell Gardener; Major Barry, an old bore who had served in India; Rosamund Darnley, who had once been in love with Marshall—and probably still is; and Horace Blatt, a prosperous "life of the party" fellow.

Everyone is questioned. The one person who is known to have hated Arlena—Linda Marshall—has an alibi that is fully as good as her father's: At the time of the murder, she had been with Christine Redfern at Gull Cove, where Christine had spent most of the time sketching. So Linda is eliminated from the list of possible killers.

Colgate, Weston and Poirot go to a cavern—Pixy's Cave—not far from the scene of the crime. There, in the cave, they find a box. The box contains heroin! . . . Working with the greatest care, Poirot gradually accumulates a collection of clues. Among other interesting data he picks up is this: The Reverend Stephen Lane had once been in a home for mental patients—he had, it appears, felt quite sure that the devil went about in the guise of a "scarlet woman."

Linda Marshall tries to commit suicide—after writing a note in which she confesses that she had killed her stepmother! While she is unconscious, Poirot has a talk with Kenneth Marshall. The Belgian is by no means sure that Linda is guilty. He does not accuse the captain of the crime. But, after reviewing the case, he says: "It is impossible that you should have killed your wife—if you were acting alone. But . . . *supposing someone helped you?*"

Conclusion

MARSHALL stared at Poirot. "What the devil do you mean?" The quiet man was roused at last. He half rose from his chair. His voice was menacing. There was a hard, angry light in his eyes.

Poirot said, "I mean that this is not a crime that was committed single-handed. Two people were in it. It is quite true that you could not have typed that letter and at the same time gone to the cove—but there would have been time for you to have jotted down that letter in shorthand—and for *someone else* to have typed it in your room while you yourself were absent on your murderous errand."

Hercule Poirot looked toward Rosamund Darnley. He said, "Miss Darnley states that she left Sunny Ledge at ten minutes past eleven and sa in your room. But just ab Mr. Gardener went up to fetch a skein of wool for h did not meet Miss Darnle That is rather remarkable. though either Miss Darnle Sunny Ledge, or else she much earlier and was in yo ing industriously.

"Another point, you stat Miss Darnley looked into at a quarter past eleven yo *the mirror*. But on the da der your typewriter and pa on the writing desk across the room, whereas the mi tween the windows. So th was a deliberate lie. Later your typewriter to the tab mirror so as to substantiate but it was too late. I wa both you and Miss Darnle

Rosamund Darnley spok was low and clear: "How genious you are!"

Hercule Poirot said, rais "But not so devilish and so the man who killed Arle Think back for a moment. think—who did everybody Arlena Marshall had gone morning? We all jumped conclusion: *Patrick Redf* not to meet a blackmailer t Her face alone would have Oh, no, it was a lover she meet—or thought she was g

"Yes, I was quite sure of Marshall was going to m Redfern. But a minute Redfern appeared on the b obviously looking for he then?"

Patrick Redfern said w anger, "Some devil used m

"You were very obvious surprised by her nonappea rot said. "Almost too ob haps. It is *my* theory, Mr. she went to Pixy Cove to m that she *did* meet you a *killed her there as you ha do.*"

PATRICK REDFERN sta in his high, good-humore "Is it daft you are? I was the beach until I went a boat with Miss Brewster a dead."

Hercule Poirot said, "Y after Miss Brewster had g boat to fetch the police. shall was not dead when y beach. She was waiting h cave until the coast shou

"But the body! Miss B both saw the body."

"*A* body—yes. But not The *live* body of the woma you, her arms and legs stai her face hidden by a gree hat. Christine, your wife not your wife—but still y helped you to commit this helped you to commit that past when she 'discovered' Alice Corrigan at least tw before Alice Corrigan was husband Edward Corrigan-

Christine spoke. Her voi cold.

"Be careful, Patrick," sh lose your temper."

(Continued on pag 7)



"She deliberately made the wax doll," Poirot said. "She cast her spell, pierced it to the heart —and that very day Arlena Marshall died"

ENE Eighteenth green, Whisper-
g P: n Country Club. An unruly
owd It is the finish of one of
wint -circuit golf tournaments.
irm: of the tournament commit-
Gan ay! C'mon, fellows, make
r th champ. Give him air. Hey,
rls, : p pulling on him! Look out
wif -she's getting pushed in that
gain Hurry, we've gotta get this
itati over with before it gets too
or t newsreels."
d Cc oran (tournament manager
Pr ssional Golfers Association
he n champ): "Now, listen, kid.
it ea when you start talking into
like.)on't get flustered. All they
o d give you the cup and your
and ave you say a few words.
do e Ben Hogan did last year
e w at Asheville. He said, 'I've
see uch terrible weather in my
Or n't get into an argument
he nouncer, as Clayton Heaf-
d at os Angeles last year when
y c d him Clarence."
Ch man of Committee: "Say,
you nt the runner-up in the pic-
Aft all, the fellow was nine un-
ar a lost on a fluke. There he
ow, alking to the clubhouse by
lf."
sree Man: "Nix. He lost, didn't
C'mo let's get started before the
oes."
Law n Little, we'll say, wins the
ame His pretty wife, Dorothy,
get hrough the crowd, redresses
lf, re res her make-up and they
swee with the committeemen
ham of Commerce badge-wear-
For t final shot they kiss, to sat-
he i nfisted romanticism of the
grap rs.
t the llowing week at the next
amer along the circuit, it is Little
make the melancholy trek back
locl room, with only his regret-
ddie r company. Spectators si-
edg way from him as if from a
, whi the mob makes a concerted
for S n Snead. "Gangway for the
chan Hey, somebody pick up
Snea Let's get started; the light's
g."

Looks Easy, But—

re, i bitter-capsule form, is the
and ullessness of golf's annual
r cir t. One half a million spec-
s wil see this sort of thing and
ns o ports-page readers will read
t the alm-strewn grand tour this
r wit ut appreciating the harrow-
uncer inty of their heroes' and
nes' sitions. Our better-known
once gain are prospecting along
golde highway of winter golf, ac-
anie by their fraus, but what they
layin has long since ceased to be
ne wi them. With a soulful an-
the are doing what they can to
that ambunctious rubber nugget
der t ay the rent, to retain shaky
acts th the big equipment firms,
y ba 's shoes, to continue to live
nd th means, to get that new lynx
t for amma so that she won't feel
a pe ct fool around the well-
ed g who clutter up the club-
e.
oks li a soft racket from the gal-
. . . lehurst . . . Miami . . . Los
les . . Phoenix . . . blue skies . . .
y clo s . . . $100,000 in purses . . .
ucky ffs, while we huddle up here
e fro land.
aying he winter circuit is about
ough t job inside and outside of
(Continued on page 67)

awso Little and his wife Dorothy
now e uncertainties of the win-
er cir it as well as do the dubs



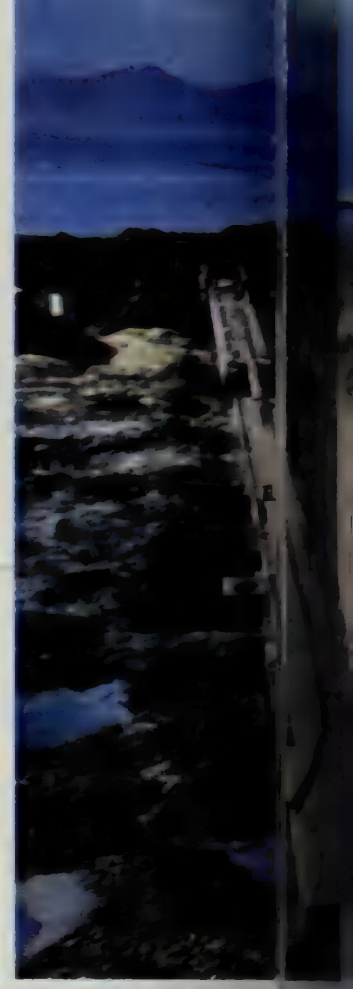
Pro and Coin

By Bob Considine

While Pa is out hoeing for groceries with a mashie niblick, Ma sits on the clubhouse porch knitting and worrying. Come along on the winter circuit with golf's top-notch professionals

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES DOOLITTLE







Mechanics overhaul a bomber at the Army's new Punta Borinquen base. The nearly completed hangars (see inset at right) are among the world's largest

Strictly defensive are the maneuvers of this crack native machine-gun detachment, stationed at San Juan. They are part of the 65th U. S. Infantry

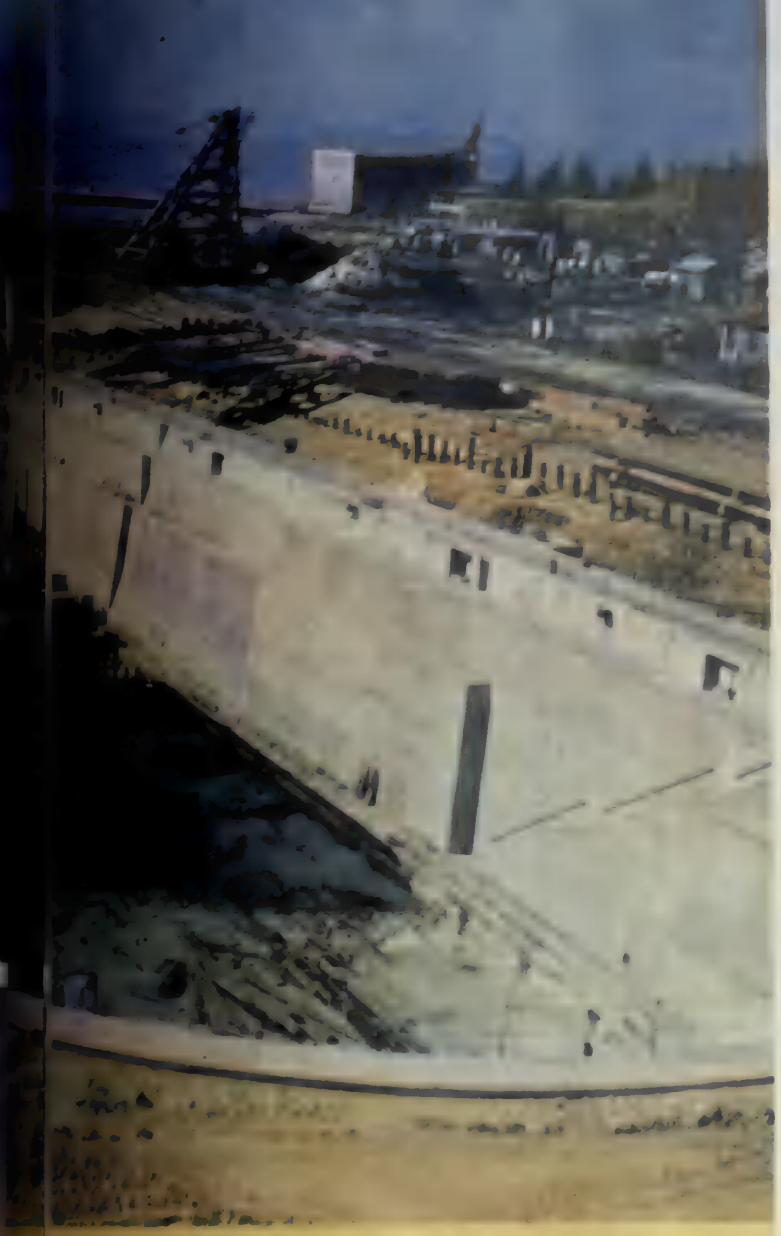




Our Gibraltar on Sand

By Frank Gervasi

Down on Puerto Rico we're building the most important base in our Caribbean defense system. So far we've spent fifty million dollars on it. That's nice for the Puerto Ricans, but our island is no Rock—and our fortress will be open to attack from the skies



Isla Grande dry dock in San Juan harbor is here rapidly nearing completion. It is 672 feet long and will handle biggest American cruisers

Puerto Rico strategically important even in Spain's heyday, as its fortifications testify. From here, enemy ships were intercepted



FRAGRANT piles of lumber walled the road along the water front of Puerto Rico's San Juan under the overhanging bows of ships. Blockhouses of bagged cement, mounds of soil pipe, small mountains of oil drums, tar barrels and roofing materials, beer and nail kegs rose on the docks. Through the sun-drenched day and the flare-lighted night there was the grind of winches and the thump and crash of cargo. Laborers swore in Spanish and marines in whatever came handy.

Freight cars waited at sidings to take away the goods. Fleets of trucks butted through stagnant traffic and backed to the docks. But boxcars and trucks seemed as futile as the puny trucks of the stevedores. They could never reduce those heaps of materials, segregate them, route them to a hundred construction camps all over the island. But they did, somehow.

Freighters debouched tanks, cannon, trucks, armored cars, tractors. The half-open doors of guarded warehouses disclosed khaki-uniformed men checking rows of small artillery pieces, antitank guns and cases of ammunition.

The water front vibrated with the visible and invisible effort of men working against a dead line. You couldn't hear it in San Juan, but it was there—a clock tick, the beat of a metronome, or the rhythmic clang of a hidden gong that paced the men at work.

Twenty-seven thousand Puerto Ricans on WPA pay rolls and thousands of others privately employed labored with American engineers, soldiers, sailors and marines to build the key base of the U. S. A. in the Lesser Antilles of the West Indies. Fifty million dollars' worth of airplane hangars, gasoline tanks, airfields, a dry dock, barracks were taking form. And more will be built at this important segment of the arc of American defenses east of Panama.

Puerto Rico Rides the Boom

And all that because of a man named Adolf Hitler. He swung the figurative hammer against that imaginary gong and paced the sweating men who cursed him, war and one another. But they worked and on payday they cursed no one. For the war has brought a boom to Puerto Rico, an island paradox where fields lie fallow and the chimneys of industry are cold but where the artificial stimulus of defense pay rolls has generated a wave of prosperity that's flipped the calendar back to 1929. The deluge will recede by the end of 1942, but Puerto Ricans don't care about that. *Mañana*, to them, is always in the future and 1942 is still a lot of *mañanas* away.

By every law of economics Puerto Rico, its sugar industry depressed and its coffee markets—Italy and Germany—wrecked by the war and its needlework industry wiped out by New Deal legislation which tried to make employers pay wages they couldn't afford, ought to be in the slough of depression. But it isn't. Puerto Rico imported more lavender-colored convertible coupés, more whisky, champagne, perfumes, breakfast cereals in 1940 than it did in 1939, which already was a good year for the merchants who import and sell goods. The reason for this is that every day the defense projects pay $50,000 in pay checks and this money is spent as quickly as it is earned.

The Puerto Rican paradox only begins there. Its flag is American, its folkways and language and to a degree its loyalties are Spanish. The island goes about the job of preparing to defend democracy with a whoop and a holler louder than any other equivalent area anywhere under the American flag, but despite this and despite waste, it gets things done.

Projects somehow take shape—everything is "ahead of schedule"—despite the undisputed indolence of Puerto Ricans and notwithstanding a growing friction between the "continentals" from the United States and the islanders. Every day their drunken brawls land marines, soldiers, sailors and battered Puerto Ricans in the police courts. The Army officially admits the thing has gotten to be a major "problem."

Never Mind the Cost

Nevertheless, there's a vitality about the manner in which Puerto Rico is being converted, from a heap of ruined fortifications the Spaniards built there centuries ago, into an air, sea and land base—a vitality I didn't find in England, France, Holland in the days when they called it a phony war. It's the American way. Hurry and to hell with the cost. That there has been wastefulness and mismanagement in the haste nobody denies down in Puerto Rico.

But what was a coconut palm forest on Punta Borinquen on the northwestern corner of the quadrilateral island in July, 1939, was an airfield three months later with Boeings landing and taking off regularly on patrol duty from a 3,500 foot runway.

A year ago last September there were but 1,000 airmen, marines and infantry stationed in Puerto Rico. Today there are 12,000 men of these services. The U. S. Army alone has 600 officers, 4,500 enlisted men and those who haven't yet barracks—because there is still a time lag between defense requirements and congressional appropriations—live in camps, and you find them bivouacked all over the island.

What Puerto Rico means to U. S. A. Caribbean defense can be measured by the fact that the estimated cost of the island base rose from $16,300,000 before the war in Europe began, to $50,000,000 when Germany invaded the Low Countries. Since the fall of France estimates of what the finished plant will cost start at $100,000,000.

The hub of America's Puerto Rican defense wheel is on the Atlantic side of the island at Isla Grande, a reclaimed mud flat in San Juan harbor. There engineers are building the biggest naval and naval air base in the Caribbean. The Navy's Isla Grande dry dock is 672 feet long, 273 feet wide and will accommodate warships up to and including heavy cruisers.

The Isla Grande airport, being used now by Pan American Airways, will provide hangar space for fifty heavy bombers and at least 100 pursuit ships. At least 100 structures—warehouses

(Continued on page 65)



WHY MONE

This chart will give the net rate of return to you, aft deduc

COLUMN 1 TAXABLE INCOME AFTER DEDUCTING $2,000 PERSONAL EXEMPTION	COLUMN 2 *TAX TO BE PAID ON INCOME IN COLUMN 1	COLUMN 3 SURTAX BRACKETS FOR ADDITIONAL INCOME
$ 4,000	$ 162.80	$ 2,000
6,000	338.80	2,000
8,000	558.80	2,000
10,000	822.80	2,000
12,000	1,130.80	2,000
14,000	1,482.80	2,000
16,000	1,900.80	2,000
18,000	2,384.80	2,000
20,000	2,934.80	2,000
22,000	3,550.80	4,000
26,000	4,914.80	6,000
32,000	7,158.80	6,000
38,000	9,600.80	6,000
44,000	12,240.80	6,000
50,000	15,144.80	10,000
60,000	20,424.80	10,000
70,000	26,034.80	10,000
80,000	31,974.80	10,000
90,000	38,244.80	10,000
100,000	44,844.80	50,000
150,000	78,944.80	30,228.57
**180,228.57	100,225.71	19,771.43
200,000	113,591.20	50,000
250,000	148,291.20	50,000
300,000	183,891.20	100,000
400,000	256,891.20	100,000
500,000	331,691.20	250,000
750,000	523,191.20	250,000
1,000,000	719,191.20	1,000,000
2,000,000	1,512,191.20	3,000,000
5,000,000	3,918,191.20	Over

*** Includes Normal Tax, Surtax and Defense Tax. The minimum earned income credit, $300 (10% of $3,000), is used in these calculations.**

**** After net income reaches this point the 10% defense tax is taken on the difference between net income (including personal exemption) and the total income tax and surtaxes, instead of merely on the income tax and surtaxes alone.**

ONE of the mystery stories of the day is the great so-called sit-down strike of the American dollar. There are about 21 billion dollars of good American money in commercial banks alone that are not invested in any kind of business. And the great question is, why not?

The formidable mass of figures published here may look very complicated. But as a matter of fact they are not. Once you have the key they are as simple as ABC. And they tell far more plainly than a volume of words why so many American dollars are lying around idle—why no one wants to invest money.

If people are in want, if business is going to the bowwows, if the farmers are busted, the remedy is to give them money. Who'll give it? Why, Uncle Sam. And where will he get it? Why, from taxes, Stupid. Just soak the rich some more.

But, unfortunately, it is not so simple as that. If you push down on one potato in a barrel of potatoes, you will exert some kind of pressure on all the potatoes in the barrel. When you commit an economic act—that is, when you spend money, or collect money, or save money—you produce consequences that are felt all over the community. When you tax, you do the same thing. This does not mean you should not tax. But it does mean you should be aware of the kind of pressure you will exert on all the other factors in the great economic barrel when you push down on the taxpayer.

Now nothing could tell the story of what our present taxes do to business—and through business to the nation—better than the seemingly complicated tables of figures published here. They seem difficult. But when you know the key to them you will see that they are simple. You will see clearly one of the reasons why the great American dollar is out of a job.

Four Fundamentals of Prosperity

To understand this you must understand first just a few fundamental and simple facts:

Fact Number One is this: Americans save billions every year. Not only big, rich Americans, but little Americans with modest incomes.

Fact Number Two is as follows: These savings are the force that builds the factories, equips the railroads, opens the new stores, expands the utilities of the nation. They put millions to work building these things. They put millions to work operating them thereafter. They are the great dynamic element of the capitalistic system.

Fact Number Three is that at the present time savings are *not* being invested. Hence that vast branch of industry that makes buildings, factories, machinery, utilities, locomotives, etc., is not working.

Fact Number Four: The man with savings—whether they be a hundred dollars or a million—wants a profit on his investment.

Now with these very plain facts in mind we can proceed to what the table of figures has to tell us. Before a man invests his money he wants to know how much profit he can look forward to. There are, generally speaking, two kinds of profits on investments. There is the more or less reliable return upon safe and sound stocks and bonds. It is not high. People are willing to accept a low return for safety. The only kind of business in which that can be found is in companies with long histories of financial success. The investor is very lucky if he can get four per cent on his bonds and five or six per cent on his stocks.

The second kind of investment is called *risk investment*. And in our system this is by far the most important. For it is the *risk money* that goes into new industries. And it is the new industries that are so essential to good times. But risk money is precisely what the word implies. There is a chance of loss—and maybe complete loss. You put your money into a new plant making some new article, or you invest in a new store in some new field or territory. It may be two or three years before you will see any profit at all. Meantime the adventure may blow up. And so no investor can be enticed to put his money into such a business without the prospects of a very much larger return some day—larger than the four or five per cent on Grade A bonds and blue-chip stocks. He will hope for ten or twelve or twenty per cent return. Otherwise he will not take the risk. New business is a gamble, but it is the thing that makes this immense economic machine go.

Now, before you consult the chart, let us take an example. Take a man, Mr. B, with an annual income of $100,000. He has $50,000 lying in the bank—saved from that large income. He would like to invest it. A man who knows how to make money does not like to see it idle. He wants a safe, sound, conservative investment with little risk. Now suppose he buys some corporate bonds or stocks that promise a return of as little as three per cent. Do you imagine he will get that much return on them? At the end of the year he collects his interest—$1,500. [Ie has a] added $1,500 to his $100,000-a-year in[come] not forget that he has a partner—a[n] partner—to collect his share: good old [Uncle] soon as Mr. B's income rises above $ [the] come tax jumps. And on that $1,500 i[ncrease] have to pay his partner, Uncle Sam, $1, [or 66.6] cent. This will leave for Mr. B just $47 [Mr. B] knows how to figure interest, will see t[hat he has] ten a yield on his $50,000 investment o[f less than] per cent—.954 to be exact. And so, as a [practical] before he makes such an investment h[e will ask] self why he should do it when he can [get a perfect] good government bond yielding, perha[ps 1½ per cent] and tax-free. Mr. B is not crazy and so [does not] vest in the corporate bonds. If he we[re to lend] money on a mortgage at six per cent, [the income] would drive his yield down to 1.908 per [cent. There] plenty of risk in a mortgage—too muc[h for 1.908] cent interest, particularly when the g[entleman] buy a government bond tax-free at ne[arly twice] yield. What is the result of this situatio[n. The new] table result is that almost all the func[tions of men] have incomes of $100,000 a year and ove[r are not] to be invested in conservative private[investment] If Mr. B wants to get an investment [he will] him three per cent after taxes he will ha[ve to find] that will pay him 10 per cent. If he wa[nts a yield] four per cent, he will have to find one [that will]

T OF WORK

taxes, on any investment that increases your income

COLUMN 6	COLUMN 7	COLUMN 8	COLUMN 9
OUT OF AN INVESTMENT YIELDING 10% YOU COULD KEEP THIS MUCH	OUT OF AN INVESTMENT YIELDING 6% YOU COULD KEEP THIS MUCH	OUT OF AN INVESTMENT YIELDING 3% YOU COULD KEEP THIS MUCH	THIS IS WHAT YOU HAVE LEFT OF EACH DOLLAR OF ADDED INCOME
9.12%	5.472%	2.736%	$ .912
8.9	5.34	2.67	.89
8.68	5.208	2.604	.868
8.46	5.076	2.538	.846
8.24	4.944	2.472	.824
7.91	4.746	2.373	.791
7.58	4.548	2.274	.758
7.25	4.35	2.175	.725
6.92	4.152	2.076	.692
6.59	3.954	1.977	.659
6.26	3.756	1.878	.626
5.93	3.558	1.779	.593
5.6	3.36	1.68	.56
5.16	3.096	1.548	.516
4.72	2.832	1.416	.472
4.39	2.634	1.317	.439
4.06	2.436	1.218	.406
3.73	2.238	1.119	.373
3.4	2.04	1.02	.34
3.18	1.908	.954	.318
2.96	1.776	.888	.296
3.24	1.944	.972	.324
3.06	1.836	.918	.306
2.88	1.728	.864	.288
2.7	1.62	.81	.27
2.52	1.512	.756	.252
2.34	1.404	.702	.234
2.16	1.296	.648	.216
2.07	1.242	.621	.207
1.98	1.188	.594	.198
1.89	1.134	.567	.189

THESE FIGURES WERE PREPARED BY L. ROBERT DRIVER OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

per cent, because he will have to split with his partner, Uncle Sam.

...is the right thing to do—to tax Mr. B at ...te. It when you do so you must be consistent ...asonable. You must be prepared to accept one ...inevitable consequences of your action. This ...e to drive him out of the market as an investor. ...when investment lags and Mr. B's money is lying ...idle or is put into government bonds, do denounce him for making unprofitable invest-...s.

...ow suppose we have another man with $100,000 ...income and $50,000 to invest—Mr. X. He is ...g to get his money into a new venture—and how ...such money is needed! He is willing to gamble ...new manufacturing business. But he doesn't ...three per cent because, as we have seen, he may ...all his investment and he expects a correspond-...large return if he does make a profit. He will not ...this investment on a chance of making six or seven per cent. But even if he were willing he would again have to figure on his not-too-silent partner, Uncle Sam. In order to get for himself between six per cent and seven per cent, he would have to make a profit of 20 per cent or $10,000. On this, Uncle Sam would take $6,820, leaving $3,180 for Mr. X. This would be a yield on his $50,000 investment of 6.36 per cent. No man is going to risk the loss of his principal for this. Therefore, all the income in the United States in the hands of men with incomes over $100,000 must be considered as completely out of the market for investment in either new or old industries.



Before the last war the automobile industry was a new one. It was full of peril, but the chance to win large profits drew the money in. The manufacturers and investors who succeeded not only made fortunes for themselves but created an industry which today accounts for added millions of employed. If the present tax laws were then in existence and this chart could have been made then, there would be no automobile industry today to speak of.

There is about a billion dollars a year in incomes above the $100,000 mark and it is all lost to investment—driven out of it by the act of the government that makes private investment unprofitable while at the same time offering a premium on investment in government tax-exempt bonds.

But what is true of the $100,000-a-year man is true, in a different degree, of all sorts of people who



have saved money and who would like to invest it. In a greater or lesser degree it applies to incomes of all sorts—particularly of $10,000 and over. The $20,000-a-year man who wants to invest his savings must figure on paying 30.8 per cent tax on the next $2,000. Therefore, to net four per cent on an investment he will have to find one paying six per cent, but the six per cent incomes are very scarce and are not safe and the four per cent man wants safety. Thus at least four billion dollars of income—the kind that is most available for investment—is driven out of the investment market.

Now with this in mind, study the collection of figures printed herewith. It will give you in one column various incomes from $4,000 to $5,000,000. It will show you the tax that must be paid on those incomes. Then it will solve for you the problem of profit or yield that confronts the man with any of these incomes who wants to invest money.

Thirty Per Cent for Uncle Sam

As an example, let us take the man with $20,000 income after his exemptions are deducted, who has some money to invest. He wants to know how much profit he can collect as shown by the chart. Run your finger down to $20,000 in Column 1. In Column 2 will appear the income taxes, including both surtax and defense tax, he must pay on that income. It is $2,934.80. Now if this $20,000 man has money to invest and invests it, his income will be increased by the amount of interest or profit he receives. Column 3 will show the amount of such income that is included in the next tax bracket—$2,000 in this case. And Column 4 will show the rate of tax he will have to pay on this added income up to $2,000. It will be 30.8 per cent. Now suppose the added income is $1,000. The government will take $308 of that, leaving $692 for the taxpayer. He will get $692 actual cash yield on his money. Now the question is—how large a return on his money will he have to get, how much interest or dividend, in order to get the yield he desires? Columns 5 to 8 will answer that question. Column 5 shows that if he gets 20 per cent interest, his own share in that interest after taxes are paid—therefore his own actual yield on the investment—will be 13.84 per cent. Column 6 shows that if he gets a dividend of 10 per cent his own yield after taxes will be 6.92 per cent. And so on—these columns show how much a man with that $20,000 taxable income will get in percentage yield for himself where the profit before taxes is anywhere from 3 to 20 per cent.

Thus you can determine just how much per cent profit you must have on your new investment in order to have for yourself—after sharing with Uncle Sam—the interest or dividend return you seek.

Important as this is as information for the individual taxpayer, it is, of course, far more important for the nation as a whole.

Let us assume the national income will be what it was in 1929—$78,000,000,000. Let us assume that the division of income will be about the same. Then for all people with incomes of $20,000 a year, four per cent on a safe investment is impossible, because to get four per cent they must actually collect from six to 20 per cent. Therefore, all persons looking for this conservative return and whose incomes are $20,000 or over are driven out of the investment market. This means that *ten billion dollars* of income each year—the most-available for investment—is, practically by government fiat, driven away from private investment. It means that practically all income is driven out of the risk investment market.

Knowing this, you can understand some simple figures.

In 1929, investment in new securities for new businesses or expansion of old businesses was $8,000,000,000. Last year it was $382,000,000 or between four and five per cent of the 1929 total. In 1929 bank loans were $41,000,000,000. In 1939 they were only $22,000,000,000.

People who say the American economic system is dying are kidding themselves. It is committing suicide.

And we have just begun to tax.

China Sky

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

HOPING to raise funds for his work in China, Dr. Gray Thomison, head of a hospital in the city of Chen-li, sails for America. He leaves a woman—Sara Durand, an American physician—in charge of the hospital.

The war is raging. Although Japanese bombers attack the hospital at frequent intervals, Sara carries on courageously. Soon the man she loves—*Gray Thomison*—will be back. And then—ah, then she will be happy! . . . Weeks pass. Sara receives a cablegram from Doctor Thomison. It informs her that the doctor will soon be back in Chen-li with "Louise"—his bride!

Wretchedly unhappy, Sara tries to repress her emotions. . . . A badly wounded Japanese officer—"Mr. Yasuda"—is brought to the hospital. He is accompanied by his captor—Chen-ta, a famous guerrilla who is known as "the Eagle." To Sara's amazement, Chen-ta implores Sara to save the prisoner's life, if it is humanly possible to save it. He will not say why he wants the man to live.

Sara operates. Her assistant—Dr. Chung—donates some of his blood; and the Japanese does not die. . . . The Thomisons arrive. Louise, Sara notes, is young and very beautiful. Sara—not so good a judge of human nature as Gray's Chinese cook, Siao Fah—reserves judgment on the girl from America. Siao Fah dislikes her from the moment he sets eyes on her.

And Siao Fah is right—Louise Thomison is a spoiled, too-rich weakling. She does not like China, or the Chinese. And the bombings terrorize her. After every attack (and they are terrific) she implores her husband to drop his work and take her home. But Gray is adamant—he will not take her back to America. . . .

Yasuda, a convalescent, has a long, confidential talk with Dr. Chung. Appealing to the Chinese's love of money, he offers the fellow a large sum (to be paid in monthly installments) if he will find someone—someone whose mail will not be opened and inspected—who will send out messages, in the Japanese code, for him.

Chung knows of only one person who may be inveigled into undertaking the hazardous task. That person is—*Mrs. Gray Thomison!* Going to her home, he has a long talk with her. He tells her that, if she will write and sign certain letters in which she says that Mr. Yasuda is convalescing at the hospital, the hospital will not be bombed! As they talk, Siao Fah (his ear close to a keyhole) is listening.

Unable to understand what is said (Mrs. Thomison and the Chinese speak in English), Siao Fah "gets" what is going on. He resolves to say nothing to "the Thomison doctor" until the opportune moment.

IV

THE raid was over again.

Gray looked at Sara haggardly over the dead body of Lao Wang on the operating table. The old man had delayed too long in his garden. Sara looked back at Gray sadly. He turned away abruptly and stripping off his rubber gloves he began to wash his hands. Sara covered the still form on the table with the sheet and then stood looking at Gray's broad shoulders and at his dark, bent head. A new pas
him swept over her. H
sitive as a boy, as capal
day he first took up his s
as merciless toward h
failed, even though succ
less as it had been now
comfort him.

"After all, Lao War
mums were what he lc
world," she said.

Gray answered her
turning around: "He ou
years more of living
then."

They did not speak
each seeing the bent fig
old Chinese, squatting o
spring, when he began to
mum cuttings, through s
ful shading of the pots
of matting and of caref
delicate manurings unti
all weak buds carefully
plants put forth their
Then proudly he would
eryone whom he liked
thought appropriate. It
terday morning that Sa
cough at her door and
found Lao Wang there
arm and his brown, wri
ing at her from betwe
enormous red and gc
mums. They would live
for many days, but he w

Tears brimmed in her
quietly down her cheel
ing suddenly, saw them

"Sara!" He took two s
his arm over her shoulde

"Life is so—so quic
whispered. "You love
ribly—like—like chrysa
suddenly you can't love
cause you're gone."

HE WAS holding her
knew. "It's this sort
so beastly," he said pas
decent to die—properly
old and things don't mea
anyway. But to die be
thing flung at you out of
bit his lip, and she could
bling against her. She
quickly.

"We're both tired,"
freed herself gently from
had not she would have
her head upon his brea
must not. She had no
could be hers was the
work with him. And how
In the hours of day it w
enough. His work was
and that she shared—
Louise could never know
to work with Gray, to st
at the operating table,
his hands did with such
sharing in the long talk
and treatment. This was
hers. But in the night w
her lonely lamp, it was
could do to look over t
corner of the compoun
windows of Gray's hous
bright. Where did a ma
any woman know?

Gray, watching her,
did I do that? Why di
Something made me—it
pen again."

He was troubled for a
he to tell Louise? But t
ing to tell her, simply
ment of impulse becaus
Sara's blue eyes dark und

(Continued on p 38)



**They stood and watch
face. At last the lips
Yasuda whispered hoa**



"Here's a basic improvement in cigarette design!"



● Look around—America. Look in the Service. Look wherever you see young people. A basic improvement in cigarettes is here.

It's Pall Mall—a cigarette deliberately designed for better smoking! Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer than the ordinary cigarette. And this additional length is important.

It travels the smoke further—so the smoke reaches you cooler. It filters the smoke through more tobacco—so the smoke is definitely milder.

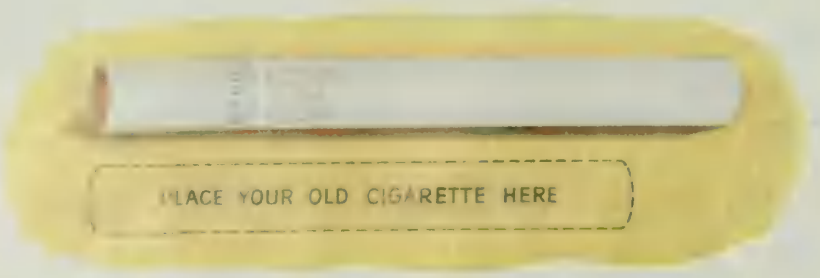
Important, too, is BULKING.

For this careful, time-taking process mellows tobaccos as nothing else can.

In BULKING, the traditionally fine Pall Mall tobaccos acquire a new character. The delicate flavors blend together. All harshness is gradually softened. Pall Mall becomes a noticeably smoother cigarette.

The smoke of these fine tobaccos—enriched by BULKING, traveled and filtered through Pall Mall's greater length—gives you a combination of advantages no other cigarette can offer.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.



"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

arette and Cigar Co.

This is not "A Man's World" by a long sho!

IT MAY BE ENGINEERS with their blue-prints who make the plans to which we build our cars. But more and more it is the women of this country who determine what needs the engineers must meet.

Their influence, of course, is not new to us. It merely grows more and more pronounced.

Women took a hand in car design early in this century, when we shifted the steering wheel from right side to left where it is now. Women hurried the change along, because until we changed, they sat at the left and had to get out into the street instead of on the curb.

Today more than ten million women in this country have licenses to drive. And it seems fair to state that most of what you see as you walk toward a new car—and much of what you feel as you ride in it or drive—was put there for women, or put there sooner than it would have been without their influence.

It is certain that the changes ments made for this year in our the influence of women very

Check them off and see.—. car. A much softer ride. A car. Bigger windows. Easier dri style. Finer appointments.

No, this is not a man's world. And nothing makes that more Ford cars at your dealer's right



Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies are longer and wider this year, adding as much as seven inches to seating width.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs, improved shock absorbers.

GREAT POWER WITH ECONOMY. Ford cars are the most powerful in their price field, and hold records for economy as well as for performance.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field, give added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

OUR NEW ARMY

Army Camp reports from Collier's own correspondents:

PACIFIC NORTHWEST: After graduating with a degree of medicine from e University of California ten years o, Pvt. William N. O'Neil of Portd, Oregon, studied at the University Chicago for three more years. Then, to be versatile, he became a Certi- Public Accountant. But now, at Lewis, Washington, he staggers nd the mess hall with armloads of s, waiting on table. Sore? Why, 'During my first 42 days in the ," he says happily, "I lost seven- ounds. All lard."

Pv John Fairchild of Boise, Idaho, nd ay Raty (pronounced Ray-tee, leas of Los Angeles, found they have ore common than a uniform and disl for drilling in Fort Lewis mud. ney t at a piano in the new wooden reat hall during "fatigue" a few eks and began to compare notes, ch t ned out to be musical. Raty i to ing in a Los Angeles dance d: F rchild directed college plays he U versity of Colorado for two and nows the technique of toot- So aphone and an E-flat alto En oute to camp, Raty had ht u ome lyrics for a love ditty ied low Do I Know?" and he a m ody. "Mind if I take a crack Fa hild asked. "Go ahead," aty. o Fairchild poked at the and words became a song. ar t betting dough on "How ow? ut they think maybe . . .

●

IWE : The Army has found 1 fo headache. He arrived tee the Reception Center at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, five feet, four inches tall, weighing exactly 120 pounds, the absolute minimum man specifications. He doesn't want his name known, but the foot trouble is that he wears a size 3EE shoe, and the smallest the Army makes is size 5A. Lieut. S. C. Chacy, the Center's quartermaster, had a hasty conference with Post Quartermaster Lieut. Col. John R. Holt.

"Make up a special order for him," Col. Holt directed. "Half a dozen pairs."

When the shoes arrive, No. 1's foot troubles will be over, but the quartermaster will still have the headache, because no matter where No. 1 goes, his stock of 3EE shoes will have to follow him wherever he goes. Across the country and back, if necessary.

●

EAST: The New Army hasn't done much to improve the old one's slang, and ex-Sgt. Irving Berlin's "O, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning!" is as popular at Yaphank these frigid a.m.'s as it was in the same Camp Upton in '17-'18, but one inductee has at least coined a new slogan. The inductee is Pvt. Herman Glaser, a Bay Ridge Brooklynite, who thought some of his original equipment was pretty shopworn. His slogan: "From ragged to rugged—in a year."

This, however, isn't the sort of mild complaint of which Regular Army Corp. John Berg, Headquarters Company, approves. "No army is any good," he states, "until it has learned to beef. I beg leave to report that these poor draftees ain't even learned the first principles yet. They only do it part time, and only from maybe gettin' a misfit coat the first day, or leavin' their

(Continued on page 52)



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

Most happily quartered of California's rookies are those at the Old Pacific house, once a Spanish hotel. Here boys from Fort Ord and the Presidio play table tennis, use the barbecue pit in the rear and, below, line up at the soft-drink bar





It's Your Life

By Curt Riess

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON

PERHAPS it was only minutes, perhaps it was much longer since she had awakened. Next to her she heard Joe's regular breathing.

Finally Mary Stokes opened her eyes. The little watch on the night table, with its illuminated dial, said two o'clock. She got up, shivering, for the winter air filled the room. She took her heavy, dark blue robe, and left the room as quietly as possible. Almost automatically, she went to Anne's room. And she knew, before switching on the light, that her daughter was not there.

Slowly she walked into the room. Every time she looked at the white-enameled furniture, it made her feel as though Anne were still a little girl. A little impatiently, she picked up a blouse here, straightened a blanket there, opened the closet to put in the shoes that had been lying in the middle of the floor. Anne simply would never learn.

Five minutes past two. Why, the dance at the club must have been over hours ago! If Anne's father found out, he would be furious.

Mary smiled. After all, he didn't have to find out. The best thing was to wait for Anne downstairs. Mary's hand brushed lightly across the little table in front of the mirror. Dust. She made a mental note to tell Lucy tomorrow.

She went downstairs. It wasn't necessary to switch on the light; the living room was well lighted by the full moon. She found her favorite easy chair in the corner and lit a cigarette. She stretched a little, closed her eyes, smoked and thought of nothing. It was good sometimes not to think of anything. It happened too rarely; there were so many things to think about. It was also good to be alone once in a while.

Suddenly, she sat up. There was something strange about this night—something she couldn't explain. She felt as though she had lived through all this once before. A queer feeling—one she had every now and then. She thought back, through all those twenty-odd years, to her own youth, to the time when she was Anne's age and lived with her parents in Illinois.

IT HAD been a very small town. Fleetingly she wondered if anything had changed in the last ten years, since mother's death. Mother . . . Of course, now she knew. That was what had been in her mind all this time. Every Saturday night when she had been invited to a dance her mother sat in the living room downstairs until she came back. Just the way she was sitting now and waiting. Of course, she never had been allowed to stay out until two o'clock. Nobody in Danforth ever stayed up that late. And mother had been particularly strict. She used to say that she knew much better what was good for her daughter than Mary herself.

She got up and went to the window. The small, suburban street was covered with snow. It was very quiet. And then the car came. It arrived with almost no noise at all, so that she saw it only at the last minute. Th fore the house, but nc

Mary went back to b didn't like it. And she Not that she wasn't pe daughter—still . . .

And then, after a fe Anne appeared in t noiselessly went upst so swiftly that she see a shadow gliding by Mary thought, "so she go to bed. I don't wan spying on her."

She waited. She wa than she had intende twenty minutes from Anne's footsteps. She of walking about. Ma

Then, suddenly, Ma had not moved. The still standing before was strange.

And the faint steps continued. What co Again she had the fee was familiar, that she all this once before. A mother waiting for he pleading with her moth "But I love him, moth man I'll ever love." mother had replied: know what love is. Y What do you know man? How can he sup

THEY had sent he morning to an aun some time later she h of course, that was q mother. Everybody kn support a wife. Well, been money, the hous business. . . . With Rob been different. Not s wouldn't have been so exciting. Lots of ups closed her eyes. Even h her breathe faster.

And then Anne came girl was fully dressed her heavy camel's-hair ried a small suitcase.

"Now I must do it." self. "Now I must get does all this mean? Do confidence in your par do something, and do s she called Joe now? Anne. He would send row or the day after. H listen to her. And wha went over to the table for a moment, silent. her breath in a little s

And Mary said noth

One minute later s start. And then it was

She waited a little hoped the car would s got up and switched o movements were slow were very tired. Then velope on the table. S She propped it against couldn't be overlooked

Joe would find it the morning. He would s blame her . . . She wipe that filled her eyes wit it. She went into he heard Joe's regular bre not forget to tell Lucy ful about dust.

She moved so swiftly that she seemed to Mary like a shadow gliding by. "I'll wait a while," Mary thought. "I don't want her to think I'm spying"



BIG DODGE GOES TARPON FISHING IN THE GULF

WHERE good times are at their gayest, this big new 1941 Dodge is a proud and magnificent companion. Here, where the Gulf of Mexico's sun-bathed waters lure the nation's sportsmen, Dodge is a notable and much talked-about car. Smart Americans love it for many reasons—for its many pleasing luxury touches ...for being a "big fellow" in size and comfort ...for the miracle of Fluid Drive* that gives new smoothness and handling ease. And not the least of its charms is the famous Dodge economy. Here is a car that saves motorists money 3 ways...on first cost, on low upkeep, and on higher resale value. And Dodge delivers for just a few dollars more than smaller, low-priced cars. Prices subject to change without notice.



RUGGED BEAUTY! The handsomest you ever saw...and under the hood, the "powerhouse" Dodge ever built! This engine ...by the new Oil Bath Air Cleaner that protects ...rings from grit—prolongs engine life.

WIDE AS A DIVAN! Generous pillow-type cushions stretch their luxurious softness the whole width of the spacious Dodge interior. Loads of head room, leg room, elbow room invite you to glorious comfort hour after hour, without tiring.

BIG-CAR LUXURY COSTS SO LITTLE IN DODGE! Only brilliant engineering could give motorists such expensive-car luxury for so little money. The huge, V-type windshield literally makes a panorama of the view ahead. To the rear, safer vision is increased nearly half by the new larger rear window. Wide, straight doors of sedans permit easier, safer entrance and exit.



DODGE LUXURY LINER

WITH OR WITHOUT FLUID DRIVE*

*FLUID DRIVE OPTIONAL AT SLIGHT EXTRA COST

WAYS ROOM FOR MORE! You'll be astonished how the Dodge trunk compartment ...swallows luggage—seemingly always with room for more! Note: the new lid is "sprung" so it raises or lowers ...just a touch of the finger—stays in position *safely*.





Enjoy the Triple Thrill of Fluid Drive*

1. Shift or Not, As You Like! Nothing new to learn. Simply less to do. Greater comfort—added safety.
2. Great in Traffic! You start and stop as smoothly as with electric power. No jerk or jar. And when you want fast getaway, a flick of your finger into the getaway gear gives you a burst of speed.
3. The Smoothness of Oil! Power from the engine is transmitted to rear wheels through a shock-absorbing cushion of oil. Combined with Floating Power, Dodge Fluid Drive* gives unbelievable smoothness, ease of handling, longer car-life and this, of course, means famous Dodge economy.

Tune in Major Bowes, CBS, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

Chains from France

Continued from page 12

plank platform, long and deep, that had been carried by many hands into the square.

"Great excitement," the merchant said, recapturing Marcel Denis' straying attention.

"Yes."

The merchant's tone was cold and severe. "More wickedness for what is already the wickedest town on earth."

Marcel Denis regarded him in astonishment. "I beg your pardon?"

"Wickedness," the merchant said. He pursed his mouth and spat copiously on the arid ground. "Stupid and sinful—you've heard?"

"Heard what?"

"About the women."

"Of course I've heard. You mean the governor's plan to give wives to the settlers, to attach them more permanently to this land—"

"Nonsense!" the merchant Ajax Soule exploded. "I was at the wharf. I've seen the women and I've heard the crew of the frigate. Wives! Base wenches from the Salpétrière, picked out of the mud, brazen hussies from all the foul quarters of Paris, with language and manners so dissolute—"

"But surely not! Why should Governor Ogeron—"

"He had no choice. He asked in France for wives for his colonists—and this is what they sent him." He shook his head bitterly. He touched Marcel Denis' sleeve. "It's what both parties deserve. But it's uncommonly hard on you and me—"

"You intended to take a woman?" Marcel Denis asked.

"Naturally. Didn't you?"

MARCEL DENIS nodded. "I need a wife," he said seriously. His heavy eyebrows drew together. "Perhaps not all the women fit your unflattering description. There should be a few virtuous—"

"Have you heard the marriage vow that's been composed to grace this morning's situation?" the merchant asked.

"I've talked to no one but yourself."

"Listen to me: This is the marriage vow approved by the governor—" The older man narrowed his eyes and recited in a low voice, emotionally: "'I take you without knowing or caring who you are. If anybody from whence you come would have had you, you would not have come in quest of me. But no matter; I do not desire you to give me an account of your past conduct, because I have no right to be offended at it at the time when you were at liberty to behave either ill or well according to your own pleasure, and because I shall have no reason to be ashamed of anything you were guilty of when you did not belong to me—'"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Marcel Denis. "Now really—"

The older man droned on: "'Give me only your word for the future; I acquit you of the past.'" He made a motion of lifting a gun to the level of his chest and striking his hand upon the barrel. "'This,'" he cried, "'will avenge me of any breach of faith; if you should prove false, this will surely be true to my aim.'"

There was perspiration on his forehead; the sun was increasingly hot in the square. He gazed quizzically at Marcel Denis. "A nice marriage vow, eh? One of the filibuster chiefs is said to have drawn it up; and the governor has approved it. And you still hope to find a good woman—"

"I hope nothing," Marcel Denis said, almost curtly. "But I shall stay and see what there is to see."

The merchant shrugged. "They'll be leading the cattle out soon."

"I've not heard how the selection is to be made."

"By lot. The women will be assigned numbers. If you draw a certain number—do you see?—you get the woman whose number that is."

"With privilege to reject."

"No. Not at all. There is no privilege to reject; that has been stressed. You take what you get."

"It would seem," Marcel Denis said dourly, "a considerable risk."

"Too considerable!" said the merchant. "For my part, I'm out of it." He spat again. "No pig in a poke for me."

"Look," said Marcel Denis. "Here they come."

THEY came, walking in single file; and they mounted the platform next the fountain in the center of the sun-scarred *place*. Soldiers walked with them, directing their passage through the throng of simpering, coarse-mouthed filibusters.

Marcel Denis' eyes traveled down the line of women as they arranged themselves on the platform. Some stared boldly into the crowd before them, some laughed, showing their teeth, answering coarse quips with coarser sallies in the Paris argot. They were—save for a very few—completely unabashed. Marcel Denis was suddenly aware that he was blushing; a warmth of blood flooded his face.

"Isn't it awful?" cried Ajax Soule, and did not wait for an answer. "It's exactly as I told you, you'll agree. Look, friend; why not come to my house for a small drink, a toast to Brittany—"

"Thanks. I'm staying here."

The merchant looked at Marcel Denis in surprise. "You don't mean that you're going through with this? You're not going to enter the drawing of lots?"

"That's what I came for." He lifted a hand wearily. "Since you press the point, I would have preferred a peasant girl from Brittany for a wife; but there is no schoolboy sentimentalism lodged in my head. I want a woman to work with me and keep my house and I'll take what I can get."

"Then God help you," said the merchant, grinning crookedly.

Marcel Denis nodded absently; the merchant had already been shut out of his mind. Governor Ogeron, splendid in lace, had mounted the platform. A hush fell over the crowd and the voice of the governor rang out: "The numbers are prepared for the drawing." He indicated with a nod of his head a basket that had been carried to the edge of the platform. "In the basket are many blank slips, and fifty bearing numbers. The men who draw the numbered slips will"—he permitted himself an austere smile—"win themselves brides. Any disputing," he added grimly, "will be settled by me according to my judgment."

He stepped back; two soldiers moved up to hold the basket. Several of the women applauded noisily; and the crowd pressed forward.



"Say, will you call back and ask for our objective? I was half dopey when I answered the phone this morning"

CARL ROSE

Marcel Denis mingled with the crowd—pressed steadily forward. His mind was again a wild tumult of conflicting emotions, but his jaw was rigidly set and his dark-rimmed eyes were hard. He intended that no one should understand what he was thinking; and no one did.

His turn came. He reached into the basket. His fingers closed upon a slip of white paper, and he opened it impassively and read aloud a number.

"WHAT is your name?" Marcel Denis asked.

"Yolande Nazon."

"Where do you come from?"

"I am from Paris."

"Yes," said Marcel Denis coldly. "From what part?"

"I am not obliged to discuss myself," the girl said. "I am here. I did not ask to come, but I am here. You have picked me in a lottery and I am told that that is final, the end of the road. Very well; it's final. I think there is nothing to talk about."

She was a tall girl, almost as tall as Marcel Denis. Her brown eyes were widely spaced, and her shoulders were good. She was not h… neither was she plain; an… and looseness of mouth t… ized most of the others w… her. Her mouth was su… there was strength in it. … spirit. And she was obviou…

"We must come to an u… Marcel Denis said. The… edge of the square, half i… a sour orange tree, well … others. Marcel Denis ga… the girl. "It is fair that ea… know where he stands. I … to help me with my work. … I raise tobacco. It prov… living. This is not Paris… perfumes for sale here, an… I could not buy them. I … gard this as a business par… will have your share of th…

The girl listened. "You … that this is an attachmen… gar sentiment. The hone… spent hoeing in the tobac…

"When you become us… you'll work in the tobacc… you will cook for both of …

"You own no slave?"

"Slaves are an expens… own no slave."

"Except me."

"You'll have your shar… That is not slavery."

"Why should you give … your profit? There's noth… tract forcing you to pay m…"

He saw that she was v… the smile that came to … hopeless, yet challenging.

"I'll do as I see fit," Mar… curtly. "I simply want … stand my position. I e… from you but your work. … that you regard me as ar… prefer to be left strictly … matters of our mutual … farm—"

"Yes," she interrupted … fear. I understand."

THERE was an awkwar… a moment Marcel Den… head and looked across th… was to be a mass marriag… Tortuga and the women … being herded into the s… packed earth before the … Abruptly the bell in t… church tower set up its ins… canceling out the babel of …

"Our wedding bells," … Nazon, and the words, a… sounds, were charged wi… despair. "My wedding da… her head and stared throug… green leaves of the sour or… a sky so freshly blue th… newly washed; and then, … she laughed. It was as i… all control of herself. He… and she hugged herself … and bent her shoulders fo…

"Be quiet, please!" … Denis, sharply. "Come.

Once, on the way … Yolande Nazon—now Yol… complained that her feet … customed to such brutal a… walking. She said this ir… as if to herself, and Mar… not offer a reply. He wa… ment, occupied with … phrases he had recently … he recalled them with a … treme distaste: "I take … knowing or caring to know … If anybody from whenc… would have had you, yo… have come in quest of m…

No-Shift Driving

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New De Soto

The Year's Newest **New Car Offers 1941's Newest Driving Thrill! Stop—Start—Go—For all Normal Driving You Don't Have to Shift or Use the Clutch. De Soto has famous Fluid Drive with a New Simplimatic Transmission that shifts gears for you whenever you need it! By All Means, Try De Soto!**



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Love is like a CRYST-O-MINT—sweet and flavory . . . a fragrant breath of Spring . . . something that you hope will last forever!



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$2500.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

Just tell us why you like WINT-O-GREEN Life Savers . . . in 10 words or less.

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2. Enter each weekly contest as many times as you wish. Contests end March 29th, 1941. Send entries to Life Savers Contest Editor, Port Chester, N. Y.
3. Include a Wint-O-Green Life Savers wrapper (5¢ package) or reasonable facsimile with *each* entry.
4. Wint-O-Green counts one word, Life Savers count two.
5. Prizes are awarded for answers best for advertising purposes, in opinion of the judges.
6. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be given. Decisions of judges will be final. Contest open to residents of U. S. and Canada. All entries become property of Life Savers.
7. Each week's contest closes Saturday midnight. The date your entry is received at post office in Port Chester, N. Y., is official date of entry. Prize winners will be notified by mail.
8. Employees of Life Savers or their advertising agency, or their families may NOT enter.

dered slightly, and glanced at the girl out of the corner of his eye. She was plodding upward with uneven steps, her shoulders hunched grimly. Her face lacked any expression. Her mood transferred itself—a dull weight—to Marcel Denis; and at that moment he knew that he hated the girl he had married. It was a mistake—a heedless, stupid blunder. He clenched his hands and walked silently on. The heat of the sun was a hard, pointed thing. In the distant west, where Cuba lay, the storm clouds were piled in shapeless mounds of dirty white, motionless.

HE BUILT a bed for Yolande Denis in the small west room and moved everything that was his into the east room. He showed her the corn bin and the pots and ladles, the store of charcoal, in the manner he would have used in informing a servant of her duties. She listened without comment, following him with her eyes.

"This is your home. There is work to do," he said, and found no satisfaction in the words.

It was late afternoon then, and while there was still light he went into the field and turned a patch of ground. But his mind was torn and the awkwardness of his hands reflected the distress he felt. He worked badly, and realized it.

The sun dropped rapidly in the west, like a hot copper coin behind the gauze of motionless clouds; and Marcel Denis threw down his hoe and walked slowly home. He arrived in darkness. At the doorsill he paused uncertainly; he listened for a minute to the sea that pounded, far below, on the black north shore. His indecision drained away from him. He pushed the door before him.

Two tapers were lit on the rough plank table. Two places were set. The woman Yolande—his wife, her hair bound with a brown ribbon—knelt before the charcoal brazier. There were rice cakes on the table, and a pot of mint tea. She looked up at him as if a little startled.

"Your supper's ready," she said.

Marcel Denis nodded briefly. He glanced at the two plates on the table. "I prefer to eat alone," he said in a flat voice. "You have your things, I have mine. You may eat before I do or afterward, as you please."

The girl made no sound. The quick flush of passion in her face changed to a sort of impersonal hardness; and she rose to her feet and moved to the table, taking away the second plate. She put it on the shelf in the corner next the fireplace. Then she went to her room and closed the door softly behind her.

Marcel Denis rinsed out his mouth and washed his hands and sat down alone to his rice cakes, his pot of mint tea, keeping his eyes steadily away from the door of the west room.

Afterward he filled his pipe and walked to the knoll above the cabin; he listened to the crying sea below and observed how clouds encroached upon the stars. There was a little wind moving over the dark land. Then he returned to the cabin, extinguished the tapers and lay down on his bed. He slept heavily.

His breakfast—three eggs and bread made of ground corn—was ready for him when he awoke, though he had not heard the girl moving in the room; his luncheon was ready for him when he came in from the burning fields. For dinner he had half a chicken and a goblet of wine. The girl left the room as soon as his food was on the table; she had not spoken to him through the day, and he had found nothing that demanded comment. He ate silently; he went to his bed early. If the girl was awake in the darkness of her room, he was not aware of it. The cabin was still: but it seemed to Marcel Denis that there was an air of cold expectancy in the silence, and he was cons uneasiness.

Two days later the "We need more oil you have no more win "The Cayona trader things comes into the Saturday. Today is here tomorrow mornir "I have no money to comes."

"If I'm not at the the fields for me."

A week later the gir now to work a while been walking for an h morning. The sun ha

It had. Marcel Deni to her, saw that her and that her hair had of gold in it where the it. The northern pall her cheeks. He check remark upon the chan when he finally spoke implacable: "All rig out with me tomorrov

She worked in the tentively and kept ground; and when he she said nothing to M it, and it was he who on her wrist as he pat

"Your hand is bleec she looked away and she was doing.

"You've done enou think you'd better sto

She dropped the h coming very thoughtf

"I am thinking that hands too badly, you work tomorrow—or fo would be stupid, and a

"An inconvenience said, and walked awa His eyes followed her in them was disturbe dead weight on his s dreary burden of the made in marrying; th could not resolve its satisfactory. It was b on the edge of the fu his hand across his w he realized that his l he had married wa strongly upon him; it would give him no pea of the past," he mur that made a mockery he knew that he cou woman of her past, fo standing of what her his mind shied away of it.

"Damn!" he said struck his knee sharp his hand, and stood sun and went on with to do.

HIS dinner was on t ning when he reac girl must have watche a chink in the door. and on his plate; but gone into her room ar He did not see her. sound. He ate impat the plate away from head pained dully fr vague nausea possess it came to him that ripped loose from it without fixity of purp was formless, a thing formed a word: "Ca

He swung away fr agely. For a while near the fireplace, sta charcoal embers glow After a half-hour showed not a sign of or expression, the st felt himself go limp up, then, and took f

andy bottle. He started
m to the low closet where
re kept.
t that moment, the bottle
his hand and he bent
ously and caught it just
k at the instant it struck
ging before the fireplace.
attered and Marcel Denis
quickly and looked in be-
t the warm brandy and
owed upon his arm, his

escaped him.
f the west room opened
Denis stood in the door-
s were wide. "Something
l you cry out," she said.
me with long steps across
took Marcel Denis' right
of hers, gripping him with
hingly strong. The sight
lean, open gash sickened
: at her stomach. The in-
was frightening to look
aised her eyes and cried,
ather; you have a strap
he saw his belt on a wall
door and caught it with a
ent. She slipped the free

n and fear take
n the U. S. Navy
d to excitement,
re, romance—and
ion.

HE
RAITOR

EDERICK
ZLITT BRENNAN

NEXT WEEK COLLIER'S

he buckle and bound the
y as she could pull it
m an inch or two above

much good," she said
eeth. "Lie on your bed;
n lifted. I'll wet a cloth
ter—you must press it
ut. You need a doctor.
"

DENIS closed his eyes to
he strange whirling dizzi-
's no doctor closer than
aid weakly. "I don't need

at I'm saying!" the girl
must lie there, you must
ll fetch the doctor from

ent Marcel Denis opened
's night," he said. "The
There are ledges—you've
the light. If you slip
an't go. You'd never get

ught a basin and poured
m the clay jar. She wet a
it tightly to the wound.
nd there," she directed.
h. I must go."
ou to go," Marcel Denis
told you—"

"Stay awake—force yourself; keep your arm raised, hold the cloth—"

The girl was gone through the doorway and Marcel Denis dropped his head and knew that he did not care whether she went or stayed. The room whirled giddily; he closed his eyes. The cut no longer pained; he thought this very odd and found that he was laughing nervously. He pressed the wet cloth tightly.

WHEN Marcel Denis opened his eyes again the doctor said, "Be still; be very still. Hold your arm firmly." This was Roumain, the swart old man who lived in the rue Livarde in Cayona. His fingers gripped a threaded surgeon's needle and he was busy with it.

"What time is it?" Marcel Denis murmured. There was much he did not understand. He knew that his arm throbbed and he remembered the falling bottle, the shattering— "How did you come here?"

"It's one o'clock or thereabout," the doctor said, keeping his eyes on what he was doing with the needle. "Your wife came for me. She led me back. Those narrow ledges—at night it isn't a pleasant trip for a woman."

"Yes," Marcel Denis said, low. He made an effort to hold his arm still; but now he could not feel his arm, he was no longer aware of it, and he turned his head and saw the girl slumped in the chair. She was watching him closely, and it seemed to him—a singularly clear impression—that her eyes were dark with pain. Details forced themselves upon him: her dress was torn, a long scratch ran in a livid curve on the brown flesh of her ankle.

He smiled at her.

"Thanks," he said, hardly above a whisper. "It was kind of you—but rather foolish—"

"Please be quiet," the doctor said.

In time the doctor was through. "What have you to say about me?" Marcel Denis asked. The doctor said, "You'll be weak for a while, Marcel Denis. But the bleeding is over. You'll live to work again." He expelled a deep breath. "I give you my word, it was a narrow thing."

"Spare me the details," Marcel Denis said, his lips moving slowly. "You're tired. You need sleep. Tell me in the morning." He paused, and for an instant was very still; then he inclined his head toward the door of the west room. "There's a bed there for you," he said. "My wife's bed—I think you'll find it a comfortable one—"

The doctor raised his hand. "I'll not agree to inconveniencing your wife. I can stretch out in a chair—"

"You'll inconvenience no one," Marcel Denis said. "My wife will sleep here with me—beside me. I've room enough."

He looked toward the girl in the chair. "Won't you?" he said.

Her hands had gone to her face and she was sobbing.

"You see, doctor—she's upset; I'm afraid she's very tired. The accident was a frightful shock to her." Marcel Denis smiled faintly at the doctor. "She'll be fit in the morning. Good night."

"Good night," the doctor said.

After he'd gone and the door was closed, Marcel Denis lay for a minute staring at the beams of the ceiling. Then he spoke softly:

"I think you'd better blow out the tapers—Yolande. Come—there's room enough here."

She stood up and blew out the candles one by one, until the room was dark. Marcel Denis could hear the quickness of her breathing, and he knew then, from the sound, without seeing, that the black, brooding sorrow was gone from her face; and his mind was instantly at peace and in a moment he was sleeping.

"The Tougher They Come . . ."



J. RICHARD ROCKJAW is a man of determined purpose. "When you get into a difficulty, take the short way out," says he. And he praises to his weaker half the merits of "a good strong purge."



BUT THE WEAKER HALF has ideas too. "You and your caveman cures! 'Give old constipation a right to the jaw,' says you. Did it ever occur to you to get at the *cause* and *correct* it?"

"FOR INSTANCE, my dear?"

"For instance, this crisp, toasty, delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. It has just what it takes to get at the cause of constipation due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet."



"SAY! WHAT DO YOU KNOW? Darn it, it *does* taste good! If ALL-BRAN can make you 'Join the Regulars,' make way for a place in the front rank!"

"Not so fast, my bold one," says she. "It takes a little time. You must eat ALL-BRAN every morning, and drink plenty of water."

Join the "Regulars" with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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The Man for Aurora

Continued from page 14

the iron-ore road was deep red all the way down the hill to the river, and the hill on the other side was green. It made you forget that the buildings on the street were mostly saloons with false fronts and that they were so new the lumber, some of it, still oozed pitch.

I remember the first evening I saw it, the raw, tough town, where you could sit on the street, a stranger, and the passers-by spoke to you in friendliness. And the way the sun set through the smoke, the soft color of it all over everything—the street, and the buildings, and the hill across the river, and on people's faces. And in the dark, over on the hill across the river, you could see lights bobbing along. They were the lights in the miners' hats, as the miners walked from the dry house to the shaft house to go to work. But they looked like a religious procession. Or a string of jewels someone was pulling through the dark up there.

I remember it was like that the evening I first saw Aurora Fynn.

Old Dynamite Fynn was running the engine the day I hired out here, and he almost got me. He knocked me down with the hind drawbar.

I had given him a go-ahead signal when we'd finished taking water at the tank, and then walked around behind the engine—like a fool. He picked that moment to clear his stack. He whuffed the crut out of the stack, and reefed the engine over backward to keep the crut from falling on the boiler. And when he did, he caught me.

I CRAWLED out from under the tender, lucky to be alive, and while Old Dynamite sat up in the cab with his big red face all wrinkled up with sorrow, I called him everything I could lay tongue to. "If you weren't an old man," I said, "I'd haul you out of there and beat a hole in the tender with your head. Are all your children idiots, too?"

"That's enough," he said, and his face got redder. "That's enough, by the Glorified Creator! I'll show you something tonight, you battered-mugged young ape!"

And so that night I sat on the ledge in front of Rogan's saloon, and Old Dynamite came along and hauled me over to the graduation exercises at the Opery House, and I saw her.

She was the whole show. She had a piece to speak, and she spoke it well. She wore a white dress, all frilly and flouncy, that hung to the floor, and in her hair a blue ribbon that just matched her eyes. I just sat there in that front seat, and watched her face. Her piece was The Modern Woman: Does She Deserve A Career? Aurora said she did.

When it was all over, and we came out, Old Dynamite said, "Well?"

I looked in my mind for words, but I couldn't find them. I just said, "God's good to some men. You must have led a good life to deserve a daughter like that."

We were under the white, shadow-flecked light of the swinging arc lamps, and I could see Old Dynamite's face soft in the middle and stiff around the edges, as though he was going to cry with the pride that was in him. "It's been good," he said. "It's been good. . . . And now it's almost over. She's grown up, I guess."

She went away to school a couple of years, and then she was the lady reporter on The Diamond Drill.

In the wintertime, I'd go booming, as I had before—railroading, south or west, wherever they needed railroad men. But in the spring, when the gan shipping again, I'd used to see her summer I'd drop in on Dynamite

WHEN Larry Sleeman there until dark, an over to the Bannerman H to bed.

I don't know how late hullabaloo woke me up Main Street, you got so through any kind of a fi ing was another matter. nized Larry Sleeman's and went downstairs.

He was sitting on the doubled up. Two men All three were drunk. "W ter?" I said.

Sleeman said, "I been them dirty Finlanders kn

I said, "Did he get reached over and turne His face hadn't been tou

One of the men said scratch on the ribs. He fight."

I recognized them, then kee and St. Paul was ru into town that summer; on the construction gang

"Oh, I'm a goner," Slee shoes are full of blood. squashing between my t

A knife cut will make sick. I said, "Then you n a priest."

"A doctor won't do m said. "I'm too far gone. a sin on my soul."

No dying man is going like that. Anyway, the F often kill anybody with In their own way, they siderate men. They'd gr that only a half inch of t out beyond their forefi little slashing.

"On your feet," I said you sewed up. I've got bed."

"Gotta finish the fight," "Got to help my friends fight."

I said, "You're goin' tor's."

ONE of the constructi his chest out at me. said. "We're gonna fi wants to!"

I said, "Are you?" an toward him.

The other fellow said "Hey, you rum-dum! Shaunnessy!"

"Oh!" he said. "Well, it, then."

"That'll be safer," I sa

They went off down gether.

I walked Sleeman up doctor's house. There w doctor here then. Had whiskers. Rough devil, t

Sleeman had two slash deep; they'd have made on his chest except that down and kind of spoil under his ribs.

The doc was mad abou out of bed. He pushed t one hand and made a



Her eyes were wide, an seen what I had neve to see, what I'd tried to

"... Somebody ought to tell him about *Sky Chief* gasoline"



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2 GREAT RADIO PROGRAMS

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NATIVE AMERICAN TRIBES



THE HOTTENTOT. Doesn't know that soaking his hair to comb it is taboo. Water dries out natural oils—makes hair wild, woolly. Kreml civilizes Hottentot hair and helps correct dryness.



THE BEDOUIN SHEIK. But that sticky mat of plastered hair gets no place with girls. Non-greasy Kreml not only brings out the natural good looks of hair — it also removes ugly dandruff scales.



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"NATURALIZED" CITIZEN. His hair looks *naturally* well-groomed and lustrous with Kreml—the trusted tonic-dressing. Beneficial oils in Kreml keep your hair "just right" in softness, appearance, and feel.

USE Kreml every day as so many men do. Your hair will be *greaselessly* well-groomed.

You'll be helping your hair with Kreml, too. For Kreml actually checks excessive falling hair. It also removes dandruff scales, relieves itching scalp.

Women say Kreml works wonders for coiffures. It conditions hair *before* a permanent—keeps it lovely and lustrous *after* a permanent.

Ask for Kreml at your drugstore and barber shop.

And Kreml Hair Tonic has a coworker to keep your hair handsome. Try Kreml Shampoo. Its 80% olive oil base leaves your hair more thoroughly cleansed, more easily manageable.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES — CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

needle in the other. The thread must have been bigger than the needle, because he had to jerk on it.

I'd have sunk my teeth in his ear, but Sleeman just sat there and got mad. He'd forgot all about dying. That's the trouble with those doctors: a man's sick or in trouble and those damn' doctors walk all over him.

The doctor's wife stuck her head in the door. She was a prominent member of all the antiwhisky leagues in existence, and she looked it. She had a face like a moldy pickle, and her hair was all up in curlers. She squirted the sour juice of disapproval all over us with her eyes, and then made a show of looking at a card in her hand. "There's an A. Fynn out here that wants to see these . . . these . . ."

Sleeman let out a bellow. "A Finlander? I'll kill the dirty, dirty, dirty . . ." And he made a dive at the door, grabbing the doctor's walking stick from the hatrack as he passed.

The doctor's wife let out an awwk! and hiked for the back of the house.

But not Old Dynamite's daughter. You'd have thought that at least once a day a man waving a club charged at her, blood all over him, thread and needle dancing on his chest. She said, "Put that club down, you drunken hooligan, or I'll have you run out of town."

SLEEMAN stopped with his mouth open and the stick over his head. "Holy smoke," he said. "Holy smoke, I didn't know it was you. Silver, introduce us."

That got under my skin, and him without an undershirt on! I gave him a shove back in the office, and hustled Aurora out of there toward home. "What's your father thinking of," I said, "to let you out this time of night?"

"He wasn't home," she said, "and I'm a journalist. I heard there was a knifing on Main Street."

"That's no excuse," I said. "They're common enough."

"Were you hurt, Silver?"

"Me? I wasn't in it."

"Oh," she said. "I heard you were. What started it?"

"Lord, Aurora, I don't know. What's the difference? But isn't that Sleeman a handsome devil?"

"A perfect gentleman, too," she said.

"I've no doubt he could be trained," I said. "A girl would have a handsome piece of goods to start with."

And then she said the first unladylike thing she ever said to me. She said, "Oh, shut up!" and walked into the house.

Sleeman was laid up for a couple of days; in a week or so he was good as new again. As I said, the Finns didn't cut very deep.

While he was laid up, I used to go into his room at the Bannerman after work; but he acted funny. Usually, when two men get mixed up together in anything like a fight, it seems to make them better friends. But not with Larry. I figured he was ashamed of letting Aurora see him like that; and I liked him better for it.

And something was bothering Aurora. When I'd go over to see Dynamite, some evenings after work, she'd hardly speak to me. Chances were she'd get up and move away.

At noon one day I said to Dynamite, "What's the matter with that girl of yours?"

"Maybe she thinks you're down on her for goin' down to the doctor's that night."

"I'm down on you for that," I said. "I know how kids are about their first jobs. Why, Dynamite, I'm as crazy about that child as if she were—well, not exactly my own daughter, but . . ."

"That's about what I tell her," he said, and stood looking at me. "I'll tell her again. But I hope it don't sound as crazy as the way you put it."

That evening after st Sleeman was sitting on the of Rogan's saloon, and I and sat down with him. I anything; so I didn't eithe

In a little while, Auror walking down the other street, and when she saw us a come-here signal.

I went across and walk street with her. You didn' to a lady on the street in said, "That's a pretty dr on, Aurora." I don't re what it was; I just reme pretty.

She said, "Thank you, been asking where you've yourself lately."

"That foolish old wallop knew he never recognized I thought that some time d he'd recognize the man g worked with him today."

"He didn't mean that," meant you didn't drop by nings. You should get out Are you going to the Dance?"

I knew Old Dynamite ha thing to her, and she was nice to me. "No," I said. I learned to dance. I was alw moving around.

She said, "Neither am I.

Just then I saw Larry S ing toward us. He must ha one side of the street, and and come up to meet us. I Larry. Miss Aurora Fyn Larry Sleeman. I'll bet I than glad to take you to th

They both stood there and then Aurora said, "Hov And Larry said politely, meet you, I'm sure. I'd b delighted to escort you to And he smiled hard.

They just stood there, a get itchy. A man that's ha he can introduce two peopl thing is smooth and easy do it. And then we just st the street, almost in fron Daudet's saloon. Which w

"Well," I said, "I'll lea here now. I've got to see I ducked into Johnny Dau

I WAS standing at the ba ute or two when Larry ca looked at him. "Didn't home?"

"Does it look like it?" h

"You chucklehead," I sa you ask?"

"Maybe you think I didn

"Well, I'll be damned." I at least I fixed it up for yo to that dance."

"Sure," he said. "Sure. up, all right." And he turne away from me.

Larry changed after tha easy and cocky any more and acted as though he fel

One morning we went i Crook Spur for a string o to take up to the India Mir off and lined up the switc walked down to the spur

Larry was following t herding the goat, we call i to do was couple onto the a few brakes and come ri he was gone an ungodly tir

So I walked down after up on top of the cars, h brake wheel. He must hav one end of the string to t stubborn to climb down for went by the engine, Ol looked down at me, and shoulders. I took a brak climbed the first car, grinn it's always funny to us t wrestle a brake he can't ki

...en those wheels sticking up ...? It's the same brake. The ...op a vertical staff, and when ... turned, it wraps the brake ...d itself. A dog-and-ratchet ... holds it set. There's quite ...etting a brake up. You've ... how to snap it for that last ...tch. I've seen some awful ... ho could set the best brake. ... up and clubbed off the ...e head end: ran the club ... wheel spokes, and gave a ... club and a kick at the dog ... both at the same time.

... lked over the sideboards of ... here Larry was heaving at ... weat running down his face. ... d, and handed him the club. ... g your eyes out."

... d the club without a word, ... looking at me. I waited un... he last brake off, and then ... -ahead at Dynamite.

... t the switch, and when the ... came close, Larry dropped ... e. "Whoever clubbed them ... a damn' fool," he said. He ... hands once over his head to ... te know he had one car ... "I'd like to poke him one, ... is."

... en't clubbed," I said. "Re... set those cars out day be... ay? I set those brakes by ...

... liar," he said. And he said ... "There ain't a man living ... brake I can't kick off."

... fighting talk. I looked at ... aw he meant it.

... liar," he said again.

... stopped over the switch ... threw the switch. I said, "I ... brakes up when we were ... And I stepped up on the ...

... r, I kept as far away from ... ld.

... we were in on the house ... g for a train of empties. I ... in the shade of some loads ... ing track. Sleeman passed, ... We'll take these empties up ... , and pull the loads. We'll ... run by us on the Old Crook ... ut the engine off, and . . ." ... me a signal," he said. "You ... o draw a map." He walked ...

... mite got down off the engine, and came over to me. "Silver, when you goin' to hand that lad a slap in the mouth?"

"Oh," I said, "he's just a kid. I can't figure what's wrong with him."

"You can't, eh? You're the only man in the yards that can't, then."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning nothin' if you can't understand. What did you do to Aurora?"

"Do to Aurora?" I said. "What would I do to her?"

"She's sayin' the damnedest things about you. I had to threaten to slap her last night."

"Slap her?" I said. I stood there looking at him, and I began to shake. He was my friend. He was her father. But I began to shake. "Dynamite," I said. "Dynamite, you hurt her, and I'll kill you."

"Hurt her?" he said, and looked at me hard. "Hurt her? I ought to break her neck! Or yours. Is there a brain in that thick head of yours at all?" He climbed back on the engine.

At night, the foreman and the engineer must check the quitting time. I stood by the cab and said, "Five fifty-five."

"Check," Dynamite said. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, you dog-faced dodo."

"It's all right," I said. "But that's not a way for a man to talk about his daughter."

"No?" he said. "No? How d'you expect a man to talk when his daughter's goin' to a dance with a drunk?"

"She's goin' with Larry," I said.

"She is. She told him yesterday she'd go with him—to get even with someone else. And he's drunk right now."

"Drunk?"

"Drunk! If you had an eye in your head at all, there'd be a lot of things you could see. He's had a bottle with him all day."

"Say, Dynamite," I said. "You can't let her go to that dance with a man that's drinking."

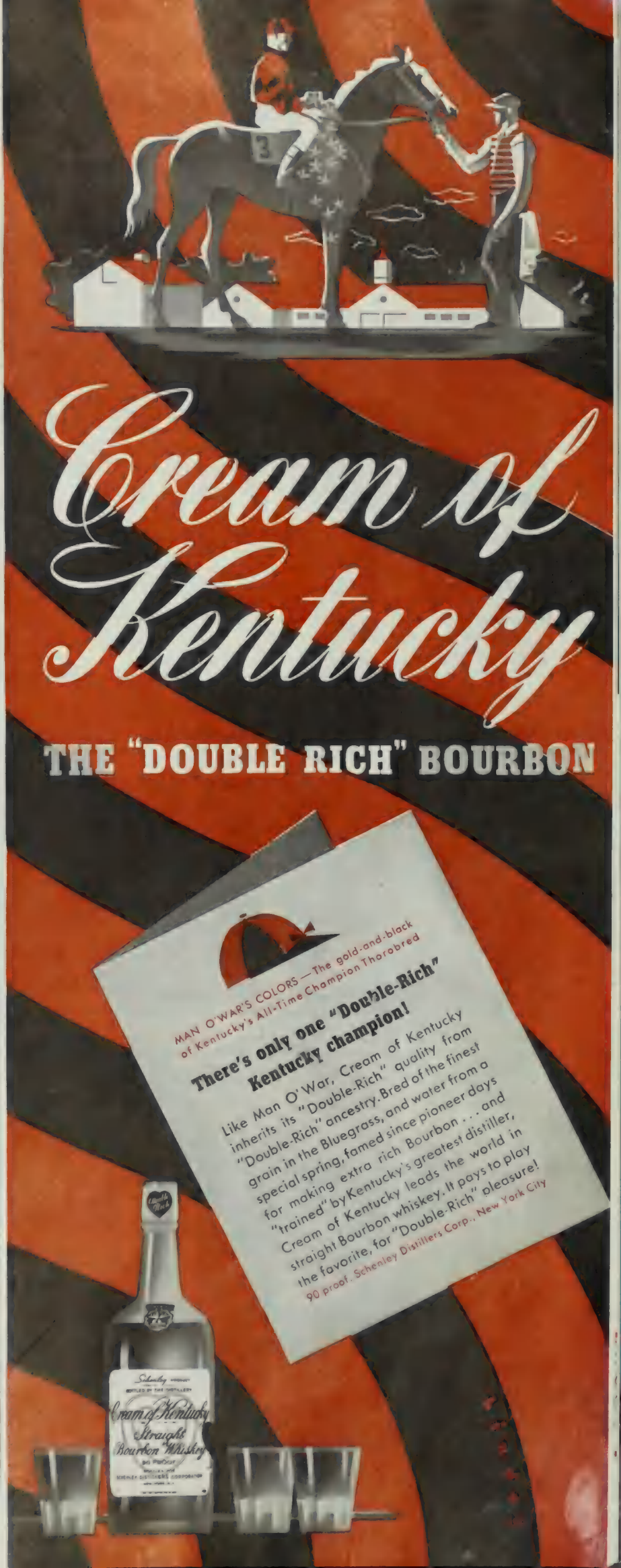
That's something that just wasn't done in our town. A man that would do that showed he didn't have any respect for the girl. It was just calling her the cheapest thing he could think of.

"What can I do?" he said, and the engine moved away. "I'm only her father."

Larry had dropped off at the crossing to go to the hotel and get ready for the dance that night. I hurried with my time slip, and headed for town on the run. But I couldn't find Larry. He



"Don't look now, but something tells me we're going to have to contest Uncle Jim's will"



Here's a soup recipe that made a president smile!





Quaint Notes From Thomas Jefferson's Old Rule For Making Fine Vegetable Soup.

TAKE A SHIN OF BEEF. Cut fine, fry to a light brown in 2 tablespoons of butter, stir frequently to prevent burning. Cover entirely with water and let it come to a boil. Skim the foam that rises and boil slowly until meat is tender and falls apart. Take as many vegetables as you have and cut in small even pieces. Melt 3 tablespoonfuls of butter in a pan, add the vegetables and turn them over and over in the butter till well coated. Cover with the remaining broth. Season with salt and very little pepper and cook slowly until thoroughly done.

***Today**—Heinz gives you this old-fashioned soup with hearty beef stock and choice vegetables—minus the toil and trouble*



1. JEFFERSON kept a Garden Book—noted the time of ripening and the "pedigree" of vegetables grown on his estate. Often he got seeds from neighboring plantations or from abroad . . . Heinz also exercises painstaking care. Blue Ribbon vegetables are specially grown, tended and harvested under Heinz supervision.



2. RIGHT OFF the grocer's shelves (in a hurry) comes Heinz Vegetable Soup—all ready for you to serve. Try the same wholesome kind of soup that once graced the hospitable table at Monticello. It's one of America's favorite quick, economical dishes. You don't add a thing to Heinz Home-style Soups. Just heat and eat!



3. THERE'S practically a whole meal in a bowl of Heinz lusty, robust Vegetable Soup! And it's made in that careful old-style way which, as Jefferson once wrote, "draws all the virtue out of the herbs and vegetables and gives the soup a different flavor!" A finer, richer, better flavor! You'll truly enjoy Heinz Home-style Soup.

Heinz *Home-Style Vegetable* Soup

wasn't at the hotel. He wasn't at any of the saloons. I visited every place in town at least twice.

Aurora answered the door when I knocked. "Silver!" she said. She was dressed all in white, like she was that first time I saw her. Her eyes were so big.

"Is Larry here?" I said.

"Not yet," she said.

"You can't go to the dance with him, Aurora. I'm sorry, but you've got to stay home."

"Stay home?" she said.

"I'm sorry," I said. "But you've got to. When Larry comes, you tell him you're sick or something."

"Yes, I will!" she said, and banged the door on me.

I sat on the porch swing and waited. When Larry came up the walk, he was moving steady, but I could smell it on him. He looked elegant: he had on a fancy necktie, and a high collar, and his hat was tilted just right.

I said, "Go home, Larry. She ain't goin' with you."

He said, "Who the hell are you?"

I got up and walked over to him. "You can't take her any place when you're drinkin'."

"You're so damn' smart," he said. "You're so damn' smart."

He hit me then—hard.

Funny, it didn't make me mad. I said, "That ain't goin' to do you any good, Larry."

Aurora came out the door then. I heard her say, "Silver! Oh, Silver!"

Larry grabbed her. He said, "Stay outa this!" and pushed her. I heard her bump against the house.

I felt it coming then.

I felt it coming through my hands and my arms into my chest. It ran through my muscles like fire, and it made me sick. Like prickly fire it came crawling through my blood, and I was sick until it got to my heart and my brain. And then I didn't care.

I hit him twice in the head and then banged him in the middle. When he doubled, I threw a headlock on him, pulled him over my hip, and got my wrist on his jawbone. I was going to dislocate his jawbone before I threw him, and when I threw him, my knees would be on his chest. When I got up from him, he wouldn't have a whole rib left. I knew how to do it.

And then I saw her standing there against the wall. Her hands were down beside her, pressed against the building, and the white light from the street lamp on the corner near by was moving over her face, and her eyes helc

Her eyes were wide, And I knew she'd seen wh wanted her to see, what hide from her. She kne wasn't the man I had tri She had seen the kind of was, the kind of a man I'c saw her that night on th white dress.

I just stood there holdi my hip, jammed against ing, with his breath slidir the top of his open m power was frozen in my thighs.

Her eyes were still wide was moving back and fo face. "Is it me?" she sa cause of me you look lil Shaunnessy?"

"Forgive me," I said. " me, Aurora."

"It's beautiful," she beautiful, Silver."

"*Me?*" I said. "Look at at my hair. It's snow-whi

"How long has it bee Silver?"

"Ten years," I said.

She said, as though sh me to something, "And you when it turned snow-

"Twenty-two," I said. a rough life."

"I'll take care of that she said.

SHE stood there against the light moving on eyes were still wide, anc light in them. I had nev see Aurora Fynn look at leaned hard on the man I hip, as power drained out

"I never thought that never dare have though thought was that maybe i ferent I could have had a you."

"That can be arranged, "But it's not decent to ta least until you've kissed

"Kiss you?" I said. "Ki

"Unless you'd rather hu man all night."

The fire and the power back through as if a ma touched to brandy. I hea the middle of that lilac bu yard. And—though I owe thing, in a way—I never until Old Dynamite cam caught me kissing his gave me hell for wrecking



"Glub?"

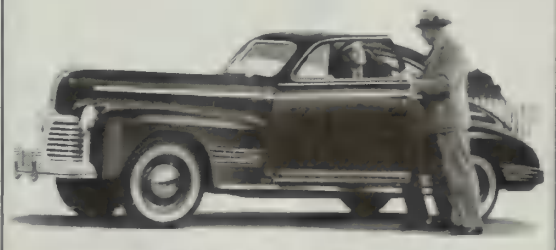
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China Sky

Continued from page 22

put his arm about her shoulder. It was the sort of thing that men did to women anywhere, often, these days. He had seen it so in New York over and over again, always recoiling from it nevertheless, or himself stiffening under a woman's lingering touch upon him. He had lived so long here where men and women never touched each other.

"If there is no more to be done, I'll go home," he said brusquely. "Louise will be back from the shelter now. It's pretty hard on her, all this."

"It must be," Sara agreed listlessly.

He caught the tone of her voice. "Better go to bed early."

"I will—if nothing turns up," she said.

"If it does, send for me." But he regretted the words instantly. Louise did not like him to be sent for in the evening.

"Can't Sara take the evenings?" she had once inquired sharply. "What else has she to do?"

"I suppose she'd like a little rest," he had said.

"She looks as strong as a horse," Louise had said contemptuously.

"She isn't," he said, knowing while he did that Louise would go into silence for the rest of the evening if he took Sara's part. But truth was instinct in him, and so he spoke it.

. . . "I won't need to call you," Sara said.

THEY went out and he closed the door, and side by side they walked down the corridor of the hospital, quiet for the night. He thought of her lonely rooms and longed to say, "Come home with me—Louise will be glad to see you." But he did not. Louise would not be glad to see her. He knew that because he had tried it. He had taken Sara home with him and sat through an evening whose strangeness he could not to this day comprehend. Louise had been polite to Sara and more than usually demonstrative to him. She had looked very pretty that night. More than once he had caught Sara looking at Louise with bewildered eyes, half admiring, half hurt. But he himself was too bemused with Louise then. She was, that night, more like the girl he had fallen in love with in New York than he had seen her in months. And Sara had grown more and more silent and at last she had got to her feet to say in her simple, frank way:

"I must go home. I must leave you to yourselves. After all, you see so little of each other."

"Don't go, Sara," he had said, but there was the warmth of Louise's hand in his, of her blond head leaning against his shoulder, of her amber eyes. And then after Sara had gone Louise had turned into her ordinary self instantly.

"Three's a stupid number," she had said. "You can't play bridge or do anything."

From the open window he had caught a glimpse of Sara walking solitary through the moonlight.

. . . "Well, good night, Sara," he said now. They had reached the stairs.

"Good night, Gray."

"Got anything to read?"

She shook her head. "Nothing new. But I shan't read much."

He nodded, and, opening the door of his house, went in.

GRAY thought, "I have never seen Louise so lovely."

He had dreaded coming home. He was late and, after the operation which had not saved Lao Wang, exhausted. And Louise, after an air raid was sometimes hysterical and always ready for tears and comforting. He wante himself tonight.

But he saw immediatel thing had happened to her the living room, reading drawn up to the small iron mass of Chinese coals a fringe of blue flames. S dress of soft yellow silk wit ing sleeves and a low bo bright hair shone. Behind doors into the dining roo table set with a white c chrysanthemums and red dles. She had not taken as as that for a long time. Le Siao Fah never put flowers Why, he reasoned, when t to be eaten? And why c there was the lamp? Siao ing Louise arrange the ta fectly understood all she d the yellow dress. "She i thought with pleasure.

She looked anything b Gray bent over her to kiss sweet perfume was in her

"Darling, you grow prett all the hardship," he said. you prettier even at a New party. Sure you don't mind me to see you?"

"If I minded, I wouldn't said, smiling. She loved h it. She would not have stay she not loved him. But s. live with him in her own there was ease and securit and people to admire her cessful marriage to Gray T only son of the Thomisons and half a dozen other plac see the sort of home she w York, the house that she a used to and could afford. T little Chinese house in th hospital compound would h surd in the best of times. U rain of bombs it was madn was to persuade him that h this miserable country. H great doctor in New York, s a doctor, young, handson was handsome, she thoug prickling a little as she look He was easily the handson had ever seen.

"Lift me up," she said, h arms.

HE LIFTED her up and s against him. The kitche and Siao Fah put in his snarled soundlessly and sl

"Oh, my wife," Gray wh over his body nerves taut relaxed and let down. If always be like this! He s hair with trembling tende the raid too bad today, s operating and didn't know.' not to tell her that Lao Wa

"It was pretty bad, but getting used to it. Dr. Ch about helping me."

"That's good, sweet. I'm as I can't be there."

He wished that he had because she never unders felt he must stay with the He and Sara always stayed not protest. She clung to hi Then she kissed him.

"Change for dinner, will

"Sure I will—what's this sary?"

She shook her head brig just feel like it."

"All the more reason." H along with him. "The wretched bombing is ove

a little fun—get some of the
n the port for dinner. Maybe
will fall for Sara, eh? Not
"

ll," she agreed. She had met
m the port. They had come
rainy day when it seemed
es could fly. But they had
for dinner. They were re-
r their concerns.
always some fool who delays
e more precious belonging,"
en had said. She had liked
of all—Harry Delafield. "I
our best comprador last
se of his canary. He'd for-
d toddled back under fire to
f his office."
rs were not possible in air
hought exultingly, "What if
aren't any more air raids?"
at afternoon after two hours
d turned to Dr. Chung. He
eside her the whole time.
ad seized his arm when a
just outside the shelter. The
sucked the air out of her
er head whirled.
ear this," she had thought,
n't bear it."
ese seemed to understand.
ilence he had turned to her,
e sight of his dark, opaque
nd dropped from his arm.
notice. He said in his kind-
You cannot bear this."
agreed. Her lashes flut-
Dr. Chung, you know—what
ing about—I will do it."

D gravely and with dignity.
an hour ago he had brought
written on plain white paper.
quickly. It was nothing—a
rmal note.
rry:
all well and happy. I hope
l home safely. Your visit
Sorry that you will not be
n soon.
"

up her pen and signed her
ise Thomison."
g took the paper from her
s means safety for you and
pital," he said gently, and
elf away.
Of course she would tell Gray
he thought, some day when
s all over. Maybe she could even
t it was she who had saved
—saved them all. She felt
gay for the first time since she had come to Chen-li.

. . . As for Dr. Chung, he was at this moment watching for the hospital gate to open. It was a new gate, and the pillars were repaired and the sign put up again, *The House of Mercy*. Siu-mei was late, but he was too triumphant to be tired. He had the letter in his pocket and he would, as soon as he had seen Siu-mei, take it to Yasuda to prove that he had done what he said he would.

A little before midnight the gate opened and Siu-mei's ricksha came in. In the light of the lanterns by the gate he saw her step down and pay the man, and then come into the hospital. He went down the steps, timing himself so that she might see him gracefully descending them. She saw him and stood at their foot, waiting for him. There was no one near to be seen, but he chose to speak in English, lest there be ■ waiting ear. Siu-mei knew English and spoke it with a pretty, faltering accent.

"Did you talk with your father?"

"Yes," she said, smiling at him.

"So he knows!"

"Yes," she said.

"And approves?"

She was about to say, "Of course," and then hesitated. "Strangely, the air raid began just as he was about to answer me," she said.

"And you did not speak of it afterward?"

"I forgot he had not—approved," she said, ashamed. And then when she saw his face she said, "But *I* approve—and that is enough for him."

He took her hand at that and she let it lie in his. He lifted it, palm upward and smelled it delicately in caress.

"Your hand is like a lotus bud," he said.

They had stood for a quivering moment when they heard ■ cough. There stood Ya-ching, the pock-marked nurse. Her face was blank.

"The Japanese says he cannot sleep," she said.

"I will come," Chung said coldly.

And though Siu-mei would have pulled her hand away he had held it and now he pressed it as if in Western parting.

"Good night," he said distinctly.

"Good night," Siu-mei replied.

Behind him the nurse Ya-ching turned and gave her ■ look so full of hate that she stood still for a long mo-



"Listen, pal, you'll be promoted without all that studying. We'll outgrow the furniture in a year" KAY KARAFFA

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ment, as though she had been stabbed, and later in her bed, lay sleepless, the look still sharp in her as a knife.

. . . She could not forget the look until the next day when in the maternity ward she looked up startled at a tall young man in a faded blue uniform. Then her pretty face turned severe in the instant and she forgot herself. He was Chen-ta Eagle and she recognized him and felt no less severe.

"What are you doing here, you man?" she demanded. "This is a place for women only."

"By my mother, I have no wish to be here," he replied, "but where am I? I came in the door and walked and walked and here I am."

"You should have announced yourself to someone, or asked for Thomison doctor or Chung doctor."

THEY missed Lao Wang who, puttering in the garden, had seen all who came and went. She had thought of him only a few minutes ago as she looked out of a window in passing. A frost had killed the chrysanthemums during the night. It had been always the saddest day of the year when that happened. Lao Wang gave up the garden until spring. But this year he did not know its coming, nor would he know the return of spring.

"Why should I announce myself to anyone I chanced to see?" Chen-ta asked.

His bold black eyes rested with pleasure on Siu-mei. She was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and he had remembered her from the night the white woman had sewed up the ripped belly of his prisoner.

"What is your name?" he asked.

She pretended not to hear him. "What do you want?" she demanded.

"Your name."

The women in the ward laughed. Everybody was cheerful. This was the third day that there had been no planes above the hospital. There were raids, but the planes soared high over these buildings and dropped their bombs on the far side of the city.

"O-mi-to-fu," old Chinese men and women murmured. "Buddha wakes at last."

Sick people slept more easily and ate their food with gratitude for peace of any kind, even though it must end.

"My name is my own," Siu-mei said, her face grave at the Eagle's impudence. "I give it to no man."

"You will force me to take it, then," he replied with unmoved good humor; "it is my rule to take what I want if it is not given me."

"Be silent," she commanded him, "and follow me." She led him away from the laughing women into the corridor. "Stop your joking and tell me why you are here."

"Why? To take back my captive, of course," he cried. "Is he cured?"

"How should I know?" she replied. "I have nothing to do with the men."

"Here is one over whom you may have anything to do that you will," he said instantly.

She tried not to laugh and failed. "Will you cease jesting?" she cried, covering her smiling mouth with her hand. "Come with me to Thomison doctor. He decides everything here."

She turned without giving him a chance for more impudence and he followed admiring her slender shape and swift, sure tread.

"You could climb the hills as well as any man," he exclaimed.

She did not answer this. She marched along, her head high and laughter in her heart.

"Here is Thomison doctor's office," she said. "I will tell him. Wait here."

She went in to find Gray at his desk, sitting unusually idle, a frown upon his face. He stared at some She turned and found th her. She stamped her f

"I told you to wait!" s

"Why should I wai calmly. "I do not obey

He sat down coolly a girdle of blue cloth abou opened his shirt over his breast.

"It is too hot in your h Gray pleasantly.

"The patients require Gray replied.

"This man's Chen-ta, mei said. "He comes fo

"Is that son of evi Chen-ta asked. "I hav miles to fetch him."

"He is well," Gray re has been the patient of and I must consult him.

"Shall I tell Dr. Ch asked quickly.

"If you will," Gray re

Chen-ta held his peac gone. Then he cleared

"Does she have a husb

Gray did not answer f knowing indeed how to a

"I do not know her plied at last as coldly as wanted to laugh. The ma looking fellow, handso ought to look and seldo famous over these provin ing attacks upon the en them under cover of da hidden valleys, from seer villages. But he looked made his face serious.

"One promise I must e is given back to you," he

"What is it?" Chen-ta

"That you do not kill

"Are Americans the Japanese that they alw Chen-ta demanded. Hi brows flew upward. "Th asked me this also when here."

"No, we are not," Gr could we be when we see done? Look for yoursel our compound and see friends with them. But our patients to be killed.

"TO ME it seems very place," Chen-ta said. the quiet room.

"For the last three day peace."

"Why?"

"What can it be but a were here yesterday, but over us. Stay a few ho you will see."

"I cannot. My men are Pine Tree Pass. As for give it. I will not kill the is no common fellow. I him."

"What use?"

"Why should I tell you

"Because his life belo would have died had him."

"Healing is your busine paid you?"

"He has paid us mone money pay for life?"

Chen-ta sat frowning man. "I will tell you t shall be fed and sheltere will be safe."

"Torture?"

"No torture," Chen-ta prisoners are not tortured your eyes? I kill quickly This one I save alive."

"For what purpose?" again.

"For my purpose," C again.

"I ask one more thing," it a good purpose?"

nen looked at each other for ment. Then Chen-ta put his n his knees and leaned for- es fast upon Gray's.

know the purpose of your th place?"

ly I do," Gray replied.

u know mine, also," Chen-ta

ike this fellow," Gray was g. This is a good man. No one od man would have a face like

y take your prisoner if Dr. al. vs it," he said aloud. "I trust e said." He glanced at the It as strange, he thought, that id not returned. He rose. h , and I will go and see is to be brought to you."

e opened the door of Yasu- m, Siu-mei was standing be- d. On the other side stood his watch in his hand, his finger upon Yasuda's wrist. f yourself," he told Siu-mei. ve a reason for this relapse." one side behind him stood a-ching. Under her immo- face her mind was moiling of Siu-mei. She had been iu-mei from the day Siu-mei hospital, not to become a a doctor, since she was the a rich man. From Siu-mei each year to take more and orders and requests. It made ce that Siu-mei's voice was and soft, and that she was , or that she ignored Ya- odiness. Ya-ching hated her very reasons as she hated , peach-colored cheeks and ack eyes. Long before Chung that he loved Siu-mei, Ya- it would come about be- s the thing she feared above hat one feared always came hought savagely. She went le and burned incense to the of th and prayed for Siu-mei's

Siu-mei did not die. One after a-ching gave gifts to the gods x and leprosy and decay of nd liver and of broken bones , but Siu-mei continued to . Then in her despairing pas- handsome young doctor she t him know her secret. In all ways that a desperate, hungry roaches a man, Ya-ching ap- Chung and laid bare her heart careless of anything except Her face was pock-marked in pallid and thick and her features were coarse and her eyebrows sparse. But despite this ugly face, her body was beautiful, a shapely thing, the skin smooth and untouched by pox. Yet what was this body to her if it must remain forever unseen?

And then she knew herself repulsed. The man she loved so that her love ate up her heart and her thoughts, ignored that which he could not fail to see. He did not see her hand when it must touch his, her eyes speaking what her lips yearned to tell, nor care that the body nearer his than need be was beautiful.

She had had a last faint joy when he bade her take care of the Japanese who was his patient. But the joy had soon passed. For it only gave her the chance to see him more often, and in him the shaping of love never for her, but for Siu-mei. Thus she stood, watching these two, seemingly aware only of what they did, but she saw their eyes and the warm color of Siu-mei's cheeks.

"The pulse is certainly too swift," Siu-mei said. "And the heartbeat is strangely faint. Was he as usual last night?"

"He seemed almost entirely well," Chung said.

Yasuda lay, looking from one to the other, panting. He felt very ill indeed and a little frightened. Now that he had swallowed the pills he was confused as to whether he had not taken too many. Four, Chung had said if he put his hand to his mouth when he came in the door. That signified haste. Surely he had said four? Or was it only three? He felt weak and breathless and the two faces near him dimmed in his eyes.

"Water," he whispered.

"Water," Chung repeated to Ya-ching.

She poured a bowl full from a clay jug on the table. But when Chung lifted the sick man's head he could not drink. He had fainted.

"What is this?" Siu-mei cried.

"Who can tell?" Chung replied, laying Yasuda down. He handed the still brimming cup back to Ya-ching.

And at that moment Gray came to the door. "I have been looking for you, Chung," he began. Then he caught sight of Yasuda. "What's wrong?"

"We don't know," Chung replied.

"But the man's dying!" Gray cried. "Quick, a hypodermic!"

Chung turned to Ya-ching and she left the room. Gray looked impatiently at her slow, heavy tread. "You go, Siu-mei —minutes count."

Siu-mei went, passing Ya-ching in the hall. "Never mind," she called. "I have one here in my office."

Ya-ching paused and stood still, her



"Huh! Smitty's gettin' up in th' world. I can remember when they used t' make 'im walk!" JAY IRVING



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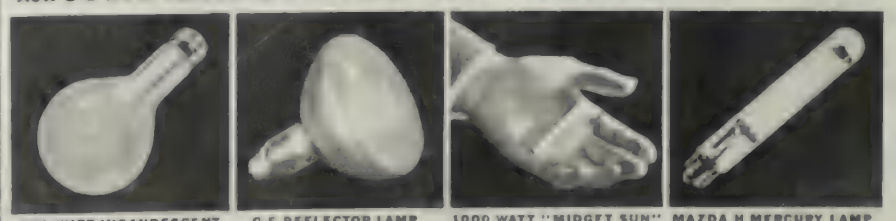
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nothing Quicker nothing Slicker **NEW SCHICK SUPER SLICK SHAVER**

face a mask of hate, and then went back to the room.

There Gray was throwing questions at Chung and Chung shrugged his shoulders.

"It is as you see it," he said. "I know nothing. Some internal complication—"

"Did he know that his captor had come?" Gray asked.

Chung shook his head. "Who had told him? I have not spoken a word to him."

"Strange," Gray was muttering, "strange—strange!"

Siu-mei came back in an instant with the hypodermic and Gray plunged it into Yasuda's arm. They stood and watched the ashen face. It remained perfectly still. Then at last the lips quivered, the eyelids moved and Yasuda's opaque gray-black eyes saw returning shapes of faces about him.

"Water," he whispered hoarsely. "Water."

"Give him all he can drink," Gray commanded abruptly. He waited while Ya-ching held the bowl to his lips. Then he tested Yasuda's pulse and heart and examined his eyelids. "This man is certainly too sick to be moved now," he declared. "Chung, I would not leave him yet if I were you."

"I will not," Chung agreed.

"Call me if you need me," Gray continued.

"I think there will be no need," Chung replied.

When Gray had gone away, he turned to Siu-mei. "Do not wait," he said. "I will come to your office and tell you how he is."

She gave him a warm, quick look as she went and Ya-ching caught it as she passed. She stood until Siu-mei had gone. She waited in silence while Chung walked to the window and lit a cigarette.

"Arrange the patient's bed," he ordered her, and stood with his back to her, scanning the sky. It was a bright blue day, the air still and the heavens cloudless. Even as he stood the warning siren shrieked across the silence. An air raid, he thought, but without terror in him. This was the third day of peace in the hospital.

"The patient must not be moved," he said calmly.

"So," Ya-ching replied. At that moment her hand came upon something under Yasuda's pillow. She drew it out and looked at it. It was a small ball of hastily crumpled paper. She held it in her shut hand. Then the siren shrieked again. She glanced at Chung's turned back, at Yasuda's closed eyes, and opened the paper. In it were some small sulphur-colored pills. She was about to cry out and then she did not. Over her face crept a secret and triumphant look. She thrust the pills into her bosom and went on making the bed.

IN THE office Chen-ta stared at Gray. "Here is a strange thing," he said. "First a man is well and then he is ill."

"It is as strange to me as to you," Gray replied. "But it is so."

"When am I to return for him then?"

"Give him three days more," Gray said.

The siren sounded for air raid. Chen-ta rose. "Three days, then," he shouted.

"Three days," Gray shouted back. "And you had better stay until this is over!"

Chen-ta shook his head. "If I had feared those eggs they drop, I would have been dust long ago!" he bawled. Then he turned and strode from the room and down the hall and out of the hospital. He was too busy to heed the approaching planes. He was full of wonder at himself and at his good temper. Why was he not angry at this delay, he who was always quickly angry at anything that happened against his will? Why was he even pleased of returning here in th searched himself and kn In his memory he saw t of the tall girl who had white doctor's office. Siu man had called her, too thought with a flush of in

Then he was further as should he care if one calle In his bemusement he sa tice a man in blue coat a proach and dart aside int he came near. If he hac Chen-ta would have lea to look at him and see escape him. But now, tho vaguely that he knew the him go. He went his ow his hills, every now and midst of exploding bom look dazed and to scratch

"What is this that has he cried. His big voice in the roaring about hir his own voice he heard ne not the noise of the fallin

CHUNG THIRD, darti shadows of the walls of bamboos until Chen-ta had gone through the Then he went quietly up of the hospital and thr back corridors until he brother's room. He did cough, but opened the d sound. Chung was ther his table, his back to the Third whispered, "Elder

Chung leaped and turne he held a mortar and pe you enter like a thief?" h

Chung Third opened "How do I know when what you do not wish kno

"Be silent, son of a t swore at him.

Chung Third looked stu I tell you what I know or to myself?" He hated thi of his. He would not betr yet why should he preter ignorant of his doings?

"Well, what?" Chung tiently. On the table was Chinese paper and upor few small yellow pills. stared at them.

"What are those?" he a

"Is it your business? torted. "Say what you ha

Chung Third shrugged then, the next attack is to thirty-two miles east fr seventeen miles north. T of the Eagle." He put o piece of red paper such a are wrapped in and upon it roads and the names of v

Chung did not look at it crushing together again t the mortar he held. "Lea said.

"Is there nothing else?" asked.

"Nothing," Chung repli

"For me there is some Third said doggedly. He polished wooden floor and him a furious look. But he He opened a drawer and t money and put it on the n

"There is your price," scorn.

But Chung Third only put the money in his boso his hat somewhat more ov and went away more che entered. Outside in the c a woman standing as thou For whom, he wondered. saw her face. For no one face as hers, he decided, a in his own content. He ha earned and he was not alw

(To be continued ne

Big Saturday

Continued from page 15

as serving a bunch of farmers end of the counter when I the Little Gem. A shockingly girl she was, with clear brown air of soft, shiny copper gath- a charm of high curls. Even ue cotton dress she wore to bles looked good on such a girl.

le to her, "Hi, there, Little Bit. ur daddy?"

ted up with a quick smile. id!" she said. "Dad? Why, over in Grissim County on Will I do instead?"

ed a grin and told her, "In than one."

C laughed and I straddled a Mr. Parmalee being gone was ore getting of bad luck. Still, self might know of a job I I saw that she hadn't heard 's trouble yet. In some ways n awful particular girl, and ed how she'd take the news. I lying how I had better lead it so as to not make her think mily.

iles, it eased my worries some tch her as she ladled out the lates. For most a year now angling around as often as I n to Dukedom. Lately, Earl likewise grown a mighty ap- Little Gem food. Straddling here, I looked at Gracie and if she'd given him dates like e? I couldn't fancy it, know- uther of old as I did, though some might say he had looks

ame along the counter, smil- nd reached for her hand. Gracie," said I, "you're pretty d snake today!"

id!" she said, and she pinked ked at me.

e was saying, "You haven't our promise, have you?"

gotten the whole round crea- I nned.

gled glances with me. My gingered and my spirits took umble.

," said finally, "I haven't for- ut — and I'm plumb sorry, can't take you to the carnival

ng happened in her brown t my face blazing as I tried to ginning word. "I've got to find id. "I mean, I've got to make some money . . ." Then my blamed tongue tripped me.

And Gracie's face was troubled with pity, and before I could go on, she'd whirled to the cash box and was pushing two dollar bills at me. "I didn't know!" she said, soft and low. "No mind, Ovid, we can see the carnival on this."

Of course she'd meant well, but while we'd been talking somebody had come in the door and scraped up a chair to the front table. I shoved the dollar bills back toward Gracie, shamed at what the newcomer must have seen. Hot and sudden, my Bascom pride grabbed my hand and made it slap my pocket, ringing the silver change good and loud.

"I'm not asking charity yet!" I said before I could bite my tongue.

Then I knew I'd done it. She was great-eyed and trembly about the lips as I said, "Aw, listen, Gracie. Let me explain."

Her hands knotted on the counter and redheaded temper sparkled in her eyes. "Don't bother!" she snapped. "I know *cheap* when I see it! Just save your breath as well as your money. I'm not wanting either one!"

She lifted her chin and marched off.

Well, I thought I'd just straddle the stool till she cooled off enough to hear me out. But over at the front table she was saying, like she was merely tickled to death, "Why, hello, Earl Luther! Can I serve you aught today?"

That ruined me. I had to get out of there.

I banged through the door in a snarl of a mood.

MIDWAY of the block I heard my name sung out. I looked toward the Little Gem. Talk about rank amaze! I was that stricken I could only gape and goggle. It was none other than Earl Luther. He came sidling up to me like a sick cat to a hot brick, just splitting his lip in a grin and trying to act friendly.

While I tottered, he said, "Look here, Ovid, now that we're men grown, whyn't you and me drop this here family squabble? Pap's an old fool, an old pothead. He hadn't ought to taken your pap to law."

I felt crazier than a woman's watch.

"Maybe I can make it up to you, Ovid," Earl Luther was saying. "I couldn't help hearing you tell Gracie you were hunting a job. I reckon I know why—"

"Earl Luther," said I in terrible tones, "if you've gone and told Gracie any



"I am constantly amazed at man's inhumanity to man" ROBERT DAY

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Published by the Pan American coffee producers for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

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ding lies about Pap's trouble!"
I ain't!" he said. "And don't
ust to show you, Ovid, I'll tell
e you might can latch onto a
need a man at the carnival.
Go to the second tent inside
lot next to the prize-fighting

ke a fever dream and me lost
said, "If you are lying again,
ner, I solidly inform you I'll
ur britches! But in case it's
you say, why, I thank you
That I do!"
at, I tore out for the carnival.
key lot was fair crawling with
I came busting in, splattering
like a hound among chickens.
the prize-fighting show and
front of a long, faded, brown
a big, wrinkled banner that
! *Sport! Skill!* BOP THE
! ! The front was closed up,
was a skinny man in a straw
on a box beside the tent eat-
wich.
told him what I'd come for, he
n right freely. "You will do
le burnt cork," he said. My
be to let folks chunk baseballs
d at a nickel for two throws.
ed up some corks from the
ing around and started char-
with matches.
ing somebody hits me?" I

et a seegar," says he. "But
to dodge. It ain't often you
how. You got a forty-foot
een you and the suckers. The
ty dim in there, too."

MENCED rubbing the black
n my face. "The baseballs I
aid, "is made with a special
core. A man can't hardly ever
true. I was doing pretty good
norning till that confounded
uit."
me he quit?" I wondered.
ver, neck-crick, or something.
have no trouble, though, if
ff the whisky and watch the

I can make fifteen dollars
he week while the carnival
?" I asked him.
les—he went by that name—
arntee that much if you dodge
Spurgeon used to. Now, hold
ou!"
finish blacking my face and
re was a comfort in burnt
ody would know me.
k my head through a hole in
nvas sheet, and Mr. Kettles
d greeting the by-passers and
them. "*Bop* the darky and
r!" he bellowed over and over
in want of grease. Folks put
nickels and chunked. Old,
wabbled through the air. I
head and grinned. I soon no-
couldn't anybody hit me did
and dodge quick.
re I was working. I could al-
Pap's fine money begin drop-
pocket.
had some drawbacks, though.
h my head on one side of the
d my hands helpless on the
flies took advantage.
all, my spirits and hopes
up like wilted greens in cold
ter. I studied about Fonzo
's rastus plow. In that blind-sober
e'd likely mislaid the rastus.
Earl Luther had been hit by
treak, he'd probably help me
ow in the tall weeds or some-
d I felt I'd soon be able to
out my little breeze with
I reached my thoughts into
me to some right pleasing
ot to feeling kind of dreamy.
last much longer than June
there sauntering through the

crowds came Gracie herself, arm in arm with Earl Luther Siler. Something squeezed inside me as I dodged baseballs. I screwed up one eye and blared the other, I wrinkled my nose and crimpled my mouth in case Gracie might otherwise know me under that burnt cork.

The watching customers set up such a happy howl that Gracie did look straight at me. She smiled, but not in a recognizing way.

I knew then that Earl Luther hadn't told her about me working here. Duly grateful I tried to be, but all the same my teeth ached and I felt sick just seeing the two together, him taking her to the carnival in place of me. Earl Luther had turned a new leaf, yet he didn't look so good to me. He was walking beside her sort of bent over, peering into her brown eyes, flashing his teeth and looking fond.

He spoke out loud enough for me to got set, and started to let fly. Just then I must have forgotten to make my squinchy face, for Gracie was squealing, "It's *Ovid!*" and grabbing at his arm.

That's the reason the ball didn't get me dead center. Even so, it caught me a hard glance over the ear.

Wild hornets sung loose in my head. My ears were full of hammering anvils. All I knew for a minute there was that Earl Luther Siler was flinging at me as of old. I must try to reach him and put him out of business before he damaged me sore.



"The scouts adore Gran'ma. She goes back and forth until they've all got their good deeds for the day over with"

LARRY REYNOLDS

hear: "Honey, would you like to bop the darky?"

She shook her head. "I don't think so. I crave to ride the Ferris wheel."

He turned slow and narrowed his eyes straight at me. "I just think I'll try it a nickel's worth," he said, licking his teeth and grinning like a fox smelling a hen roost.

IT ALL rushed at me now. That Earl Luther must have been months waiting just such a chance to trap me where he could get me. And me, believing fool that I was, had swallered it hook and line and, yes, the dadgoned pole!

"Gimme two balls," Earl Luther said, throwing down a nickel on Mr. Kettles' counter.

"*You* again, huh?" said Mr. Kettles.

"None other." Earl Luther laughed. "I see you've changed black boys since I was here last."

Mr. Kettles looked mad but didn't say anything.

As Earl Luther gripped a ball and squinted down the alley, I just didn't know what ought I to do. So he hauled off and flung. The ball fair zizzed, but I dodged for sweet life and it missed by a whisper.

"I think I've got the range now," he said, staring at me.

Again he dropped his arm way back, by surprise and hemmed in by the crowd that he couldn't stir.

I was reaching my hands for him when somebody yelled, "Run get Warhoss Highfill!"

That made some of my wits come home to roost. You can't keep your pap off the county's road by getting put on it yourself. By the hardest, I curbed myself down.

Gracie had laid hold of my shirt and was trying to pull me away from Earl Luther. He was watching me careful with his black eyes. Mr. Kettles was jumping around like popcorn on a hot stove lid, waving his fists and telling me how fired I was. I'd got so crossed up and low in my mind that I felt I must throw back my head and yelp.

About then I heard a voice like a train whistle. It turned me around. I saw a man standing on the platform in front of the tent next to Mr. Kettles'. The prize-fighting show it was. A big, ugly, hard knot with blue jowls and a dirty bathrobe was next to the man and looking at me through his eyebrows.

The showman pointed at me and outcried, "Hey, you! You there, big boy! If you want to scrap, make it pay you!"

I listened and he said, "Ten silver dollars to stay just one round with Kid Tornado here is our fine offer to one and all. Ten silver dollars, big boy! How about it? Three minutes gets you ten dollars!"

Everybody was laughing and slapping my back. "Take him on!" they told me. "Match up with him!"

I wiped at the loblolly of sweat and soot on my face. I shook my head to clear out the buzzing.

The showman said, "Well, how about it, Captain?"

Earl Luther watched me. He said, "Naw! Ovid ain't stuffed with what it takes."

Of a sudden I got awful tired of it. I turned on Earl Luther and he ducked. "Put your money where your big mouth is!" I spit at him, savage as a catamount. "Are you betting I can't last out the round?"

"I'll cover you two to one," he said.

I wasn't bluffing but I thought he was. He was always as scarce of money this time of the year as me. What little he did get he spent on sporty clothes. But just to see, I picked out of the crowd an honest old face crouched back in a beard and asked him to hold stakes. I gave him my three dollars and seventeen cents. Then, bedogged if Earl Luther didn't pull out some bills and change and count six dollars and thirty-four cents in the old feller's hand! He grinned and hoisted his eyebrows at me.

Well, I aimed to go through with it. This crazy day had harried me so that I was plumb reckless. I said to the showman, "I'm your dewberry, mister."

"No!" said Gracie, commencing to yank at my arm. "Don't do it!"

"And what are you caring?" I asked.

She stomped her foot and said, "I just don't like to see anybody go and make a public fool of himself."

Then she threw up her hands. "Though, truth known," she said, "when you get your common old secondhanded motorcycle and go ripping around on it, you'll be sure to break bones anyhow."

"What secondhanded motorcycle?" I spluttered.

"You know very well!" said she. "Don't think *I* don't know why you crave money so, Ovid Bascom!"

I couldn't edge in a word, she was talking so fast and getting madder and madder. "I don't blame you for being ashamed to tell me!" she said. "So go right on and do what you want now, too! See if I care!"

She faced her back to me, just quivering and shaking, and took Earl Luther's arm. He patted her hand and looked mighty pious.

I could feel the string to my wits unraveling. But the showman was packing folks in his tent. I turned and almost ran inside.

THE showman led me to a roped-off square at the center of the tent. I took off my shirt, and he tied some boxing gloves on me and the Tornado. While he was doing it, I looked about. There were a hundred people or more around the ring. At the back I spied Earl Luther and Gracie. Her face seemed pale, but as I caught her glance she turned to Earl Luther and began to chatter very gay. He sort of winked toward me and stole an arm around her shoulder.

Right then fire flashed my blood. Something thundered my head. All at once I noticed that no poor devil in this world had ever been cursed with such a heartburning for a girl as I had for Gracie.

But now the showman was pushing me into a corner. The Tornado squatted in the other, a mighty, hairy and lumpy man. The way he glared at me, like he could eat me whole blood and raw, curdled my stomach with sickness. I thought hard of Pap and swore I'd stay in the ring if I could.

The showman said, "The rules is not to bite nor kick."

I nodded, trying to not look at the

Tornado, who'd begun to grind his teeth.

The showman climbed out. "When I hit this bell," he said, "start fighting. When I hit it again, the round's over."

I got braced. The Tornado commenced flipping muscles all over his body and showing his teeth. I felt I had about as much chance as a one-legged man at a kicking party. For Pap's sake I had to take that chance.

Then the bell went *blang-g-g*. The Tornado leaped from his stool with his fists cocked full of skill and his face full of slaughter. I jumped, too, and we scrambled in for a few licks. He welted me at pleasure. I could only hit the air where he had skipped aside. I was getting real jolted.

He kept hot after me. I tried to keep him at arm's distance, all the while swallering sad lumps and aching as I thought of Gracie.

Then he caught me in a corner. His fists were like iron balls shooting in from all sides. My head whistled tunes I'd never heard before. It was storming iron balls! I had to scrouge my head inside my gloves. His fists played royal seesaw on me, but I remembered Pap and managed to keep on my feet.

More than that, my brains were busy. For who could have told Gracie I wouldn't take her to the carnival because of saving my money to buy a secondhanded motorcycle? Who but Earl Luther?

The Tornado started butting. It nearly fixed me. The world was rolling under me when he pulled back, swearing and rubbing his head. Behind him, beside the ring, I saw the showman scowling at his watch and reaching for the bell. The crowd was getting mad and yelling, "It's been *five* minutes! Ring that bell! Ring that bell!"

LIKE fury this time, the Tornado feathered into me, slinging those iron balls as thick as birdshot, using his knees and butting. My head spun like a grindstone. I did my levelest to hold him off. With all my force I backhanded him a whop on the ear. He grunted sharp and hopped back, looking surprised. I strained to hear the bell.

But I heard a voice scream, "Watch out, Ovid!" Gracie's voice.

From the corner of my eye I glimpsed Earl Luther heaving his arm. I ducked, the bell rung, and the Tornado fell like a bull struck by lightning. The rock that had missed me bounced off his head through the ropes.

Things happened fast after that. Earl Luther was headed for the door of the tent. I vaulted out of the ring to cut him off. Then Earl Luther saw who'd been standing in the doorway. It was High-constable Warhoss Highfi with grim face looking like bu

Earl Luther whirled an along the side of the te rear opening. I changec and put power to my leg through the crowd. If he there would be no catchir

But as he darted past gled, flung up his arms, out. That was all I need him. Before he could ge wrapped around him.

Maybe wrapped him than was needful. Becau hoss Highfill did jerk him arrest him for disturbing Earl Luther just dodde were like a couple of stale hoss hustled him off to th

"It's lucky he stumblec said I to Gracie, as I was money from the honest o fleet as a deer fly."

"I tripped him, Ovid," needed it. If there is ar endorse it's a boy goes when he's losing. And, rock-heaving boy is wors goes gallivanting over t an old danger-to-life-an handed motorcycle!"

"Gracie," I said, "I dreamed of buying a secc torcycle!" So, while I co ver dollars from the show about Pap's rastus plow t

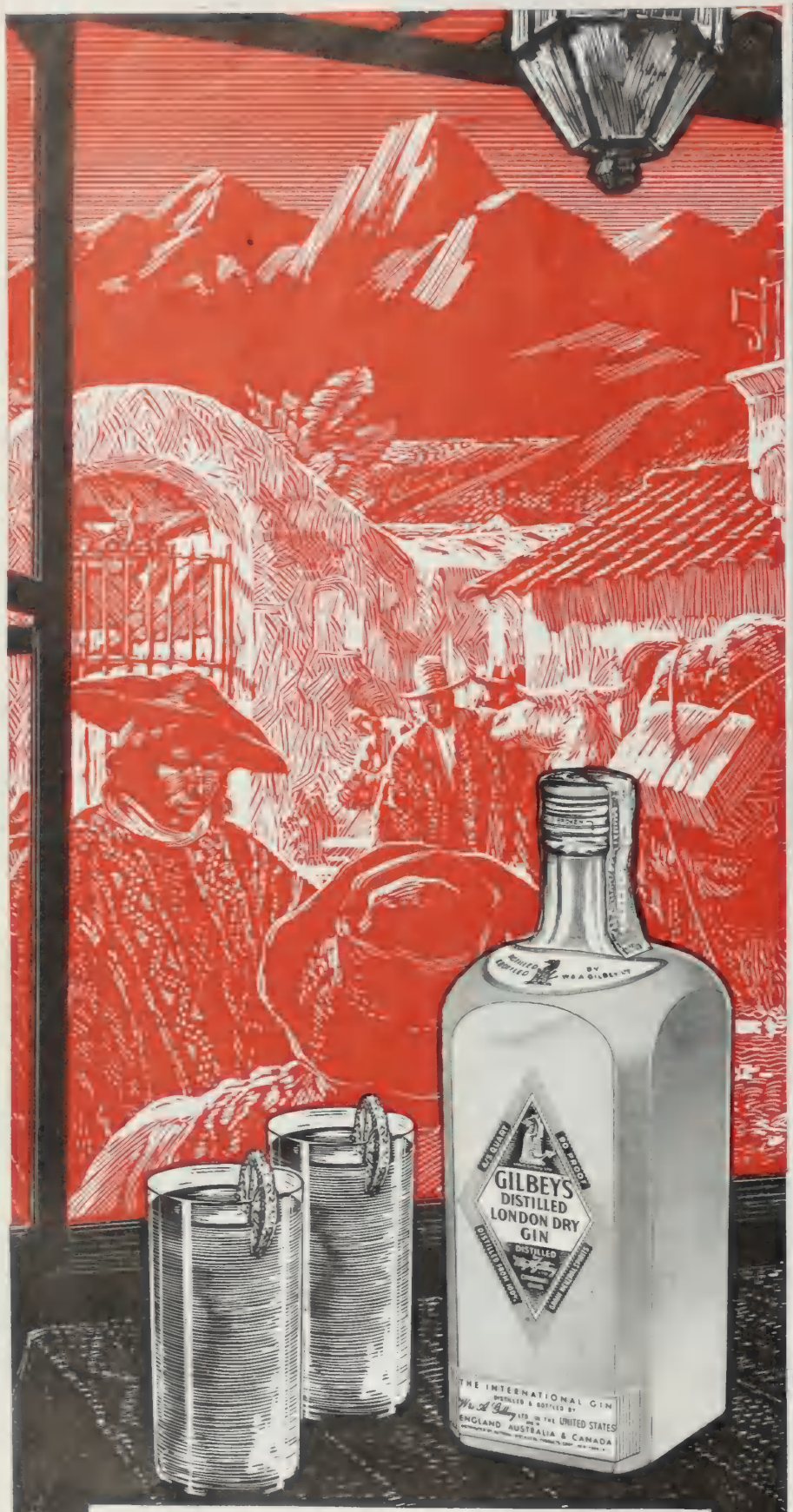
When I'd finished, she ing voice, "Oh, can yc *ever?* I believed Earl You'd acted so queer. A I liked Earl Luther a lo saw you in real trouble, man beating on you, I kn felt deep for."

"Forgive you I will, an I told her, looking in h eyes. "If I'd lost you, G perished. For you are as red-haired girl as ever And I would just admire earnest."

"Oh, Ovid!" was all I So the next little while th irregardless of all the around in the tent, was business.

Then she pushed awa Ovid," she said. "I've about your pap's rastus been remembering. This Ben Rowen was in the Li ing coffee with a few soc was boasting about a go

"Yes, Ovid, and he only eight dollars cash nearly new rastus plow Siler!"



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Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 16

aid, "You will be interested to
th both you and your wife Chris-
we easily recognized and picked
by e Surrey police from a group
eo e photographed here. They
tifi you both at once as Edward
iga and Christine Deverill, the
g man who found the body."
tri Redfern had risen. His hand-
e f e was transformed, suffused
bl d, blind with rage. It was the
of iller—of a tiger.
ou amned interfering, murdering,
li e worm!" he yelled.
h ed himself forward, his fingers
chi and curling, his voice raving
es, he fastened his fingers round
ule oirot's throat. . . .

IR said reflectively:
t w on a morning when we were
ng here that we talked of sun-
ed dies lying like meat upon a
an was then that I reflected how
di rence there was between one
an another. If one looked closely
app singly—yes—but to the casual
ce? One moderately well-made
g w nan is very like another. Two
m s, two brown arms, a little
e o thing suit in between—just
dy ing out in the sun. When a
an lks, when she speaks, laughs,
s he ead, moves a hand—then, yes
th e is personality—individual-
Bu n the sun ritual—no.
t wa that day that we spoke of evil
il u er the sun as Mr. Lane put it.
La is a very sensitive person—
affe s him—he perceives its pres-
—b though he is a good recording
rum t, he did not really know ex-
y wh e the evil was. To him, evil
foc ed in the person of Arlena
sha nd practically everyone pres-
agre with him.
But my mind, though evil was
ent, was not centralized in Arlena
sha at all. It was connected with
yes out in a totally different way.
w h first, last and all the time, as
tern and predestined *victim*. Be-
se s was beautiful, because she
glam r, because men turned their
ds to ok at her, it was assumed that
was e type of woman who wrecked
s an destroyed souls. But I saw
very ifferently. It was not she who
ally a racted men—it was men who
ally a racted her. She was the type
woma whom men care for easily and
whom ey as easily tire. And every-
ng th I was told or found out about
stre thened my conviction on this
nt.
The st thing that was mentioned
out h was how the man in whose
orce se she had been cited refused
marr ier. It was then that Captain
arsha one of those incurably chival-
ls me stepped in and asked her to
arry h n. To a shy, retiring man of
ptain Marshall's type, a public ordeal
any k d would be the worst torture—
nce h love and pity for his first wife
o wa publicly accused and tried for
murd she had not committed. He
arried er and found himself amply
stifie n his estimate of her char-
ter. ter her death another beauti-
l wor n, perhaps something of the
me ty e (since Linda has red hair
uch s probably inherited from her
other s held up to public ignominy.
"Agai Marshall performs a rescue
t. But this time he finds little to sus-
in his infatuation. Arlena is stupid,
worth of his sympathy and protec-
on, mi less. Nevertheless, I think he
ways ad a fairly true vision of her.
ong a r he ceased to love her and
was irked by her presence, he remained sorry for her. She was to him like a child who cannot get farther than a certain page in the book of life.

"I saw in Arlena Marshall, with her passion for men, a predestined prey for an unscrupulous man of a certain type. In Patrick Redfern, with his good looks, his easy assurance, his undeniable charm for women, I recognized at once that type. The adventurer who makes his living, one way or another, out of women. Looking on from my place on the beach I was quite certain that Arlena was Patrick's victim, not the other way about. And I associated that focus of evil with Patrick Redfern, not with Arlena Marshall.

"Arlena had recently come into a large sum of money, left her by an elderly admirer who had not had time to grow tired of her. She was the type of woman who is invariably defrauded of money by some man or other. Miss Brewster mentioned a young man who had been 'ruined' by Arlena, but a letter from him which was found in her room, though it expressed a wish (which cost nothing) to cover her with jewels, in actual *fact* acknowledged a check from *her* by means of which he hoped to escape prosecution. A clear case of a young waster sponging on her.

"I have no doubt that Patrick Redfern found it easy to induce her to hand him large sums from time to time 'for investment.' He probably dazzled her with stories of great opportunities—how he would make her fortune and his own. Unprotected women, living alone, are easy preys to that type of man—and he usually escapes scot-free with the booty. If, however, there is a husband, or a brother, or a father about, things are apt to take an unpleasant turn for the swindler. Once Captain Marshall was to find out what had happened to his wife's fortune, Patrick Redfern might expect short shrift.

"That did not worry him, however, because he contemplated quite calmly doing away with her when he judged it necessary—encouraged by having already got away with one murder—that of a young woman whom he had married in the name of Corrigan and whom he had persuaded to insure her life for a large sum.

"In his plans he was aided and abetted by the woman who down here passed as his wife and to whom he was genuinely attached. A young woman as unlike the type of his victims as could well be imagined—cool, calm, passionless, but steadfastly loyal to him and an actress of no mean ability. From the time of her arrival here Christine Redfern played a part, the part of the 'poor little wife'—frail, helpless, intellectual rather than athletic. Actually she was an extremely active young woman who could climb like a cat and run like an athlete.

"THE crime itself was perfectly planned and timed. It was, as I mentioned before, a very slick crime. The timing was a work of genius.

"First of all there were certain preliminary scenes—one played on the cliff ledge when they knew me to be occupying the next recess—a conventional jealous-wife dialogue between her and her husband. Later she played the same part in a scene with me. At the time I remember a vague feeling of having read all this in a book. It did not seem *real*. Because, of course, it was *not* real. Then came the day of the crime. It was a fine day—an essential. Redfern's first act was to slip out very early—by the balcony door which he



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unlocked from the inside (if found open it would only be thought someone had gone for an early bath). Under his bathing wrap he concealed a green Chinese hat, the duplicate of the one Arlena was in the habit of wearing. He slipped across the island, down the ladder and stowed it away in an appointed place behind some rocks. Part I.

"On the previous evening he had arranged a rendezvous with Arlena. They were exercising a good deal of caution about meeting, as Arlena was slightly afraid of her husband. She agreed to go around to Pixy Cove early. Nobody went there in the morning. Redfern was to join her there, taking a chance to slip away unobtrusively. If she heard anyone descending the ladder, or a boat came in sight, she was to slip inside the Pixy's Cave, the secret of which he had told her, and wait there until the coast was clear. Part II.

"In the meantime Christine went to Linda's room at a time when she judged Linda would have gone for her early-morning dip. She would then alter Linda's watch, putting it ahead twenty minutes. There was, of course, a risk that Linda might notice her watch was wrong but it did not much matter if she did. Christine's real alibi was the size of her hands, which made it a physical impossibility for her to have committed the crime. Nevertheless, an additional alibi would be desirable. When in Linda's room, she noticed the book on witchcraft and magic, open at a certain page. She read it and when Linda came in and dropped a parcel of candles she realized what was in Linda's mind. It opened up some new ideas to her. The original idea of the guilty pair had been to cast a reasonable amount of suspicion on Kenneth Marshall, hence the abstracted pipe, a fragment of which was to be planted on the cove underneath the ladder.

"ON LINDA'S return Christine easily arranged an outing together to Gull Cove. She then returned to her own room, took out from a locked suitcase a bottle of artificial sun tan, applied it carefully and threw the empty bottle out of the window where it narrowly escaped hitting Emily Brewster who was bathing. Part III successfully accomplished.

"Christine then dressed herself in a white bathing suit and over it a pair of beach trousers and coat with long, floppy sleeves which effectually concealed her newly browned arms and legs.

"At 10:15 Arlena departed for her rendezvous: a minute or two later Patrick Redfern came down and registered surprise, annoyance, etc. Christine's task was easy enough. Keeping her own watch concealed she asked Linda at twenty-five past eleven what time it was. Linda looked at her watch and replied that it was a quarter to twelve. She then starts down to the sea and Christine packs up her sketching things. As soon as Linda's back is turned Christine picks up the girl's watch which she has necessarily discarded before going into the sea and alters it back to the correct time. Then she hurries up the cliff path, runs across the narrow neck of land to the top of the ladder, strips off her pajamas and shoves them and her sketching box behind a rock and swarms rapidly down the ladder in her best gymnastic fashion.

"Arlena is on the beach below wondering why Patrick is so long in coming. She sees or hears someone on the ladder, takes a cautious observation and to her annoyance sees that inconvenient person—the wife! She hurries along the beach and into the Pixy's Cave.

"Christine takes the hat from its hiding place, a false red curl pinned underneath the brim at the back, and disposes herself in a sprawling attitude with the hat and curl shielding her face and neck. The timing is perfect. A minute or two later the boat containing Patrick and Emily Brewster comes around the point. Remember it is *Patrick* who bends down and examines the body, *Patrick* who is stunned, shocked, broken down by the death of his lady love!

"MISS BREWSTER rows off to fetch the police. Christine, as soon as the boat has disappeared, springs up, cuts the hat into pieces with the scissors Patrick has carefully brought, stuffs them into her bathing suit and swarms up the ladder in double-quick time, slips into her beach pajamas and runs back to the hotel. Just time to have a quick bath, washing off the brown sun-tan application, and into her tennis dress. One other thing she does. She burns the pieces of the green cardboard hat and the hair in Linda's grate, adding a leaf of a calendar so that it may be associated with the cardboard. Not a *hat* but a *calendar* has been burnt. As she suspected, Linda has been experimenting in magic—the blob of wax and the pin show that.

"Then, down to the tennis court, arriving the last, but showing no signs of flurry or haste.

"And, meanwhile, Patrick has gone to the cave. Arlena has seen nothing and heard very little—a boat—voices—she has prudently remained hidden. But now it is Patrick calling.

"'All clear, darling,'" and she comes out and his hands fasten around her neck—and that is the end of poor, foolish, beautiful Arlena Marshall. . . ."

His voice died away.

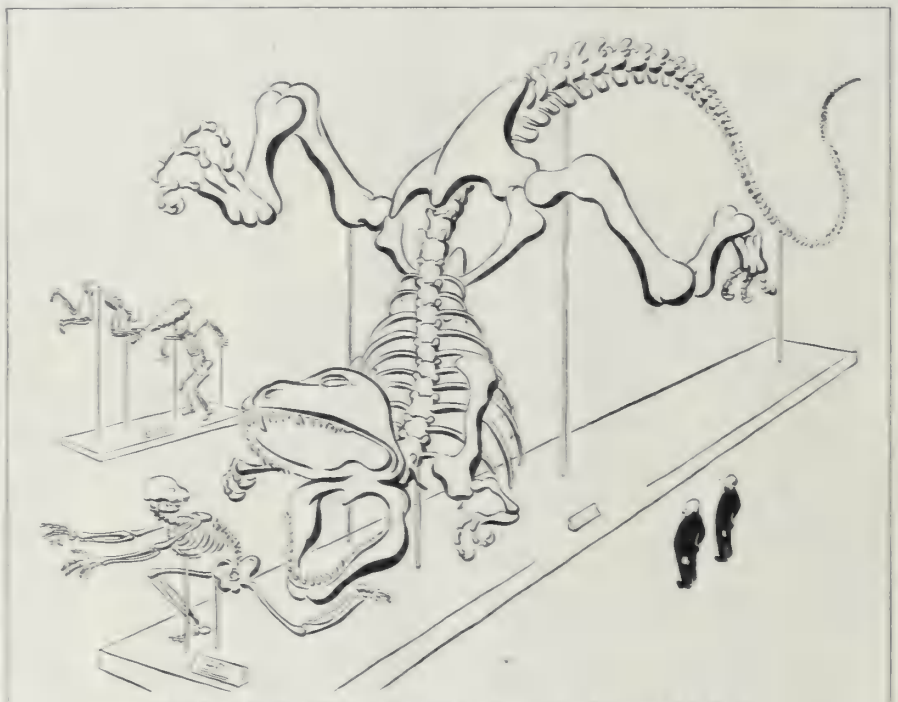
For a moment there was silence, then Rosamund Darnley said with a little shiver, "Yes, you make one see it all. But that's the story from the other side. You haven't told us how *you* came to get at the truth."

"I told you once," Poirot said, "that I had a very simple mind. Always, from the beginning, it seemed to me that *the most likely person* had killed Arlena Marshall. And the most likely person was Patrick Redfern. He was the type, *par excellence*—the type of the man who exploits women like her, and the type of the killer—the kind of man who will take a woman's savings and cut her throat into the bargain. Who was Arlena going to meet that morning? By the evidence of her face, her smile, her words to me—*Patrick Redfern*. And, therefore, in the very nature of things, it should be Patrick Redfern who killed her.

"But at once I came up, as I told you, against impossibility. Patrick Redfern could not have killed her since he was on the beach and in Miss Brewster's company until the actual discovery of the body. So I looked about for other solutions—and there were several. She could have been killed by her husband—with Miss Darnley's connivance. (They too had both lied as to one point which looked suspicious.) She could have been killed as a result of her having stumbled on the secret of the dope smuggling. She could have been killed, as I said, by a religious maniac, and she could have been killed by her stepdaughter. The latter seemed to me at one time to be the real solution. Linda's manner in her very first interview with the police was significant. An interview that I had with her later assured me of one point. Linda considered herself guilty."

"You mean she imagined that she had actually killed Arlena?"

Hercule Poirot nodded. "Yes. Remember—she is really little more than a child. She read that book on witchcraft and she half believed it. She hated Arlena. She deliberately made the wax doll, cast her spell, pierced it to the heart, melted it away—*and that very day Arlena Marshall died.* Older and wiser people than Linda have believed fervently in magic. Naturally she believed that it was all true—that by using magic she had killed her stepmother."



"Adds a little life to the old place, don't you think?"

WILLIAM HAYES

ROSAMUND cried, "Oh, poor child, poor child. And I thought—I imagined—something quite different—that she knew something which would—"

Rosamund stopped.

"I know what it was you thought," Poirot said. "Actually your manner frightened Linda still further. She believed that her action had really brought about Arlena's death and that you knew it. Christine Redfern worked on her too, introducing the idea of the sleeping tablets to her mind, showing her the way to a speedy and painless expiation of her crime. You see, once Captain Marshall was proved to have an alibi, it was vital for a new suspect to be found. Neither she nor her husband knew about the dope smuggling. They fixed on Linda to be the scapegoat."

"What a devil!" Rosamund said.

Poirot nodded.

"Yes, you are right. A cold-blooded and cruel woman. For me, I was in great difficulty. Was Linda guilty only of the childish attempt at witchcraft, or had her hate carried her still farther—to the actual act? I tried to get l to me. But it was no g moment I was in grave unc chief constable was inclin the dope-smuggling explan let it go at that. I went c again very carefully. I ha collection of jigsaw-puzzle lated happenings—plain whole must fit into a comp monious pattern.

"There were the scissors beach—a bottle thrown fr —a bath that no one wo having taken—all perfec occurrences in themselves, significant by the fact that admit to them. Therefor be of significance. Nothin fitted in with the theories c tain Marshall's or Linda's gang's being responsible. *must* have meaning. I we to my first solution—that fern had committed the n there anything in support c the fact that a very large s was missing from Arlena's had got that money? Pat of course.

"ARLENA was the typ easily swindled by young man—but she was type of woman to be black was far too transparent, not at keeping a secret. The story had never rung true And yet there *had* been t tion overheard—ah, but c whom? *Patrick Redfern's* her story—unsupported by evidence. Why was it in answer came to me like l account for the absence money!

"Patrick and Christine F two of them were in it toge tine hadn't the physical strangle her or the mental it was Patrick who had don was impossible! Every n time was accounted for u was found.

"Body—the word body thing in my mind—bodies beach—*all alike*. Patrick Emily Brewster had got and seen *a body* lying ther suppose it was not Arlen somebody else's? The fac by the great Chinese hat.

"But there *was* only one Arlena's. Then, could it be —someone pretending t Could it be Arlena herself Patrick to play some kind shook my head—no, too r body—whose? Was there who would help Redfern? his wife. But she was a w delicate creature—Ah, yes can be applied out of bottl a bottle—I had one of my Yes, and afterward, of cou to wash that telltale stain went out to play tennis. sors? Why, to cut up t cardboard hat—an unwiel must be got out of the wa haste the scissors were le

"But where was Arlena That again was perfectly Rosamund Darnley or Arl had been in the Pixy's Ca they both used told me t certainly not Rosamund D it was Arlena, hiding till the clear.

"When Emily Brewster the boat, Patrick had the b self and full opportunity t crime. Arlena Marshall wa a quarter to twelve but the dence was only concerned liest possible time the crim been committed. That Arl

...on't you call *me* an old fogey!"



"LISTEN, pip-squeak!" spluttered the pipe with the general's head. "It's not being new and shiny that counts in a pipe!

"It's being old and mellow. It's being used and loved . . . it's being prized . . . it's the friendship of the fragrant smoke you bring. That's what counts!

"Just wait until you're filled with Half and Half. Wait until its aromatic smoke is flowing through *your* stem. *Then* you'll know what a pipeful of it can mean to a man!

"It's companionship when he's alone. It comforts him when he's blue, and calms him down when he's edge-y. It's a friendly smoke . . . a kindly smoke that wouldn't bite the meanest man on earth.

"I *know*. I've passed along the fragrant cheer of Half and Half for many a happy year. So keep a civil tongue in your wooden head—and after this, remember to address me as 'sir'!"

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to twelve was what was
octor, not what he told the

points had to be settled.
all's evidence gave Chris-
an alibi. Yes, but that evi-
ded on Linda Marshall's
All that was needed was to
hristine had had two op-
tampering with the watch.
easily enough. She had
Linda's room that morning
as an indirect proof. Linda
say that she was 'afraid
to be late,' but when she
was only twenty-five past
nge clock. The second op-
easy—she could alter the
again as soon as Linda
back and went down to

e was the question of the
tine had always declared
ead for heights. Another
ared lie.
mosaic now—each piece
ted into its place. But, un-
had no definite proof. It
mind.

n that an idea came to me.
an assurance—a slickness
ne. I had no doubt that in
rick Redfern would repeat
hat about the past? It was
ible that this was not his
The method employed,
was in harmony with his
ler for pleasure as well as
e was already a murderer
at he would have used the

spector Colgate for a list
ims of strangulation. The
e with joy. The death of
s, found strangled in a
might or might not be
n's work—it might merely
d choice of locality to him,
Corrigan's death I found
I was looking for. In es-
e method. Juggling with
der committed not, as is
before it is supposed to
d, but *afterward*. A body
scovered at a quarter past four. A husband with an alibi up to twenty-five past four.

"What really happened? It was said that Edward Corrigan arrived at the Pine Ridge, found his wife was not there *and went out and walked up and down.* Actually, of course, he ran full speed to the rendezvous, Caesar's Grove (which you will remember was quite near by) killed her and returned to the café. The girl hiker who reported the crime was a most respectable young lady, games' mistress in a well-known girls' school. Apparently she had no connection with Edward Corrigan. She had to walk some way to report the death. The police surgeon only examined the body at a quarter to six. As in this case the time of death was accepted without question.

"I made one final test. I must know definitely if Mrs. Redfern was a liar. I arranged our little excursion to Dartmoor. If anyone has a bad head for heights, they are never comfortable crossing a narrow bridge over running water. Miss Brewster, a genuine sufferer, showed giddiness. But Christine Redfern, unconcerned, ran across without a qualm. It was a small point, but it was a definite test. If she had told one unnecessary lie—then all the other lies were possible. In the meantime Colgate had got the photograph identified by the Surrey police. I played my hand in the only way I thought likely to succeed. Having lulled Patrick Redfern into security, I turned on him and did my utmost to make him lose his self-control. The knowledge that he had been identified with Corrigan caused him to lose his head completely."

Hercule Poirot stroked his throat reminiscently.

"What I did," he said with importance, "was exceedingly dangerous—but I do not regret it. I succeeded! I did not suffer in vain."

There was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Gardener gave a deep sigh. "Why, M. Poirot," she said. "It's just been too wonderful—hearing just exactly how you got your results. It's every bit as fascinating as a lecture on criminology—in fact, it *is* a lecture on criminology. And to think my magenta wool and that sun-bathing conversation actually had something to do with it! That really makes me too excited for words and I'm sure Mr. Gardener feels the same, don't you, Odell?"

"Yes, darling," said Mr. Gardener.

Hercule Poirot said, "Mr. Gardener too was of assistance to me. I wanted the opinion of a sensible man about Mrs. Marshall. I asked Mr. Gardener what he thought of her."

"Is that so?" said Mrs. Gardener. "And what did you say about her, Odell?"

Mr. Gardener coughed. "Well, darling," he said, "I never did think very much of her, you know."

"That's the kind of thing men always say to their wives," said Mrs. Gardener. "And if you ask me, even M. Poirot here is what I should call a shade on the indulgent side about her, calling her a natural victim and all that. Of course it's true that she wasn't a cultured woman at all, and as Captain Marshall isn't here I don't mind saying that she did seem to me kind of dumb. I said so to Mr. Gardener, didn't I, Odell?"

"Yes, darling," said Mr. Gardener.

LINDA MARSHALL sat with Hercule Poirot on Gull Cove. "Of course," she said, "I'm glad I didn't die after all. But you know, M. Poirot, it's just the same as if I'd killed her, isn't it? I meant to."

Hercule Poirot said energetically:

"It is not at all the same thing. The wish to kill and the action of killing are two different things. If in your bedroom instead of a little wax figure you had had your stepmother bound and helpless and a dagger in your hand instead of a pin, you would not have pushed it into her heart! Something within you would have said 'No.' It is the same with me. I enrage myself at an imbecile. I say, 'I would like to kick him.' Instead, I kick the table. I say, 'This table, it is the imbecile, I kick him so.' And then, if I have not hurt my toe too much, I feel much better and the table it is not usually damaged. But if the imbecile himself were there I should not kick him.

"To make the wax figures and stick in the pins it is silly, yes, it is childish, yes—but it does something useful too. You took the hate out of yourself and put it into that little figure. And with the pin and the fire you destroyed—not your stepmother—but the hate you bore her. Afterward, even before you heard of her death, you felt cleansed, did you not—you felt lighter—happier?"

Linda nodded. "How did you know?" she said. "That's just how I did feel."

Poirot said, "Then do not repeat to yourself the imbecilities. Just make up your mind not to hate your next stepmother."

Linda said, startled, "Do you think I'm going to have another? Oh, I see, you mean Rosamund. I don't mind her." She hesitated a minute. "She's *sensible*."

It was not the adjective that Poirot himself would have selected for Rosamund Darnley, but he realized that it was Linda's idea of high praise.

KENNETH MARSHALL said, "Rosamund, did you get some extraordinary idea into your head that I'd killed Arlena?"

Rosamund looked rather shamefaced. "I suppose I was a fool," she said.

"Of course you were."

"Yes, but Ken, you are such an oyster. I never knew what you really felt about Arlena. I didn't know if you accepted her as she was and were just frightfully decent about her, or whether you—well, just believed in her blindly. And I thought if it was that and you suddenly found out that she was letting you down you might go mad with rage."

"So you thought I just took her by the throat and throttled the life out of her?"

"Well—yes—that's just exactly what



"ne to think of it, I suppose it does look rather suspicious"

CHARLES ADDAMS



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I did think. And your alibi seemed a bit on the light side. That's when I suddenly decided to take a hand and made up that silly story about seeing you typing in your room. And when I heard that you said you'd seen me look in—well, that made me quite sure you'd done it. That, and Linda's queerness."

Kenneth Marshall said with a sigh, "Don't you realize that I said I'd seen you in the mirror in order to back up *your* story. I—I thought you needed it corroborated."

Rosamund stared at him. "You don't mean you thought that I killed your wife?"

Kenneth Marshall shifted uneasily. He mumbled, "Dash it all, Rosamund, don't you remember how you nearly killed that boy about that dog once? How you hung on to his throat and wouldn't let go."

"But that was years ago."

"Yes, I know—"

Rosamund said sharply, "What earthly motive do you think I had to kill Arlena?"

HIS glance shifted. He mumbled something again.

Rosamund cried, "Ken, you mass of conceit! You thought I killed her out of altruism on your behalf, did you? Or—or did you think I killed her because I wanted you myself?"

"Not at all," said Kenneth Marshall indignantly. "But you know what you said that day—about Linda and everything—and—and you seemed to care what happened to me."

"I've always cared about that," Rosamund said.

"I believe you have. You know, Rosamund—I can't usually talk about things—I'm not good at talking—but I'd like to get this clear. I didn't care for Arlena—only just a little at first—and living with her day after day was a pretty nerve-racking business. In fact, it was absolute hell, but I *was* awfully sorry for her. She was such a damned fool—crazy about men—she just couldn't help it—and they always let her down and treated her rottenly. I simply felt



"No, I haven't got a pencil and paper handy! Suppose you just give me your message and let me forget it"

GARDNER REA

I couldn't be the one to g
push."

"It's all right, Ken,"
gently. "I understand

Kenneth Marshall ca
pipe. He mumbled,
good at understanding, I

A faint smile curve
ironic mouth.

"Are you going to as
you now, Ken," she sa
determined to wait six

KENNETH MARS
dropped from his li
on the rocks below. H
that's the second pipe
here. And I haven't g
me. How the devil dic
fixed six months as the

"I suppose because i
time. But I'd rather
definite now, please.
intervening months y
across some other per
and rush to the rescu
fashion again."

He laughed. "You're
persecuted female this t
You're going to give up
ing business of yours
to live in the country.'

"Don't you know that
handsome income out c
Don't you realize that i
—that I created it and w
that I'm proud of it!
the nerve to come along
it all up, dear.' "

"I've got the nerve t

"And you think I care
to do it?"

"If you don't," said
shall, "you'd be no goo

Rosamund said softly
I've wanted to live in t
you all my life. Now
come true . . ."

Our New Army

Continued from page 25

sweethearts, or not likin' Sunday dessert, or gettin' a little bit cold."

"What d'you mean—gettin' a little bit cold?" demanded Pvt. Aaron Gilman of Bell Harbor, Long Island. "When we first get here they put us in winterized tents that don't even have tar paper over the wooden baseboards, and what d'you suppose goes on? I have a bottle of milk in my tent the night the mercury hits bottom and when I wake up I don't know whether I am me or the bottle. Both of us are frozen stiff!"

"That's better," said the Corp. Berg. "Pretty good, in fact. But you got to do it all the time."

●

SOUTHEAST: If you think that getting a camp going is just a matter of tossing together a few one-story buildings, dusting off a drill field and filling same with men, take a look at some Fort Meade statistics. Preparing for more than 25,000 trainees, National Guardsmen and regulars, this Maryland camp's program calls for more than 1,200 new buildings, fifty miles of sewer and water lines, twenty miles of new roads and high-power transmission lines capable of carrying up to 13,000 volts. Lumber has been coming in at the lively rate of 1,000,000 feet a day, making some of the builders and construction engineers feel they've been in the chicken-coop business up to now.

Things are humming in Norfolk, Va., too. A combination of Navy construction, defense training and Coast Guard work is turning Norfolk into a boom town that has the local gentry bug-eyed. Last year's census gave the city credit for 143,000 men, women and children but that figure has already skipped past the 175,000 mark and may reach 200,000. If and when it does, Norfolk will become the biggest town in Virginia, taking the honor away from Richmond, which now claims 190,000 assorted citizens. Norfolk is the site of important Navy yards; trainees and regulars are making Fort Story bulge at Cape Henry, five miles away, and the Coast Guard has growing pains at Camp Pendleton, two miles south of Virginia Beach. You wouldn't know the old places.

The light cream and pale gray color scheme of the country's defense cantonments started at Fort Meyer, Maryland. Paint experts had the meemies about it at first because this particular combination requires quantities of sienna (from Italy) and umber (from Turkey), but a checkup showed enough of these pigments in the U. S. to take care of the works. The Army fooled around with several combinations before they conceived the light cream-pale gray number; then they asked President Roosevelt to look it over and say what he thought. He thought it was fine; so trainees who think otherwise and want to say so will have to direct their squawks to the White House.

●

NEW ENGLAND: Take one part of snow, melt slightly, then freeze until the surface is glassy. Add twelve inches of heavy wet snow. Result: New England Draft Weather. At Fort Devens a lot of erstwhile civilians are suffering from severe head and chest colds—they call it Fort Devens T. B.—but the weather can't take the rap for the whole business. Officers and old soldiers agree it's partly due to faulty heating systems in some of the hastily built temporary barracks, and they're pretty sure the Army won't officially accept several of the buildings now being tried out at the Reception Center.

Anyway, life goes on at Fort Devens. When the mercury finally stopped at 18 degrees below, one recent morning, officers marched the selectees to a large building for indoor instruction. Later in the day an athletic period appeared on the schedule. What did the men elect to do? They decided to go outside and take off their overcoats and play football.

One of them might have been Pvt. Lester Connors of Billerica, Massachusetts, who fatalistically admits to being a veteran of more than one phase of the national emergency program. "When the construction work got under way here," he explains, "I got a job as timekeeper at $41 a week. My pal got a job, too, and he used to drive me to and from work. Then in November he was drafted and I had a hell of a time getting back and forth, so I thought I might as well volunteer and let the Army take over my transportation worries." It's working out fine, he says.

Lieut. Patrick M. Hollis, requisition assignment officer at the Fort Devens Reception Center, was enthusiastic as he thumbed through t
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Whenever he is aske
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●

EVERYWHERE: It's
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—fast. . . . Some of the
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manuals and finding ou
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it was first made at Ba
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word *houfnice*, a catapu
lor isn't an unmarried m
at arms. A sap isn't wh
is, either. It's a narro







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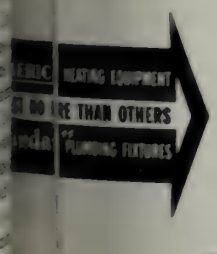
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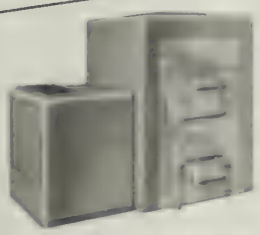
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CITY SIN

By ROARK BRADFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



"Mankind!" Bugaboo shouted. "Dis pe-rade is a dog! Me an' Iron Man must be de Royal Inner Gyard, or somethin'!"

Sin-Splitting Samuel does the preaching, and Bugaboo Jones and Iron Man take care of the fighting

THE whistle of the John D. Grace gave two throaty blasts, the pilot spun the big wheel and the boat turned her nose from midchannel of the Mississippi River toward the bank. Half a mile away, a man astride a mule was waving his hat frantically.

Iron Man, lying flat on his back on the forward main deck, tapped his harmonica and sighed. "Town name of Bayou Sara used to be along 'bout hyar, befo' she drapped in de river."

Bugaboo Jones raised on his elbow, looked, shook his head and looked again. He frowned and turned to his friend. "You look, Iron Man," he begged, "and den tell me I don't see what I sees."

Iron Man looked. "You's right, Bugaboo," he said sadly.

The steamboat touched shore and was held nose-on by the stern wheel's slow churning. The plank was lowered quickly and the man rode down. As the mule's foot touched the deck, the gangplank was hoisted, the wheel reversed and the boat backed toward the channel.

Captain Cooley walked to the rail of the hurricane deck above.

"Howdy, Splitter," he greeted. "Which-away?"

The Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel, still astride old Balaam, his bony sorrel mule, pushed the flopping brim of his black hat from his eyes and looked upward. "Howdy, Cap'm Cooley," he returned. "Dis time, suh, I'm bound for N'Awlins."

"That far? I thought you never went south of Baton Rouge."

"I ain't never been dar yit," the preacher said, "but now I'm got de call dat de guv'mer done tore down de ole Basin Districk in N'Awlins and done built some bran'-new slumses."

"I have heard of some such activity," the captain said.

"So I and ole Balaam hyar got de call to revive de sin outn dat place."

The steamboat captain chuckled. He had been familiar with the evangelistic career of Sin-Splitting Samuel for nearly half a century.

"North Louisiana made a short cotton crop, this fall," Captain Cooley pointed out, "but I didn't figure times were hard enough to run you clear to New Orleans."

The Sin Splitter grinned. "Whar hit ain't no money, hit ain't no sin," he said.

"And speaking of that," the captain told him, "fare for you and your mule will be five dollars."

"Yassuh," the preacher said without hesitation. "I'll send hit right up by one er de boys."

THE captain returned to his rocking chair and the Sin Splitter dismounted. He passed the cotton rope rein to a young roustabout named Sylvester. "Take Balaam back er de b'iler and bus' open a bale er dat hay," the preacher ordered.

Sylvester was new on the river and the Sin Splitter was new to Sylvester. "You makes kind er free wid yuther people's time," Sylvester protested. "Who feed yo' mule when you ain't on de boat?"

The Splitter glared and walked away, leaving Sylvester acutely unhappy.

"I don't like dat kind er man," Sylvester complained.

"Sho you don't." Iron Man told him. "Don't nobody like him. But you gonter feed his mule and de mate gonter ketch you bus'in' open a bale er dat cargo hay and he gonter take a doll
You ain't fixin' to like d
dat's de way hit's gonter
"Not me," Sylvester s
"You and yo' brother b
a brother," Iron Man
"Cause you's ridin' wi
Samuel."
"Few white folks and
kin do me like dat," Sy
"Ain't no man kin—"
"You's right," Iron M
"He ain't no man. He m
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best hay on de boat, he'll
'cross de river."
Sylvester, grumbling, l
Iron Man and Bugaboo l
Iron Man's harmoni
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"Five dollars for me anc
to N'Awlins. Gimme son
to start de collection."
Groaning, Iron Man
pockets. Bugaboo, follo
started to do the same w
that he would need a di

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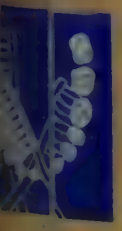
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before tomorrow's payday. Deftly, he flipped a dime into the bib of his overalls and then dumped the rest of his money into the hat.

The Sin Splitter never overlooked cash. "Rogue f'm yo' brother," he warned, "and you do's a sin. But rogue f'm de Lawd, and bad luck sho gonter overtake you."

Bugaboo bristled. He was familiar with all the talk and some of the doings of the notorious evangelist; and he had heard Iron Man speak of the preacher's extraordinary powers of persuasion. But to be called a thief for not giving away all of his own money, made Bugaboo angry.

"You ain't no brother er mine," he declared with some heat. "And I knows you ain't de Lawd. And even efn you was bofe, hit ain't roguin' for me to hold out a dime er my own money."

THE preacher glared at him silently. Iron Man smiled sadly and began to breathe lonesome sounds through the reeds of his harmonica. Bugaboo glared back and began to sing:

"I kin feel my hell a-risin'
High as de sun kin shine.
And I'd druther kill me a preacher
Den give him a lousy dime."

The Sin Splitter immediately changed his tactics. He smiled pleasantly. "You's jest de kinder man I needs," he declared warmly. "I'm got some powerful fightin' to do agin ole Satan down yonder in N'Awlins, and I'm gittin' 'long in de years. I kin handle de preachin' and de groanin', all right, but when hit come to de fightin'—"

Iron Man stopped the music. "Is hit fixin' to be a fight?"

"Sho," said the Splitter. "Ole Satan been a-sowin' sin for a solid hund'ed years whar dem new guv'mer slumses is. You don't reckon preachin' and singin' gonter undo hit all, does you?"

"Me, I don't keer much 'bout fightin'," Bugaboo said, "but Iron Man, he sorter like hit. And I and him always stays together when hit's a fight goin' on."

"Dat's on account I'm got to pull people out f'm under Bugaboo when he git mad," Iron Man explained, "or else us go to jail for killin' somebody. Bugaboo don't like to be in jail."

The Sin Splitter beamed. "Y'all boys jest natchally got to he'p me out. Now, come on, Bugaboo, and drap dat dime in my hat so's I won't have bad luck takin' up de rest er de collection."

Bugaboo parted with his last dime and enthusiastically slapped Iron Man on the shoulder. "Mankind!" he exclaimed. "I bet you's fixin' to have a heap er fun when us is in N'Awlins dis trip!"

Iron Man did not share his excitement. "I ain't never had me no fun around a preacher," he recalled gloomily. "And dat goes double for de Splitter."

The hat was passed among the other roustabouts, and with a frown or smile, the preacher succeeded in getting all the loose change on deck. As he completed the collection, Sylvester returned.

"De mate," he reported to Iron Man, "kotched me bus'in' dat bale er hay, jest like you said."

"And he writ down a dollar agin yo' payday?"

"Naw. Dat's alfalfa hay. He writ down a dollar-fo'-bits."

"De best ain't none too good for Balaam," the Sin Splitter remarked. "Now, gimme yo' loose change so's I kin git down and revive de sin outn de guv'mer slumses."

"Gi' you what so's you kin do which?" Sylvester demanded.

"Small change, son," the preacher said impatiently. "I ain't got time to argy wid you. Gimme."

Sylvester looked shocked. "Listen, man," he began, "what you tawkin' 'bout?"

The Sin Splitter shrugged. "You tell him. I can't waste time."

Iron Man explained: "Hit's fixin' to be a heap er fightin' and dat's for me and Bugaboo. De change is to pay de Splitter's fare to N'Awlins so's he kin revive de sin outn de guv'mer slumses down yonder. Splitter gonter preach and I and Bugaboo gonter fight."

"Which guv'mer slumses?" Sylvester inquired.

"Who keer which?" Bugaboo said. "Hit'll be preachin' and fightin' and goin'-on!"

"Efn y'all figgerin' on de Magnolia Street slumses," said Sylvester, "well, dat's whar my cousin, name er Kid Reuben Weeks, live at. He do *all* de fightin' 'round dat place, 'specially wid de middleweights."

"We wa'n't speakin' 'bout dat one," put in the Splitter.

"Den you must be speakin' bout de one by de St. Louis cemetery, whar de old Basin used to be at."

"Dat's de one," the preacher said quickly.

" 'Twon't do," said Sylvester. "Elder Johnson do all de preachin' down dar."

The Sin Splitter took this news in his stride. "Us fixin' to do de fightin' in de St. Louis cemetery slumses and de preachin' in de Magnolia Street slumses."

It sounded so reasonable that Sylvester poured all his loose change into the hat. The preacher counted out five dollars and handed it to Sylvester.

"I'm gonter let you hold dis," the Splitter generously offered. "Jest take hit to de harricane deck and gi' hit to de cap'm. F'm me. Onderstand?"

Sylvester did not understand but by the time he returned to the main deck he was beginning to. The preacher had found a comfortable berth on some cottonseed sacks and was now asleep. Iron Man was breathing a sad wail into his harmonica and Bugaboo was resting his eyes while his mind was trying to think up songs to sing to Iron Man's music, just in case he might wish to sing.

"Dat preacher," Sylvester said bitterly, drawing up to Bugaboo and Iron Man, "done cost me eighty cents in money. And dat ain't countin' what he cost my wages for dat bale er hay."

"He ain't wuth eighty cents in money," Iron Man admitted, "but hit's cheaper to pay him den not."

"Pay him for what?"

"Nothin'. Jest pay him. He'll git hit all, anyhow. And you might jest as well gi' hit to him like I and Bugaboo done, den to let him argy you outn hit, like you done."

FOR the rest of the trip down-river Sin-Splitting Samuel kept to himself while his mule munched hay back of the boiler. Iron Man grew increasingly apprehensive; Bugaboo, always willing to let the future take care of itself, rested his mind as well as his eyes; but Sylvester simmered with a not completely understood anger. And when, just before landing at New Orleans, the mud clerk actually held out a dollar and a half of his pay, Sylvester got no happier.

When the John D. Grace docked at the Esplanade Street wharf, the roustabouts were given their final "holdout" dollar and the mate announced the boat would leave the following afternoon.

For once in his life, the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel was uncertain of himself. Here were a dozen rousters with real cash money fresh from payday. And cash money in other people's pockets ever was a challenge to battle for the old preacher. On the other hand, spread out back of the levee lay the sinful old city of New Orleans and that brand-new government housing settle-

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had been informed, Sa-
were rampant. Even in
ches of northern Louisi-
sin and splendor of the
cted district had perco-
Splitter's ears. Did not
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the Splitter said sooth-

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rty set out for Satan's
reacher on Balaam led
d Bugaboo, with Sylves-
he rear. They turned up Rampart Street and lakeward along St. Louis. A man on a mule, even a scarecrow apparition like the Sin Splitter, is not a spectacle to attract attention in New Orleans; but when the party presented itself at the St. Louis Cemetery housing project, it was something else.

A uniformed watchman stopped them at the gate.

"Y'all can't bring dat jackass in hyar," he stated. "Dis is de guv'mer projeck, and de guv'mer lady say you can't avvertise nothin' in hyar." He looked at the preacher and the mule. "Is you avvertisin' moo'm pitchers or whisky?" he asked.

"Us lookin' for a fight," Bugaboo said.

"Can't avvertise no fight in hyar, neither. Nor nothin' else. Efn y'all got business to 'tend to, come in. But you got to leave de mule outside. You got business?"

"I'm a preacher," the Sin Splitter said, "and I got business anywhar hit's sin goin' on."

The watchman laughed. "I reckon hit's plenty sin goin' on," he admitted. "But Elder Johnson keep busy fightin' hit. Maybe y'all want to visit wid him?"

"Maybe," the Splitter said cautiously.

"Den tie up yo' mule, and I'll show you," the watchman offered obligingly.

Sylvester hung back. "You ain't comin'?" Bugaboo asked.

"Naw," Sylvester said. "I'm got things to do."

THE watchman led the way along the paved avenues and courts that flanked the prim brick buildings. Here, where sin of international fame once flourished, lived simple working people, in economical apartment houses. The Sin Splitter saw nothing sinful. He decided hopefully that the whole project might be wicked splendor on a large scale.

Elder Johnson received the Sin Splitter and the two roustabouts cordially, and invited them into his shining unit. He had heard of the old evangelist and knew his reputation as an exhorter.

"Ah, Lawd," said Elder Johnson wistfully, "I wisht I c'd travel hyar and yonder on a mule, Free-Willin' amongst de sinners, beggin' my bread when I git hongry and my bed when I git sleepy

H

By Larry Reynolds



"I don't know why I bother. I never win anythin' anyway"



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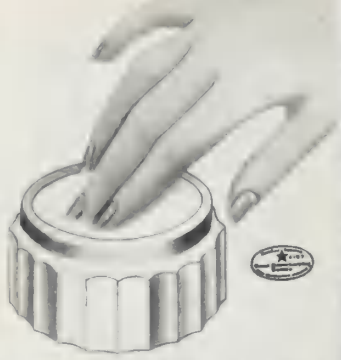


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MAZDA LAMPS

and all de time twis'in' ole Satan's tail to de cows come home. But naw. I got money crazy—I ever c'd take up a dirdy collection—and built my own church. Now I'm got to collect cash money to pay de bills and pay my rent hyar and buy a little somethin' for de widder-womens and de hongry and sick. But I'm still a Free-Willer."

"Me, too," the Splitter nodded enthusiastically. "And Runnin' Water."

"I'm a Foot-Washer on de Fifth Sunday," the Elder said.

"And a Close' Communion, me," added the Splitter.

"Hell Fire?" the elder wanted to know.

"Blazin' broomstone f'm de Burnin' Bush!" the Sin Splitter agreed.

"Rev'und," Elder Johnson said, "ev'y man and 'oman in my church might git up and wawk out, but I'm gonter ax you to give 'em a doste er dat ole-time religion. My people all de time want to hyar de good things. Dey claim dey git plenty bad news widout comin' to church."

"Sinners," the Splitter stated, "don't never like to hyar de bad news. And dat's de kind I and Balaam likes to hit hardest."

Elder Johnson's brow furrowed in deep thought. "You ain't got dat ole jackass down hyar wid you, too, is you?"

"He hitched at de big gate."

"Well, whyn't you say so? Rev'und, me and you's fixin' to th'ow de biggest one-night revival meetin' ever hit dis town!"

The Sin Splitter was interested. "How we split de collection?"

"Half and half."

"I do's all be preachin'," the Splitter reminded him. "And preachin' like I preaches is mighty hard work."

"I'll git de crowd gathered up," Elder Johnson pointed out, "and git a permit f'm de guv'mer lady for you to preach. I gits half or else dey won't be no meetin'."

THE Splitter gave in. "Money ain't no skin offn my back," he said. "But I'm got to git steamboat fare back up de river."

Elder Johnson reached for the telephone.

"I knows hit's agin de rule, Mis' Hazel," he said when he had the project supervisor on the phone. "But you knows I do a heap for you, keepin' things straight. I'd sho like to hold hit at de Sunshine Spiritual Christian Mission Af'ican Baptist Church, but I can't on account er my friend got to ride his mule and he can't do dat in my church. No'm, hit won't be no trouble and us'll git done by midnight. Thanky, ma'am."

He turned to the Splitter. "I got de permit," he said. "Now, le's I and you git out and circulate amongst de sisters and scare up a crowd."

"I mos' gen'ally," said the Splitter with cool dignity, "lets de home preacher ush up de meetin'. I likes to lay down and rest and pray befo' I preaches. Whar's a bed?"

Elder Johnson pulled a wall couch down from behind what appeared to be a door. "Take off yo' shoes," he invited, "and stretch out."

He turned to Iron Man and Bugaboo who had been sitting uncomfortably near by. "Y'all boys," he said, "kin drap over to de market and buy some chickens for supper." He took out his wallet and started to open it. The Splitter interrupted.

"Dey got money," the preacher suggested. "And," he added perversely, "I smelt me some fish whilst I was comin' up hyar. Efn you runs into a fish man, you kin buy me about a three-pound buffalo." He turned to Elder Johnson. "I preaches good on a bait er chicken," he explained, "but wid a belly full er buffalo, I can whup de years offn Satan."

The Splitter retired, Elder Johnson got busy at the telephone, and Iron Man and Bugaboo set off for the market.

"I swear," Bugaboo complained, "I don't b'lieve de Splitter gonter git no fight goin'."

"Is you achin' for a fight?" Iron Man demanded.

"Who, me? Not me. I don't like fights. I figgered you was daid sot on one."

Iron Man shook his head. "I ain't wantin' me no fight. Efn a fight break out, I'll git in hit. But when no fight don't break out, I don't feel bad."

"Well, whyn't you say so? I gi'ed dat ole preachin' fool my last dime, and den went widout no chawin' tobacco for a whole day, jest cause you wanted a fight."

"Nawp," Iron Man denied. "You gi'ed him yo' last dime cause he wanted yo' last dime and de Splitter always git what he want."

ELDER JOHNSON knew his people liked a show and he knew how to give them one. In the few hours that remained before nightfall, he managed to get his corps of ushers and coworkers busy spreading the news. He told them just enough about the Splitter to fire their imaginations and make them eager to attend the meeting.

Promptly at sundown, so the working people would be home and before they had time to get comfortably filled with supper, Elder Johnson started the festivities. His own choir, in mortar boards and black gowns, led a procession from the Sunshine Spiritual Christian Mission African Baptist Church, singing in lazy march time, When the Saints Go Marching In. The coworkers followed in white uniforms and caps and, bringing up the rear, the entire membership, each with a white brassard on his arm. Next, came Elder Johnson, flanked on each side by three brown-sk suits draped with a v bearing the legend: M SPIRITUAL.

And finally came himself. He was astric Iron Man and Bugabo the mule and the two handsomely enshroud quito netting.

"Mankind!" Bugabo pe-rade is a dog! I re Man must be de Roy somethin'."

"You s'posed to be rected the Splitter.

"And Iron Man is Bugaboo said.

"Hysh! Don't tawk the Splitter cautioned.

No more than a hun and children were i when it left the elder's Street, but it picked u hundred in each bloc blocks from Prieur St paraders turned into housing settlement.

At the gate, the watc coached by Elder Joh fore the choir and bec for the procession. E had marched up and d and bypath of the dweller in the neighbor thing was about to tak of them were curious find out what.

AT LAST, in the Elder Johnson toc was, he told them, t thing about to take their own eyes.

"A prophet," he sai de ole-time religion a de Bible times. I ain what prophet dis is y'all no-Bible-readin' wouldn't know, anyho tell you dis much. H Balaam and dat oug to hole you ontwell songs."

There were hymns singing was not gener the elder.

"Maybe," he sugges sinners got in yo' m Basin Districk used all dese purty houses holy 'nough and de 'nough to let you sin So le's start out wid Vindabel Whine. Som bers Queenie's place, Basin Street? Hit go

"'Another nickel and
Another nickel and
Said I hopped all
Street
Tryin' to find me so
And den I hyared
whine:
"Gimme 'nother nic
wine."'"

The crowd was now and Elder Johnson st ers to taking up the co he worked the crowd leading out with the f It Over Again, and the pace to more solen

When the coworke the last penny they Johnson had more tha ple groaning in "lon nounced:

"Now, I'm *raley* f collection. Gimme y Samuel, and drap a in hit."

The Sin Splitter hes

"I'm puttin' in a d Johnson explained. " make hit come out ev

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 27

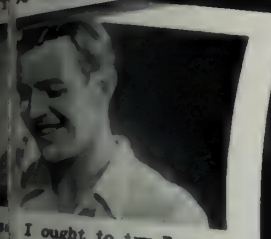


By virtue of his birth in disputed territory, Daniel Alain is legally German, French or Swiss—but American by choice. Five years of art school in Geneva taught him to be an interior decorator and printed-silk designer, after which he decided that there was nothing like bare walls and plain silk. For ten years in Manhattan's Greenwich Village he has been drawing cartoons, but because he suffers from hay fever and loves Latin Americans, he makes yearly sketching trips to Mexico during which times there is a dearth of drawings like the one shown on the opposite page.

om the
ofidential
ebook
f Mr. F---



two important sales today. pep — just couldn't get Wonder if I hadn't better laxative - been putting it o long.



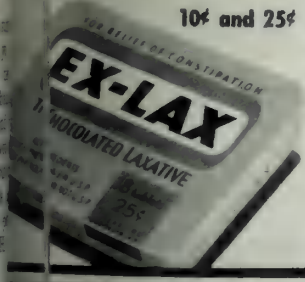
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the hat toward Bugaboo and Iron Man, taking a dollar from each of the bewildered roustabouts. When the elder had completed the second round, all of the money was placed in the Sin Splitter's hat, and the elder introduced the prophet.

"De Rev'und Sin-Splittin' Samuel!" Elder Johnson roared. "A genu-wine prophet f'm back in de hills! Le's give him a hand!"

The Sin Splitter had never before preached to so large a throng or under such auspices. From where he sat, he could see money heaped high in his old black hat. With such an incentive, he knew what to preach.

First he glared; then in hollow tones that reverberated throughout the settlement, he began on a conglomeration of his three most famous sermons:

"Paul say hit take grace, grit and greenbacks to spread de gospel. De Lawd gimme de grace, my mamma gimme de grit and I kin see de greenbacks piled high. So y'all Christians shout and y'all sinners tremble whilst I whup de devil around de stump and gi' him a lick at ev'y jump!"

SIN-SPLITTING SAMUEL threw salvation with such thunderous phrases and awesome figures, even the most hardened sinner was spellbound with fear and wonder. But he never finished the sermon.

For, just as Nebuchadnezzar was in the homestretch of a chariot race around the walls of Babylon, with eagles flying forth and carrying cans of coal oil on their tails, and the dry bones across the street in St. Louis Cemetery were about to rise and prophesy, Sylvester elbowed his way through the crowd.

With him was a short, stocky, very black man with an aggressive chin and a cauliflower ear.

"Dat's him, Kid!" Sylvester shouted, pointing to the Sin Splitter. "He de one do'ed me outn my money!"

Sylvester's stout cousin, known to prize-fight followers as Kid Reuben Weeks, started for the preacher. Bugaboo Jones was in his path but the Kid did not see him.

"Mind out who you pushin'!" Bugaboo growled.

The Kid wheeled and something hit Bugaboo on the chin harder than he had ever been hit before. Bugaboo struck back, swinging the Kid against Iron Man.

"Now!" Iron Man grinned happily, as he hit the Kid three blows before the pugilist crumpled.

Meanwhile, the watchman, in a noble effort to preserve the peace, reached for Bugaboo. It was a mistake. Bugaboo swung and the watchman catapulted toward Iron Man, who was able to get in only one lick before the watchman dropped.

"Bugaboo!" Iron Man groaned. "Us done hit de guv'mer!"

"Hit him some mo'," Bugaboo urged, getting into the spirit of the fight.

"Le's git," Iron Man countered. "Hittin' him is mo' worse den hittin' de po-leece."

The fight had caused considerable stir in the crowd, forcing the Splitter to stop midway in his peroration. Someone shouted for the police. It looked bad for the two roustabouts, but, for no reason they could ever figure out, the Sin Splitter's old mule gave them their chance.

Balaam laid his ears back, brayed and charged toward the gate. Iron Man and Bugaboo followed without interference. Once free of the crowd, they deserted Balaam and by shadowy, circuitous detours, they reached the peace and quiet of the steamboat, hours later.

The mule was munching hay on the after main deck.

"Man, my chin hurt whar dat short black boy hit me," Bugaboo complained.

"And my fist hurt whar I hit him," Iron Man said. "But you hadn't ought to hit de yuther boy. Hittin' him was jail-house stuff. Efn hit hadn't been for dat ole jackass yonder, I and you would be wearin' de ball and chains, f'm now on."

Bugaboo laughed. "Wonder whar de Splitter at? I disremember seein' him on Balaam's back when us left outn dat place."

"Don't weary 'bout me," the Splitter called from the darkness of the boiler room. "I wa'n't fixin' to ride off and leave my hat full er money layin' on de ground. I reckon hit must be a solid hund'ed dollars in dat hat. Maybe mo'."

"You means," demanded Bugaboo, "you climbed offn dat mule wid all dem people yellin' and fightin' and goin' on, jest to pick up dat money? Man, you might er got kilt!"

"Money breed evil," the Sin Splitter stated piously. "And I was preachin' me too good a sermon to run off and leave a whole hat full er evil for ole Satan to start off wid, again."



'Be with you in a moment, Dick. You know where the liquor is"

DANIEL ALAIN

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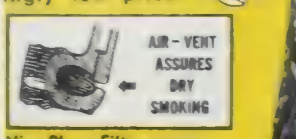
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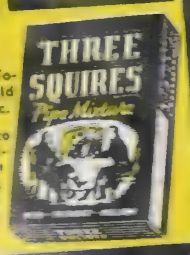
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Everybody's Army

Continued from page 13

help. Boy Scouts trotted around delivering it. Roy Gill, school superintendent and chamber of commerce president, let school out for the day; Police Chief G. A. Clanton marshaled the kids on the main stem with flags as the convoy rolled in. Mayor A. L. Tidwell fixed up showers; somebody lent a campsite; somebody else put in floodlights and Mrs. J. M. Heath of the D. A. R. rounded up every flag in the place to make a showing.

"Not that Brooks County needs flags to show its patriotism," said Mrs. Daniel. "None of our boys has ever been drafted for any war; we run over our quotas with volunteers."

For the volunteers from "up No'th" Brooks County farmers had driven in enough hogs to make four hundred pounds of barbecued pork. In the War Between the States the county had been called the "Smokehouse of the Confederacy" and it still looks on beef, mutton or chicken as puny vittles. As one white-haired old veteran said: "Our pork and bacon was what helped us lick hell out of you Damyankees for fo' years, suh!"

He grinned as he said it—because the South today is trying to kill the Damyankees by kindness. Where a soldier hails from means nothing. . . .

At Waycross, in the turpentine country of Georgia, the railroad lent a campsite, the chamber of commerce gave Colonel Burns half an hour on the radio, the fire department put in water and junior chamber of commerce members, wearing badges, handed out greeting cards and showed the boys around. At other stops there were variations on the same theme.

This Army is Different

The 260th, in turn, put on a show each night, like a circus. Men, women and kids roamed about the camp, watching the pyramidal tents going up, climbing over the guns, asking a million questions—and getting answers—as gun crews demonstrated "how it works." Capt. Charlie Buck, a veteran with more than a quarter of a century of service, lifted small boys up to peer down into the machinery of the searchlights.

You watched all this, as the searchlights shot blue cones through the haze and made light-circles high in the star-studded sky. You saw the colonel with a kid on one shoulder and leading another. You heard snatches of banter between guys with eagles and oak leaves and bars on their shoulders and boys with one or two stripes on their shirt sleeves. You noticed the easy efficiency and teamwork—and you thought how different it is in other armies: Of the rigid discipline, the barked orders, the snobbery and class distinction. You thought, too, how the citizenry are treated in other lands—ordered to do thus and so, prodded into line, commanded to billet so many soldiers, shoved and pushed around. This army was different—it wasn't made of professional soldiers officered by gaudily uniformed snobs. It was just people in uniform, doing a job. It was still part of the people and not a thing apart—or above.

It was different, too, from the old Army of '17 and '18. Some of the veterans with A.E.F. ribbons and four or five stars said it was sissy—which was what the veterans of northern China in Genghis Khan's hordes said of the new levies that joined the Scourge in Asia Minor. To the tough old-timers who had swapped bullets with the Moros in Mindanao and dodged Boche whizbangs in the Argonne, it looked strange to see soldiers with a portable radio over one shoulder and a candid camera over the other.



There may be no gas stations handy in wartime, so its own fuel supply and gasses up wherever necess prime-movers lug the guns south and westward to

"I guess in the next war," grinned Captain Buck, a top sergeant until a few weeks ago, "the boys will capture a position, take pictures of it and then tune in on a news broadcast to find out how the rest of the battle's going."

You remember how the A.E.F. lived on canned bacon and goldfish and a sort of pink marble called corned beef? Well, you ought to taste the new canned rations.

There's one can that contains wholewheat biscuits, coffee and sugar, for a light lunch. There are others full of beef and beans, meat hash and vegetables. Vitamins and everything. Good, too! The new rolling kitchens can turn out a swell feed in jigtime. Last time, the war went to some people's heads; this time it's going to their stomachs.

And remember that chore of shaving with cold water before a tiny metal mirror? Lieut. Col. LeRoy S. Mann, who gave up a prosperous printing business in Washington to become executive officer of the 260th, licked that one. His pride and joy is a command reconnaissance car—a high-riding, four-wheel drive chariot affectionately known as The Jeep. With a converter, he plugs into the car's electrical system and, using the rear-view mirror to look in, shaves by electricity. So does everyone else who can get near the wagon.

Even bunk fatigue isn't bunk fatigue any more. You know what it is now? Systematized relaxation, that's what. We saw it in print in an Army newspaper.

The Jeep, by the way, has to have its name changed, much to the chagrin of Privates Francis Petty and Joe Gallagher, who drive it, because a jeep is really a plane detector. Privates Petty and Gallagher are unde to call it a doodlebug or

A motorized outfit lil a complete unit, able to fight for a considerable contact with a supply ba own guns, power plant gas, oil, food, water and ment. It operates fiftee lights, nine antiaircra machine guns and small

The big guns are haul Army calls "prime mo wheeled trucks driving with a 318-horsepower speeds forward and thre rated at seven and a tested to carry thirty-eigh and with its gun, a mov twenty-six tons and ca thirty-two miles an hou snake them through hub across creek bottoms w a gasket.

Boss of the movers ar



The A.E.F. never had this sort of service. The reconnaissance car furnishes power for Lt. Barto's electric razor in the morning

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Take a look at Hudson's *Symphonic Styling*—the big new style idea you can get *only* in a Hudson! A real eyeful of beauty when you look at the *outside*—a complete symphony of harmonizing color when you look *inside*. Here's the first low priced car that ever offered you a choice of beautiful interior color combinations that harmonize with exterior colors (even down to such details as carpets and floor mats)—*and at no extra cost*. No wonder Hudson owners are a mighty proud bunch of people.

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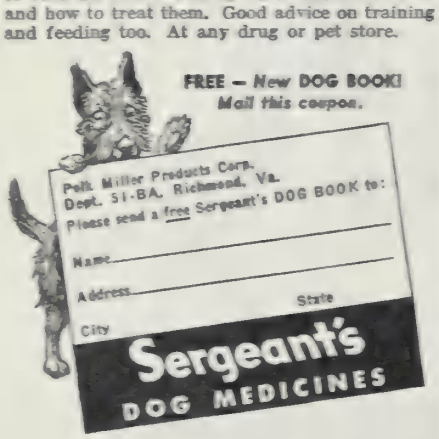
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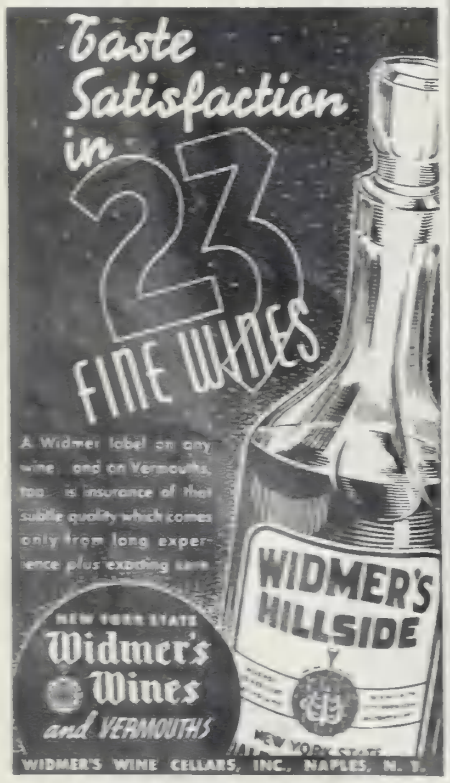


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motor haulers is Lieut. Col. William J. Heale. It's his job to get the convoy moving, and keep it moving. Getting a convoy across country is no easy-chair exercise, either. If *you* want to drive 2,500 miles, you just hop in and go. There'll always be gas stations, flat fixers, roadside restaurants, repair shops and rooms with bath. Rolling 500 men in five-score trucks and cars as a self-contained unit is something else again. The 260th has done more of it than any other outfit in the Army in recent years and has developed a technique that has won it the name of the Rambling Regiment. Colonel Burns, who hails from Greenport, Long Island, and is a patent attorney in private life, wishes he could get a patent on convoy-moving methods.

It's the colonel's boast that his outfit never has an accident. If a bridge breaks down and mover and gun land topside down in a river—that's no accident. That's a mechanical maneuver. It does the colonel's heart good to see it—the equipment is so tough you can't wreck it, and getting it rolling again is good practice for the men. You might have something like that happen in a battle sometime, and knowing how to handle trouble is worth while. If no trouble develops normally, the colonel grows impatient and manufactures a little to keep his hand in.

Down in De Funiak Springs, Florida, Colonel Burns took Colonel Mann, Captain Carl Santilli of Battery D and your correspondent out on reconnaissance in The Jeep. Outside town, he found a nice loose, sandy patch, all hillocks and gullies. There was one very nice gully, six feet deep, ten wide, with steep sandy banks; down at the bottom was a muddy stream.

"Captain," said the colonel. "I want a gun taken around here and over the creek. We'll tell the townspeople and let them watch."

"It'll get mired and stuck, maybe," said Captain Santilli hopefully.

"With a little care," said the colonel, "we might even get the gun to tip over, with Jim Marshall aboard getting impressions."

"With a little care," said your reporter, "the correspondent will be some distance away, getting impressions through a field glass."

"You'll come with me in The Jeep," said Colonel Mann. "It is more than likely three or four trucks and half a dozen guns will all be stuck together and we'll have to have The Jeep haul them out. . . . You boys could do that easily enough, I suppose?" he asked Privates Petty and Gallagher.

"Yes, sir," said the pair in unison, without batting an eye.

And No Cussing!

It turned out, however, that the movers, after bogging the gun down to its hubs at a crazy angle in the creek, got it out in a few minutes. Two spare movers, side by side, wheels locked, ran out cables from their winches and hitched onto the mover attached to the gun. The gun rocked and swayed through the deep mud and up the sandy bank without a hitch, with all the kids cheering and the grownups saying, boy, that's something!

There wasn't even any good old Army cussing about it . . . not that Chaplain A. A. McCallum, who was looking on, would have minded. Handsome, gray-haired "Father Mac" had been chaplain of the old 149th Artillery with the Rainbows in the last show and his faded A.E.F. ribbon bore five gold stars. He had given up the rectorship of fashionable St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Washington to spread his old bedroll with the outfit—and he was more like a friend than a chaplain. He drove



It's 5 A. M. and the boys are loading into the trucks [illegible] the highway toward a waiting breakfast of ham and [illegible]

ahead in his own car most of the time, arranging shower baths, church suppers, ball games and services—doing all he could to smooth things out for his boys when they rolled, tired and hungry, into the twilight.

In De Funiak Springs the Rev. Walter K. Venters of the First Methodist Church opened up his church for the outfit and here "Father Mac," a high churchman, held services for Jews, Catholics, Baptists and Presbyterians—although there were special services for Jews and Catholics if they wanted to go—and no one had to attend church if he didn't want to.

Nearly every man in the 260th had given up something to join the regiment—a home or a job or a car or a girl. Every soldier had his girl's picture with him—and hoped she'd wait.

"Wait for you!" laughed the pessimists. "Boy, when you get back they'll be shoving you around in a wheel chair and your whiskers'll be down to your knees." . . . It sounded like 1918 all over again.

This appalling prophecy, however, didn't discourage Regimental Sergeant Major John Harvey or his assistant, Private Sam Edmondson. No sooner was their tent up than they brought out for comparison large pictures of Muriel and Frances, two pretty girls.

As it rolled south and westward, the outfit acquired mascots and pets—half a dozen dogs, a mole, a cat and a small pig, "promoted" somewhere in Georgia, fed lavishly on scrambled eggs and dubbed Sergeant Shoat.

Since in our country the Army takes second place to civilians and minds its manners, a convoy travels with due regard to the safety and convenience of motorists. The American Automobile Association helps with maps and routes, going ahead to test bridges and plan detours if necessary. On this trip, the Association sent along Dick Tupper and Jerry Ryan in a patrol car. Old hands at the game, and realizing that this spring and summer thousands of motorists are going to meet convoys on the road, Tupper and Ryan offer Collier's readers these tips:

"Out on the road, a convoy travels in units, and maintains gaps of about a hundred yards between vehicles. There may be several miles between each unit. Speed is about thirty [illegible]

"Any motorist is perfe[illegible] the convoy while usin[illegible] driving practice—that is [illegible] curves, blind hills and sc[illegible] ing cities, convoys close [illegible] bumper to bumper, usua[illegible] escort. They go right th[illegible] of traffic lights, not to b[illegible] expedite their movemer[illegible] interference with norma[illegible] try to break into a convc[illegible] town.

"Give Army drivers [illegible] are in front of them, by [illegible] movers have power brak[illegible] have electric brakes, t[illegible] stop twenty-six tons wh[illegible] fast. The Army will r[illegible] rights, if you give it a ch[illegible]"

Everybody Pit[illegible]s In

Incidentally, here's [illegible] boys who roll the big v[illegible] U. S. plates. Take it fro[illegible] rence W. Linderer, in ch[illegible] advance guard, and Co[illegible] his Jeep crew who go[illegible] down the line: If you wa[illegible] to eat, watch where the [illegible] park—but don't dash [illegible] inside the restaurant f[illegible] just a pretty waitress. [illegible] ress is nothing to write [illegible] must be the food the t[illegible]

Through the little tow[illegible] the convoy goes rolli[illegible] in the dim, gray dawns, [illegible] the stars come out—tw[illegible] hundred fifty miles a da[illegible] Quitman and De Funia[illegible] and Baton Rouge and L[illegible] so over the mountains [illegible] plains of Texas—Beau[illegible] Antonio, Del Rio and M[illegible] into the great camp at [illegible]

Everywhere the folk[illegible] wave flags and cheer [illegible] boys in olive drab wh[illegible] guns and man the sear[illegible] folks like everybody el[illegible] the best way they know [illegible] arrogance and as little f[illegible] sible. All along the wa[illegible] women and kids, the c[illegible] merce and the Afternoo[illegible] ciety all turn out and b[illegible]

Everybody's Army.



THE MESSAGE THAT MADE A FATHER CURIOUS
—and the Questions he asked his Wife

...s thoughtful father and millions like ...e health and welfare, present and future, ...fa...ly are of vital concern. He read the above ...ti...ent with deep interest. And then—

...SKE... Mother, do *you* know what Dextrose is?

...HER:... ertainly! It's food-energy sugar. When ... of ... children was born the doctor prescribed ...tro...n their milk formulas.

...ER:... And where does Dextrose come from?

...HER... t's found in many fruits and vegetables. ...wy... es even get Dextrose from flowers.

...HER:... it's such a valuable sugar, why don't ... ser... us foods containing Dextrose?

...THER... do! The corn syrup we had on pancakes ... mo... ing is rich in Dextrose—so is the dessert ... had ... night.

...HER:... ny other foods?

...THER... Oh, lots of 'em—candy bars the children ... . The ... anned fruit juices we drink every morning, our ice cream, canned fruits, ginger ale, soft drinks—and even our bread.

FATHER: But Mother, how do you know these foods have Dextrose in them?

MOTHER: I look for "Dextrose" on the labels . . . because I *know* that foods prepared with this natural sugar are not only high in food value, but they usually have better flavor!

FATHER: Well! You *do* know the facts about Dextrose.

☆ ☆ ☆

DEXTROSE is a pure white sparkling sugar. But it's more than "just a sugar"—it's the sugar for which there is no substitute . . . the sugar your body uses *directly* for energy. In fact, all other sugars must be changed into Dextrose before they can be used by the body for activity.

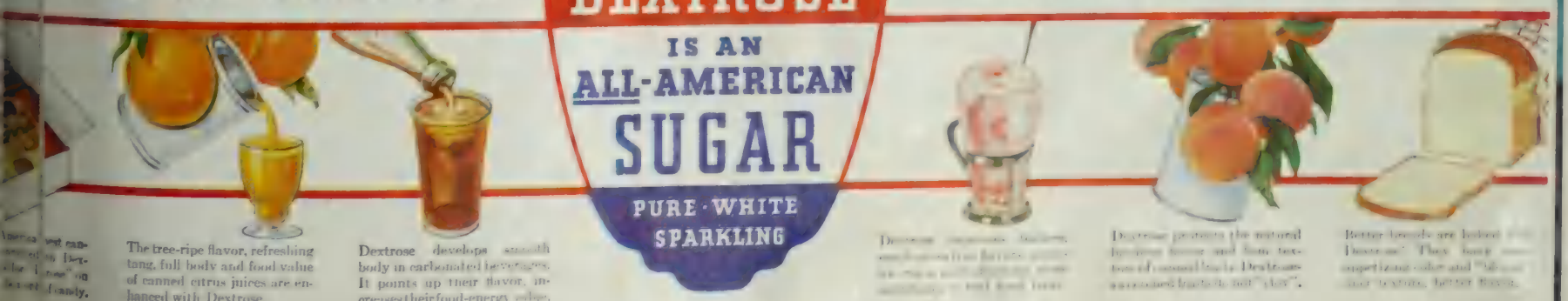
That's why Dextrose is recognized as the primary "fuel" of the body. Babies begin life on Dextrose. Doctors prescribe it for young and old, in health, in sickness, even for life emergencies! It is the preferred sugar of athletes. In short, Dextrose is the *one* sugar that supports life most efficiently.

Many products labeled "*Enriched with Dextrose*" are made by America's most progressive food companies. They recognize that thinking women today select foods for their health benefits as well as for enjoyment. Next time *you* market, look for "Dextrose" among the ingredients listed on food and beverage labels. It's your assurance of high quality and higher food value!

America can supply every pound of Dextrose Sugar needed for American consumption. Dextrose is wholly, completely American. It is derived chiefly from America's greatest grain—golden Corn. It is refined in American factories by American workers and distributed by American companies.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
One of the producers of pure Dextrose
17 Battery Place New York, N. Y.

IT'S "ENRICHED WITH DEXTROSE" — **DEXTROSE IS AN ALL-AMERICAN SUGAR** — PURE · WHITE · SPARKLING — **IT'S A SOURCE OF FOOD-ENERGY**



...andy.

The tree-ripe flavor, refreshing tang, full body and food value of canned citrus juices are enhanced with Dextrose.

Dextrose develops smooth body in carbonated beverages. It points up their flavor, increases their food-energy value.

Dextrose preserves the natural luscious flavor and fine texture of canned fruits. Dextrose sweetened fruits do not "glaze".

Better breads are baked with Dextrose. They have appetizing color and delicious flavor, better flavor.





The Diner—The hours one spends on the new streamliners pass as quickly as the miles. For radio, scenery and interesting travel companions provide diversions while the food has earned these Rockets an enviable reputation.

The Chair Car offers unusually wide shatter-proof windows, improved air-conditioning, insulated silence, scientific lighting, chairs with contours that invite you to relax, soft of upholstery and adjustable to your complete comfort.



Here's one of Rock Island's New Stre

CHOCTAW ROCK

BUILT BY PULLMAN-STAND

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF RAILROAD AND TRANS

WITH the commissioning of the *Choctaw Rocket* by the Rock Island Lines—an ultra-modern train offering complete travel service—the most encouraging fact in the progress toward making streamlining everywhere available has been reaffirmed. It is, to paraphrase a familiar saw, that one good train deserves another!

For ever since the historic occasion on which Pullman-Standard introduced streamlining to America and established the standards of strength, safety and comfort by which all construction of this type is measured, every subsequent train has, through its popularity, exceeded rather than satisfied the ever-growing demand for this modern transportation.

Fundamentally, that is why The Rock Island has been able to expand its fleet to include this new streamliner, and also why its construction was entrusted to Pullman-Standard. Because of the overwhelming preference which you, the traveling public, have displayed for these new trains, the railroads have purchased over 70%* of their new lightweight equipment from Pullman-Standard.

**From the advertisement was written*

In addition to railroad passenger cars, Pullman-Standard designs and manufactures freight, subway, elevated and street cars, machine tools, air-conditioning systems, chilled iron car wheels and a complete line of car repair parts.

PULLMAN-STANDARD CAR MANUFACTURING CO.—CHICAGO

Trade-mark reg. to Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company



Pullman Accommodations: The do
two full-length beds, a full-length mir
toilet facilities, a hinged table, ind
heating, lighting and ventilation, ar
space for clothes and luggage. Also
cal single occupancy sections—lowe

"Tops" IN STREAMLINERS
ARE BUILT BY
Pullman-Standard

Our Gibraltar on Sand

Continued from page 19

ation offices, barracks—are ilding in Isla Grande.

ted are two enormous sea- gars, reputedly the largest in each occupying two acres of

y house the flying boats that Caribbean night and day, from Guantanamo, Nassau, Pan- orgetown in British Guiana. Martinique, Antigua and co. There are, however, only se planes in service, most of The new ones that come off ction lines have been going to nd the boys who fly the old me that it's difficult to repair f the boats if they split a seam landing on rough water. The far gone it won't take a rivet

complete is the Army air base Borinquen commanding the sage. This alone cost $8,400,- r thousand soldiers and 2,000 re garrisoned at this strategic nearest to the friendly Do- epublic across the Mona Pas- Puerto Rico. The troops are there presumably to be used soldiers against a surprise empt to land on neighboring e air strength stationed there ment comprises one pursuit two bomber groups, or about in all.

y air bases are being built, ana Diaz in the south central island near Ponce; at Arecibo th coast midway between San Borinquen; at Mayaguez, on ast and on near-by St. Croix, gin Islands. The largest of s will be at Juana Diaz, where ursuit Group, with 25 ships, uary 1st. Juana Diaz's total ill be 85 planes with the ar- e 48th Air Base Group which tationed there, with a total of 200 officers and 1,800 en-

h Air Base Group from Kelly Field, Texas, and the 25th Bombardment Group from Langley Field, Virginia, were transferred to Puerto Rico.

That's the plus side of the Puerto Rican defense ledger and those figures, and the fact that everything is "ahead of schedule," is what the Brass Hats like to tell you about. They admit that because there's been so much haste there has been "some waste."

Take the matter of the dry dock. It's finished, all right. But in their hurry the boys forgot to dig a channel through the harbor which would permit cruisers or other warships drawing up to 27 feet to maneuver into the dock. It will be months before the channel will be finished. Army and Navy critics who question the advisability of so much haste are acid about the waste.

Impressive but Obsolete

They raise another important point. They say that while Puerto Rico's defenses are impressive—fifty million dollars' worth of anything is impressive—they are already obsolete. They would be fine in a 1914-1918 kind of war, worthless now when bombers like our own Consolidated PB-2-Y can fly 5,000 miles without stopping for gas or oil with a belly full of bombs. That range, it is reasonable to suppose, can be duplicated in bombers manufactured by our potential enemy in the Eastern Hemisphere. In that event, Puerto Rico would be like shooting at sitting ducks, and wooden ducks at that.

These critics, and our Navy and Army are filled with them—men who seem to have ideas but somehow are never heard by the policy makers in Washington, declare that we seem to have learned nothing from the current war. One of the major lessons of this war has been that the biggest bomb yet built, the one-ton demolition or high explosive projectile can't pierce a thousand feet of solid rock.

Germany before the war began and Britain after it started applied this elementary lesson of air war. The Germans built hangars in hillsides and mountainsides that gave them the double advantage of invulnerability and invisibility. Britain, on the island of Malta, in the Mediterranean, and on Gibraltar, also applied this principle. On Malta and Cyprus, the British tunneled into rock—the Mediterranean islands, like the Indies, are but projecting tops of submerged mountains—to make shelters for landplanes and seaplanes. Caves the seas had eroded were enlarged as lairs for submarines and destroyers. Caverns of the inland mountain were converted into hotels to house civilians. This is why Malta, Britain's fortress in the Central Mediterranean, has been able to survive the pounding of Italian planes for months.

Our defenses on Puerto Rico, our Malta of the Caribbean, stands on stilts on the muck of Isla Grande, the marshes of the interior. Gasoline storage tanks, water towers, the 600,000-gallon-a-day water plant to be used for emergencies, warehouses — everything — are limned beautifully against the tropical sky, spang where field glasses or enemy bombsights can find them.

There are nearly two million people on Puerto Rico, one of the world's most overcrowded land areas, with some 530 men, women and children per square mile, but there isn't an air-raid shelter on the whole island, building or planned. The construction of defenses implies the possibility that Puerto Rico would be attacked in wartime. Puerto Ricans say it is reasonable to expect that protection be provided for the civilians. The lack of any sign that air-raid protection for civilians is in prospect hasn't helped to bridge the gulf of antagonism between the Spanish-speaking public and the gringo-continentals.

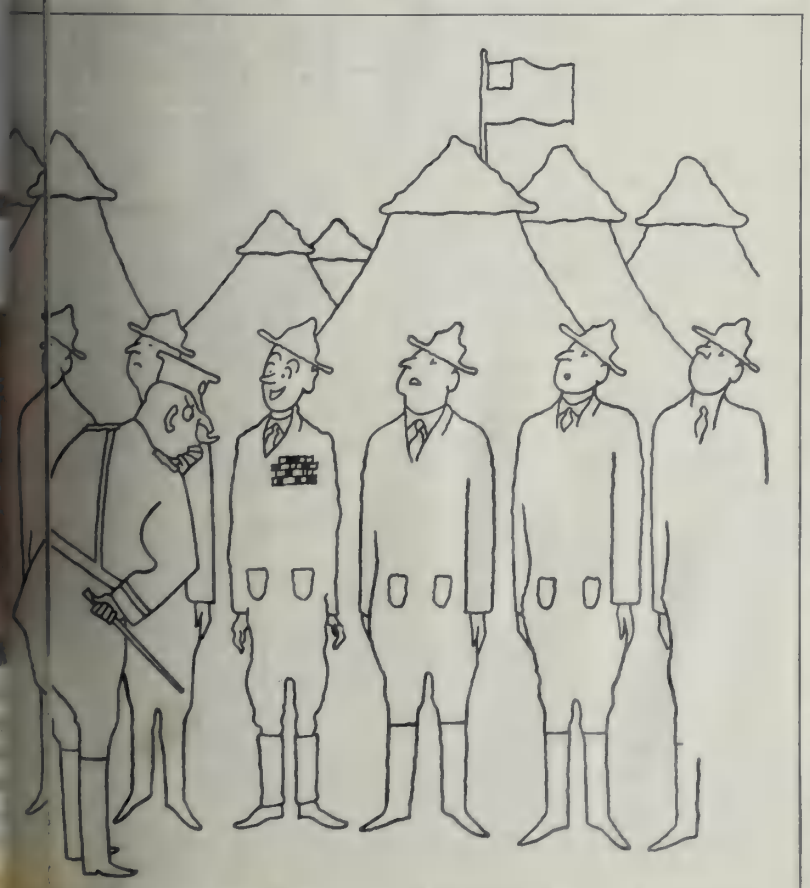
The official defense of the way things are being done on Puerto Rico is that up to the present the potential enemies in Europe haven't any bombers capable of flying to the Americas with effective bomb loads, discharging their bombs and returning to bases in Europe or Africa. This, the critics reply, doesn't stand up as an argument for not employing the elementary lesson Malta taught us: to keep defenses and stores underground. There is such a bomber. Fortunately, we have it, but what's to prevent possible enemies from building one like it or better?

No Help from the Mainland

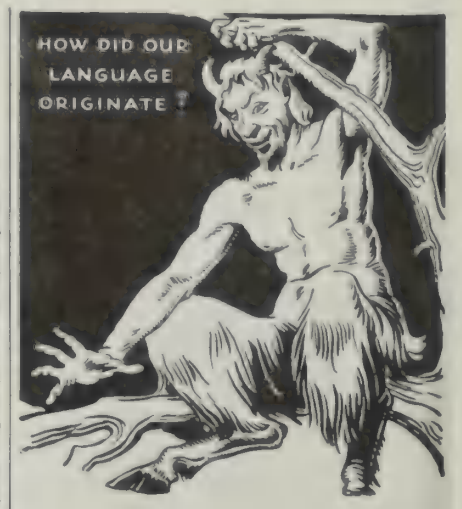
The defenders also say that Puerto Rico is one of many bases and that it is within range of support by air and sea from the bases at Guantanamo, Nassau, and the tip of Florida. Miami, they say, is only six hours away by air, and it is only slightly longer to Pensacola and Orlando.

The tacticians who don't share this view point out that if the stage were reached where Puerto Rico needed assistance from the mainland, it would already have been eliminated as a defense factor.

Puerto Rico, according to those who maintain that all's just perfectly wonderful on the island Ponce de Leon discovered before he went bushwhacking in Florida for the Fountain of Youth, can only be attacked by enemy aircraft flown to the island from carriers. Such planes, they say, could only carry 100-pound and 200-pound bombs. These bombs couldn't do effective work. Correspondents, military observers and others who've seen what these "baby



"Mother made it for me, sir, out of some old scraps" GARDNER REA



Panic

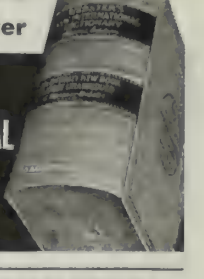
comes from a mischievous Greek god

IN Greek mythology there was no greater trouble-maker among the deities than Pan. His abrupt appearance among the timid wood nymphs inspired the greatest fright. He was regarded also as inspiring human beings with groundless terror. So the Greeks imagined that sudden, contagious fear which seemed to have no sufficient cause must have been inspired by Pan, and to denote this fear they created from the name of this dreaded god the word *panikon*. English has taken it over as *panic*, and we apply the word to any mob fear arising from real or imagined causes.

This is one of the thousands of interesting word origins given in the unabridged Merriam-Webster, WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition. This great reference book provides a wealth of general information. It contains 600,000 entries—122,000 *more entries* than any other dictionary. 12,000 terms illustrated; 3,350 pages. *WARNING:* The only genuine Webster is the MERRIAM-Webster. Look for the Merriam-Webster name and circular trade-mark on the cover. Ask your bookdealer to show it to you. Write for free illustrated booklet of interesting word origins to G. & C. Merriam Co., 606 Federal Street, Springfield, Mass.

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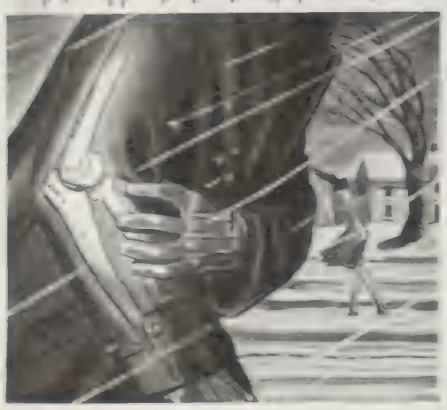
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"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES . . . AND AT HOME TOO"

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COLD WEATHER JOINTS?



Get this Amazing Quick Relief

If cold spells make your joints stiffen and ache, if you feel you just can't endure the pain of cold-weather joints, *cheer up!* Here's new hope for you!

Normally, your joints are fed lubricating fluids by tiny blood vessels. Extreme cold weather, however, makes these blood vessels constrict. The supply of these fluids falls off and your joints stiffen — seem to "grind" every time you move. It's plain agony!

Here's what you should do! Rub aching joints with Absorbine Jr. It speeds the flow of blood . . . steps up the supply of lubricating fluids. Soon pains and stiffness drift away—your joints glow with relief. Keep Absorbine Jr. handy! At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. FREE SAMPLE — write W. F. Young, Inc., 201C Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

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HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its *six extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe*. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed*. Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start today to let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

bombs" can do, don't agree with Puerto Rico's defenders.

Puerto Rico's strength in the defense chain will always be proportionate to its ability to withstand a siege. No matter how modern, powerful and numerous may be its fortifications, naval and air and land forces, Puerto Rico must be able to withstand a terrific pounding and a blockade in the event of an all-out war.

The food that feeds Puerto Rico comes largely from the mainland. One authority estimated that one pound of food is imported each day for each islander, which would mean nearly 2,000,000 pounds, or one hundred thousand tons. This is one reason why San Juan has always been one of the world's busiest ports.

Agriculture still devotes itself almost exclusively to the cultivation of money crops like sugar. Only recently were islanders encouraged to plant vegetables. Rice is a staple of native diet. But no rice is grown on Puerto Rico. From the standpoint of victualing the island under siege conditions, its ability to withstand a blockade has been dropping steadily in proportion to the increases in the personnel of the military services.

So far the only step taken toward making the island self-sufficient in wartime has been the construction of the water-supply plant. And 600,000 gallons a day wouldn't go very far if the unstable waterworks of the island, of which there are seven, but not one that produces water that comes up to mainland standards, were put out of commission.

The best estimate as to how long the island could last if besieged—an eventuality fully as probable as our being attacked by an enemy from the Eastern Hemisphere—was three weeks to one month.

If Puerto Rico weren't the largest of the islands of the Lower Antilles, the slender chain that dangles from the southeastern tip of old Hispaniola in a southeasterly curve toward South America, and if it weren't the easternmost island of the vital Caribbean and therefore the nearest to Europe and Africa, shortsightedness wouldn't matter so much.

But geography settled the island's fate long before Puerto Rico, back in the days of Roosevelt the First, was a gleam in Uncle Sam's imperial eye. Tactically, Puerto Rico is to the U. S. A. and to the Caribbean what Malta is to Britain and the Mediterranean.

And the similarity between the sea the Latins used to call Mare Nostrum and the Caribbean doesn't end with Puerto Rico's resemblance to Malta. The Caribbean means every imperial iota as much to us as the Mediterranean means to Britain.

America's Life Line

The Caribbean, the reference books say, is an area of the Atlantic Ocean, bounded on the east and north by the islands of the West Indies, on the west by Mexico and on the south by the continental gooseneck of Central America. Because the Indies are the exposed peaks of sunken mountains and because the water between most of these islands is treacherously shallow, the Caribbean is practically a landlocked sea. The story of all landlocked seas, the Mediterranean, the China Sea, the Adriatic—is the story of international struggle for domination of those seas. Their control means safety for the merchant ships and the warships of the power dominant in the area.

The United States is the Britain of the Western Hemisphere. We own possessions in the Caribbean, control others politically and economically and, since the Roosevelt destroyers-for-bases deal, we have definite military interests and commitments in that Mediterranean of the New World.

Like Britain, we also operate a canal. Britain controls Suez, we the Panama Canal. Britain's life line of trade and imperial and therefore national security winds through the Mediterranean; ours whips from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the Caribbean.

If Britain were frozen out of the Mediterranean, a ship sailing from London to Bombay via the Cape of Good Hope would have to travel 10,721 nautical miles. Via the Mediterranean and Suez the same steamer's route would be only 6,260 nautical miles, 4,461 miles less.

Here's what would happen if American ships were obliged to go from the Atlantic to the Pacific around the southernmost end of South America instead of through the Caribbean and the Panama Canal:

New York to San Francisco via the Panama Canal 5,289 nautical miles.

New York to San Francisco via Cape Horn 13,107 nautical miles.

Our Cape route would be 7,818 miles longer than our Canal route, while Britain's Cape route would be but 4,461 miles longer. While in England there were politicians who in 1935 were for abandoning Gibraltar, as did Sir Samuel Hoare, who wanted to appease Italy, you couldn't find a single American who would be for abandoning the Panama Canal rather than defend the Caribbean.

History Repeats in the Caribbean

Puerto Rico has always been strategically important. It was so centuries ago, when Spain ruled and exploited the New World. It was through the Mona Passage, deepest water yet sounded in all the Atlantic, that the galleons of Spain passed on their way to Mexico and Aztec gold. Puerto Rico became the main Spanish base for refitting ships. Lying farther east, nearer Europe than any other Spanish possession, Puerto Rico intercepted attacking fleets of enemy ships. It was Spain's interceptor of attacks and of news. The island got word of impending attack long before such news reached the mainland or points closer to the mainland.

There wasn't a Panama Canal in those days, but there was the same narrow Isthmus of Panama. This was an overland portage for the fabulous cargoes the Spaniards plundered up and down the west coast of South America. The English and French enemies of Spain, the fleets of Drake and De Grasse, stabbed constantly at the Spanish positions in the Caribbean and their objective was that isthmus across which the wealth of western South America was transported overland and then by sea en route to Spain.

The island again is an interceptor. Our warships and airplanes based there are to intercept the possible enemy attack from the east. They are to close, too, that ancient Mona Passage, one of the three main natural entrances to the Caribbean navigable to large ships without risk of disaster on the razor reefs that make the waters of the Indies some of the most treacherous in the world.

To hold the Caribbean against attack by sea we must hold the Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti, the narrow channel between Trinidad and the South American mainland—and the Mona Passage. And there Puerto Rico stands guard, a sentinel of the Caribbean and the Caribbean is to us something more than an "area of the Atlantic." It's Mare Nostrum to us, our sea of destiny. That's why some people believe we ought to be a whit smarter about the quality and disposition, rather than merely the quantity, of our defenses on Puerto Rico.

EVER TAKE A *Just For The Fun*



Sure the policeman on your good friend. You know that when "Freckles" dared you to snowball — "*Zingo*"! *you let*

Here's Rich *Pipe* With *Cigarette* Mi ness!

How about taking a dare to Square? We'll take the risk. S discovered that this blend they've been looking for — t of a cigarette with the full real pipe tobacco. If you do Crosby Square fills your "pip can get all your money back

"Take-a-Dare" Offer — Send us 6c in stamps to pay part of packing and mailing and you'll get a generous sample. Write Crosby Square Div., 100 Delmar, St. Louis, Mo. *Mention name of your tobacconist.*

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CHRISTIAN PEPER Tobacco Co. Since 1852

MAKES N ISE FEEL CLEARE IN SECON S!



NEW!

WHEN A COLD, dust or bad your nose, it's mighty nice new Vicks Inhaler in you purse. Because it's packed wit MEDICATION that makes th clearer in a few quick "whi

Already tens of thousands carrying the new Vicks Inh with them ready to use when Benefit by their experience a greater breathing comfort y the handy . . .

New VICKS INHALER

Developed by the Makers of V s Vapo u.

Pro and Coin

Continued from page 17

T e isn't a pro, except Jimmy et Gene Sarazen and maybe dd , who ever gets around to ng e climate or scenery. Dem- as good time because a bad as grained in him an infectious w e only on earth for a visit" oph The other two are well- nd ave been around too long to

an arge the others, with scant ion ive in a kind of hibiscus- s co hell, perpetually tor- d b utts that refuse to drop into ps rives that hook, irons that nd proaches that refuse to sit ft they hit the greens. The av- pro n the winter circuit, for all cy iment (usually supplied by th manufacturer) is more to np ized with than envied. For y l lihood depends on his cease- b trying to tame an offensive ubb ball which, to its very core, tly naverick.

s e aged in the country's tough- mp itive business. Ever since Jo s endeared himself eternally go rs by retiring, the pros have ved o much and so simulta- y t hard-won titles now last no th a nickel shoeshine. The o l ger can win a good title, sit nd pe to capitalize on it. Jones o p in four or five tournaments th e fellows play in from twenty ty d the time when they must the money is during the winter

an Exacting Life

y in for their money-making l lik conscientious fighters. In the ays e pro had to be the best r a nd the club. He had to stay nig with the quartet and get up e a wn-patrol lesson to the club . M t of the seventy-five or so pro ow on the winter circuit are M. oys. They watch their diets the ssionate devotion of movie T y'll play through a cloud- try g to win a purse, but would into lion's cage to get out of the whe not playing. Some of them ot ake hands when introduced, ar ey might deliver their paws one ushing admirers. Horton h w t carry a valise for fear of ing e delicate machinery of his es. T y dispense their nickels cau- ly, t pamper their all-important to th extent of buying fifty-dollar mac shoes.

ck success will screw some of ner s to such a pitch that they not able to eat solid food for at stretch. Such tension, of se. i ot lessened by the fact that is t only game where the com- por a part of the crowd, and, therefore, subject to claps on the back, chattering cameras, autograph idiots and the loud member who wants to introduce his dear cockeyed little boy just after Joe Pro has three-putted himself out of a contract with an equipment house, or hooked what amounts to Mamma's lynx coat into the woods.

The wives, that gaily dressed and omnipresent chorus of the winter circuit, sit helplessly on the porches of the clubhouses, fashioning their tight little cliques, trying to keep their curious world bright with chatter and gossip. Now and then one of the newer wives, or one of the old and indomitable ones, will slip on low-heeled shoes and go out on the course to follow their quietly anguished mates. The other girls call these dauntless women the "Thirty-Six Holers." And make bets among themselves as to how long it will be before the pro with the new bride turns on her savagely (after she makes the invariable mistake of sympathizing with him for missing the chip which would have permitted him to tie for first) and bitterly orders her to get back there to the porch.

When that comes there will be tears, and advice from the wiser wives, and there will be a new face on the porch, and a new sweater being knitted for hubby or the R.A.F. One of the wifely cliques will have a new member and the new wife will learn many things, including the need of keeping her husband away from his old buddy, the gay-bachelor pro who seems to be training on blondes.

They are wonderful, these golf wives. Prettier even than the baseball wives, but unhappier. For in golf you eat chicken one day, feathers the next. None of the current bevy of girls, except Mrs. Horton Smith, could break 150. But they know an incredible lot about the game and it is always popping into their conversation, though they try hard to keep from talking about the sport.

The reporters find the girls a lot jollier and more informative than their harassed husbands. However, reporters who know them have a dread of bearing to them information as to how their mates are progressing in a tournament. A tidings-bearer just can't win around the golf wives.

This has happened: A golf writer strolls past the porch. There is an immediate lull in the pleasant chatter. The writer knows that Byron Nelson has shot an abysmal 41 for the first nine, but he doesn't say anything until good-looking Mrs. Nelson lifts off her Hollywood sunglasses and sweetly says, "Don't tell me, but how's By doing?" The writer swallows and then lies, "Gee, I'm sorry, but I've been following Hogan." Such an admission means, unless he is a cur, that he will impart to



Smoke

BROCKETT JOHNSON



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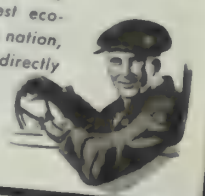
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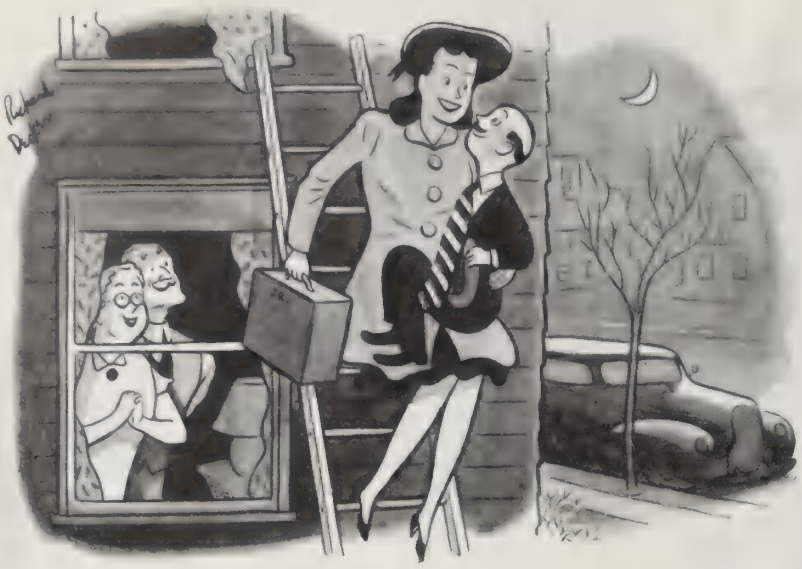
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☐ NEW GLOLITE WONDERBAIT — glows 5 hrs. if exposed 5 minutes to sun or flashlight. 50c postpaid (90c value — limited supply). Send cash or stamps.

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Shakespeare BALANCED TACKLE

OH, JOY!



What a joy to get relief from a cough due to a cold. Get it with Smith Bros. Cough Drops. Black or Menthol. 5¢. Both taste delicious.

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Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



the quietly eager Mrs. Hogan some crumb of information about Ben's progress.

"Ben's out in 33," the reporter is obliged to report. And then, to his dismay, he sees that not a knitting needle is twitching. To the porch comes a tense, expectant silence. The reporter thinks wildly of flight, but knows he is in no condition to run. So, willy-nilly, he stands there and tells them the scores he knows.

If the boob reporter brings news that Joe Pro and Mike Mashie are coming down the homestretch, neck and neck, with a small pot of gold and fame awaiting the winner, and a smaller pot of silver and oblivion awaiting the runner-up, a subtle change comes over Mesdames Pro and Mashie. Bosom pals that they have been through weeks of their husbands' joint adversity, the two girls now separate. Mrs. Pro will excuse herself, to powder her nose, and when she comes back she'll take her preoccupied stand under another umbrella, or with another clique, much to her relief and the relief of Madame Mashie. There they'll sit until it comes time to join the pushing, shoving mob around the 18th green, biting their lips while watching the ending—getting ready for the kissing picture, or the long, silent, plaintively reflective ride to the next tournament.

By the following Saturday the girls are bosom pals again. Henry Picard—humph!—has beaten the stuffings out of both Joe and Mike.

You Can't Win It All

The nineteen winter-circuit tournaments, beginning in mid-December with the $10,000 Miami Open at the Miami Springs course, and ending the first week in April with the $5,000 Masters tournament, at Bobby Jones' Augusta National course, do indeed total $100,000 in purses. But it takes phenomenal good luck and supernatural playing to win even a small percentage of all that money. First prize in the $10,000 Miami Open is $2,000. In other tournaments the percentage is even smaller, a sample of which would be the $1,000 first prize in the $15,000 P.G.A. championship.

Demaret made winter-circuit history last year by winning six of the nine tournaments in which he competed. His purse income for the entire year was $8,400, which placed him near the top of the money earners. But pro golfers are the real amateurs of sport. They pay their way, and their way, particularly on the long jumps involved in the winter tour, is expensive. It probably cost Demaret and his wife $7,500 to win that $8,400. It therefore follows that less successful pros must be extremely parsimonious in order to keep going on the circuit, and that the hapless blokes who shoot only par—an archaic type of golf—wind up in the financial doghouse. The average tournament last winter was won with a ten-under-par score. Ben Hogan was thirty-four under par for the North-South Open at Pinehurst, the Greater Greensboro (North Carolina) Open and the Land of the Sky Open at Asheville.

Wiffy Cox, a master iron-shot player, once embarked on the winter tour with $3,000 and, though he played excellent golf, won so little that he wound up in April with $50. Hogan and his wife found themselves in Oakland in 1938, far from their Texas home, with $80 between them and a unique pauper's status. That afternoon Ben shot a do-or-die 68 to win $300 as an also-ran in the Oakland Open, while Madame H. was rolling her kerchief into tight little knots on the porch. Ben has been in the money in all but two tournaments since then. Ironically, he was paid $500 for endorsing a headache remedy after winning the North-South that he doesn't have any aches.

When Sarazen first tried early predecessor of today winter circuit he got a rate American Plan resort hote tournament was being held, time would duck down the at a lunch wagon. He f horror, later, what Ame meant.

Sam Snead first hit the in a battered jaloppy fit age a grape-hungry Okie. that serpentine stretch of follows the sun from Flor fornia, has seen hitchhiking There may be a broken he hamburger joint along the some strike it rich. And th never forget that fact, wh gets tough and the estab with mamma prodding th from the porch, begin thro and eagles at the upstarts. appalling. Last year Jug M the $10,000 Miami locked shot a 65 on his last round 72 course. Only a 64 cou So Snead shot a 64.

The winter circuit create ers and heightens interest The papers give the winn space, for there is little el sport. Scores plummet and to shreds by men and b driven along by gastric, d business emergencies, or in will to break into the select ton Smith was the first a from the loins of the circ peared from nowhere, or, r Missouri, in 1930 and mad the tour. He won $15,000 i ord which stood for eight y ret is the latest, but perh star is emerging from the s as this is being read. Will Oliver, who was kicked out Open last summer, after pl tionally, because he teed o utes too early? Or Johnny plays a 35¢ ball? Or Joe D

Slammin' Sam Hits the J

Whoever it is, he will time equaling winter golf's lous production — Slamm Snead. What a job Ring L have done on that sweet-s billy!

When Sam started on th tour he was an employee shop connected with the C White Sulphur. The club him up as a promising ex-ca caddied for Helen Hicks) ing him $45 a month and b Somebody there believed makings, for not long a strolled glumly out of his ginia hills he shot a 61 ov Sulphur course.

He got to the coast by promising his transportatio split all his earnings w young pros sometimes do transportation. Snead ente Open, made no protest wh was spelled Sneed on the and finished an obscure se a little money in his pocket to Oakland, and to the con all he won the Oakland blistering 270, ten under the best pros.

No reporter had followe body knew anything abou Corcoran grabbed him as he rushed him to the press ter suspiciously on the edge of and was trying to attune h to the barrage of questions when a photographer tool with a flash bulb. Snead

hi eat with an expression of
ro: He had never before seen

he scaped from the newsreel
nc he clutching members who
hi to dine with them, Sam
is 1,200 in his inside pocket,
l h head and said, "Ah sweah!
ht just had enough for a ham
a l a milk shake. Tonight I
re nnert bucks and they want
m o mah supper." Then he
hi elf, to go to his room to
let . "Ah want to write mah
nd ll her I won," he explained
ra —oblivious to the clacking
ap keys and the bark of the
r by.
so body sent Sam a clipping
ct the photographer took of
e pping was from the New
rrc "How could they get mah
the ," he demanded, "when
r n to New York?" After
r r, Sam went back to White
an got back his $45-a-month
w n't sure he'd ever get an-
ack t that soft winter-circuit

G e with the Boom

mr er of 1937, with the con-
bo of the previous winter,
nis d second in the Open, and
ha o break the record to beat
e lowing winter Snead went
id st again, won the Miami
e B g Crosby and the Greens-
y t end of the 1938 season he
ker Horton Smith's record by
$19 00. With his endorsements
r i me, he paid tax on $38,000
. me statistical nut figured
he ade four dollars for every
ng t year.
's r ord for purse winnings still
but uring the boom times in
wh competitive winter golf
ting s real foothold, some pros
mo than that in a few months,
in p ses. In 1924 Walter Hagen
de esident of the Pasadena
St Petersburg at a salary of
a y r, plus a house, expenses,
nm t, etc. Ten years earlier,
Mia was still a mangrove
Ha n and other hard-bitten
d p yed a few exhibitions at
and alm Beach.
ng b m times, pros like Sara-
o D el, Johnny Farrell, Tommy
, V lie Klein, Cyril Walker,
elho and a few others rented
ves t to various Florida real-
deve pments for publicity pur-
ind re handsomely paid. They
Sun y real-estate league. In
age played Bobby Jones, then
ded th a Sarasota real-estate firm, for the so-called world's championship, played, by coincidence, at Sarasota. The 72-hole match between the best pro and the best amateur did much to make winter golf. Hagen won by the runaway score of 11 and 10, and took the entire gate—$6,800. It is the most money ever earned by a golfer from such a challenge match.

That same winter of 1926 the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, alarmed over the number of golf stories coming out of Florida, established its famed $10,000 Open. Jim Coffroth and other promoters at Agua Caliente staged a $25,000 Open with a $10,000 first prize, won by Gene Sarazen. Florida answered with the $15,000 La Gorce. Texas, civically aroused, increased the value of a couple of its theretofore nondescript winter tournaments. And the winter circuit was born, parented by real-estate men and chambers of commerce.

Now, bolstered, enlarged and policed by the vast P.G.A., the winter circuit has become a permanent, colorful and highly respected feature of the American sports picture. It retains part of its old real-estate and C. of C. flavor, but by and large, the play is the thing. The money, none of which is put up by the P.G.A., now occasionally finds its way into the pockets of obscure, battling pros who—in the lush days of the boom—would have starved before they could have broken into the elite circle.

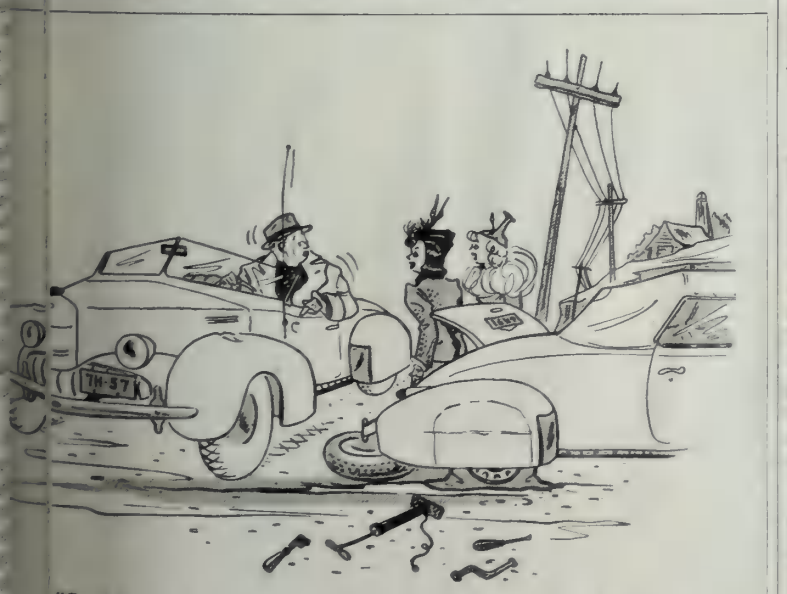
Manufacturers of golf equipment travel alertly along this glory road, urging on their subsidized players, and keeping an eye peeled for some dormant star to add to their list of "advisers" for a minimum retainer of $1,500 a year. The competition gets severer each winter, but each year more young pros set out along Route 90. And the older ones, sensing the bright stare of mamma on the backs of their necks, bear down a little harder.

So the quietly frantic, seesawing enterprise unwinds. Last year at Asheville, the convivial Demaret found himself woefully alone at the bar at the conclusion of the tournament. He had won five winter-circuit events before that, but at Asheville the strain had told on him at last and he had gone so bad that he had dropped out. The bar was ablaze with the spurts of flashlight bulbs. Ben Hogan, the winner, had come in, and not even the free loaders would come near Demaret.

"Can I buy anybody a drink?" Jimmy called out to the room.

No answer.

Demaret tried a few more times, then bought one for the bartender. And the next week he was nearly mobbed after winning the Masters at Augusta by four shots. That's the winter circuit.



"Could we borrow your jack—er, ah, and you, too?"

GERALD GREEN

Can Professional People REDUCE TIREDNESS This Way?



A plan to reduce fatigue got the interest of 69 physicians, nurses, lawyers and actresses. They were among hundreds of men and women who volunteered to drink Knox for 28 days to see if it could fight tiredness!*



When the results were scored, 7 out of 10 professional workers who started the Knox test, and 9 out of 10 who completed it said that tiredness had been undoubtedly reduced for them!



128 men on steel work, truck driving...other hard manual jobs...took the Knox test. Here are the results. 8 out of 10 men who started, and 9 out of 10 who completed the test declared Knox definitely increased their endurance.

This could happen to you! When 26 occupational groups tested Knox, 2 out of 3 people who started, and 9 out of 10 who completed the test reported that tiredness was definitely reduced for them. The majority of people reporting Knox effective at fighting fatigue in these tests got results in two weeks' time. (Here's indication that you have a chance to be less tired by drinking Knox regularly.) The Build-Up is easy to follow. Stick to it for at least two weeks, faithfully. Remember, others have fought fatigue this new way!

Tests made and certified by a qualified research organization.

TRY THIS YOURSELF...for 2 weeks

1. Drink 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine *every day* for 2 weeks. Then drop to 2 a day. After 28 days, drink as needed.

2. To prepare, pour 1 envelope (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine into ¾ glass water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir. Drink immediately. If it thickens, stir again. The gelatine is tasteless.

BUT BE SURE it's plain, unflavored Knox. Knox is *all* body-building protein. Ready-flavored gelatine dessert powders are ⅞ sugar, ⅛ protein. Buy from your grocer in 4-envelope or economical 32-envelope package.

SEND FOR FREE KNOX BULLETIN

telling how *you* may try reducing tiredness. Write Knox Gelatine, Dept. 70, Johnstown, N. Y.



KNOX Gelatine

A PROTEIN FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

Collier's

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Jobs After the War

PRESIDENT KARL T. COMPTON of M.I.T. wants to know how about jobs after our defense program is pretty well completed, or after the war, if we get into the war. The defense boom is artificial, and won't produce goods which will produce other goods, or create new wealth, or stimulate new demands.

Dr. Compton answers his own question by suggesting that American industry, beginning now, set aside 2% of gross sales income per year for research aimed at originating "new products and processes which will keep our assembly lines busy after this emergency."

If American industry as a whole would thus assess itself for research, Dr. Compton claims, it could mobilize $1,000,000,000 a year and 250,000 research scientists for development of new goods, services, industries. He adds that despite the big talk about research in this country, the sum total of this work only scratches the surface.

We'd better listen to Dr. Compton and similar advice—and begin acting on it before the boom begins tapering off.

Roll Out Some Medals

MEDALS, ribands, plaques or some such ought to be hung on the following labor organizations, all affiliates of the A.F.L.'s metal-trades department:

International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths; Drop-Forgers and Helpers; International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Shipbuilders and Helpers of America; International Federation of Technical Engineers; Architects and Draftsmen's Unions; International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers; International Union of Operating Engineers; International Hod Carriers; Building and Common Laborers Union of America; International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental Iron Workers; International Association of Machinists; Metal Polishers International Union; International Molders and Foundry Workers Union of North America; Pattern Makers League of North America; United Association of Plumbers and Steamfitters; Sheet Metal Workers International Association.

The reason why such honors should be paid is that these organizations have resolved not to strike on defense jobs or otherwise stop work—provided employers agree not to pull any lockouts without sincere attempts to arbitrate.

That is patriotism.



H. R. 1776

IS IT an all-out-for-democracy bill, or is it an all-up-with-democracy bill? As far as we can make out, that is the main question troubling debaters on both sides concerning the lease-lend bill, H. R. 1776.

It seems to us that with some amendments H. R. 1776 can be made a true all-out-for-democracy bill, and can also pave the way for a triumphant strengthening of democracy in this country when and if the world climate turns favorable to democracy again.

We regret to see all this power given to any President of the United States: who doesn't? It is contrary to our peacetime tradition.

But democracy has one notorious weakness: and the dictators have played on that weakness to their great (though we devoutly hope temporary) gain in Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. Democracy's big weakness is its slowness of motion—because, though two heads may be better than one, 200 or 2,000 heads can't make a decision as quickly as one, either for right or wrong.

When democracy bumps into an emergency, it has to delegate large powers to one responsible head, especially when fast-moving dictatorships are at the root of the emergency. The main thing is to delegate power before it is too late, as France failed to do and as Great Britain almost failed to do.

How wisely Mr. Roosevelt will use these practically dictatorial powers when Congress grants them, we can't predict.

But this much at least is known about the inner workings of his mind: th
concerned about his eventual
history of his country and of th
ing that way, is he likely to do
things prophesied of him if th
law? Try to become another C
or give away suicidal slices of
air forces; or loot the Treasury
and every nation that touches h

We can't picture it. Or if
should go thus megalomaniac,
the American people standing
we had one revolution in this
haven't forgotten it.

Let's put a brassbound tim
bill—say two years. It can be
after, or expire, as circumstan
dictate. Let's tie some strings
absolute power of the purse wh
bill gives the President. Let'
other clauses insuring us again
perpetuation of this law and
gress in session.

But after that's done, let's
It's a bitter dose for a demo
swallow. But a breakdown in
plies to Great Britain might
down of Great Britain, which in
to our downfall as a free and in
ple. That would be an incom
dose than the temporary app
proposed law. Ask any French
Vichy coterie who are "collabo
ler and from grim necessity gra
the crumbs that he lets fall

March 1, 1941

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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The Traitor By Frederick Haz

The enemy joins the U. S. Nav

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ou see Little Betty?
see a Woman with a Home of her Own.

Happily Married?
d, yes, her Husband adores Her.

he Loves her Smile . . . the Sparkling Smile
wes so much to her Lifelong Use of Ipana and Massage.

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Protect your bright smile—always! Help keep your gums firm, your teeth sparkling with the daily use of Ipana and Massage

Q. *What do many youngsters today know about proper dental care that their parents may still have to learn?*

A. They know, for they have learned it in thousands of classrooms, the great importance of *gum massage* to firm, healthy gums and bright, sparkling teeth.

Q. *Why is gum massage so important?*

A. Because today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise and stimulation they need and so gums tend to become soft, tender . . . and all too often signal their weakness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *Just how serious is "pink tooth brush"?*

A. Only one person can answer that—your dentist. In your case it may be serious, and it may not be, but only he can tell you! He may, very likely, say merely that your gums need work and exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage"!

Q. *Should you massage your gums even if you haven't got "pink tooth brush"?*

A. Yes, decidedly yes! Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. For Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums as well! Yes, you'll find this sound, sensible habit of Ipana and massage will go far to help you ward off the threat of "pink tooth brush" . . . to help you have firmer, healthier gums and brighter, more sparkling teeth!

Ipana Tooth Paste

Collier's

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COVER D. B. HOLCOMB

ANY WEEK

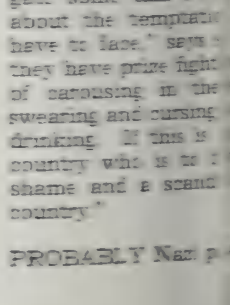
MR. GEORGE G. LAGEORGE of Los Angeles, California, wants to bet us that Congress will never vote to declare war on Germany unless we're directly attacked. But we won't bet. We have a hunch that Congress won't have anything to do with it. One of these days, dear George, Mr. Hitler will give the nod to one of his stooges—maybe Japan, maybe Italy—and an American warship is going to be bombed or torpedoed. Like the Panay, for example. About the same time we're going to discover that a small detachment of Japanese marines have landed on some northerly point in the Philippines. Our Navy and our air fleet will embark upon a punitive expedition and some men, including a few Americans, are going to be killed. Lo and behold, we shall be at war. Belatedly, perhaps—say a few weeks after—Congress may make a face-saving declaration, that being one of the few of its Constitutional rights it has managed to retain. Or maybe it will be even simpler than that. Maybe we'll just move in without preliminary incident. Or maybe we're just a mumbling fuddyduddy. Maybe we're in now and are much too dazed to know it. We think that it was Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas, who told us about asking Henry, a colored boy, about Henry's employer. Henry's employer had been very sick. The doctors had let it be understood that they'd be very surprised if he recovered. The colonel had heard nothing for several weeks. "Henry," asked he, "is old Mr. Will dead yet?" And Henry: "Yassuh, specks he is. Anyway, old Mr. Will done died las' month."



WE'RE neither a calamity howler, a warmonger, an Anglophile nor a jingo although we're being accused of all four—and more. We're trying merely to be realistic. We're trying too to be calm and are making quite a mess of it. The signs are discouraging. From Baltimore, Maryland, Miss Lydia Collonger reports that several influential citizens have spoken publicly of how nice it would be if the Free State refrained for the duration from the singing of Maryland, My Maryland because the tune is of German composition—Tannenbaum, Oh Tannenbaum. We have not heard that the tune of America, or God Save the King, is being regarded with suspicion because of its origin but we won't be surprised. The Germans say that the air was sung by their ancestors in the sixteenth century. The French, who never seemed to care one way or another before their latest disaster, contend that it was written for King Louis XIV. But the English say it was written by one of their own, Mr. Henry Carey, about 1740. We know, of course, that Francis Scott Key's exulting verses were set to an ancient German air which was exceedingly popular in the better German beer halls long before Mr. Key was born. Let's see—there must have been some reason why we got to setting all this down. Ah, yes, it all comes of a letter we got from Mr. Oliver R. McKenstrie of Rome, Georgia. Mr. McKenstrie too is prepared not to be surprised by anything. "No," says he, "not even by the news (which I expect momentarily) that some wretched fellow has been arrested for singing that dirty rebel song, The Star Spangled Banner."

THE editors of this magazine and the scholars to whom occasionally they assign the tricky business of writing editorials are earnest folk. Repeatedly we've seen them pacing their offices with that serious preoccupied air that better minds are apt to get when brooding upon the graver aspects. But several weeks ago one of these gentlemen in a lighter moment wrote about safety pins, the general idea being that the world would be safer if safety pins were too. We remember saying that we thought that this was a hell of a time to write about safety pins. The words were scarcely out of our mouth and the editorial had been on the newsstands less than three days before a deluge of mail resulted. A large number of readers told us that they had invented the perfect safety pin. A larger number recounted their personal troubles with the old-fashioned safety pin. The latest letter we've read is from Mr. James Wynne Arder of St. Joseph, Missouri. Says he: "That's the kind of stuff we readers want. I'm glad to see Collier's sticking to the common, homely problems of the people. Don't let the war distract you."

BUT there we go getting unwarlike again. Perhaps we'd better confine ourselves to what's left of such inglorious domestic affairs as baseball, legislators and what in the world has become of the Department of Labor, the Townsend Plan, Father Coughlin and Captain Elliot Roosevelt. About baseball we have a note from Mr. Reed Blankenridge of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Mr. Blankenridge says that, contrary to the best patriotic trends, the Philadelphia National League team has decided not to cut down expenses. On the contrary, says he, the Phillies have decided to splurge, war or no war. "I am reliably informed," says Mr. Blankenridge, "that hereafter while traveling arou Phillies will hire a r spectable hotel. Of mean, somewhat cro our athletes but the motors of the innove the club might rent a ple room usually ta salesmen. The bow ing bags, however, ju



DROPPING in on o associate, Mr. Henr ask what we should week, we found him He had just got a Harvey G. Johnson about a dressy piece ing Goes Native. Th you how to ski but d did tell you just wh skiing and left us do least, that it was per tempt the sport unt gloriously for it alone were complete your article," write "there was illustra furniture which I w more about. I'd lik manufactures it and it may be purchase the last cartoon Col my husband is going furniture if you can get it."

WE TRIED hard b make much of a j cheer Mr. Jackson u for example, to show got from Mr. Warner ville, Tennessee, wh says: "I am a regu ber's and have just r Why don't you write Nor was it reviving read another—from grandson had just be port for military duty gate some talk I n about the temptati have to face," says they have prize fight of carousing in the swearing and cursing drinking. If this is country what is to shame and a scand country."

PROBABLY Nazi p

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"I MUST HAVE BEEN WEARING BLINDERS!

but I'm glad I finally discovered all auto insurance is NOT alike..."



"You'll never catch me driving a car without insurance. No, sir! I'm too smart to risk losing my shirt in case my wife or I have a smash-up. But I used to buy my insurance with my eyes tight shut—thought one policy was as good as another. It took a State Farm Mutual representative to show me how wrong I was.



"I wouldn't listen at first. You know, I thought this State Farm fellow was trying to high-pressure me. But I discovered they've really got something there—a Membership Plan that's different. It gives you more protection and better service for less money! And State Farm's national organization will come to my assistance no matter where we might crack up!"

State Farm's Membership gives you

MORE AUTO INSURANCE FOR YOUR MONEY



by G. J. MECHERLE
Founder and Chairman of the Board
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"Do away with old-fashioned practices that make automobile insurance expensive!—That was our aim when a group of us in Bloomington, Illinois, founded State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company back in 1922.

...ing State Farm Mutual policies on a membership ...hey can be renewed as long as the risk remains the same ...surance), we *saved* money—and we have passed these ... policyholders in more insurance for their money. ...by the agent who sells your auto insurance only *one* ... That's why your State Farm policy costs you sub- ...le when you renew it from year to year.

...e are many other economies pioneered by our Company ...t an excess of $40,000,000 for more than a million policy- ...in the cost of their auto insurance.

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CAR DRIVERS
. . . these Facts are important

State Farm Mutual is the largest exclusive writer of automobile insurance in the world.

Last year State Farm settled agreeably over 200,000 claims.

State Farm does business today in 40 states, in the District of Columbia and the province of Ontario, Canada.

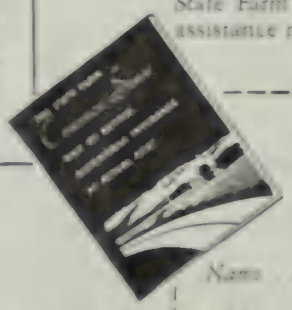
More than 7,000 State Farm representatives, all over the country, are ready to serve you in case of an accident.

State Farm is a mutual company operated solely for the benefit of policyholders.

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Dear Mr. Mecherle: Please send me, without obligation, your booklet, "The State Farm Companies' Better Way to Buying Automobile Insurance at Actual Cost."

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CAN PEOPLE OVER 40 FIGHT TIREDNESS With Knox Gelatine?



133 men and women over 40 years of age were among the hundreds who volunteered to drink Knox Gelatine for 28 days to test* it as a fatigue-fighter. Did Knox reduce tiredness for them as effectively as it did for younger people?



Women over 40 who tested Knox included school-teachers, cashiers, telephone operators and nurses. 8 out of 10 who started, and 9 out of 10 who finished the Knox test said they were *definitely not so tired.*



What about older men? Whichever their work, mental or manual, men over 40 in the test reported these results: Of the 94 men who started the Knox test, 82 completed it. 74 of these said Knox gave them noticeably greater endurance and reduced fatigue!

Benefit in 2 weeks! That's the report of the majority of those who said Knox was effective. How many benefited? In tests of 26 occupational groups, 2 out of 3 who started the test, and 9 out of 10 who completed it said they were definitely less tired. When such a high percentage of men and women report results from drinking Knox...and so many say they get those results after two weeks...isn't a Knox trial worth the effort? If you are tired...or someone in your family needs more endurance...try the Knox Build-Up Plan. It's easy to follow...directions are given right here!

**Tests made and certified by a qualified research organization.*

TRY THIS YOURSELF...for 2 weeks

1. Drink 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine *every day* for 2 weeks. Then drop to 2 a day. After 28 days, drink as needed.

2. To prepare, pour 1 envelope (1¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine into ½ glass water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir. Drink immediately. If it thickens, stir again. The gelatine is tasteless.

BUT BE SURE it's plain, unflavored Knox. Knox is *all* body-building protein. Ready-flavored gelatine dessert powders are ⅛ sugar, ⅛ protein. Buy from your grocer in 4-envelope or economical 32-envelope package.

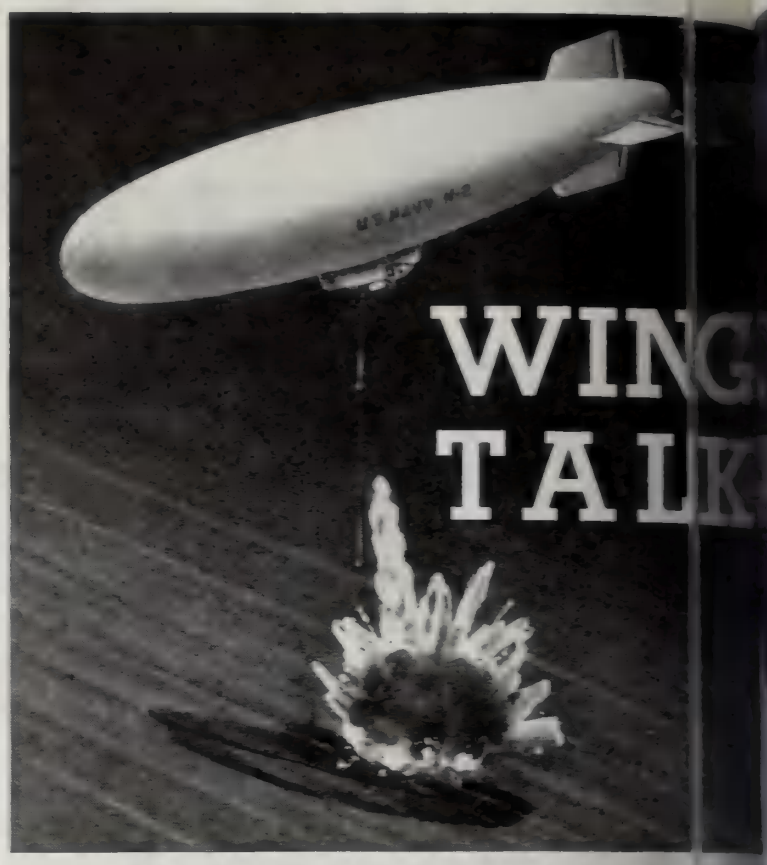
SEND FOR FREE KNOX BULLETIN

telling how you may try reducing tiredness. Write Knox Gelatine, Dept. 70, Johnstown, N. Y.



KNOX Gelatine

A PROTEIN FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE



A dirigible with depth bombs is a formidable submarin

SOMETIMES our national aviation picture seems to make liars of those who have spoken well of it. Consider this contradiction, for example: Our industry, fliers and researchers have always led world air progress and captured most of its records. Yet today we are neither the leading exponent of air force nor the possessor of the greatest air power—regardless of what may be the case three years hence.

Fair-minded aviation leaders, when they let their hair down, blame our weakness for getting tangled and wrangled into "schools of thought." There is value in honest and reasonable differences of opinion, "but," worried airmen continue, "that is lost when champions of each side get too far out on the limb to be able to look back and see anything good from the other fellow's point of view!"

This is a standing list of major controversies in American aviation:

Separate versus nonseparate Air Corps: Mitchell enthusiasts versus the Indian War generals: Diesel against gasoline; lighter-than-air against heavier-than-air. Now a no-quarter fight is in progress between air-cooled and liquid-cooled motors.

Responsible men have begun to recall that Germany tolerated no such luxurious schisms. Or, if they did turn up, the ample thumb of Marshal Goering kept them from widening. His Luftwaffe was built on the theory of neglecting nothing, developing every asset fully. Open ears and minds toward all comers. Investigate, experiment and be prepared in all phases of aeronautics.

"There is no question," one of our wisest aviation men told me in Washington recently, "of the United States' ultimate capacity to outproduce any other nation. There is serious question of unprejudiced effort and of unselfish organization for driving ahead and the Axis take the hindmost!"

DIESELS and dirigibles provide outstanding examples right now of how neglect and bickering have handicapped us.

In the Diesel engine, invented by Rudolph Diesel, a German, fuel is exploded by heat and high compression, as opposed to spark ignition of the [illegible]. Your library's newspa[illegible] you Diesel history in ou[illegible] ard's Captain Lionel W[illegible] it to a point where it [illegible] and economy records [illegible] and won Packard t[illegible] Trophy. Jealousy, offic[illegible] rels ended Diesel proj[illegible] try.

The Germans kept o[illegible] modern bombers and [illegible] Diesel-powered, burni[illegible] grade fuels or furnac[illegible] principal factor offset[illegible] of gasoline.

Now there is a great [illegible] here—for tank, marine, [illegible] in production for milita[illegible] engines have no ignitio[illegible] radio interference. Per[illegible] advantage from the [illegible] view is the reduction[illegible] Even incendiary bull[illegible] tanks won't turn a D[illegible] the fighting airman's ni[illegible] ing coffin."

AS TO dirigibles: hea[illegible] ers and surface offi[illegible] fight lighter-than-air. [illegible] now to credit the acri[illegible] unreasonableness of th[illegible] ice consecrated to uni[illegible] purpose of national de[illegible] friendships were broke[illegible] Moffatt, who died for [illegible] Akron, was a Navy pa[illegible] ing Billy Mitchell in th[illegible]

The British quit afte[illegible] $5,000,000 R-101 in 1[illegible] Thomson, Secretary of [illegible] 46 others. The ill fate[illegible] doah, Roma, Akron a[illegible] plainable or avoidable [illegible] —practically brought o[illegible] tion to a standstill.

Again, Germany p[illegible] finished the LZ-130, siste[illegible] burg, before the war be[illegible] well along, and the 132[illegible] old Graf Zeppelin and [illegible] immediately shuttled t[illegible] sia, as fast as they co[illegible] importing critical miner[illegible] no doubt have joine[illegible]

(Continued on [illegible]



"LET'S SEE YOUR TONGUE!"

CHECK YOUR SPARK PLUGS' HEALTH THIS *Easy way!*



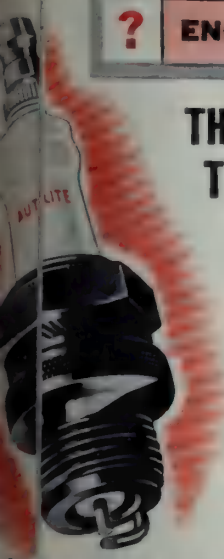
THE OTHER DAY our car was acting up awful. When we got to the garage the man looked at the spark plugs to see if the engine was sick, just like Mommy looks at my tongue. He said, "I'm giving your engine an Auto-Lite 'Plug-Chek' right now!"



AND, GEE WILLIKERS...You should see how quick he fixed our engine—our car runs better than ever. On the way home Mommy and me made up a rule, "When your engine is sick, ask for an Auto-Lite 'Plug-Chek' QUICK!"

DOES YOUR CAR HAVE THESE SYMPTOMS?

?	HARD STARTING	?	NO PICK-UP
?	SLUGGISH ON HILLS	?	STALLING IN TRAFFIC
?	HIGH SPEED MISS	?	ROUGH ENGINE
?	ENGINE KNOCKING	?	HARD ON GAS



Every 4 Cars Is Factory-th Auto-Lite Spark Plugs

THOUSANDS HAVE REPLACED WITH WRONG TYPE SPARK PLUGS—AND DON'T KNOW IT!

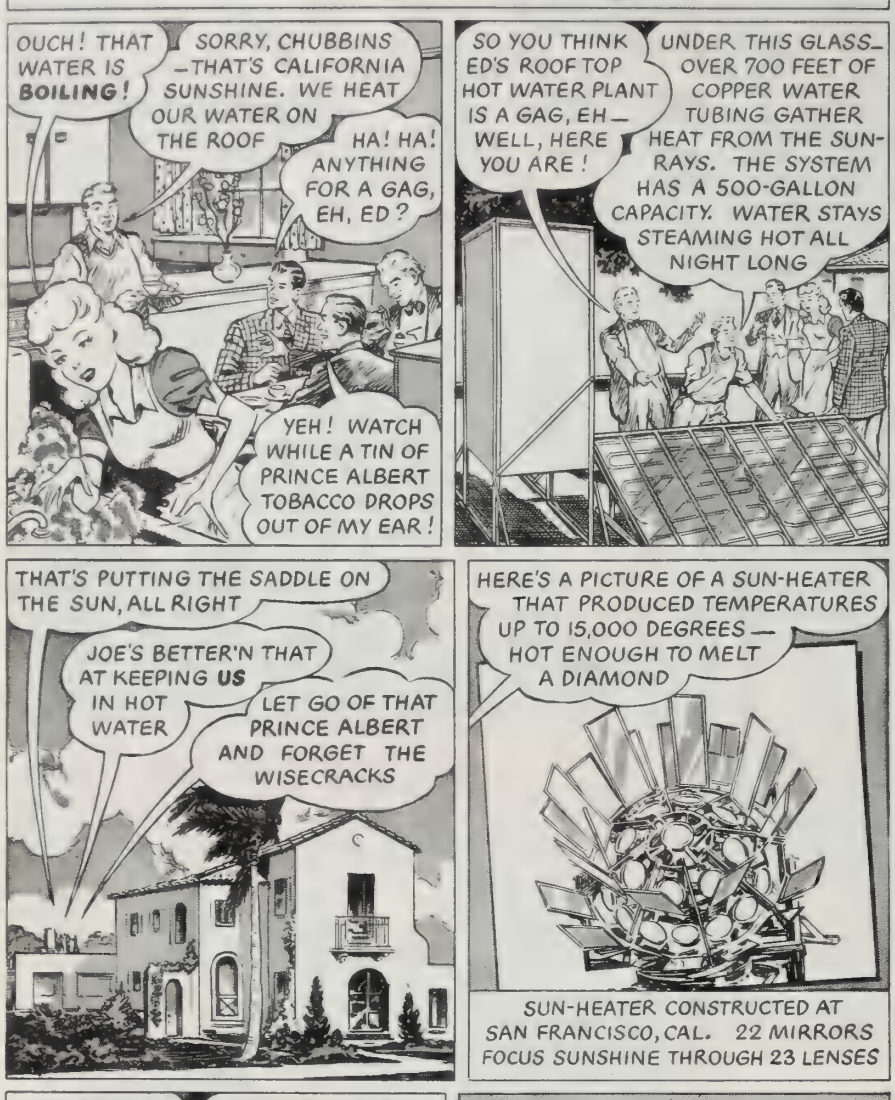
HERE'S a new service for motorists. A scientific device called a "Plug-Chek," helps every Auto-Lite dealer spot, more easily than ever before, plugs that are functioning improperly or have burned or fouled because of engine irregularities. He compares the "business end" of your spark plugs with the "Plug-Chek." This reading enables him to better analyze your engine operation, helps him restore top engine performance. Ask your dealer about the new Auto-Lite Spark Plug that's "Ignition Engineered"—and get a "Plug-Chek" today!

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AUTO-LITE *Ignition Engineered* SPARK PLUGS

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

WONDERS OF AMERICA
Saddling Sunlight



SUN-HEATER CONSTRUCTED AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. 22 MIRRORS FOCUS SUNSHINE THROUGH 23 LENSES



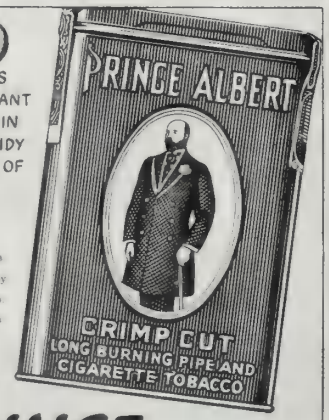
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— *COOLEST OF ALL!*



50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT



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PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The famous romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet, between 1833 and 1883, produced the largest number of love letters ever written by one woman. Although he was away from her for only a few of these fifty years, she wrote him 15,000 devoted notes.

The sunniest spots in the United States are southwestern Arizona and southeastern California. The cloudiest spots are the coastal cities of the state of Washington.

During this school year, about a hundred large corporations will send "talent scouts" to interview fifty thousand college seniors in their annual drive to find and train promising youths for positions in their organizations. To those selected will be offered fellowships, scholarships and courses in company schools which, with the training being given by some five hundred other firms, will cost industry more than $12,000,000 in 1941.

The value of equipping offices with sound-absorbent walls is typically illustrated by an installation in a large American insurance company. Records kept for one year before and one year after the ceilings were constructed showed that the decrease in noise was responsible for a decrease in errors amounting to twenty-nine per cent in the work of typists and fifty-two per cent in the work of calculating-machine operators.

Each winter, a snow survey is made in the Rockies and Sierras by federal, state and private agencies to estimate the quantity of water that is likely to run off into lakes, rivers, aqueducts, dams and irrigation systems in the spring. Although the survey costs more than $100,000 because thirty thousand measurements are made in about seven hundred locations, it is worth millions to industries dependent on an adequate water supply.

The longest aerial-[t]portation system ever nearing completion in twenty-eight miles in will be used to carry lim a quarry to a cement 550 skips, or buckets, a emptied automatically its towers, suspending over waterways, are 1[5] to avoid obstructing s[hips].

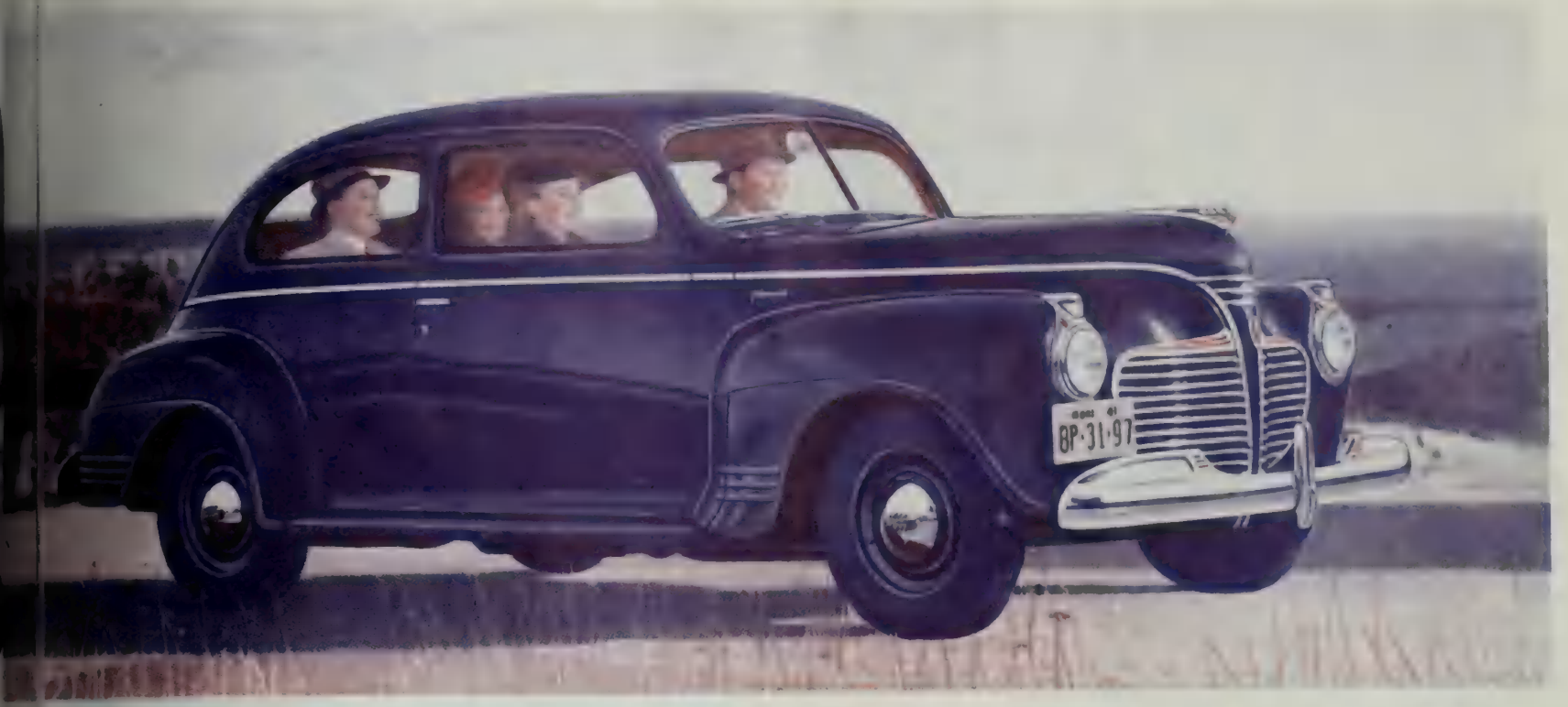
In Mexico, an empl[oyer] lay off workers or clo[se] plant until he receives [permission] from a Conciliation and [Arbitration] Labor Board, compose[d] sentatives of the gover[nment] tal and labor. In Brazil, [employee] cannot discharge a work[er] years' service, unless [he has com]mitted a very grave offe[nse].

The motion picture F[antasia em]ploys a radically differ[ent method] of sound projection, wh[ich gives] film a unique auditory [perspective]. It uses four sound tra[cks, instead] of one, requires abo[ut seventy] loud-speakers, instead [of two, and] can only be projected [in theaters] that install special eq[uipment for] it, of which there will [be no more] than thirteen in the e[ntire United] States.

Two sounds may be [produced] such a manner that the [neutralize] each other and the resu[lt is silence]. Likewise, two beams c[an] be produced in such a [manner that] they, too, neutralize ea[ch other and] the result is darkness.—*[Henri]ette Desgrey, Yonkers, [New York]*

To vaporize gasoline [its carbu]reters, an airplane engi[ne weighing] one ton consumes one t[on of air ev]ery twelve minutes.—*B[Robert C]Brown, Montgomery, [Alabama.]*

Five dollars will be paid for [each interesting] or unusual fact accepted fo[r this column.] Contributions must be accom[panied by satis]factory proof. Address Kee[p with the] World, Collier's, 250 Park Av[e., New York] City. This column is copyright[ed by Collier's,] The National Weekly. None o[f its items may] be reproduced without expres[s permission of] the publisher



ONE RIDE *SWITCHES THOUSANDS*

BIG SWING TO PLYMOUTH: 4 Out of Every 10 New Plymouth Buyers Trade in Other Makes of Cars. Take the Wheel of the Beautiful New Plymouth—Drive it—Ride in it—Discover New Enjoyment...New Value!



...*low-priced* cars, Plymouth is most like the *high-priced* ...gives you most quality features. Compare "All ..." on the 1941 Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's!

TAKE A RIDE in a new Plymouth, and you'll quickly see why this finer, smoother, low-priced beauty is causing thousands to switch from *other makes* of cars!

Plymouth brings you a rich, new Fashion-Tone Interior...the luxurious room and ride of a big 117-inch wheelbase. You enjoy new mastery of the road with new High-Torque engine performance and new power-gearing ...and you do less gear-shifting!

Ride Plymouth—and you'll *buy* it! Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

SEE PLYMOUTH'S LOW-PRICED COMMERCIAL CARS! MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S., THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

1. Plymouth's 117-inch wheelbase is longest of "All 3" low-priced cars. Great comfort and roominess!
2. You enjoy new High-Torque Performance...less shifting.
3. Plymouth brings you finer quality...a new Fashion-Tone Interior...wide color choices.
4. The beautiful new Plymouth is actually the lowest-priced of "All Three" on many models!

LOOK AT 1941 PRICES OF "ALL 3"

Your present car probably covers a large part of Plymouth's surprisingly low delivered price ...with balance in low monthly instalments.

Prices are subject to change without notice.

"RIDE IT— PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS —AND YOU'LL BUY IT"



By jiminy, that's the way to get there!

DO YOU enjoy flying in summer, refreshed by escape from the earth's high heat, relaxed by the colorful countryside that lies like a painting beneath you? Then you will enjoy travel in winter even more, if you fly.

For up in a great airliner in the sky, you'd swear it were summer outside except for the gleaming snow that blankets the earth in white.

Suppose the mercury down there has plummeted to 10 below. You sit and read or doze or eat or chat with friendly passengers in a spacious, comfortable cabin with the temperature at a cozy 72.

Winter schedules are maintained with regularity, efficiency and dependability. Nothing unusual about that; most winter days are excellent for flying.

Where do you want to go? What time do you wish to leave? Just consult the regular airline schedules—you'll find convenient departures and frequent service to all sections of the United States and Canada—and to 55 foreign countries, as well.

Business is good and good business calls for Air Travel—especially since Air Fares are in line with the fastest first-class ground travel, everything considered.

Make your next trip by air and discover why thousands of passengers who are flying this winter say, "All around the calendar—*It Pays To Fly!*"

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It's *easy* to buy an air ticket to any point on or international airlines. Simply phone or c Bureau, Hotel Transportation Desk, or local for airline schedules and fares or general info

IT PAYS TO FLY

This educational campaign is sponsored jointly by the U of the United States and Canada, and Manufacturers the Air Transport Industry.

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"Se rita!" she announced, "I sweep heem the room, no" Roger scowled and almost clicked his heels

THE TRAITOR

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Beginning a new novel—a romance of the United States Navy under pressure from the enemy within, and of Phyllis, the skipper's daughter, a girl equal to any situation

I AM definitely the hatchet woman of Navy Station. When officers are speechless, bound by the code, young Phyllis talks right out. When Navy wives falter into silence, afraid of hell-fire, admirals and the Bureau of Navigation, where is Miss Hartney, the commandant's lovely daughter? She is still in there swinging.

To quote Dolores, the cook Dad and I brought back from Panama, I am *mucho tigre*—much tiger. To quote Dolores again: "You have only nineteen sweet summers, Señorita. But, Dios, the winters, they must have been *very* bitter!" I love to quote Dolores. She is *simpatico*.

Someone has got to tell the truth about what has just finished happening at Navy Station. We found a traitor here. That is bad enough, goodness knows. The very word "traitor" used to horrify me. We have suffered through melodramatic and terrible events. They are saying in Washington that we are all a disgrace to the Service. Gossip has spread to the Fleet, and our tragedy is being referred to as "that Navy Station affair."

We are supposed to hang our heads in shame, making no defense nor even a reply. Navy men and women must take it, you know. Never explain, never complain. Dignified silence, for the good of the Service. Hush-hush, it wouldn't do to undermine public confidence in the Navy at a time like this.

I say pish-tush. (This is calm, lady-like understatement.) Public confidence will not be affected by discovery of treason at a hokey-pokey third-class yard like Navy Station. Not if civilians are told the whole truth, from beginning to end. And why am I so cocksure? It is because I knew us all and watched us—how we thought and felt and acted—during the crisis. I say we learned things through our ordeal that would be good for every American to learn just now. I feel ashamed of a few of us at Navy

Station, including myself, but I am proud of the majority.

At the risk of being caught far beyond my depth, I want to ask just one question: If the love of liberty was born in a dungeon, might not the love of country be born in treason? I think we have proved, right here at Navy Station, that it might . . . .

"WHAT'S the verdict?" Roger said.

"I'm sorry, Rog," I said, "but it has to be 'no.'"

I am going back, now, to that first day when our trouble started. I should like to claim a feminine prescience of disaster. But the plain truth is that Miss Phyllis Hartney had nothing of the sort on her mind. She was very busy trying to tell Lieutenant Roger Collins that she couldn't marry him. It being her first experience in rejecting a man (some hussies would count a midshipman named Tommy, one June week at Annapolis, but *I* shall merely mention him), Miss Hartney was making heavy weather of it.

"I'll ask you again tomorrow," Roger said.

"No . . . please—"

"And the day after that."

"Thank you, Rog—but it's no use."

"Why not?"

"I'm too fond of you to marry you."

"Now, that is nonsense!"

"If I hated you, I might do it. But I won't marry a man I like."

"I know why you're taking this attitude!"

It would have been so much easier with a homely and humble man. But Roger was a beautiful boy, a smart officer and extremely conceited. He had ignored the faint possibility that I might not be in love with him, if, indeed, the idea had ever entered his head. Oh, dammit, I said to myself, I shouldn't have tried to be gently subtle with Roger. Now, he thinks I am making a great renunciation because of Dad. Here it comes—

"Afraid of hurting my career, eh?" Roger said. "That's like you, dear. But I have thought this all out very carefully."

"You have?"

"Why do you suppose I asked for duty at Navy Station?"

"Because you were loyal to the skipper."

"Yes. But I was in love with you, even then."

"Roger! No!"

Then, Roger gave me a glimpse of his noble character. When the admirals cracked down on Dad for writing that book, Roger said, it posed quite a problem for Lieutenant Collins. (The greatest book since Mahan's, I say, but it made the battleship boys hopping mad because it dealt with air power in the modern world.) Should Roger follow the Hartneys into exile at Navy Station? Could he afford, at this stage of his career, to be associated with the skipper? Roger had not faltered. Loyalty was loyalty. He was not faltering now. He would accept the worser hazard of marriage to Captain Hartney's daughter. He was willing, even anxious, to bear the stigma.

I shifted to an obvious irony, saying: "That is splendid of you, Rog, but I couldn't let you sacrifice yourself. The curse of the Hartneys is upon me. I will not bring you to ruin!"

It was Roger's cue to grin, but he muffed it. He kept a sad and solemn, a consecrated face, looking at me steadily. He had very handsome brown eyes. (I have never, alas, thought brown eyes much of a treat, having a pair of them myself. And not bad, either, see?)

"I won't be ruined, Phyllis."

"Oh, yes, you would. No friend of the Skipper's will ever get anywhere in this Navy."

"Not until—"

"Until what?"

Roger side-stepped. "All right. I'm ruined. But I'm marrying you," he said. "Ah, Phyllis, honey—"

I let him sweep me into his arms for a kiss. After all, I liked Roger and I was grateful. His gesture in transferring to Navy Station after he finished his last sea duty had helped my father through a bad time. Dad swore by Roger and needed his efficiency in paper-work detail. So, instead of saying honestly: "My boy, I will know the right man's kiss when I feel it, and *that* wasn't it!" I did a little play-acting.

Gaspily, I pushed Roger away. "No . . . no—" I said, and was I corny! "It just can't be. Ever!"

"You're wrong, dear."

"No. Thank you very much—but no—"

THIS might have gone on quite some time, but I had kicked the buzzer for Dolores. She came barging into the living room with the vacuum sweeper. My jewel, my treasure, Dolores.

"Señorita!" she announced. "I sweep heem the room, now!"

Roger stiffened, scowled and almost clicked his heels.

"You might train her to knock before she enters a room," he said.

"I've tried," I said. "I'm awfully sorry, but she just learn."

"This evening then

"Yes."

Roger glared at Dol hand, bowed and mar I noted that he had tempestuous scene or even disarranging h form. I also remem settled nothing as fa cerned. Both thoug and I took it out on D told you just to come ing. You always over a mugger and a ham!"

This got only a w from Dolores.

"Name of a name, said, in Spanish (has a copyright?). "Such showing a man the d him to insult me. I s pretty suit. I should for him! A coarsenes situation upon that Where is your red hair

"Still on my head."

"You showed no forc

"An impudent wenc

"Who loves you."

"There—I'm sorry—

"But of course."

"And you will try t to Lieutenant Collins.

"No, Señorita. Of hate. You are under to marry him!"

"Is that so?"

"*Si, si!*"

"Maybe I will, just We'll have seven st They'll all be born in quality full dress unifo to nurse them and shin tons morning and night

Ordinarily, Dolores

(Continued on

"Okay, pretty boy, here we go," said Ensign Murphy, and started to swing. "Boys, boys!" I said. They jumped apart





long life. Out of Lilly Daché's spring collection
atural coconut straw, with green veil and multi-
ngement, festive enough for dinners in town.
ched by short jeweled hatpins, a handy trick



With Roman striped ribbon the simple sailor hat becomes tailored. Have hat bands made to harmonize with other ensembles or wear it with only a jeweled hatpin. If the sailor is made of fabric or felt it will be a hat that will carry you through every season of the year

e Way 'Vear u Hat

ly Daché

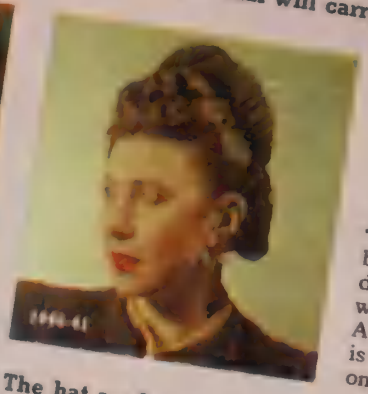
FC COLLIER'S
MAS



Lilly Daché's favorite hat as she wore it three years ago, well forward almost covering her forehead



Last year as the pompadour was launched Lilly Daché wore her hat farther back on her head adding a snood



The hat as she wears it today, back of a pompadour or false curls. The original hat size has not changed





Two views of Lilly Daché's new red felt hat that hugs the head because it is sewed on a bicycle clip, and is secure even in the wind. It can be worn with or without a pompadour and exposes your back hair while at the same time keeping it neat and tidy

•

A WOMAN goes to the milliner for any one of a thousand reasons. And any man who thinks women buy hats to keep their heads warm just doesn't know women. But a hat that is well-designed never goes out of fashion. A really chic woman never says, "Spring is coming, and I haven't a thing to put on my head."

A well-made hat will fit into your wardrobe and stay there as long as a good coat or dress. I wear some of mine three and four years. My special stand-by is a draped turban of green Rodier wool jersey that matches a quilted wool suit I had made in Paris in 1938. The pictures of it which appear in the center of this page show that anyone with a little imagination can make an old favorite look new each season.

Don't believe I'm discouraging women from giving themselves that lift of spirit a new hat brings. Every woman knows how soul-satisfying and essential it is to look out on the world from an entirely new frame, and have someone beam back with interest.

Most women can wear any one of the six hat classics—turban, pillbox, swagger brim, bonnet, flowered toque or off-the-face hat—if it is modified to suit her head, height and hair-do. But whether it comes off the closet hatstand or fresh from the milliner's bandbox, put it on with a dash. Timid approaches to the season's approved angle are a life sentence to dowdiness.

•

Whip Hand

By I. A. R. Wylie

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



She didn't scream, instead, after a moment, she gave a little laugh. It was part self-mocking, part malignant

FROM where they stood, the house at the end of the night-shadowed avenue glittered like a pleasure palace. But to Barry Forster it was a prison from which, for a breathing spell, he had escaped. He turned to the girl beside him. He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"You're not angry?" he asked almost humbly.

She pulled herself free. But he knew she was not angry—only frightened and bewildered.

"We've been happy, haven't we, Eileen? It's been a perfect ten days. Now . . ."

"She's waiting for you," the girl said unevenly. She was like a beaten army, falling back behind its last defenses. "It was good of her to let you go. She must have missed you terribly."

"Sick people like Felice," he said, "don't miss anyone." He spoke softly, and he knew the picture that he conjured up in her mind—that of a handsome, life-loving man, desperately alone, shackled and overburdened.

"We love each other," he said simply. "You haven't known it till now. I've known it for days past. You thought you were in love with that nice young cub you talked so much about. But it's me you love—and I who need you."

She shook her head. "Even if it were true—it makes no difference."

"Because I'm not free?"

"You know that's why—"

He knew that he could sweep this child off her feet. But there were her people—rich, small-town folk who, during the camping trip that had celebrated her recovery from a threatened illness, had eyed him doubtfully. He could not afford to make them hostile.

"Listen, darling. You're going home tomorrow. Promise me one thing. Wait—just six months. Don't marry your nice cub till then. Give me my chance—"

His hands were on her shoulders. He could feel the inner struggle. His hands tightened. "Promise!" he pleaded.

"I promise!" she said faintly.

THE sanatorium was like a huge mother hen brooding over a clutch of chickens. Each of the dependencies scattered over the estate was a complete unit. When Barry had brought Felice here after her breakdown they had occupied the most expensive of the log-built cabins. Now they had the cheapest. Her sickness had consumed money. His gambling, so that one day he would be rich and free, had consumed more.

The nurse met him in the little hallway and eyed him with disapproval. He knew that she had thought the ten-day trip callous. "How is she?" he said. "How have things been?"

She answered evasively: "Dr. Randolph will tell you. He's coming around at nine. I am waiting for the night nurse who is to come on at twelve."

"You don't need to wait, Miss Keith. I'll take over. It pleases my wife, you know. After all, I haven't seen her for ten days."

The girl's face softened. "Very well
"Good night, Miss Keith. And tha
He closed the door on her. There
ment in Felice's room. He went softly
room and opened a glass cupboard. H
he wanted and slipped it into the pock
breaker. Then he opened the inner do
The room was dimly lighted. Fel
shadow, among her pillows. Her eyes, v
sunken and lifeless, blazed up at sight
"Well—here I am!" he said.
"Darling—what a wonderful surpris
sounded a little thick as though she ha
and was not yet quite awake. "I wasn't
Did you have a good time?"
"Splendid."
He came over to the bed. She wai
kiss her. Well, he could do that much.
"I wanted you to have a good tim
clung like a child's to his sleeve. "You
lying here and realizing how I have spo
you, Barry. And you've been so good
corner of her mouth was drawn dov
anxious little smile. "If there was onl
could do—"
He sat down on the edge of the be
note pad and pencil that she kept besid
is something—"
"What is it, Barry?"
"Write as I dictate." He clasped h
his knees, steadying them, not looking
you ready?" he asked evenly.
"Yes, dear, I'll try—of course—"
"Write: 'I am doing this deliberately
a burden I have become. I cannot bear
loved husband suffer for me. This is
Now sign it."
He watched her slow-moving hand
was like a spellbound animal who c
awareness. But now she was re-reading
written. The blood rose under the ver
Her whole body tensed. "Barry, I
stand—"
"That's all. Now take these. Then
to sleep."
He had shaken three white tablets o
in his hand. He held out a glass of water
said.
"But, Barry—the doctor said one
two were dangerous—and three—"
"Come!" he repeated. He bent ove
was a violence under his quiet. She drev
into her pillows, cowering from the appa
in him. "Don't scream," he said, "or
would be useless. I'm tired of you, my d
is someone else—"
She didn't scream. Instead, after a
gave a little laugh. It was part self-r
malignant, as though, with all illusion s
hated life and him beyond endurance.
was in her eyes as suddenly, almost
obeyed him.

YOUNG Dr. Randolph sat by the beds
the note in one hand, the phial in the
listened to the man's hoarse grief-torn v
"She must have done it while I wa
room. I thought at first she was just as
found the note—and it was too late."
"Yes," the doctor agreed. "Much t
matter of fact I've been afraid of this. S
—only yesterday."
"Didn't she know how I felt! Did
what she was doing to me?"
"Perhaps she did." The young ma
sently, lost in his own thought. "I left th
medicine chest," he said, casually.
"She must have fetched it."
"Of course."
"She had been wandering about as
at night. She said it helped her to sleep.
"Yes—I remember." Suddenly the d
to come back to full consciousness. H
know, Forster, she really cared for you.
your going. It upset her. And with tha
pressure— But she didn't want us to spo
day—"
"I don't quite get you, Doctor."
"It happened three days after you left
notice, did you? No—I suppose you wer
His voice had a faint note of pity: "It wa
on the left side—only a slight one. But
have walked, you know." He pulled th
the watching eyes as though they had see
satisfy them. Then he took down the re
telephone.
"Give me the police," he said.



"What do you think we are?" Ax said coldly. "Immigrant bounty boys?"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

d soldiers, they say, ver ie. The only way get be an old soldier to arn how to fight

ERCANT SAM BATSON studied the eet of the replacements who file into the barricades, kicking rt int little clouds before they took sition on the firing steps. Then he nced over his shoulder at the morn- sun turned his head slowly and ured the slope toward Vicksburg, der s e for a month, but still stand- g, gn ed and defiant. The first Con- derat trench was less than two ndred ards up the bluff.

He d n't look at the faces of the new en. Their feet told him all he needed know Bounty soldiers. Immigrant ishme rounded up by blood brokers ho de ered them in droves to state ilitia The immigrants got a bounty nd th broker took his cut. Sam had nly pi for them. Most U. S. Regulars, Sar was, were contemptuous of ounty oldiers, but old Sam felt sorry or anybody who came three thousand miles to get his innards all blown out.

He reached for his chewing tobacco and was thinking his own thoughts when the young soldier presented himself. "You're the supply sergeant, ain't you? I'm Ben Bradley, your new helper. Ohio's my home. Any instructions?"

Sam looked at the recruit's feet quickly. "Pick up your feet when you walk. The Confeds can see dust a mile." He spat into the dirt and turned his cold gray eyes on Ben. The boy, conscious of the gaze, fumbled for his tobacco and took a big bite.

"Better nibble that tobacco," Sam said. "It'll last longer. Those buckoes up the hill got plenty of tobacco, but they bargain hard."

Ben flushed. He thought he might impress the sergeant by chewing like a veteran. He was hungry for conversation. "Fine-looking soldiers in that last bunch, eh, Sarge?"

"They ain't soldiers. Them buckoes up the hill are soldiers."

Ben resented the remark and said angrily, "The new men are just over from Ireland. They are fighters. Every bully boy in the levy stands over six feet. They love a fight."

The sergeant scratched his beard and glanced at the sun again before he spoke. "You got a lot of dander." He looked the new line over for the first time. "All six-footers," he mumbled. "Well, the bigger they are the more ground it takes to bury 'em."

Ben said, "Wait'll they hit the Rebs. They are wildcats."

Sam stretched and yawned. "They ain't soldiers. Just wild micks with new muskets in their hands and mustard in their blood."

"They ain't scared of nothing," Ben said.

"I know it." Sam rinsed his mouth with water from his canteen, then took another small bite of tobacco. "The earth 'round here is full of men who weren't scared of nothing." He saw an Irishman poke his head above the barricades and opened his mouth to yell, but it was too late. A ball tore through the man's temple.

Ben gaped at the body and felt his heart slip to his stomach. "They killed him. Dead. Shot him in the head."

SAM watched the Irishmen pick up their comrade and saw the looks of amazement on their faces. "Them buckoes up the hill take a lot of interest in their work. Them's soldiers. They know how."

"Why didn't you warn our men?" Ben demanded.

"You talk too damn' much," Sam snapped. Then he was sorry he said it and offered Ben a chew. "Didn't the colonel warn you to keep your head down before you came up here?"

"Yes, but—"

"If those Irishers won't mind the colonel, they won't pay me no mind either. Soldiers have to learn the hard way, son. Considering what the men learned, they didn't pay a big price."

He flattened his face against the top of the barricades, cupped his hands and shouted, "Hey, Reb."

The answer came from the Confederate trench, "Hey, Yank."

Sam stood up and half of his body was exposed. Ben gasped in admiration at what he thought was reckless bravery. The sergeant cupped his hands again. "You shouldn't shoot with the sun in your eyes. Might hurt something."

"You don't say," the answer floated back. "Whatcha got to eat?"

"Roast duck," Sam yelled. "How 'bout you?"

"Roast turkey."

The sergeant stepped down and Ben asked, "Turkey? Did he say turkey?"

(Continued on page 33)

The Sticking Point

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Congressman Harridan had never been anything but a shabby politician. What would you say now?

REPRESENTATIVE CASSIUS MILO HARRIDAN was an unimportant little man from a shabby coal-mining town in a poorer section of his state. To those who knew him best he seemed, in spite of his well-cut clothes and his twice-a-day shave, as shabby as the district he represented in Congress. He had a modicum of gifts, a shock of black hair, a deep organ note in his voice and a mild talent for oratory. He also had considerable energy and he managed through the years to keep his seat in Congress by an endless and not very pretty performance of trying to please everyone, of trying to propitiate every group, no matter how wild.

He had all the vices of the little man. He liked a drink better than he should have liked it, he smoked incessantly, with nervous tappings and much puffing, he played poker for higher stakes than he could afford. He was vain of his success with women and his vanity required that he be constantly involved in some shoddy intrigue.

The patience of his wife, the unusual attractiveness of his three sons were assets that he took for granted rather than appreciated. He loved them all after his fashion and provided for them adequately. Since he had never bothered to move his family to Washington, and since his paramount emotional interest was always elsewhere, he was more like a showy guest in his own home than the solid father and head of the house.

In the House his career was undistinguished. Without thought or care he allowed himself to be considered one of a "stable" managed by abler or more determined men.

Just as his most vital emotional contact was always outside of his home, so his most vital concern was always with re-election, not with the issues being debated on the floor of the House. All the way around he seemed to miss the genuine purposes and intents of a man's life and to play his part in shadow and vagaries.

At the time the Blake-Overly Bill came down from the Senate for final passage in the House, Harridan's current lady friend was a shopkeeper on a street of small shops not far from his unpretentious hotel. Her name was Alma Stevens and she sold clothing, hats and accessories priced to catch the attention of the many stenographers and clerks employed in Washington. She was a divorcee in her middle thirties, thin, dark and extremely animated. She was a good sort, hard-working, vigorous and not too particular. Her laughter was quick and bright and always on trigger. Her conversation and mediocre and her app than average. She had clean apartment where h to go to talk and drink bee think that they were sw lovers and understood eac

Her friends were like he couples without children o particular standards beyo ity, a bachelor or two and all involved with some r regular relationship. Th hearty and materialistic tured and before them H. as something a little super tened respectfully to his oratory, were bound by insured no betrayal of hi with Alma.

Alma was not an evil earned her own living, p was kindly to her clerks. A vide some tenderness, co and amusement was necess ridan was the man at the r

Energetic as he was abou his political fences at hor

(Continued on pag

Alma's voice "Kenneth has she said. "Th a dozen to be wife and to the

It'd Better Be Good

BENITO

BY FRANK GERVASI

The audience is uneasy. The old act bores, the juggler drops a ball or two and the rest of the show had better be good or there will be a new actor on the stage



INTERNATIONAL

Potential Italian strong man is now-disfavored Marshal Pietro Badoglio, never a very strong adherent of Fascism. Above, right, he walks with his chief and Ettore Muti

Hitler's man in Italy is Roberto Farinacci, high in Fascist councils. Here, second from left, he is welcomed to Berlin by Dr. Goebbels

PIX

f A evening in June, in 1890, whe the Italy of Garibaldi and Maz ni and Cavour was but ye old, there was a celebra- th modest middle-class home nel aspare Cavallero. Lamps ligh all the rooms of the two- vil in Monferrato, a village in dm ese mountains. There were nd uch food for the elders; kes d anise-flavored water for ildre

as a mportant day in the bour- aga the Cavalleros. Ugo, aged d ju been graduated from gram- hoo nd, a potential soldier, had ive y this honorable family of s to e hopeful new Italy of the ime . From grammar school, oul nter the Italian West Point, ilita College of Modena.

he y moment that the men of ouse n Monferrato raised their s to e shy, slight Ugo, solemnly g hi rilliant future, glasses were rais to another soldier in neigh- g Gr zano–Monferrato—one who ust en graduated with honors the litary Academy of Turin at nhea -of age of nineteen. The of t s second soldier was Pietro glio.

neon n the Cavallero house men- d the oincidence. It would have bett if he hadn't. There was no betw n the Cavalleros and the glios Both were military fami- nd li d in rival villages and if you the tensity of the family feuds of those mountain towns you can understand why Ugo shuddered when the name of the older Pietro was mentioned.

Even before they were born the fragile Ugo and the rugged Pietro were destined to be rivals. Their fathers were rivals, with Cavallero always one promotion behind Badoglio. Pietro became for Ugo a man he must overtake and pass and the younger boy's father kept alive the rivalry. Family honor and ego demanded it.

Ugo Cavallero did, finally, move ahead of Pietro Badoglio fifty years later, on December 6, 1940, when Benito Mussolini removed Badoglio as Chief of Staff of the Italian Armed Forces and replaced him with Cavallero. Ugo couldn't have foreseen the circumstances of his final triumph, however, any more than his father could have envisioned the death of the Italy of Garibaldi, the emergence of Fascism and the eventual participation of Italy in a war with Germany against Britain and against a France that had given Italy the House of Savoy, its ruling dynasty.

Nine years is a long time to make up in a military career. Until the first World War there were no opportunities for rapid promotion and honors. Ugo, meanwhile, developed what skills he possessed and these were a capacity for languages and an aptitude for politics. He became a politician-soldier. Badoglio stuck to his cannon.

Upon being graduated from Modena, Ugo Cavallero became an instructor in the Parma School of Infantry and Ballistics. He attracted the attention of General Cadorna, then Chief of Staff, and at the beginning of the war was promoted to major and placed in charge of the General Secretariat of the Supreme Command which transmitted orders to the field commanders. One of these commanders was Major Badoglio. The House of Cavallero had overtaken the House of Badoglio. The job was now to pass the rival.

The disaster of Caporetto came. Cadorna was broken. His successor as generalissimo of the Italian armies was General Diaz, who promoted Badoglio to a full colonel and then a general and

(Continued on page 47)





Briefly, he caught a flash of the high buildings. He was beneath their tops!

It's Up to Ski

By Hurd Barrett

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE ME

Mr. Skip Smith, the aircraft dustry's most articulate m talks a bomber into a land

EVERYONE at Western Aircraft li You couldn't help it. He was a lo headed kid, with a heart as big nice grin, plenty of animal energy an desire to be helpful. His only fault w the idea that he was smarter than th idea, incidentally, that was not with tions; for he was unbelievably efficie and exceptionally good at almost anyt

Even so, there were times when yo listening to the advice he was always of hearing him tell you how good he wanted to do murder. That was ho must have felt that morning just befo in the XBSA-711. . . .

Skip and Tony—who was Weste chief, and Skip's boss—were standing Western's final assembly hangar. Nea Western's XBSA—the Eurasian job– engines turning over. Skip and Ton for Wally Mead, the company's chief General Symarion to come down and her customer's approval test.

She was a beautiful high-wing atta Western's engineers had developed for Air Corps competitions the year be ready, she was considered obsolete. building two hundred ships more or le faster and better, for the Army; so wh Symarion and his Eurasian purchasi came along, the boss had already gotte permission from Washington, and sig with the general for a hundred XBSA was all made: and the order would money for Western to help build an ex plant we could use later for defense pr

THAT made everybody happy. Exce as usual, had a few ideas on the was sounding off in his habitually po He was feeling more than usually pr that morning, because he had been cho on the acceptance flight as observer. T he had gotten the assignment, of cours he was the only person at Western wit knowledge at all who spoke French; only European language the general un he was pleased with himself, just the s

"What I can't see," he was saying why those guys want auxiliary contro gunner's compartment at all. You cou job from there. There aren't any lan or brake controls. Just a stick, rudder pe of throttles and a few instruments. If I to say about it, I'd—"

"Yeah, I know," said Tony caustic mentioned that before. You'd have a f trols back there. . . . But can't you get i noggin of yours that you *haven't* an about it? The control and armament built to the customer's specifications, tomer wants 'em like they are."

"I know," said Skip, running his fi his red hair. "But it's dumb. Those co right for temporary pilot relief. But l the pilot gets killed? What then?" He threw his long arms out in an angul finality. "They're out an airplane. I this General Symarion'd be smart e that."

(Continue



Catching Hit-Runs

By Myron M. Stearns

Stepping on the gas doesn't do a hit-run driver much good today. New methods of detection will track him down from the evidence he invariably leaves behind

ILLUSTRATED BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

CROWD of Cleveland children starting running across a street from the rear door of their school the moment school was out. A car traveling too fast to stop ran through the group and struck a boy. When officers reached the scene all that the children could tell them was that the car was gone. Police headquarters ordered all accident squads to canvass all service stations. In one garage officers saw a gray touring car in the garage. They felt the radiator and the engine; both were cold. There was no gray touring car in the place. As the officers were about to leave, one of them thought of feeling the car's exhaust pipe. It was warm!

Jacking the car over the oiling pit they examined the underbody and found traces of oil on the king bolts. When compared with the injured boy's clothing they were found to be identical.

Confronted with this evidence, the garage manager admitted that one of his men had driven the owner of the car home and struck the boy while returning to the garage. The radiator had been refilled with fresh water to cool the engine.

In Waterbury, Connecticut, officers investigating a hit-run fatality reasoned that the guilty driver lived in a certain suburb of the city, because no one but a resident would be speeding along that particular road where the accident occurred late at night. On the theory that the guilty person might have been going into the city to shop with his car and might stay in his own vicinity now, grocers and other storekeepers were asked if they had been selling to any new customers.

Nearly two weeks after the accident a grocer told the officers that a postal employee who had lived for years only a short distance away had begun for the first time to buy groceries from him during the past fortnight. Officers went to the house, the small garage at the rear empty. For two days they waited for the owner to be brought back. Then they called the man to his front door and asked him where his car was.

"Why, in the garage!" he said.

They said the garage was empty.

"But I left it there only a little while ago!" he said. "Somebody must have taken it."

Knowing that the man was lying, the officers took him, with his wife, to headquarters, and questioned them separately. Finally they confessed. They had hidden their hit-run car, with telltale marks of the accident still on it, in the woods near their home.

Driving one rainy night along a road near Indianapolis, a motorist narrowly missed crashing into a wrecked car lying halfway across the road. Three people were unconscious, badly hurt. None of the three knew what had hit them. No witnesses had heard the crash or seen the accident. A downpour had washed out all tracks. But, on the scene, state police found straw litter, sawmill shavings, a piece of board and scrapings of blue paint left on the wrecked car by a hit-run machine.

When Every Second Counts

The bits of litter indicated that the hit-run car was a stock truck. Careful examination revealed that the litter contained nettles found in certain black-soil areas of the state. Checking stockyards, sale barns, gas stations and garages in the nearest one of these areas, the investigators found a blue truck, the owner of which proved to be the guilty driver.

Expert hit-run detectives become so interested that they keep going, to the point of exhaustion, to crack a case. Officers on night duty double up and take day duty also, while the day men work into the night—putting the whole squad on almost a 24-hour basis until a case is solved.

The first step is to get to the scene of the accident as quickly as possible. Witnesses who may have seen the escaping car and driver will soon be gone. Clues that might lead to the identification of the missing car or driver may be lost; tire tracks may be obliterated. In Trenton, New Jersey, when two-way radio equipment was installed on all squad cars, the percentage of hit-run arrests rose from less than three out of five to nine out of ten.

As soon as they reach the place of accident, give first-aid to the injured and warn approaching traffic, officers go after the driver involved in the accident. That is not always simple. In both city and country, crowds immediately collect around any accident. Inexpert investigators will sometimes lose as much as fifteen minutes before they find out that the guilty driver is missing. Not infrequently, even after the officers are on the scene, a driver who has stopped after causing an accident will slip away and try to escape detection. Experienced officers have learned also to keep a sharp eye on overcurious bystanders. A guilty driver will often, after turning a couple of corners, come back to see what actually happened, and decide whether or not he'd better give himself up.

The scene of an accident must be thoroughly searched for clues. From even a small piece of a headlight lens, its exact size and manufacturer can usually be told. Bits of rubber torn from the running board sometimes can be identified. There are parts catalogues with detailed pictures of each nut and bolt, each lamp bracket or angle iron, for almost every car that has ever been built. From the motor-vehicle bureau, a list can be secured of all cars in the state of the make and year indicated. One by one these may be carefully investigated and checked off until finally the car involved in the accident is located.

Near Manchester, New Hampshire, a middle-aged dairy hand walking home from work was struck and killed by a run-outer. Near his body traffic detectives picked up dozens of small glass fragments. These were carefully examined, preserved, and labeled. They were identified as coming from the headlight of a small 1936-model truck. Shortly afterward a farmer was seen buying such a lens from a local agency. Detectives went over every foot of his barnyard. They found two little triangular pieces of glass that exactly fitted against fragments picked up at the scene of the accident, positively identifying the hit-run car.

When unable to uncover any evidence through a thorough search at the scene of the accident, investigators may canvass houses in the neighborhood for witnesses who might have heard the crash or seen a speeding car. Saloons, garages and filling stations on both sides of the accident, sometimes over an area of many miles, may be visited.

It Pays to Come Back

In one baffling Midwestern case, officers, assuming that the hit-skip car had been damaged, inquired at garages over a radius of nearly twenty miles without uncovering any further evidence. Two days later an officer returned to the scene and, as he put it, "tried to figure what I would do if I were trying to run out of an accident at that spot." He turned off the highway at the first cross road, and talked with delivery boys and other regular route men. Presently he heard from a milkman about a filling-station proprietor who had sold gasoline to a party in a damaged car, in which there was an injured girl. This led to a check-up of doctors throughout that vicinity, and presently one was discovered who had treated a girl for injuries. She was found, and the owner and driver of the hit-run car was identified.

A novel trick never thought of in early cases is to revisit the scene of the

(Continued on page 43)

OUR NEW ARMY

DESIGN FOR LEAVING: Some of the 17,000,000 potential members of our new Army might like to know that Lieutenant Colonel Joseph E. Nelson, Minnesota's adjutant general, is largely responsible for the neatness and dispatch with which they were, or will be, bundled off to barracks. It's this way:

The World War Selective Service law worked better than anyone expected, but there were a lot of weak spots in it: insufficient information about eligibles, draft boards dominated by politics, useless red tape, time lags in the operation of the law. Eight years ago Lieut. Col. Nelson set about to exterminate the bugs, and he did such a good job that the result became Minnesota's Selective Service plan.

But the minute the plan was finished it disappeared faster than a scared rabbit. Two copies were locked up in the deepest archives of the War College in Washington, and the author was advised to keep his own copy so thoroughly bedded down that no newsman, congressman or stray citizen could possibly get his nose into the text. The idea of compulsory military training wouldn't have stood the light of publicity in 1933—the country was much too busy fighting a depression.

The secret thesis didn't stay hidden very long, though. A couple of years after the document had been popped into a vault the War Department yanked it out and made mimeographed copies—marked confidential—for the adjutant general of each state. Military men began to discuss the idea in larger and larger groups; and finally, in 1936, a Chicago newsman got wind of the plan at a summer camp—and the lid was off. When President Roosevelt asked Congress for a selective-service bill last year, copies of the Minnesota plan (which has become, in essence, the plan of every other state) were in the hands of every state adjutant, complete with charts, books, maps and details. It was ready to go and it went.

A good many of Lieut. Col. Nelson's forty-four years were spent in the railroad business; but as an Army man he has been a part- and full-time soldier since 1914, having served in the Minnesota National Guard infantry (Mexico), artillery and air corps (France), on the general staff, in the War College, adjutant general's department and Selective Service, of which he is now Minnesota's director. He quit civilian life in 1926 when he emerged a major from the infantry school at Fort Benning, Georgia. The next year brought him the rank of lieutenant colonel and the job of full-time assistant adjutant general of Minnesota. If the Army runs true to form he'll soon be a full colonel, then a brigadier general and adjutant general.

Present trainees over twenty-five will find little consolation in the fact that the man who doped out M-day doesn't believe they ought to be in camp at all. He has figures to prove that fewer than twenty-five per cent of Class A-1 selectees come from brackets above the twenty-five-year mark. But Lieut. Col. Nelson is a soldier—and the trainees soon will be. "We do what Congress orders us to do," he says, "even if we don't like it."

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SOUTH: When construction ceases at Blanding it will be one of the biggest training camps in the country. Just to give you an idea: This Florida reservation, sprawling twelve miles from first to last sentry, embraces 134,000 acres located fifty miles southwest of Jacksonville, and facilities are contemplated for 75,000 men. There was a time when an Army division contrived to struggle along with 1,035 trucks, but the 31st (Dixie) Division—Alabama, Florida, Louisiana and Mississippi National Guard—now at Blanding, has more than 2,000, and the monthly cost for vehicle parts alone is a quarter of a million dollars.

As is the case in other sections of the country, sleeping accommodations near Florida's gigantic cantonment are worth their weight in mattresses. Many of the 20,000 construction workers commute daily from as far away as Ocala, a seventy-five-mile stone's throw. Amidst the shambles a sprinkle of trainees is beginning to arrive, and the vanguard of the 43d Division—Connecticut, Maine, Rhode Island and Vermont National Guard—is expected in March. Three thousand Negro draftees are slated, too. It ought to be quite a settlement.

PRIZE outfit of the 31st Division is Company F, 156th Field Artillery, from Breaux Ridge, Louisiana. Every one of Company F's 120 officers and men speaks French, and most of the commands are given in that language when the higher-ups aren't around. Capable of serving as interpreters, too, are most of the personnel of Companies E, G and H, respectively of Jeanerette, New Iberia and Lafayette, also of Louisiana's Evangeline country.

But there is some muttering in the French outfits. The Army's brand of coffee may be all right for the average trainee, but it's just plain insipid to the members of the Pelican State contingent. They're used to a brew that's black as ink and strong enough to bend a crowbar. From home they brought French-drip coffee gadgets, and with them they contrive to produce a potion that will knock your hat sideways.

Aside from the java problem, Sgt. Henry Castille can't understand the quartermaster's mental processes. "Look at that," he said, pointing to a row of bottles on the mess-hall counter. "We requisitioned tabasco pepper sauce and they sent us pickled peppers. *Sacre bleu!*"

Like the chefs in the three neighboring outfits, First-Class Cook Dorsey Broussard, of St. Martinsville, boss kitchen mechanic for the Breaux Ridge company, puts a French twist on everything in his pots and pans. They're the same groceries supplied the Mississippi, Alabama and Florida units, but when they reach the ultimate consumer they just aren't the same vittles. It may be that word of this will get around, and inspecting officers will get into the habit of dropping in at mealtime—"Well, well; just in time for chow!"—but First-Class Cook Broussard undoubtedly won't be caught napping. He probably has in mind an extremely delectable gumbo made of pine shavings and sawdust.

BLANDING is a paradise for the water-sports-minded. Troop quarters are established along the shore of Lake Kingsley, a nearly perfect circle in outline and has a diameter of two miles. Within the reservation are ten large and nine smaller crystal-clear lakes with white-sand beaches, all of them teeming with big-mouth black bass and other fish. Some of the bass weigh eighteen pounds—that's what it says here on the report.

MOUNTAIN: Any man who can keep 700 other men soup-happy on forty cents a day each will make a helpful husband when he gets around to matrimony. At least, Lieut. Eugene C. Light, mess officer for the 252d Quartermaster Company at Fort Douglas, Salt Lake City, thinks that trudging home from a supermarket with a week's supply of groceries will be a pipe, after what he's been through. In his Army capacity last month he bought five and a half tons of beef, four and a quarter tons of pork, 605 pounds of turkey, 548 pounds of fish, 1,350 dozen eggs, 2,196 gallons of milk, three and a half tons of bread, a couple of tons of butter and nearly ten tons of fresh vegetables. Oh—and twenty-four pounds of marshmallows.

SEVERAL prospective draftees in Murray, Utah, turned up at Fort Douglas in a new National Guard unit. It could hardly be called larceny, *but*—Selective Service officials had an idea that the National Guard was using the draft lists in seeking candidates to fill vacancies caused by resignations of men having dependents or essential jobs. Selective Service men finally admitted it was okay for draftees to elect to serve a year's training in the Guard: "They'd all wind up at Camp San Luis Obispo, anyway." Incidentally, since we reported three weeks ago that construction work at that California camp had been delayed by heavy rains—Chamber of Commerce or no—mobilization of Utah's 40th Division has again been postponed.

Meantime, the old-time Regulars at Fort Douglas are calling the draftees "S-men"—but without sarcasm. Fact is, you can usually tell a soldier with six to twenty years of experience by the pleasant way he addresses everybody. November draftees who try to put on the dog by ordering the February selectees around are dead giveaways, yet it goes on in every camp in the country.

●

MIDWEST: Mechanization note: There's no bugler at Scott Field, Illinois, twenty-four miles east of St. Louis, but that's no excuse for overtime ear-pounding. As befits the principal radio school of the Army Air Corps, reveille is an electrical transcription, sounded from a record via a cluster of loud-speakers.

THE 7,500 radio-communication students thus needled to wakefulness are in different stages of an eighteen weeks' course. In addition, there are 4,200 correspondence scholars who send their papers in franked envelopes to Scott Field's Air Corps Institute. There's a waiting list of 1,900. The courses were bought by the government from a private correspondence school which furnished some of the civilian staff now running the A.C.I. It's a break for the Air Corps boys—some of the lessons cost civilians $200 a set.

ST. LOUIS hockey and wrestling crowds contain from 200 to 800 Scott Field boys, and in the nearer town of Belleville, Illinois, they are sometimes entertained socially. One of a group of noncoms recently gave the hostesses the low-down on their insignia. "This HG service badge with the yellow propeller blades on the blue background means a man's married," he said, "and these 'hash marks' on the sleeve indicate the number of children." The hostesses went on being polite until a sergeant, not from HG, put in an appearance wearing no badge but boasting four service stripes.

THERE'S plenty of prairie mud around Splinter City, the big new cantonment on the far side of Scott Field, and WPA workers from Belleville are trying to clean it up by building roads. One group of these laborers regularly arrives in a hearse. No explanation. *C'est la guerre.*

G. W.



PHOTOGRAPHED F[illegible] OLLIER BY IFOR THOMAS



Guardsmen at Florida's Camp Blanding like . Specially made, it's on tap day and night



Camp Blanding's Kingsley Lake offers good fishing and swimming. Shore areas are assigned each regiment and supplied with piers and equipment



Automotive maintenance cost is high. Each of the 2,000 trucks in the 1st Division uses about $125 worth of new parts monthly



Thousands of civilian construction workers commute daily to Blanding, rushing roads and barracks to completion for an estimated 75,000 men

Home-Maid Ski Champ

By W. C. Heinz



Championship ... lyn Shaw dem... skill that ma... among U. S. ...

At fifteen, Miss Marilyn Shaw is Women's—not girls', mind you—National Ski Champion. Here is one American mistress of the sport who learned her skiing on the flanks of the Vermont hills and hasn't even a nodding acquaintance with the flossy ski peaks of Europe

THE chances are you weren't on Baldy Mountain in the state of Idaho on the morning of March 22, 1940. But if you were you will recall that it was a cold morning, so cold the air seemed hard and that Sun Valley lay before you a desert of dry snow and gaunt trees. A ski run, the course for the Women's National Championships, slashed zigzag down the flank of Baldy, the marker flags waving crisply in the sharp wind.

At the head of the run stood a group of performers, timers and starters in a small forest of skis and poles. Their breaths made puffs of chilled vapor and the crowd of overcoated, mufflered spectators and the participants with the big numbers on their chests and backs were excited in that undemonstrative way of winter-sports enthusiasts. These fans aren't like baseball fans or football fans. In this sense and this alone, skiing is like tennis. Good craftsmanship evokes patters of applause, you know, instead of howls and jeers and cheers.

Standing in the midst of a group of lean, leathery ladies who'd skied at St. Moritz and Kitzbuehl and other flossy places in Europe, there was a chunky girl in black pants and short white parka, and when the hood was thrown back from her head it revealed a cloud of golden hair and a sturdy face with a generous nose. Her smile was toothy and her eyes had the deep quality of people who love sport for sport's challenge to courage and skill. Her name, you learned after the day's events had been run off and such things as elapsed time and form calculated, was Marilyn Shaw, aged 15. She never heard of St. Moritz and Kitzbuehl and other Continental ski spots like Davos or St. Anton, because these places are a long, long way from Stowe, Vermont, where her father owns a general store.

Until that March day nobody had ever heard of Miss Marilyn Shaw. But before the shadows fell across Sun Valley that evening she was very well known indeed. In fact, she was National Women's Open Ski Champion, which is something for any girl over twenty-one and a lot more for someone who hasn't been graduated from high school yet and still played with dolls. That rather startling fact—a national champion at fifteen—isn't nearly as dramatic as the way it all happened.

Who Wouldn't Be Scared?

The starter told her: "You're next, Miss Shaw." Marilyn gave the fastenings on her skis an expert tug or two, tested the spring of her poles, and shooshed over to the starting point. The course lay before and below her, about two miles of packed, frozen and powdered snow which dropped away 3,200 feet in that distance. Scared? Yes, she was, a little.

The men's national downhill race had been run off on that same course that morning. Of 40 healthy-l... only three survived falls ... failure. Even the winne... rance, who anybody will t... skier, was hurtled into t... lined either side of the c... covered with the interve... ably assisted by skill a... Men like Alf Engen, H... Charley Proctor and Sep... internationalists all, failed ... defending champ, Toni M... sixth with one pole and a... that ought to give you an ... fifteen-year-old Miss Sha...

Marilyn propelled he... and downward with an e... stroke of her poles. She ... mentum, her knees sprin... working rhythmically with ... ganized desperation. The ... off her parka hood and l... stiffly behind her like a s... of spun gold. And then her ... go. That's where it gets yo... Hot irons seemed presse... shinbones. The muscles ... tightened and she was no... the fact that they obeyed ... maintain balance, poise ...

"All I can remember," s... "is that my legs ached so ... never get to the bottom. ... long I thought I'd never ... I just wanted to finish."

(Continued on pa... 44)

Moonlight and Onion

By Dunlea Hurley

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The man she loved wore baggy trousers and never drank lemon phosphate under any circumstances. The man she married was different—even to the crease in his pants



"He says he's looking for his horse that got away when the Indians came. He say's he's headed for the last roundup. I take him to the station"

RANNIGAN?" says the barkeep.

"Reporter?"

"On the Morning Tab," I say. "Big redhead."

"Snappy dresser?" says the barkeep.

"Snappy," I say, "like ■ bag of wash. You could tell him by the hat."

"What kind?"

"On the order of an abandoned bird's nest."

"No," says the barkeep, "this redhead I mean uses a derby."

"This redhead I mean," I say, "plays The Last Roundup on the piano like a whole cowboy band, beats his feet like ■ drum, gets a trumpet obbligato on one side of his face, tubas out the other and hums banjo through his nose."

"No," says the barkeep, "this redhead I mean is ■ quiet redhead with a blonde that would make you leave your happy home. They come in yesterday for ■ ginger ale."

"No," I say, "this redhead I mean goes about remarking 'Yippee!' and 'Wahoo!' and is a woman-hater and does not indulge in ginger ale in any form."

"Sorry I can't help you," says the barkeep.

"That's okay," I say.

"You a Tab reporter, too?" he says.

"I wouldn't know," I say. "I was, up to ■ week ago, then ■ sloe gin fizz crossed my path and everything went black. That's why I've got to find this fellow."

The question is, what propaganda has the Redhead fed to Managing Editor Burch, according to our ancient custom, to account for my seven-day vanishment? I can't go back until I know. The stories must be straight. But now I have covered every place in town where there is a keyboard at the mercy of the customer, and where else would you hunt the Redhead on his night off? I don't know what rooming house is serving the occasional Rannigan whim for sleep. Even if I did, he wouldn't be in it of ■ Saturday eve. And the cops on the late trick reveal they haven't been called upon for days to quell a disturbance featuring Jeremiah T. Rannigan, III.

ON THE Four Corners is ■ pool and billiard academy. The Redhead is not in it. There is also a coy dive called Auntie's Tearoom and Gift Shoppe, I am pained to say. It hurts me to bring this up because of what I see sitting in ■ booth by the window of Auntie's quaint joint.

Not that the blonde isn't okay. For a blonde, she's fair enough, if you like them blond. I mean, she's pretty in her own way, I guess. Well, maybe she's even beautiful by some standards. All right, let's be sensible about it. She's a knockout.

As for the red-haired person who sits there ogling this blond beauty like ■ hypnotized goldfish, I recall the face but I can't place the crease in the pants, the shine on the shoes and the big bow tie with handkerchief to match. This red-haired person bears a remarkable resemblance to Jeremiah T. Rannigan, III, and there is something hanging there on the wall that looks like a new derby.

Down the street a siren screams. Old Hook and Ladder Number Five. I know that wail. And the truck smashes right past Auntie's Tearoom and Gift Shoppe. And I am watching the Rannigan reaction. Only, there is no reaction. Nothing. He does not jump and run. He does not even jump. His nostrils do not quiver.

"Hello," says a voice. "Fancy meeting you here. It is you, isn't it?"

"Hello," I say. The voice is Bill Hawser on his way to exaggerate the fire for the Sunday Star.

"Two alarms, already," he says, happily. "A veritable holocaust and inferno."

I point inside Auntie's Tearoom and

Gift Shoppe. "Who does that red-haired person look like?" I say.

"My dear," says Bill, "that's Jeremiah T. Rannigan, III. Haven't you heard? He's the best lemon-phosphate customer Auntie has got."

Well, I'm not taking that. "Look here, Hawser," I say, "that's a vicious rumor to circulate about a man behind his back." But Bill is gone. The third alarm is in. You can tell by Engine Ten's howl. The third alarm, and Jeremiah T. Rannigan, III, sits in the window of Auntie's Tearoom and Gift Shoppe infusing carbonated water into his system by means of a colored straw.

I enter the tearoom. I don't care who sees me. It's no time for fooling. "Beg pardon," I say to the Redhead, "are you one of Auntie's quaint gifts on display in this window, or could you be a party I once knew, name of Rannigan?"

The blonde smiles. The Redhead rises. He does not wallop me one. He bows. No yippee. No wahoo. It's fantastic. I sit down, groggy, and more lemon phosphate comes, and the Redhead takes it without a whimper, and I gather the horrifying details.

He calls her Angel. She calls him Pinkie. She doesn't drink, smoke, chew or play poker. The only off-color thing she ever did was marry Red Rannigan.

"We're celebrating," she says. "Our anniversary. One week tonight."

My heart slides down into my left sock.

"And who do you think was best man?" says the Redhead, kittenish.

"Who?" I say, through the spots in front of my eyes.

"You," he says.

"Me?" I say.

"Sure," he says.

"Don't you remember?" says Angel, surprised.

"I told you he wouldn't," says the Redhead. He shakes his head. "That sloe gin fizz," he says. "An insidious institution."

So! I'm an accessory before the fact. Me who never meant any man harm.

"Don't worry," says the Redhead. "I fixed it with Old Man Burch. I told him you got the grippe. I told him you couldn't call in because they cut your phone off for nonpayment. That made it sound logical."

SO I have to go inspect the little love nest. Out in the suburbs where the grass smells healthy, four flights up in a self-service elevator, three-room apartment with a canary in a cage and the down payment on a baby grand piano.

The Redhead brushes a speck off the baby grand with his pocket handkerchief and I say, "Well, Red, how's about some ropin' and a-tyin' of The Last Roundup?" And Angel says, "Why, Pinkie, I didn't know you played." And Pinkie says, with a look right down my throat, "I don't." And that is that.

"You play," he says to her. "That Moonlight Sonata." And she does. And he shows me the ruffles on the drapes. "Made over from an old evening gown," he says, proudly.

"Did you run 'em up by hand?" I say. "Or did you do 'em on your little hemstitch machine?"

It takes me two hours to make a getaway.

"Good night," says Angel. "You must come often."

"And you must come up to my place for the sewing bee," I say. "Over McGinty's harness shop," I say. "First door down the alley. Just a few of us auxiliary girls."

Angel looks bewildered.

"We're crocheting artificial foam for near beer," I say, "in behalf of the animal rescue league. We meet every Monday in October, seventeen Greenwich Mean Time, sharp."

"A great old kidder," says the Redhead. And Angel laughs and says, "I think newspaper people are delightful."

Next day I hope it's all just a nightmare, but the Redhead is at work when I get to the Tab and even in his natural habitat he's more Pinkie than Rannigan it is plain to see. Marriage is wonderful, he tells me, and I ought to try it some day. Along that line. With a picture of the little woman in the wallet. And she phones him every day at 6 P.M., to check if he still loves her.

"It must be simply too thrilling," I say.

"Thrills?" he says. "Listen! I'm up bright and early this morning, grab a cold shower, touch the floor ten times, mosey into the kitchen and what do you think?"

"The canary has kittens," I say.

"On the table," he says, ignoring the crack, "is a platter of bacon and eggs, and steaming coffee, and toast and marmalade. Like a magazine ad," he says. "And a big apple pie." He pats his belt buckle. "Homemade apple pie," he says.

On a Friday eve Mike comes over to me, looking low. He throws a fistful of copy on my desk. "Hate to do it, kid," he says, "but will you please unravel this pasty-pudding?"

Well, I knew it. I felt it coming. I look at the copy, and up there in that left-hand corner on the first page, there it says "R,"—for Rannigan.

"Skim off the lemon meringue herein," says Mike, sadly. "Chop the thing down to a page and a half. And kill that reference to the Moonlight Sonata."

HE WALKS away, blowing his nose. It is a moment I never hoped to live through. That Red Rannigan should be rewritten! Why, they will tell you on the Rochester Independent that the Redhead quit cold in 1934 and left half a week's pay that he never came back for, only because a new copyreader took out an exclamation point and changed the Redhead's spelling of one word. And the spelling was wrong, too!

So, I rewrite the Redhead, me who learned everything I know in the hard



"It's a crate of dishes from Father. He wants us to wash them and send them back" TONY BARLOW

"And on the crust, printed on with a fork, it says: 'An apple pie for the apple of my eye.' "

I can stand no more. I sneak out for a double Scotch at Emil's Hospitality Bar and Grill. Mike, the feature editor, and Greeves from the copy desk are there, and Greeves is saying, "I've seen many a fine reporter that it took years to develop sacrificed upon the altar of domestic bliss overnight, and that's what is happening to Rannigan. His copy is getting rancid. That beautiful blonde is hanging that guy by the apron strings."

"WELL," says Mike, "you can't make a silken percy out of a pickled onion.. It's just a typographical error from souse to spouse and back again," he says, "and never the twain shall meet. I'll bet it doesn't last."

But it does last. Two weeks more and it's worse. The old Rannigan punch-in-every-paragraph is not there. His stuff has too much honeysuckle twined between the lines. The dialogue doesn't jig and thumb its nose any more like of old.

Rannigan school and who one time would have been proud to have my byline on the worst piece of copy he ever turned in.

But it has to be done. The cream has got to be squeezed out of the puff. The sweetness has got to be taken out of the light. The moonbeams have got to be removed from the sonata and the sonata has got to be junked. I knock out the story the Rannigan way, the real Rannigan way, the way they have printed Rannigan stories in eleven different cities, including Delbar, Alaska, once, before love reared its head.

It makes the first edition with time to spare, and before the Redhead convoys his derby home to the Moonlight Sonata he looks at the first edition, and there he sees his own story, page one, the way he taught me to write it, but now that he's gorging on poetic apple pies he has forgotten how, himself.

I watch as he reads, praying he will blow up. He doesn't. He comes over and I can't look him in the eye, but he looks me in mine and says, "Nice story, kid. I missed that one by a mile. We're having country sausage for a midnight snack and Angel would lil us."

It breaks my heart.

"Sorry, Red," I say, "b meet a party about this certain matter." And he I go down to Emil's Ho and Grill and imbibe a mi and have a good cry.

With a gas-station map the situation on the follow which is payday, and I ow it this week and can take get a bus as far as South used to know a fellow. there, I ought to be able to time job, anyway, while lo for a new environment in get the past.

The phone rings and the it's for me, and I say int "Yes?" and she says will hold of the Redhead and h her immediately, please. and she says she didn't me way she did to him. It's mistake, she says, and the so sensitive, and he doesn'

I think of what Mike sa only a typographical error to souse.

"Where could he be?" sa

"Where could he be?" I he could be on his way guess, if you haven't seen Whenever nobody has seen lately, he is mad about so is on his way to Arizona."

"Oh!" she says.

"But he never gets the her. "The farthest he e Horizon, Texas."

"Oh!" she says, making sentence long. "Oh!" she s phone goes, "Pop!" like a out.

I KEEP an eye on the Re because, although it's since it's also payday he m briefly. But the desk stays half an hour later Mike alongside me, all upset.

"I didn't say a word to says. "I had to have it rew I? I couldn't let it go thro it was, could I? Nobody wa on it, were they? I just hac and boiled down, that was it would wake him up and g on the track. Why, that R the best feature man we e

"Was?" I say.

"He collected his pay a afternoon," says Mike.

"Quit?" I say.

"Quit," says Mike.

"You mean," I say, "—q

"That's what I mean," sa

"That's what I thought I say.

"Gone," says Mike, "with

"Whooping and hollering

"No," says Mike, "that's it. He just shakes hands goodby, he's leaving us, and before I can stop him. If I he was—"

But I'm not there any m what Mike would do withou hear him tell it. He'd brin head back by hook or crook. what I aim to do if it's po I'm hurrying because whe head once steps out he steps

I am hurrying to such an most run down Angel as I'm the door and she's coming hardly have time to notice makes her more beautiful as Emil's Hospitality Bar and all this tearful gorgeousnes at my arm and flying in the

And I give it to her straig I say, "you see what you He's quit his job. Not that

(Continued on page

...na Sky

...rl S. Buck

...Y MARTHA SAWYERS

...or Thus Far:

...LY in charge of a hospital in the Chinese city ...hile the hospital's head, Dr. Gray Thomison, is ...ra Durand, a young physician, carries on cou... ...te frequent Japanese air raids.

...r Thomison is still away. ■ noted Chinese guer... known as "the Eagle"—brings in a wounded ...anese army officer of high rank. To Sara's sur... ...urges her, implores her, to save the man's life! ...by Dr. Chung, in charge of the men's ward, she ...the Japanese (Mr. Yasuda) does not die. . . . ...Gray Thomison, Sara Durand is in love with ...n he presently returns from America with ...bride!—Sara receives a blow from which she ...recover. But, with Siu-mei, ■ patrician Chi... ...a-ching, a nurse, assisting her, she goes on with ...ough nothing had happened. . . .

...t, Yasuda is in need of someone—someone ...l not be opened—who will sign certain letters ...ted by him, will furnish China's enemies with ... military value. In Doctor Chung (whom he ...ds the perfect intermediary; and in *Doctor* ...e Chung finds a trustworthy confederate when ...that, if she will sign ■ series of "harmless" let... ...ngs (which terrify her) will cease. A short time ...gns the first letter—a brief note, beginning "My ...And, within twenty-four hours, the bombings

... certain that Yasuda is completely recovered, ...ospital. He demands his captive; and he prom... ...m the Japanese. But hardly has he had a talk ...omison than Yasuda has ■ sudden relapse.

...ison, a capable physician, is mystified by Ya... ...n. Not so, Ya-ching (who like Siu-mei is in... Doctor Chung). For Ya-ching has found some ...ler Yasuda's pillow; and she knows the reason ... relapse of the Japanese. . . . Chung Third, Doc... ...other, eases his way into the hospital. He brings ...ils of the Eagle's plans for an attack on the ...octor takes the plans. He gives his brother some ... in a gala mood, Chung Third slips out of the ...es away.

V

...hen Siao Fah ordered his nephew about ... tone. It had been necessary to have help ...se since his mistress had changed herself ...man she now was. He understood the ...etimes and sometimes he did not. Every ...erhaps even one day following another, ...or came to the house, always when ...octor was away.

...imes Siao Fah put aside anything he was ... to the ruin of one of his best soufflés, and ...ree-legged stool at the keyhole. But in... ...ng room the same thing always happened ...thing. The Chinese man gave the white ...heet of paper and she wrote something ...n another piece. That was all. Then the ... and the woman smiled. Sometimes they ... words. Once he was greatly excited be... ...an brought with him a green pottery bowl ...ies in full bloom. But they meant nothing, ...for she put them on the table and then ...there until they faded and he himself ... away.

..."Was ...ice!" he shouted at his nephew, Little Pig. ...ittle ...ig, who was an undersized boy of fourteen ...an e...erly face, obeyed instantly. He was given ...hatte...ut he knew when silence was safer. It was ...n his ...ncle looked like this. There were times ...n Sia... Fah's temper would have made Little Pig ... away ...rom this job to which his parents had ap... ...nticed ...im except that he was able to steal so ...ch fo... here without notice. White sugar he had ...er ta...d in his life until he came to this house. ...w. wh...ever he went to the cupboard in the pas... ...eway ...nd he made many excuses to go there, ...wet h... forefinger in his mouth and dipped it deep ...o the ...gar and licked it off clean. He was able to ...this s...en or eight times before he felt his uncle ...ght n...e his absence. Then he would return, to ...k ind...rious with a dish towel over his shoulder. ...ere w... only one good thing about this mistress, ...o Fa... aid often, and it was that she never came ...o the ...tchen.

..."At l...st she knows how ignorant she is," Siao Fah ...d lou... to Little Pig. "She leaves the affairs of ...y mas...'s stomach to me. It is I who keep him

..."Lou...!" Gray cried, and then he stooped to pic...p the child. She stood by without a word



strong and alive." The last time he said this he had squinted at the sky and added, "Now that the Japs avoid striking us."

It was a thing no one pretended to understand, this peace over the hospital, but now, after twelve days, everyone felt it more than strange.

"Who could have thought peace could be sinister?" Gray was saying at that moment to Sara.

They stood together at the wide window of the laboratory on the second floor, looking across to the hills. It was clear dusk on a late winter's afternoon, this mild winter of Chen-li, which seldom deepened to ice or snow. Across the purple-black of the mountains the wavering firefly lights were climbing upward. The people of Chen-li still had no peace.

"It is beginning to be rumored in the city that the hospital compound is always safe," Sara said. "Have you noticed, the last few days, how full of people the compound is after the first warning?"

"Yes," Gray said shortly. He had seen and he had not liked it. Tonight as he was dressing for one of Louise's little dinner parties the siren had screamed and he threw his topcoat on over shirt and trousers to come at once to the hospital. There was always the chance that the planes might hover over the hospital again. And on the way he had seen figures, indistinct in the darkness, moving to avoid his notice. He caught a group of them with his flashlight and saw a little family—man, woman and two children. They stood immobile, statues in the light.

"WHOM are you seeking?" Gray had asked gently. A sort of tenderness made him always mild now with these people. They suffered daily with such silent patience and who could be angry with them, whatever they did?

"We seek no one," the man said in apology, "only a little safety, Thomison doctor."

"Stay, then, if you find it here," he had replied. He went on, stopping to look at no one else, and had come straight to find Sara, in the laboratory examining slides.

"Why aren't we being bombed," he had asked her.

"I ask you the same question?" she replied. "Shall we take our folk to shelter or not?" Day after day this had to be decided.

"They made such a row about it yesterday," he said reluctantly. "Nobody wanted to go. They all talked about Buddha having come to protect them at last. There's a lot of rot about the air above us being crystallized so that the bombs glance off. They are always ready to believe in miracles."

"Let's risk it tonight," Sara suggested.

The second warning sounded.

"It would be awful if the Japs changed their minds," he said soberly.

"It's a ghastly responsibility," she admitted.

Thus they stood, side by side at the window, staring at the mountains. The minutes sped, one after another, and they did not speak or move, sharing the responsibility between them. The last warning sounded.

"It is too late now," Gray said.

"Yes," she agreed.

"I hope we are blown to bits with the rest if we're wrong," Gray said grimly.

"Yes," Sara said again.

She moved nearer to him, and he put out his hand and found hers and held it hard. Neither put into words the communion that flowed between them. For him it was not like any he had with Louise. Therefore still it was not love. And yet he knew to his alarm that his feeling for Sara was not what it had been. She had become a woman to him. He saw against his will the shape of her tender mouth and the droop of her lids at the corners of her dark blue eyes. How could he see these things when he loved Louise? He put the question away in self-disgust without answering it.

But for Sara this communion was everything and she took it with proud gratitude. Then Gray spoke: "I'm glad I don't have to go through this alone."

She did not answer. The sound of her own voice would break the moment. She wanted only to take from him all that he could give her.

"They are passing," Gray said. He dropped her hand lightly without pressure and threw open the window and leaned out. "Passing us clean, by George!"

He stared at the sky for a long moment and then he shut the window and turned to her, bewildered. "I don't know whether to be glad or sorry," he said slowly.

"Nor I," she said, and put all her sad heart into the secrecy of words. To die with Gray, to live without him, it was a choice she was glad that she did not have to make.

He went away without saying more, frowning as he went and tramping down the hall toward the hospital door. The siren was sounding for safety, and Louise would be expecting him. Her guests might even be there. She had invited four men from the port and usually they came early to avoid the hour of nightly raids.

HE WALKED quickly across the winter-bitten grass, paying no heed to the quiet people who were now leaving the hospital compound. Let them share this inexplicable safety, if it had to be. He was beginning to feel it somehow shameful.

"I've got to get at the bottom of this," he thought angrily, marching up his own steps. It would have to be tomorrow, though, he knew, as he opened the door. A burst of men's voices fell upon his ears and above them like high music he heard Louise's laughter.

. . . . In the low-ceiled living room of the Chinese house Louise was beginning to be able to forget for such hours as these all that she did not want to remember—the hospital, the city lying close between river and mountains, the narrow, crowded streets, the people among whom she was so alien, whose very looks she hated. Yesterday Gray had made her take a walk with him and had stopped for a moment to watch a baby boy just able to walk. The cobbles were wet. The baby slipped and put out his hand to catch at her skirt to save himself a fall. She had drawn back, her instinct quick, and the child had fallen.

"Louise!" Gray had cried, and then he stooped to pick up the sobbing child.

SHE had stood without a word while he dusted off the child's padded garments and then while he led him to a candy vendor's stall and bought him a stick of barley toffee coated with sesame seeds. By then the child's mother had come running out of a small hot-water shop. She knew Gray as everybody seemed to, and she was full of smiles and chatter. Gray had said nothing afterward for a while and then he had asked her outright: "Louise, why did you draw back from a child?"

"Because it was Chinese, I suppose," she said clearly. "I don't need to defend myself," she thought.

"Why do you hate them?" he asked.

"They disgust me," she said coldly. "I can't help it. I can't bear to have them touch me, even the children."

"And I love them," he said slowly. "I admire them and find them brave and full of humor and courage and all that I like people to be."

She did not answer this nor did he say more. But they walked along the Chinese streets very far from each other. And when she got home she had written an impulsive little note to Harry Delafield at the port: "I'm a little low, dear Harry. Bring your men along and have dinner with us tomorrow. We're very safe to dine with these days, you know—thanks to the whimsical enemy. Louise."

She was not quite sure that Gray knew that she and Harry called each other by their first names. There was no reason why they should not, except Harry's English formality.

"Gray won't mind," she had urged him last week, "go on, Harry."

"Hang it, I can't," Harry had said frankly. "It's odd that when we're alone, you and I, I can say 'Louise' as easily as anything. But the m... it sticks in my throat. ... out 'Mrs. Thomison.' I ...

"What?" she asked, l...

"You don't think I'm ... with you, do you?"

"I can't tell you," she ... ing more than ever at hi...

"I say, it would be ... I were—the Service doe... that sort of thing. Stop ... anything, will you? T... girl!"

She enjoyed him en... smart-looking young E... was obviously in train... moted to a higher post, ... sent to the "interior" ... But she enjoyed altogeth... of being the only white ... very pretty one, among ... men. It was her one plea... She was perfectly safe, s... and she could let them ... love with her, each in his ... herself only be better ... Gray, handsomer, keene... ligent than any of them ... ways warmer to him after ... as this.

And Gray, coming in, ... and excused himself to ... finish dressing. In his ... savored the scene he had ... room was lighted by C... and the coal fire full of w... vitation. Louise in a brig... frock, a wide gold girdle a... had never looked more ...

IT WAS at this moment ... the handle of his door t... and slowly. He waited, ... his hand. The door open... Siao Fah put in his head. Gray was alone, he came ... door and stood against it.

"I have something to s... whispered.

"Say it then," Gray re... need you be so secret?"

"It's about her." He j... in the direction of Louise'...

"Well?" Gray's voice ... knew very well that Siao ... like Louise.

"She is not worthy of y... pursed his mouth and clas... behind his back.

"Perhaps I can judge th... you," Gray replied. "Go... your kitchen. Why do y... such things now, while the ... doubtless?"

"I have arranged the ... Fah replied. "I come n... have waited for days to ... alone. You are with her a...

"Naturally, since she ... Gray replied.

"What would you say if ... letter written to another m...

"I would not believe it ... impatiently. "Get out of ... cook boy!" He was fond of ... this was too much, he th... nantly. He would be com... him go.

And then he saw Siao F... into his bosom and bring... velope, and he saw Siao Fa... letter. It was Louise's writ... that big, loose handwriting ... so clear and was so hard ... made up his mind that h... take the letter, and then too... termined not to open it, n... and then he did open it and... at a glance. It was very ... lines and her name:

"Dearest Harry:

"I have not been very w... I shall not be for a long tim... mosphere. I long to leave a... stay. Come to me day afte... No one will be here then.



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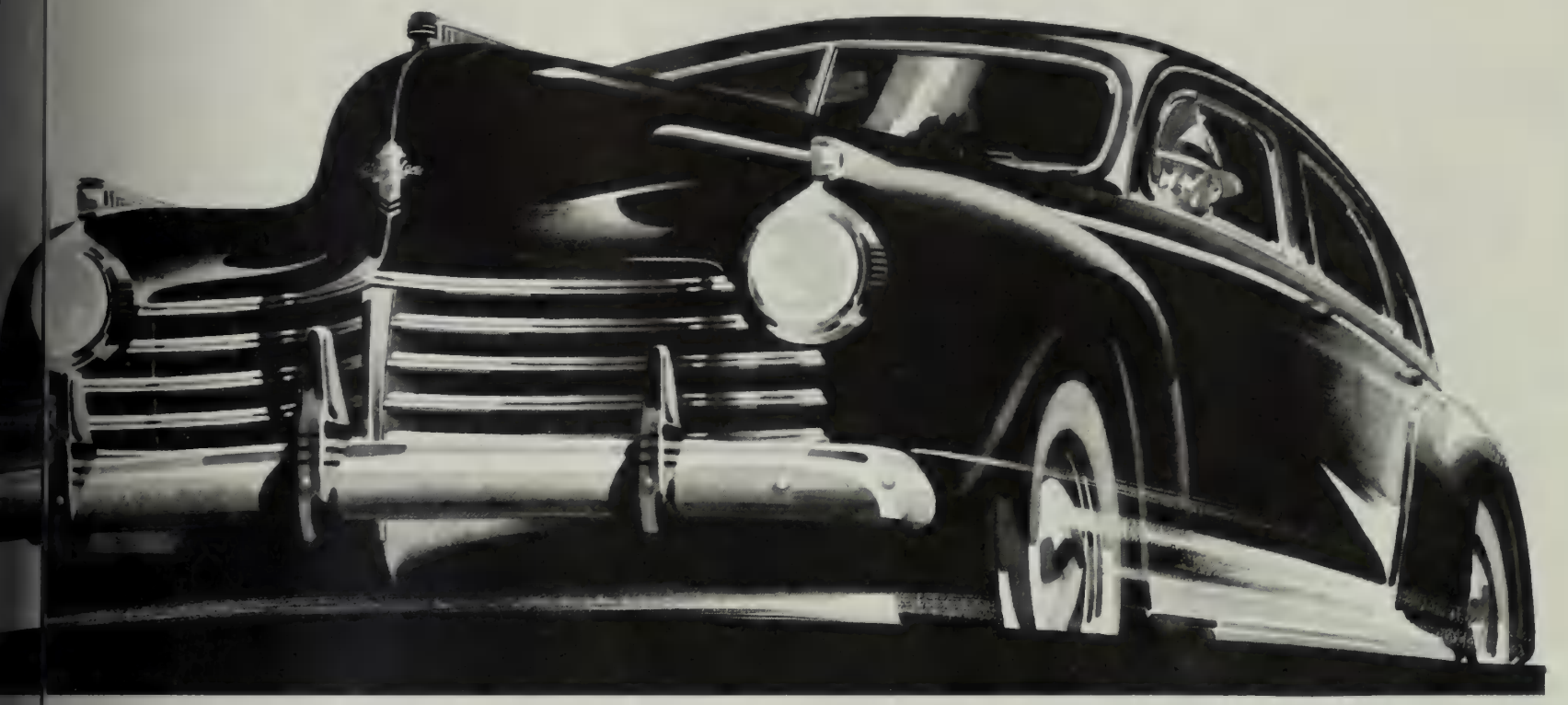
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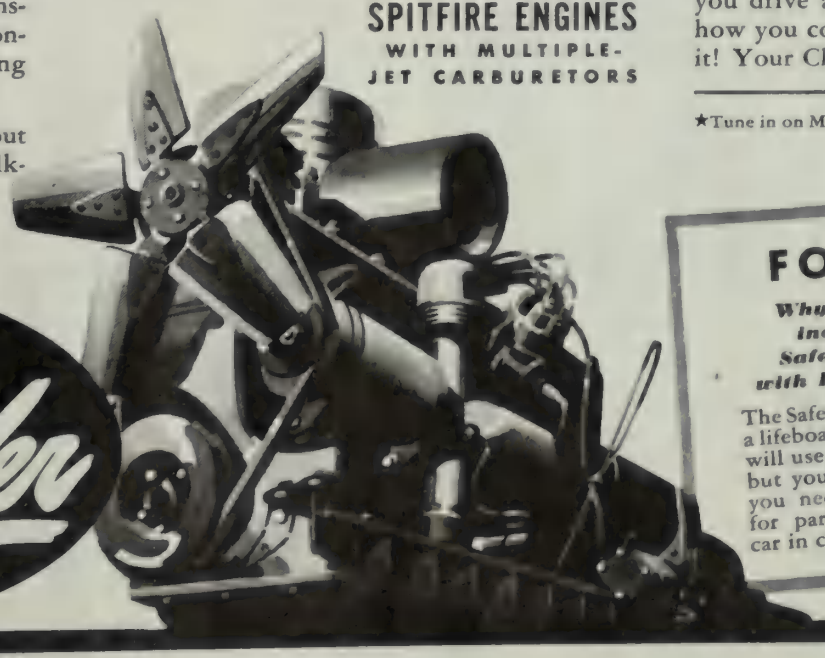
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"So yesterday we Hung the Mayor!"



1. I was a portrait painter with no portraits to paint. One day I learned that the mayor was in the market to get himself slapped on canvas. I hurried down to City Hall, but the mayor wouldn't sit [illegible] I decided to wait



2. About 6 o'clock, a waiter lugged a tray of dinner into the mayor's office. A terrific howl went up. "Take it away!" bellowed His Honor, and the waiter came running out, looking scared half to death and clutching a yellow pill.



3. "The Mayor never touches coffee!" yelped His Honor's secretary. "He wouldn't sleep a week!" That was my cue. "He should try Sanka Coffee!" I said. "What's that?" shouted the mayor. "Whoever said that, come in here!"



4. "What is Sanka Coffee?" the mayor demanded, as I came in. "And why should I try it?" "Because, Mr. Mayor," said I, "it's delicious coffee . . . and it's 97% caffein-free so it won't keep you awake." "The says it!" he grunted.



5. So I told him: "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'" He was impressed. "Thanka," he said. "I'll try it!"



6. Next day he phoned me. "You are appointed official portrait painter of this city!" he said. "I drank two cups of Sanka Coffee and never slept better! A lot of officials need their portraits painted . . . Just begin with me!"



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pital and a war going on she would probably forget to brush her hair or powder her nose. There would always be something else. But whether Gray loved her or not, she loved Gray, and if Gray wanted Louise, then Louise must love him. She would pretend nothing except her purpose. She began it simply and directly.

"Gray and I have worked together a long time," she said. "It'll be three years next July."

Louise stared at her, astonished, and did not answer.

"You'll wonder why I've come. It's because I know what a fine doctor he is after all that time. But he's a great deal more than a doctor. He's a human being, and he's a better doctor if he's a happy human being. He isn't happy now."

Between Louise's long, black lashes her golden eyes began to smolder. Still she did not speak. Sara went on:

"You are his happiness, you know. There is only his work and you. He loves his work and you—nothing else."

Louise wrapped her robe about her more closely, tucked her feet under her on the couch and lit a cigarette and blew its smoke from between her pretty lips.

"Do you think it possible you only imagine Gray isn't happy?" she asked. Her voice was so sweet that Sara's heart shivered. Louise looked thoughtfully at her cigarette. "Perhaps it is you who are not happy," she said. She shook back her fluff of hair and smiled. "Poor Sara!" she said distinctly, and thus with so few words opened to the cruel light of her amber eyes Sara's shivering heart. And now she gazed full at it, still smiling.

Sara felt herself ready to flee. She had held her secret as her treasure, never to be uncovered. And now Louise had uncovered it by a few ruthless words and by the gaze of those ruthless, beautiful eyes. Then she rose to battle.

"Don't pity me," she said clearly. "Pity Gray. The only tragic thing in the world is to discover that what one loves is too small. That tragedy I shall never know."

There," she thought in calm triumph. "Let that suffice."

LOUISE'S eyebrows lifted, but her eyes fell. Sara considered those dark lashes. Should she mention the letter or not? She decided not. "Why should I tell you what you know already, since you chose to marry Gray? I have never known a man fit to stand near him. I only hope, for myself, that I can be half as good a colleague in the hospital as he deserves. I am only anxious that nothing," she paused for emphasis upon the word, "that nothing will make him unhappy, no uncertainty anywhere in his life, no lack of loyalty or appreciation from us all."

Louise rose. "Are you trying to tell me something?" she inquired.

Sara leaped up. "Yes! That I hear things about you that I should not hear! And if I hear them, Gray must hear them."

Louise gasped. "Why—why—of all the impudent—"

"See to yourself, then," Sara said sternly. She turned and went out of the room and out of the house. What good had she done, she thought, except to make it now impossible ever to be near Louise again, and so separate herself still farther from Gray?

"But perhaps it will bring her back to him," she thought. She paused in the February sunshine and gazed at a la-mei tree, whose golden buds were opening cups of fragrance upon bare, brown branches. Lao Wang had planted the la-mei for spring and fragrance. Standing there, she drew in deep breaths of that sweetest scent to excuse her agony. But in a few moments she went on again. She had a shrapnel case [illegible] at one o'clock. . . .

In the room Sara had [illegible] ise walked about in [illegible] edged with fear. What [illegible] mean? How much was [illegible] much jealousy and [illegible] course. Sara was mad w[illegible] Sara was foolish about [illegible] frowned. It was certain[illegible] Gray to have a silly wom[illegible] stantly adoring him as [illegible] if he did not care for her.

"We've got to get a[illegible] ridiculous place." Louise [illegible] sat down again on the [illegible] the pillows about her a[illegible] so long that Little Pig [illegible] to peep at her.

"Get out!" Louise sa[illegible] the door in terror.

But she went on thin[illegible] that smoking one ciga[illegible] other, and every now an[illegible] back her flying hair. [illegible] Sara know? What had [illegible] if she herself told Gray [illegible] plained to him that she w[illegible] because she had to, bec[illegible] not endure another raid[illegible] say, couldn't she, that ev[illegible] spared, too? She could [illegible] all right, because Gray [illegible] much. She got up at last.

"I rather think I'll be [illegible] she thought.

She crushed her ciga[illegible] and sauntered into the be[illegible] gan to brush her pretty [illegible] slow strokes, calculated to [illegible]

"I DO want a baby, da[illegible] murmured. It was [illegible] safe, and she laid her hea[illegible] knee. Under the Chinese [illegible] hair shone like carded si[illegible] spun.

She spoke out of the si[illegible] the couch before the fi[illegible] dinner had sat thinking [illegible] and she had wondered on[illegible] what she planned to say.

His astonished face loo[illegible] hers and he was stricken [illegible] ness. "Louise!" he whis[illegible] darling!" He gathered her [illegible] against his shoulder. All [illegible] thought of saying fell into [illegible] he threw them away.

"I've been thinking and [illegible] said restlessly. "I know you [illegible] quite happy, darling—" Sh[illegible] he or did he not know S[illegible] over to see her? Better tal[illegible] even though it was not [illegible] didn't need to have Sara c[illegible] talk to me, darling. I kne[illegible] that I haven't been nice to [illegible]

"Sara?" he inquired. "I [illegible] over here?"

"This morning," Louise [illegible] She lifted her little point[illegible] traced the outline of his lip[illegible] I don't love you enough. E[illegible] all I have, Gray. Maybe it [illegible] big enough for you."

"Did Sara say that?"

"Yes, she did. Gray, an[illegible] anything afterward. I know [illegible] enough for you, Gray. I w[illegible] and strong and capable [illegible] I'm not. I'm just—me."

"I only want you," he sa[illegible] have been angry with Sara [illegible] except that he knew she ha[illegible] to help him.

"Of course I know she s[illegible] you." Louise was saying. [illegible] Gray—terribly. That's wh[illegible] realize."

"She's not in love with [illegible]

"Yes she is, Gray."

"I don't want to know it.

"No, Gray. Don't let's [illegible] her—only you and me. Go[illegible]

"Yes, darling?"

"I have been unhappy."

si ed. "I'm afraid you have,
hea "
it hasn't been just because of
It's en because I haven't known
o g on with what we want. I do
a by, Gray. But how can we
it he? It wouldn't be right—all
omi g!"
did ot answer. He laid her down
s k e again and sat slipping his
's i nd out of her hair as it spread
her ace. Such a lovely, lovely
he ought, so perfect in its every
so uldlike in its delicacy! This
wha ad been the matter, then; this
wha ade her so restless. She had
rust ted about having a child and
ith t irresponsible quality which
one her charms, she had turned
her ings—her little dinner parties,
he friendship with Harry. She
tryi to fill her life in ways that
ane
erha s it wouldn't be right to have
by st now," he admitted. "But
var n't last forever—and it makes
eat fference to me to know you
t my aby, Louise." His voice was

f co se I do, Gray," she said. The
fel into the depths of her earnest
en es. "You couldn't take me
y, c ld you, Gray, so we could—
e on ight away?"
No, c ling," he said. "I can't leave
"
he d not answer. When she did, it
by t smallest of sighs and a ques-
n: " ay!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Sometimes I wish—is there anything I could do at the hospital?"

He answered her with deeper tenderness: "Why don't you come over tomorrow and see, darling?"

"Would you like it, Gray?"

"Love it!"

"It wouldn't bother you to have me around?"

"I'd like you right under my feet." He lifted her to him and under his kisses she murmured in mischief:

"But Sara will be cross."

"Eh?" Gray paused.

"I said, Sara won't like it if I am at the hospital!"

"Hang Sara," Gray answered.

"If you like," she said with laughter and triumph.

SHE was so pretty, he thought, with quivering tenderness—but why did Chung bring her letters? The sharp question clung in his mind like a dart thrown into flesh. But he would not pluck it out—if he did the wound might bleed. And if she loved him—and would she want his child if she did not love him?

At the keyhole Siao Fah put his eye on a level with Little Pig's. When he saw what was going on he said severely, "Do not corrupt yourself with such sights." He whacked Little Pig on the cheek with the wire egg beater and stuffed the keyhole with the end of a dish towel.

(To be continued next week)

They Know How

Continued from page 15

'The eat rats, son. Rats and hoss
eat." He looked at the sun again.
hey g erally don't shoot much until
e sun behind 'em. Sort of frisky to-
y. T y'll visit us tonight."
A run r brought word from the cap-
n tha Sam shouldn't fraternize with
e ene y. Sam grunted.
Ben ked, "How come they didn't
oot y ?"
The c sergeant started to ignore the
estio But he liked the boy instinc-
ely. Because I yelled and they an-
ered Even so, they had about fifty
es ai ed at my eyeballs. Not know-
g wh our bounty boys might do."

EN nt to report to his captain and
Sam eaned against the trench and
axed During the afternoon the Con-
dera fired a few rounds and the
shm swept the slope with volleys.
ey k ed a horse, grazing up near the
am. m didn't bother to move from
s co fortable position. Ben came
ck a ut sundown. He was excited.
"The cap'n knows all about those
ebs the first trench," he said
oudl "Know what, Sarge? They are
st b s. None of 'em over twenty.
nd th y are little fellows. Not much
ore'n ive feet."
"Th s right," Sam said. "That's the
adle Company. I met 'em first at
iloh Uncle Billy Sherman would
ve e r recruit in this trench for five
tho little fellows."
"But hey are babies," Ben said.
"Uh uh. Most of 'em's too young to
ave nd about as big as a minute.
'hen his fracas broke out, they were
o lit for the Confed army even. But
ey f med a company and went raid-
g on heir own. Pemberton's mighty
oud have 'em now." Sam watched
e su fall behind the bluffs. Darkness
egan ushing twilight into the Missis-
ppi. Ben edged closer to the old ser-
eant.
The noon came up, then ducked be-
hind a cloud. Heavy silence fell over the battlefield and Ben nodded. He was awakened by shouts at the upper end of the barricades and ran there. But old Sam just shifted his position and waited. Ben was panting when he returned. "Sarge! We got eight dead men—"

"Knifed in the belly?" Sam switched his chew to his left jaw without missing a beat.

"How'd you know?" Ben said hoarsely.

"The Cradle Boys generally go for the belly. Little fellows and they can't reach high up. Never go for a man's chest, son. Too many bones. How many percussion caps did they get?"

Again Ben asked an explanation of the old man's knowledge, and Sam said slowly, "The Confeds have got Enfields. They got plenty of lead, too, but they are low on percussion caps. So they take ours. Supplies are my job. I told the cap'n to watch out, but he won't pay me no mind."

"The cap'n is mad," Ben said. "He's going to hit 'em about daylight."

"I figured that," Sam said. "He's crazy. But you stay with me and maybe you'll live to plow some corn in Ohio."

THE captain should have waited until the sun was full up and in the Confederates' eyes, but he ordered the charge at dawn. The big Irishmen were laughing and swearing vengeance. The captain went over first, waving his sword and shouting for his men to follow. Sam and Ben climbed out of the barricades, stooped and ran across the field. The Irishmen stood straight as they ran. A blast of grape, canister and rifle fire folded them up.

Sam and Ben crawled back to the barricades. They hadn't fired a shot. Stretchermen began bringing in the dead and Sam shook his head.

"They didn't know how. Now we'll get another company."

Ben was choking from powder smoke

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy



Uncle A: Well! Well! Doris. So your *engagement's* going to be announced tonight!
Uncle B: I must say you don't seem very *thrilled* about it!



Uncle A: Looks like a little job for us, Bert. The poor girl's short on "pep appeal."
Uncle B: Right you are, Andy. Maybe she isn't getting all her vitamins. We'll have to take her in hand.



Uncle A: Lucky your mother had some KELLOGG'S PEP in the house, for it's a grand place to start on vitamins. Yessir, PEP is extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant and thus most needed in ordinary diets—vitamins B_1 and D. You start getting all your vitamins and you'll feel like a different girl!

The Girl: *Wait a minute!* Instead of all that talk about vitamins, why didn't you tell me how *good* PEP is? Wow! This tastes grand!



The Girl: See you later, and thanks a million for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. You just watch what a different girl I'm going to be.

The Uncles (in unison): Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's* Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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"Tough Take-offs are easy with COOL SHAVES!"



● "I know many a fellow who takes up a crate with gusto, but takes up a razor with qualms. To such unhappy men I say, 'Bail out from shaves that sting and burn!' Drop into any druggist's for Ingram's cooling, soothing shaving cream.

● "At the first touch of this different shaving cream you zoom to shaving satisfaction. A quick cloud of cooling lather covers your face in split seconds—helps condition your skin for shaving as it wilts your wiry whiskers.

● "*Contact!* You shave with a freer hand—smoothly as a glide to a 3-point landing. And with minutes shaved off your usual shaving time, you're down to earth *refreshed*—ready for breakfast and business or dinner and dance.



● "Yes, Ingram's de luxe lather is a facial refresher. It saves you the expense of lotions and tonics. For Ingram's leaves your face cool and smooth and young-looking, and it stays that way for hours. Get a tube or jar of cooling Ingram's—concentrated for economy—today!"

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM

and indignation. "I'm beginning to see what you mean."

Sam fixed coffee and watched the sun come up. The company counted fifty dead, including the captain.

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER XERXES TROWBRIDGE was glad the clouds of powder smoke had lifted from the field. The smell of battle gone, he could enjoy the savory odors of Henry's cooking. Henry was a genius. A Louisiana Creole, he could take a dash of this and a pinch of that and make even horse meat taste good and smell better.

The little captain rubbed his grimy hand across his fuzzy face. He wished he could grow a beard. A beard would make him look older than his eighteen years. He wore high-heeled boots and they made him taller than most of the soldiers in his Cradle Company. He wished his men would call him captain instead of Ax. The nickname wasn't dignified. He hated his full name, but was stuck with it. It was his father's idea. He had named his son "from A to X." So everybody called him Ax. He was a proud boy, even vain at times as any competent young un is apt to be. Little fellows often are cocky.

Henry fetched his rations and Ax nodded toward a tunnel that led from his ditch down the slope toward the Yanks. The Creole disappeared into the tunnel and soon a swarm of boys poured out of the hole. It was high noon and hot. The Cradle Boys were caked with clay.

"Almost through, Ax," one of the boys said and began eating.

"We'll set it off tomorrow," Ax said.

"It'll shake this ditch up, too."

"We won't be here," Ax said. "As soon as she goes off Featherston's Mississippians up in the next bastion will charge down here. They'll take care of the Yanks. What's left of 'em."

"Where we going?" Henry asked.

"We're slipping out tonight," Ax said. "Going to Johnston, over in central Mississippi."

"Reckon Johnston will make it?"

"Don't know," Ax said. "But if he don't jump Grant from the rear and make him lift this siege, Vicksburg's a goner."

OLD SAM watched the new men move in, each ten paces from the other. They were armed with Belgian guns and kept the muzzles toward the ground. They were tricky muskets. No man spoke and none disturbed the dust. The sergeant nudged Ben. "Look at 'em, son. Them's soldiers."

The replacements slipped off their packs, propped their guns on the firing steps, and soon most of them were dozing. The company sergeant, his jacket open and his beard caked with dirt, ambled up to Sam. "Being the supply sergeant," he growled, "you wouldn't have any tobacco now, would you?"

"Being a ninny, you'd ask that," Sam said.

"We're the 17th Missouri, Woods' Brigade."

Ben noticed that the old man's eyes brightened, but Sam said, "You ain't bragging about it, I hope?"

The Missourian said, "We ain't got no tobacco. Who's up there?" He jerked his head toward Ax's ditch.

"The Cradle Company's up there, Mister Man," Sam said. "If you don't believe it, poke your head up."

The Missourian's eyes narrowed. "This is a hell of a war. No tobacco, no nothing. Then they put us against a swarm of yellow jackets. Tell those Rebs we're swapping."

"Whatcha got?" Sam asked.

"Plenty of salt and coffee. We need tobacco and sugar." He scowled at Sam. "You sure it's the Cradle Boys? I heard they were in Virginia."

"Whistle 'em up for yourself then," Sam growled.

"I aim to." The Missourian shouted up the slope, "Hey, Reb."

The Confederates replied and the Yank yelled, "We're from Missouri."

"Know'd it." It was Ax's voice. "You smell som'n like your mules, only worse."

The Missourian turned to Sam: "It's them all right. I ain't seen 'em since Tennessee. They know how. One of 'em traded me a plug of wormy tobacco and then gave me this to boot." He pointed to a scar on his chest. "Well, we're swapping. I'll round up some coffee and salt."

"How 'bout your cap'n?" Sam asked.

"He won't say nothing. He knows how."

SAM spoke to the Confederates again and told them to meet him halfway with swapping goods. Then he and Ben climbed out of the barricades and Ax and Henry walked out of their lines. They exchanged greetings and Sam and Ax began bargaining, a cup of salt for two pounds of tobacco, a handful of coffee beans for a handful of sugar. The deal completed, Ax looked at Ben and said, "You're little enough to be with us. We feed mighty well."

"I'm an American," Ben said hotly.

Sam gripped the boy's shoulder to silence him. Ax's lips formed into a tight line and he said coldly, "What the hell do you think we are? Immigrant bounty boys?"

"He don't mean no harm, Cap'n," Sam said. "He's a good boy. And he's learning how fast."

Ax smiled tolerantly at Ben. "No hard feelings, Yank. How old are you?"

"Twenty," said Ben. For some strange reason he liked the little captain.

"You're too young to be in this war," Ax said. "I hope you don't get hurt. Take care of yourself."

Ben was mighty proud as they walked back to their lines, but Sam was worried. It wasn't like Ax to come out and swap with a sergeant. He usually sent his own supply sergeant.

Sam distributed the tobacco and the Missouri sergeant bit into a plug, a smile of contentment on his face. Suddenly he cursed softly, jerked his plug from his pocket and examined it. "Grit," he muttered and turned to Sam [illegible] planation. The old man sn[illegible] plug from his hand and looke[illegible] fully. He reached for his own [illegible] collected the others he had fe[illegible] men gathered around him [illegible] gaze wandered from one fa[illegible] other, thence up the slope t[illegible] enemy. "Get the cap'n," he [illegible] "Quick." All the blood had dr[illegible] Sam's face. The Missourians [illegible] hold their breath. "It's clay, [illegible] There was awe in Sam's voi[illegible] trace of fear. "It must've co[illegible] Confed's hands."

Ben didn't understand and [illegible] a sinking feeling in the pit of [illegible] ach. He ran for the captain [illegible] they returned Sam was gone.

"He's out yonder in a little [illegible] Missouri sergeant explaine[illegible] gled out like a snake."

The men spoke in whispers [illegible] slipped back over the top of [illegible] cades and dived to the bott[illegible] trench. The men stood to, [illegible] shots, but none came. The[illegible] hadn't seen him.

"Well?" the captain demar[illegible]

"They're digging all rigl[illegible] brushed off his clothes. "I h[illegible] They're almost under us."

Then Ben understood and hi[illegible] squirmed into a knot.

"They probably got a wag[illegible] powder down there by now," t[illegible] said. "Careless of 'em to leave[illegible] on their tobacco, though. That[illegible] little Ax. Well, men," he faced[illegible] pany, "we are safe as long as[illegible] in their trench. They'll set off [illegible] tomorrow. Then the second[illegible] there will charge us. But we'[illegible] Cradle Boys. When they le[illegible] trench, we'll leave this one. [illegible] some rest."

Ben leaned weakly against [illegible] of the embankment. "We goi[illegible] here with all that powder und[illegible]

"Ain't nowhere to go, son,"

AX ENJOYED the aroma o[illegible] coffee several minutes b[illegible] sipped it, and then he spat i[illegible] "Corn!" He shook his fist to[illegible] Yankee line. "The double-cros[illegible] gers. Rustle me a chew, Henr[illegible] get rid of this parched corn ta[illegible]

He felt the grit in the tobac[illegible] before



"Is this the place that wanted the sawdust?" CHARLES P[illegible]ON



What's farming got to do with life insurance?

MORE THAN **30,000,000** people live today on American farms.

The farm lands, buildings, implements, and livestock are said to be valued at over 43 billion dollars . . or more than 10 times the total investment of the entire American steel industry. Gross annual farm income is estimated at over 10 billion dollars . . or more than 3 times the total value of all the automobiles and trucks produced in this country in 1940.

What has all this to do with life insurance? Simply this . . .

The money which a life insurance company invests for the benefit of its policyholders must be invested safely in sound, permanent securities. Farming is still America's largest single enterprise, feeding a nation and supplying a substantial portion of the raw materials used by industry. Farmers also constitute a major market for industrial products.

Because of these and other factors, first mortgages on fertile farm lands are a sound investment for life insurance companies.

Metropolitan today has over 81 million dollars invested for the benefit of its policyholders in about 13,000 farm mortgages.

These mortgages are selected with extreme care by Metropolitan's Farm Loan Division. This division consists of about 550 employees, including land appraisers, financial experts, agricultural specialists, and others.

Of course, even the best farmer's efforts can be offset by economic conditions over which he has no control. For example, in 1921 American farmers experienced a severe recession of prices and, before agriculture recovered from this, the depression of the 1930's set in.

Naturally, in such periods of economic stress, it is inevitable that some farmers are unable to meet their mortgage obligations. In these cases, Metropolitan has been very reluctant to exercise its legal right to foreclose, and does so only when forced to do so for the protection of its policyholders.

When foreclosure cannot be avoided, Metropolitan seeks to rehabilitate the farm and to sell it to a "dirt farmer." In 1940, Metropolitan sold 1,164 of its Opportunity Farms. Of this number, 1,061 were bought by farmers, 726 of whom were tenant farmers who are now becoming farm owners under the Company's special tenant purchase plan.

As a result of its farm loan policies, Metropolitan has been credited by agricultural authorities with having made substantial contributions to better farming methods and to the general welfare of America's farming population.

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he put it in his mouth and jumped to his feet. Quickly he called his men about him, even those in the tunnel. He looked at their hands

"You popeyed bunch of ninnies." Ax's tone was as sharp and biting as steel. "You gave Henry your tobacco to swap without getting the clay off your hands. Now the Yanks know what we're up to."

The men's jaws sagged and they said, "Oh," almost in unison. They had been fighting too long to underestimate the Yankee regulars. Ax's tongue lashed them until he was breathless and sent them back to their job. He'd think of something

All afternoon he sat in the trench, his back to the wall, his short, little legs doubled up almost to his chin. He knew the Yanks would stay in their trench as long as he stayed in his, but he couldn't stay put long after the fuse was lit. "Missourians," he muttered. "Tough as their mules and just as sharp." He glanced up quickly at the setting sun and his face brightened. He even laughed and Henry sighed in relief. Everything was all right. The little captain had laughed.

"Henry." Ax stood and stretched. "See that the sentry carries a lantern when he paces this trench tonight. I want the Yanks to see the reflection. I want 'em to know we are still here."

The little captain was jaunty again. Even cocky. He walked away toward the supply train. He didn't have to stoop in the trench. And as he swaggered, he hummed softly:

"Here's to the lads of Tennessee,
The bravest in the land.
Half hoss and half alligator,
'Ygod, and half man."

He sent word back up to Featherston that he'd run a long, slow-burning fuse to the mine and for Featherston to light it at daybreak.

PORTER'S boats began pounding from the river and the ruins of Vicksburg were silhouetted in the red glow. The Confederates' big guns boomed their answer and the earth trembled and rumbled. The yell of Cockerell's brigade sounded above the tumult as they threw themselves against McPherson's 17th Corps, trying to cut a path. If they could slash a wedge through the Yankee lines, most of them could get out and Johnston could widen the hole and roll the invaders up. Once near Graveyard Bastion, Grant and Sherman met at headquarters, drank raw whisky and laid more plans to tighten their vise.

Grant instructed his commanders to synchronize their watches before next day's attack. Foreigners, attached to Grant's staff as observers, scoffed. Americans would never understand the fine art of war. They'd never know how. They fought in trenches like moles. Some fool had used a submarine. The Yankees were using observation balloons. The Southerners were using breech-loading guns. Both sides were using ironclads, wholesale espionage and were reviving the Trojan horse methods of the ancient Greeks. Germans, French and British ridiculed such tactics.

Old Sam flattened himself against the bastion and watched the reflection of the sentry's light as it bobbed up and down the Confederate trench while the guard paced his beat.

"I don't like it," he said to Ben. "It ain't sensible. Little Ax is up to som'n."

"How you figure that?"

Sam said, "I can understand the Confeds showing a light while those bounty boys were here. Showed how little they thought of the Irishers. But they know we got soldiers in here now. That light proves Little Ax wants us to know he's still in his trench. He wants us to stay here."

The moon stayed behind clouds most of the night and then began waning. A breeze swept in from the river and mist rolled up. The captain paced his line, pausing often to talk with his men. He stopped beside Ben and Sam and they all watched the light, moving up and down and to and fro.

"They are still in there," the captain said.

Ben shut his eyes tight and opened them quickly to clear his vision, and he peered through the mist. He felt that something was wrong, but he hesitated to speak. They'd think he was a fool. Finally, he decided to chance it and addressed Sam:

"Sarge, are you sure every man in that Cradle Company is little?"

"Runts, son. Ain't they, Cap'n?"

"That's right," the captain said. "'Bout knee-high to a June bug."

"All right," Ben said. "Look at that light. Watch it bob. A long-legged man is carrying that lantern—"

The captain wheeled on Sam. "He's right. We're getting out."

He gave orders in monosyllables. The men adjusted their bayonets. A few felt for their Bowie knives. "Don't shoot 'less you have to," the captain said. "Use steel. The second trench mustn't know what we're up to. Get out low."

The men wiggled out of the barricades and crawled across the field, hidden by mist and darkness. There wasn't a sound in the first trench and the men stood on its brink for a second, then jumped in, knives drawn, bayonets ready.

The trench was deserted except for an old Missouri mule that wandered back and forth, a lantern dangling from its neck. Somebody snickered and reached for the light. The captain stopped him. "Leave it be!" he ordered. "The men in the next trench are watching that light." He groped around until he found the mouth of the tunnel. Ben dived for it, but Sam grabbed him.

"Hold on, son. You saved this company once and I want you to live to grow corn in Ohio."

The captain addressed his men in whispers. "The Cradle Boys slipped out. I don't know when that mine is going off, or how. Probably pretty quick, 'cause it's coming daylight. Soon as she goes off, the Confeds'll charge. They'll expect us to be down near the crater. Stand to. We'll get shook up, but we'll fool 'em."

The men grumbled and swore, but they stood to. They tried to flatten themselves against the far side of the trench. Sam nudged Ben. "That's what I mean by knowing how. It don't make no difference how brave you are, you got to soldier a long time before you can stay hitched at a time like this."

Ben's tongue was stuck t
of his mouth. He tried to b
the side of the trench, tried to
self in. The finger of dawn
way into the darkness and a r
plosion echoed down the slop

"There she goes!" Old Sa
Ben with his body and they bo
their heads. There was a s
explosion and then the earth
and sheets of yellow and red s
the slope. The earth cried out
agony and groaned and tremb
ing dirt, splinters and shrapn
zling blast of air swept over t
The rumbling subsided and
crater had formed where th
cades had been.

Sam glanced down his lin
twenty men were down, but e
still on his feet had his eyes fa
the Confederate trench, three
yards up the slope.

They heard the yell before
the men. The high, quiverin
phant yell of fox hunters. Then
ston's men swarmed out of th
like hornets and began runn
the slope. The Yanks held thei

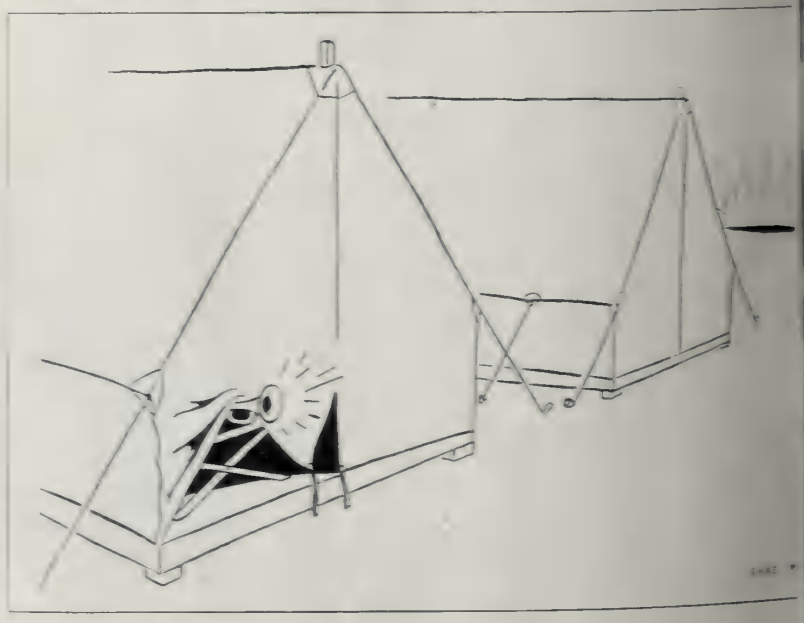
"Shoot for their bellies, s
said.

THE Confeds, loping easily a
fect ranks, were only one
yards away when the captain
The Missourians drew their be
solid sheet of rifle fire bit into
ranks. A cry of surprise arose
Confeds and they hesitated. M
down, holding hands over thei
They rallied quickly, however
sumed their pace. The Mi
fired another volley, then grip
guns and scrambled over the t
trench as their captain shout
bayonets!"

A handful of Confeds fell
cover the retreat as their c
wheeled and ran back to their
The rear guard was wiped out
Missourians were ordered back
ditch. They had taken about t
dred yards of Mississippi clay
and blood.

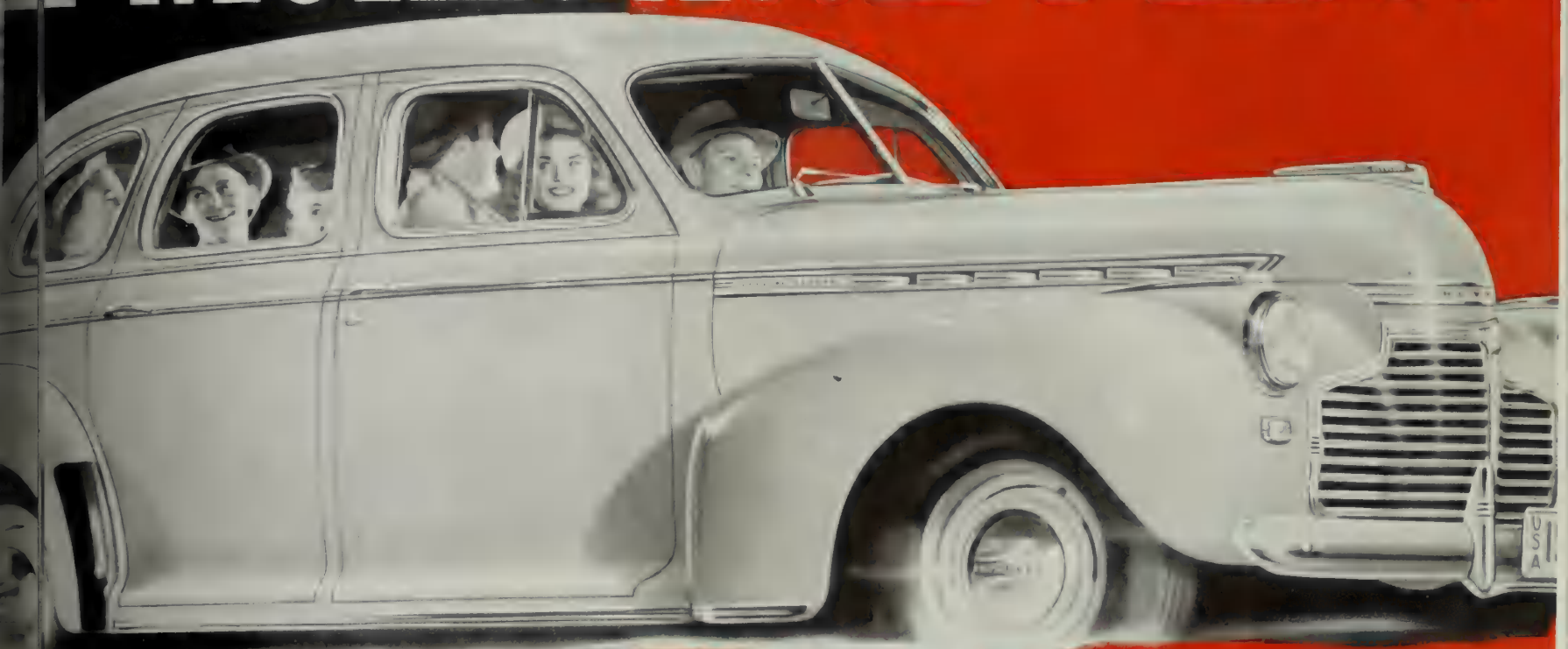
Sam reached for his toba
passed it to Ben. The men di
much and were hungry. It w
hours before communications
established. Old Sam looked l
at the Missouri mule, still we
around with the lantern on his n
could do wonders with mule m
The Missouri sergeant read the
Sam's eyes and said, "Nothing
That mule's from up home."

The captain removed the lante
the mule. "Mighty nigh fooled
turned to Ben. "Grant will hea
this. I hope Little Ax hears, too
he won't be so cocky. The Confe
the only ones with smart young



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OWENS-ILLINOIS GLA S

First in Glass

The Sticking Point

Continued from page 16

nto indolent ways in the
slept late, drank too much,
time with Alma and her
was often absent from the
House and no one knew the
He was on a small commit-
iority, but he let the others
: involved and have their

beginning of the debate in
on the Blake-Overly Bill a
lessness began to stir in
: made him uncomfortable
a man who did not like to
rtable. So he shoved the
aside and most of the
; able to reduce the ques-
ose in his mind to a place
ance.

were stirring. Fear and an-
the capital. In the Senate
n the Blake-Overly Bill had
than once, to the pitch of
rreling, to name-calling and
had been a prolonged and
debate with a strange new
forces and it had ended in
of the bill by a narrow mar-
narrow for comfort. Pro-
l opponents of the bill had
the people at home by
dio and newspaper columns
debate. The matter of na-
se was involved and some-
ore fundamental than that,
sage of the bill would have
s around the world and
e or displease foreign gov-
ways whose consequences
dless.
ely, and without reasons that
actly define, Harridan wanted
sed.
e bill was being considered
House, Harridan sat one eve-
a's living room, with the big,
Paul Kenneth, who was Al-
ord. (That is, he owned the
at housed her shop.) Ken-
friend, Edith Holt, who
Alma's girl friend and who
a bookkeeper in one of the
es in Washington, made a
ey were much together, these
es. Edith was unmarried,
and a little stout. For the
they got along well and en-
another's company but some-
idan felt in Kenneth a thinly veiled contempt for all politicians and he resented it.

"The real ax grinders, if anyone wants my opinion, are on the side of the passage of the bill," Kenneth stated. "Those are the ones who hope to milk the government. They don't even understand what it's all about or where it is leading."

"I disagree with you," said Harridan definitely. Alma liked Harridan to be pleasant to Kenneth, for sometimes she was a little slow with her rent, in the off seasons, and her attitude to him was always a little propitiating. But Harridan spoke now with annoyance. "I am convinced," he pronounced, and was surprised to find himself with a full-grown conviction on his hands, "I am convinced that the men who are leading the opposition are only a front for sinister influences."

"Nuts!" said Kenneth rudely. Alma laughed. She winked at Harridan, who was wishing he had not stated his position in quite such fancy language.

"What's the difference?" Alma said amiably. "I'm sure it makes no never-mind to me whether they pass it or whether they don't. As long as Washington is filled with girls who want to buy their winter coats on the budget plan I can survive."

"It might make considerable difference to you," Kenneth told her. "All this expenditure may bring on a depression that will wreck you along with everyone else."

"Have some more beer," she answered; "I've been through one depression. I can survive another. As long as I have Cashy to look after me, I'm not going to worry."

"There are worse things than depressions," Harridan told Kenneth, "and subjugation is one of them." His anger burned brightly and he hardly knew what to do with it. He felt a sharp contempt for himself and the others. What was he doing with these stupid people? What did they know about major legislation? What, in fact, did he know about it himself?

Kenneth and Edith departed shortly afterward and Alma said pleadingly, "Please don't quarrel with Kenneth, Cashy. Don't talk politics with him."

"I'm willing to leave politics out of the talk," Harridan said, "but I don't intend to have Paul Kenneth tell me how to vote. He's nothing but a fat dumbbell and his views are purely selfish and mercenary."

They sat in a little silence and then Alma rose and went to perch herself on Harridan's knees.

"Let's not quarrel, Cashy. I just want you to be smart. You know Paul has some big connections. He knows more about politics than you think. I couldn't bear it if you made a mistake, if you did something that kept you from coming back to Washington. Because I'm so crazy about my baby!"

"Skip it," Harridan told her. He put his arm around her and kissed her. This was becoming a dreary affair, he thought. It was about time to end it. He saw, for the first time, how his absorption in her had weakened all his other associations in Washington, and that he was more dependent on her than he liked to acknowledge. Here was more than habit, more than a crude emotion. There was a measure of genuine affection between them. It popped into his mind that tomorrow he would read the whole Blake-Overly Bill with care, every word of it, a matter he had not done.

Walking back to his hotel he was thinking again in a thin, angry vein that was unlike him. It was all very well, he told himself, for people who had no sons to take an indifferent attitude toward legislation affecting the national welfare. They had no stake in affairs. Their own small interests were the beginning and end of things. But he had sons! He would rather they loved and served their country than any other thing. He had served in the first World War. It was not his fault that he had never got overseas. He was as much a veteran as those that fought in France.

HARRIDAN could not go to sleep in his small hotel room. He got up and turned on the light and an awakening curiosity made him rummage through his desk for the last snapshot picture of his sons which his wife Mary had sent to him. He had glanced at it carelessly and laid it aside. Now he wanted to look at them and he sat studying their faces.

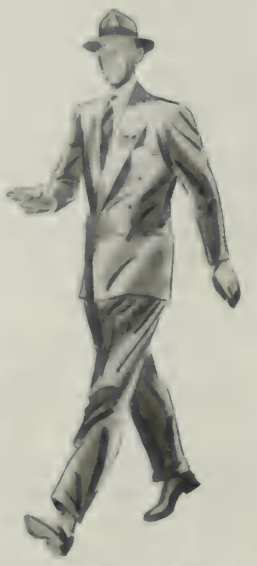
They were getting to be big boys, he reflected. The older two were in high school. He felt sentimental toward them. This bill would affect them directly. He wondered what they thought about it. He had a notion to write and ask them but the impulse died a-borning. He had always planned vaguely that when they were older he would quit taking risks. Certainly they were old enough now so that he ought to begin to consider the possible effect of a scandal on their characters and future. But he was not really afraid of any scandal. What he had done was no more than an everyday affair among men he knew and his sons need never know of it. More important than that, and what he did not face then, was a reluctance on his part to lose the esteem in which he was sure they held him.

Suddenly he was tired and sad. But to himself he said only that he was blue, a condition that might arise from a number of external causes. He put out the light and went to bed. Tomorrow he would read the bill, go to the House and consult with the men from his own state. But he had already resolved that he would vote for the Blake-Overly Bill.

In the morning Harridan felt headachy and bilious. The coffee shop in the hotel was small and lighted by artificial light at nine in the morning. He was tempted to go into the bar but decided against it. He sat over his third cup of



"I see we're not good enough for the Astorbilts" KAY KARAFFA



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coffee, reading the paper swiftly and skillfully. Someone came and stood beside him and spoke his name and he glanced up into the face of the congressman who was leader from his own state, a man old and gray in public service.

"Sit down, Dennis, and have a cup of coffee with me," said Harridan eagerly.

Dennis smiled and sat down and the colored boy brought a fresh pot of coffee and an extra cup to the table.

"Are you going to the House today?" Dennis asked.

"Yes," said Harridan. "I want to hear the debate."

"Do you know how you're going to vote?" the other asked. It was an invitation to be asked for advice. But Harridan answered contrary to rule.

"Yes," he said. "I'm not sure about the amendments. To tell you the truth I haven't had time to study them carefully. But I want to vote for the bill. I'm in favor of the principle."

"I doubt if it will pass," the other answered, and Harridan was suddenly awake and surprised. He had voted according to instructions from Dennis for a long time.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "The Senate has approved it. It ought to pass easily in the House."

"Some of the boys are changing their minds—afraid of it," said Dennis.

"Not me," said Harridan. "I'm for the bill. I'm going to vote for it."

DENNIS drank his coffee. He seemed indifferent, unimpressed with Harridan's statement. He spoke of other things and they rose together. Harridan paid for the other's coffee and his own breakfast and they stopped together for a moment at the cigar stand.

"Think it over," Dennis said mildly. "Most of the boys from home are against the bill. The people back home don't like it. Better vote with the gang."

"No," said Harridan, and was surprised at himself, "I'm going to vote for it."

Dennis hesitated, then shrugged and went on out. Harridan went to his office and asked his secretary to get a copy of the bill and the proposed amendments and he read it through. He could not concentrate on the exact wording. He knew what the bill was about. Anyhow, his mind was made up, he thought stubbornly. He was not going to be pushed around.

His anger persisted. There was a letter from his wife in the mail and he read it with as much annoyance as though it were a dun from a tradesman. She was making some alterations in the house, she wrote, and would like some extra money.

Harridan looked at the balance in his checkbook and wrote a check and enclosed it with a note. He was in a hurry, he said. The debate in the House over the impending bill would begin at eleven.

THE House was crowded and the galleries were full. He sat listening, and his mind wandered. He really did not hear much that was said but certain impressions were vivid. The attack on the bill, he saw, was well organized and strong. The strength and character of the opposition surprised him. Cynical as he was, he could not question the motives of some of the opponents. Some were born hams, grandstanders, he thought contemptuously. And some were only fools. His own conviction grew. When the House recessed for the day he found his way to Congressman Blake, who had spoken for the bill, and congratulated him. The other thanked him, seemed a little surprised.

"I didn't expect to find you on our side, Harridan," he said, "but I'm glad of it. We need every vote." They stood talking together. Harridan felt as though he were standing in a river with diverse currents pulling at him. He knew he could not afford to linger here with Blake, and it struck him forcibly that he actually knew little that went on in the House. He wished suddenly that he had been more active, made more friends. It might have been smart to have brought his family here, established himself with more care. He was an outsider. He had always known it, but he had not faced it before. Now he felt that Blake had little real confidence in his support.

Newspapermen were crowding around Blake, elbowing Harridan aside. Flashlight bulbs exploded in his face. He went out. It was dinnertime. He did not want to see Alma particularly but habit was strong. He found her in the little office of her closed shop. She unlocked the door for him and he went back into the small, lighted cubicle with her.

"I'm glad you came," she said. "I've been thinking about you all day, and I want to talk to you . . . about something important."

"What's on your mind?" Harridan asked, watching her and smiling. She was seldom serious. She opened a desk drawer and took out some pictures and showed them to him. He looked at them indifferently. He had seen them before. They were snapshots that had been taken on a trip down the Potomac a couple of months ago. There was Paul Kenneth and Edith and himself and Alma, in foolish poses. In one of them Alma was sitting on his lap, drinking from a bottle he held for her. They were silly pictures, he thought. Kid stuff! And he laid them down.

Alma's voice was hoarse when she spread the pictures out: "Kenneth has all of these. He had them enlarged with the names and dates on all of them. There are half a dozen packages of these pictures to be sent to your wife and your sons and the opposition newspapers in your district. That day we went down the river, you remember, was the day the vote was taken on the power bill and you weren't there."

So it was as simple as that—like a cheap movie. There was nothing to it. He looked at Alma and she made a little distressed sound.

"So I'm to vote against the Blake-Overly Bill," he said. She nodded miserably.

"If I vote against it—these packages will not be mailed," he said.

"Cashy," she implored him, "I had nothing to do with it. I had no idea. I swear I didn't. It's as bad for me as it is for you." Her thin lips trembled and she said suddenly, "Tell me what it means. I don't understand it."

He was moved. A genuine emotion stirred him with neither words nor phrases to describe it. He believed her, that she had not plotted against him. He answered her and if his words were grandiose he could not help it. He had no other words.

"It's a matter of patriotism," he said. "I think the bill should be passed. I think the strength behind the opposition is inimical to our country."

"But some of those who are against it"—she said, almost pleadingly—"oh, I don't understand politics!"

"Some of them are all right," he said. "But I'm convinced they are being used. And those that can't be used can always be blackmailed. I'm convinced the bill should be passed. I know what I should do. Hell, if it were a matter of the pork barrel—if it were a matter of someone's pet project, I wouldn't care. I'm not so nice. But this—" he stopped.

He was very angry. And he felt helpless, caught and impaled. A picture from long ago flashed into his mind of his oldest son sitting on a small red chair with a picture book spread on his knees. He had no idea when this had been or how, but he remembered it suddenly. The grave, absorbed, round face, the dark hair, the fat, small hand on the open page. He felt as though he had never seen his son before, as though he would never see him again.

"I'm hooked!" he cried. "I can't do a thing!"

"I'd try to get the pictures back from Kenneth if I could. But he hasn't even got them. Someone else has them. Cashy, you'll just have to do what they tell you—not only for my sake—"

"If I do this," he told her bluntly, "it won't be for your sake. But don't say anything more—I've got to get out. I've got to think. But there's one thing you and your friends forget. They say here in Washington that every man has his price. It's just as true that even a rogue has a sticking point."

She caught hold of him as he started for the door, but he broke her hands away and went out. He didn't want to see her again. The moment, of nearness, had sion, of nearness, had doubted now the sincerity Did she actually think he his vote to protect her in But she didn't know wh about and she didn't care. was nothing he could do.

He knew enough about to know that no one would more to him. He would no or Paul or Edith. He had to, no one to whom he c He thought of Blake, but I have time or patience to li story. He had only one th that was go into the Hous of the vote and vote again

ON THE way to his hote telegraph office and a pulse seized him. He wer addressed a telegram to his to Washington at once by perative. Cassius."

As soon as he was back a regretted this. What coul her? How could he explain ment? It was so long sin been even friends—there time when he could have t thing but now they were st litically he could not affo and she knew it. He saw r suffered him as he suffered common purpose of provic for their sons and maintai litical and financial securit sons would be her first would not alter anything t would only add to the pr him to do what he was tol would do anything to avoi that might imperil the boy and their security.

Or would she? He tried her but his thoughts were had gone back to law scho Army service. He had ma from his home town. He co ber that girl, with her wid and friendly, young face. He love with her. But that wa life. From the time he fi Washington he had forgotte and more. He could reme the half-dozen women with been in love since, ending Mary Harridan knew, of cou was unfaithful to her but spoke of it. He had scorned for her lack of jealousy. h himself that she didn't care.

By the time he had thras out it was very late, too l another wire, and he compo to sleep at last, telling him was all very simple. He had as he was told. But not t thought, starting awake in bill involved more than graft someone's easy money. Mor tics. It involved his country. was gone again.

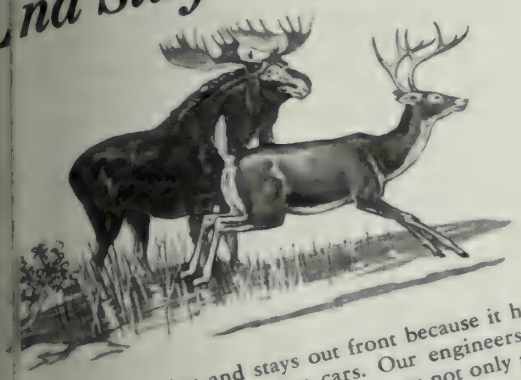
IT WAS very late when he f ened from a sleep of exhaus he felt ill, with a splitting he a sick stomach. He got up down to the drugstore and mide before he went into the for breakfast. His stomac often out of kilter, he thoug He ought to go to a doctor. at his watch. He had forgott it and he went into the hote check the time. By now his v a plane and he couldn't stop radio on the clerk's desk was ing the news and a comment of the expectation that the Bla Bill would go to a vote the Well, no one would ever kno anything about his vote. I thought a little grimly, the t oratory had been against the

"My wife may be in on the



"Well, how do you think he'll like it?" GEORGE PRICE

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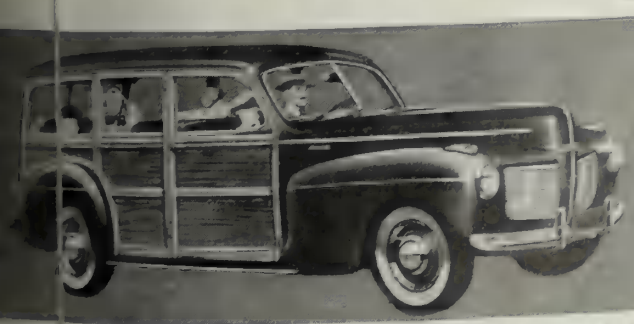


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plane," he told the clerk. "If I'm still at the House can you give her a room adjoining mine and make her comfortable?"

"Yes, Mr. Harridan—we certainly shall." He went to his office and then to the House.

He had decided by then what he would do. He would tell his wife about his stomach trouble and tell her he had become concerned and wanted to go into a hospital for examination. He would let her think he was apprehensive of some malignancy. That way he might avoid the whole matter of the vote. It was a poor excuse but one she would accept. He roused from his own grinding thoughts, which were going over and over what he would say to her, to hear Blake speaking. It was not the customary oratory. He was speaking against an amendment that would defeat the purpose of the bill and he spoke coldly and concisely. The amendment was defeated and the House adjourned. Harridan voted with Blake. This didn't matter, he knew. Tomorrow would be the test. Well, he wouldn't be here. He went dragging back to his hotel, actually ill by now.

The clerk told him his wife had arrived and the elevator shot him up to his floor. He put his key in the lock of his own rooms and opened the door. The door between the rooms was open. His wife was sitting by the window in his room looking out into the street. Her hair was smooth and she wore a neat dark dress. She looked so respectable that she startled him. She turned and smiled a little.

"Well, Cassius!" she said. "I thought I'd find you ill!"

He closed the door and took off his hat and put it on the dresser. He went over to her and stooped and kissed her and was sensitive to the fact that she turned her cheek to the caress. How in the name of everything crazy, he asked himself, had he ever thought he could talk to her?

"The truth of the matter is," he said, sitting down on the bed, "that I've not been well. I guess it isn't as serious as I thought but I was in a lot of pain last night and thought perhaps I'd better go to the hospital for a checkup and that you ought to be here. Today I feel a little better."

HE FELT that she was studying him and he remembered that he hadn't slept, hadn't shaved, hadn't had a drink—he must look pretty tough.

"I'm sorry," she said quietly. "What seems to be the matter with you, Cassius?" He grinned a little crookedly.

He started to say to her, "It's my stomach," but he said, instead, "It's my country." He stopped, startled. His face flushed scarlet and he said at once, "I mean, it's my stomach."

But she sat there quietly. There were still the wide, gray eyes with shining, clean glasses over them. There was something very young about her—young and countrified, he thought. In her plain dress she looked younger than Alma and that was strange, for she was at least ten years older and she lacked the style and trimness of the other.

She said slowly, "What is the matter with the country, Cassius?"

"It was only a slip of the tongue," he began, but she shook her head.

"No. You must tell me why you sent for me. Is it because of the Blake-Overly Bill?"

"Yes," he said, too weak to struggle against her persistence and longing suddenly to tell someone whose interests were at least identified with his own. "I want to vote for it. And I can't."

"Why can't you, Husband?" she said. She used the word, he knew, deliberately. It was a strange old word, formal and deeply signific[ant]. He felt himself trembling. [I'm] all to pieces and he had [no right] was not entitled to burde[n her] forfeited his claim upo[n] standing or sympathy. Bl[ame] her. "Because I've sold [myself] for a mess of pottage and [now] want to do. I'm in one h[ell]

"Begin at the beginn[ing]" and tell me about it."

Of course he didn't be[gin] ginning and of course he [told] all about it. He had to s[ave] ings and his own prestige [and] he told her a somewhat [exaggerated] about getting lonely at the [office] on a jaunt with some peo[ple] ing a few drinks and tak[ing] pictures. He felt that sh[e] than he told her, but she [let] he had finished.

"So you see I have to [go] boys," he said.

SHE sat very still. She [looked] down into the street a[gain] for her to say something. [Finally] sighed and pressed her h[and]

"I don't know what you [should] she told him in some a[nswer]. course, Cassius. It isn't t[he] morrow that you have a[ll] make. You made it long [ago] made it a hundred, a tho[usand] Now I don't know whether [it's a] choice. It's too much to as[k] it easy for you now—to te[ll] the way you're told and m[ake] all right about it. Or to tel[l] the way you want to and [decide] for you. Is that what yo[u] "I don't know what I [should] answered slowly. "I thoug[ht] know."

"Hasn't it ever occurred [to] I might be waiting until th[ey're] grown—to leave you? I [would] sooner, if it were best for t[hem]."

Harridan felt deserted. H[is eyes] with tears. But he only sa[id] your country, too."

"But I am not a member [of] she answered. "The respo[nsibility] mine. You must decide it."

Harridan got up and took [off] "I'll shave and wash up [and] out to dinner," he said, and [went] the bathroom. When he c[ame] said quietly: "I think I'll [go] back, Cassius. There's a p[lane] that I can catch—unless yo[u're] going to the hospital."

"Not now," he told her. "[I'll] home and go to the hospital [when] through here." He didn't k[now] say to her.

She said, "If you decide [to go] with this—I can see to it t[hat] receive no pictures sent to [you] what they see in the papers. [Maybe] But, perhaps, the papers w[on't] them, even if they got [it] all—"

"Perhaps not," he said. H[e will] take her to some nice rest[aurant] accountably he wanted to t[alk] her. She looked so clean, [so] tionably a man's own wife. [She] anxious only to get away f[rom] saw. And he saw that she [could] commit herself or advise [him] all, he thought bitterly, b[ut] ported her for twenty year[s] not refused to wear his nam[e] the money he sent her. He [was] nant. Yet he was helpless. [She] already gone away from him.

They had a hurried sand[wich] coffee shop and rode to the [station] taxi and he put her on the [train] stooped, with some malice [in] her cheek before he left her [and] a meaningless gesture. He co[uld] wishing that she had urged [him] what his common sense comm[anded] wished she had wept a little

ced a quarrel with him. ad Alma here and Mary he had no one. He went en he got back to the ho- y and purposefully got

at about eight in the g like death itself. He rag himself out of bed, under the cold shower, pecial care and dressed n occasion. He went into ort drink and then break- l leisurely.

me up in his mind—he e everything. He could Washington until Mary vn a little, go home and hts as a husband, or rep- as a reformed man who ke things up. He was e wasn't. He could still st everything. Perhaps back to Washington, next l bring her with him. She y come if he insisted. She y useful to him, might ermanent or more desir-

all this top process of in anger burned in him. dily. He knew that much as just and true. And she enneth thought and Alma e had no choice to make. calmly waiting for him to

on his way to the House and had another drink. He took his seat and sat with his hand shading his eyes and listened.

The session dragged on and on and it began to look as though the vote would be postponed. Harridan heard nothing. He was scarcely thinking. He was drifting on some inner current in his mind. He was again a boy at home with his mother and father. He was playing games in school, he was going to college, into the Army, back into the law. He was married and living in a six-room frame house. He was running for Congress.

He and his generation and the generation before them—and the generation before that—never, in old times or new, never had there been a world like the world they had lived in. Never had there been a land like theirs. What if his sons lost him—and had their country left? He thought of politicians in other lands and their sons. Suddenly he realized that the roll was being called and he heard his name. He rose and stood at his desk.

"Aye!" he said in a loud, clear voice, and sat down again.

He would never see any of them again. He would never sit in this assembly again. But he didn't care. He was proud, proud, and tears of pride were in his eyes. He only wished that he could get away, out in the country somewhere. He was going all to pieces. He wanted only to get somewhere where he could kneel down and kiss the ground.

Catching Hit-Runs

Continued from page 19

llowing days, at the same dent occurred. This gives because many people do ng at a particular time of

ere walking along a coun- arly in the morning. Both nd killed by a driver who . The case proved to be an unpromising one, without lues. So the officers re- scene the following morn- ly the delivery wagon of a along. The driver said he e girls on the highway the nd had read about the ac- papers. He said he had by a man in a new car or seventy miles an hour, minutes after the accident. ion of the speeding car en- ficers to solve the case.

There's Never a Motive

known as a spectroscope is ng new part of hit-run de- uipment. Almost infinitesi- s of paint or dirt, left by the ictim at the moment of im- the spectroscope show cer- patterns. Scrapings of paint from the car itself later on officers to make an absolute n. In the same way traces threads from the victim's ometimes remaining even r has been washed, can be dentified.

r a hit-run car has been lo- of work remains to be done. mes differ from ordinary kill- there is never any motive. ve to be able to show con- dence that their suspect is

ist struck a boy riding a bi- lonely road. The boy was e bicycle was jammed under axle of the car and pushed road. The driver had to get out and pull it from under the car before proceeding. Good detective work enabled officers to locate the suspected car, from which all evidence of the accident had been removed by the time it was found. The driver denied having hit anyone, and there were no witnesses. But the officers took his fingerprints and convicted him. They had been found on the frame of the bicycle.

Despite the difficulty of overcoming the "no motive" factor, hit-run detectives are usually able, through hard work, to get convictions on nine out of ten of the cases they take to court.

Accident records of 21 states show that in 1939 there were in the whole country about 1,450 fatal hit-run accidents. Besides these, offending drivers tried to skip out in more than 20,000 injury cases, and nearly 300,000 damage-only accidents.

The cases successfully cracked are mounting steadily. Lumping together Dayton, Knoxville, Miami, Louisville, Detroit, and Greenwich, Connecticut, 4,186 serious-accident hit-skippers out of 5,499 were caught in 1939—better than three out of four. Dallas, Texas, caught 89 per cent. South Bend, Indiana, 91 per cent. Evanston, Illinois, caught 94 per cent.

Dayton, Ohio, recorded 135 hit-run cases in 1939, including property damage and personal injury; 134 of the offending drivers were caught. Detroit's system of accident detection, set up by Franklin Kreml, head of the Safety Division of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, started operations in September, 1937. During the next three years Detroit caught 9,031 hit-runners, big and little, out of 12,018 —or 75 per cent. States and cities that have been casual heretofore are beginning to sit up and take notice of such records. The public, too, is beginning to get wise. With detections secured by the new method, road cops multiplying, drivers are learning to think twice before leaving the scene of an accident.

You'll like yeast this new way



MISS HOUSTON: You're certainly lively and good-humored today, Mrs. Hughes. Been eating yeast again?
MRS. HUGHES: No...drinking Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice! Best drink I ever tasted!



MISS HOUSTON: Now, isn't that strange! I was thinking just the other day how much better I felt when I was eating yeast. But I never learned to like it.
MRS. HUGHES: Well, my dear Miss Iron-Fingers, you'll like it now! In tomato juice, it has the flavor of oven-fresh bread. You can stay with it for years...just as I intend to do.



MISS HOUSTON: You know, I never doubted the authorities when they said "yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex." And I can use a lot of extra vitamins . . . in my job!
MRS. HUGHES: But maybe you aren't getting enough of these vitamins. Start drinking yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . See if you aren't fresher at five o'clock. I'll even make you a little bet!



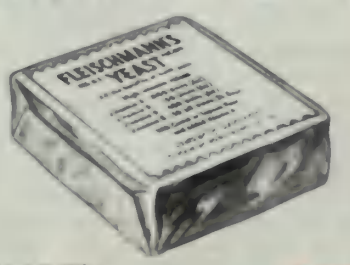
MASH... Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too ...whole business takes less than a minute!



Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast

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DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

Home-Maid Ski Champ

Continued from page 22

Well, she finished. She didn't win, but she finished, the only woman—oh, all right, girl—to go the whole way without falling. She whipped through that final slope of the course that slants at 37 degrees and had trapped the best of them, male and female, so far. Mrs. Grace Carter Lindley, an old-timer in ski competition, beat out the Shaw girl by three fifths of a second. Ski racing is against the stop watch and the results were: Mrs. Lindley 4:10.6, Miss Shaw 4:11.2. Three women didn't finish and Rettles de Cosson, the British star, suffered a brain concussion in a fall. That's just in case you still believe that skiing isn't tough and that the Baldy Mountain course isn't one of the most difficult tests of a skier's skill in the world.

That was a blow, of course, to be a mere second in the important straight-away downhill run. But Marilyn still had a chance. There was the slalom race, a run down between flags staggered at difficult angles. The Combined Ski Championship is awarded for the best performance in both events which together form the supreme test of skiing ability.

The slalom score is compiled after two runs. In the first run, Marilyn was second again. Marion McKean, the professional from Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, was first with Marilyn 4.6 seconds behind her. Everything depended on the second run, for neither Mrs. Lindley, the downhill winner, nor Miss McKean had combined scores which, at the moment, bettered Marilyn's.

Fourth After a Fall

Halfway down the final test Marilyn fell as she attempted to execute an almost impossible angle in the slalom. She went down in a splatter of snow. For one anguished moment she lay there, a pile of parka, girl and skis, and then she was up and away again. Tears froze on her eyelashes. But she finished upright and going away. She was fourth.

The officials went into a huddle with their data on times and form. Before the participants had reached warm fires and steaming cups of tea, the officials had announced, in a matter-of-fact way that somehow didn't fit the drama of the situation, that Miss Marilyn Shaw was the new American Woman's Open Combined Ski Champion, a title that carried with it the amateur championship as well.

The Kitzbuehlers and the St. Moritzers were surprised, and slightly confused. Miss Shaw had won neither of the single races. But she had 33 points more than Gerda Paumgarten, the Austrian star runner-up. Consistency and all-round ability had paid off. Mrs. Lindley, who had won the downhill, was thirteenth and last in the slalom and Nancy Reynolds, who had won the zigzag race, hadn't finished the downhill. Marilyn's second in the difficult downward plunge and her heartbreaking fourth in the wild slalom test combined to give her enough points to win the championship.

And it was more than a triumph of youth and determination over experience and skill. It was an American victory. Marilyn was the first female in the history of the sport in this country to win the event without foreign training at smart spots like St. Moritz. Marilyn learned her skiing the hard way, mostly, on the slopes of the hills about her home town. And except for some expert tutoring for a couple of weeks by a hired ski master, Marilyn got most of her stuff from her mother.

The story of Marilyn Shaw is the story of a whole family of Shaws and of the town of Stowe, Vermont, too. The Shaws are old stock in Stowe and skiin' fools—with the exception of Pop who's too busy selling skis, ladies' house dresses, groceries and hardware.

And Stowe has been ski crazy ever since it found out, about six years ago, that it's one of the best snow holes in the United States. A sleepy little town of 982 citizens, it lies sunk in the valley between the Worcester Range of the Green Mountains and Mount Mansfield. Snow buries its quiet streets from November to May.

The skiing Shaws—Mother, who's been married eighteen years, Marilyn, now sixteen, Barbara, fifteen, Ann, nine, and Gale, Jr., seven—all grew up on skis. It was in the winter of 1935 that Mother, leaving the two babies at home, took her two daughters, Marilyn and Barbara, up on the Toll Road, the novice trail down the east side of Mount Mansfield, for the first time. She was determined to teach them to ski well.

Mother wasn't too good herself. She had been busy with babies and the home most of her life. But she could still get about. The children had plodded about on boards of one sort or another since they were tots. They helped one another up and down the Toll Road about three or four afternoons every week.

In 1936, there was some excitement in the town of Stowe because the lodge at Smuggler's Notch, away up on Mount Mansfield, had hired a real Austrian ski instructor. He was Sepp Ruschp. One day that winter Mother Shaw decided she'd bundle up her whole brood and they'd all go see this Mr. Ruschp, too.

"The first time I see that family," says Sepp Ruschp now, "I know they are remarkable. That Mrs. Shaw, I knew she would make the perfect skier. Not a racer, mind you, but graceful. Marilyn and Barbara were like the mother, but how good I could not tell."

It was in March, 1938, after the second winter of lessons for the Shaws, that the Men's and Women's National Downhill and Slalom championships were held at Stowe, on the Nose Dive Trail on Mount Mansfield. Marilyn had never even skied the Nose Dive, precipitous and infamous down-mountain drop that falls 2,000 feet in a mile and a third, but it was Mother Shaw's idea that she could do it and do it well and so she went to Ruschp.

"When she say she want Marilyn to go into Women's Nationals on Nose Dive," he explains, "I think she is crazy, but I say, 'If you want, we see.' "

He asked Marilyn if she wanted to try it. Of course she wanted to try it.



"When do I learn to jump, Harry?" MICHAEL BERRY

"When we get to top and turn around," he says, "I say in joke, 'How you like to run it, straight?' 'Sure,' says Marilyn and so down I start. Not once do I stop or look after me and when I get to bottom there is Marilyn right behind.

"I am surprised," he adds, "but then I know she be good skier."

Ruschp, realizing this girl had the daring as well as the ability it takes to make a racer, trained with her steadily for two weeks—and when the day of the Women's Nationals finally came, on April 9, Marilyn was ready. She was so calm she fell asleep while awaiting her turn in the stone warming hut on the top of the mountain.

"I knew I didn't have a chance," she explains, "and besides I was tired."

Marilyn was only thirteen then.

It was snowing so hard that day you could barely see a tree in front of your face and there was a wind-blown icy crust over the snow which made the going particularly treacherous.

As Marilyn tells it, "
trees and snow and I fe
she finished twelfth i
twenty-seven in her fi
national championship.
National Slalom was he
and Marilyn finished ele

That was enough for S
the Shaws. They de
should have some real t
was too busy with his
the following January
now 14, who had neve
Albany and who had
alone, was sent out to
train, and to try for the
Women's Ski Team.

After two months of t
rest of the girls—some
almost twice her age—th
to Mount Hood for two
On the first day the littl
kid was fourth in the s
next day there was a fog
of Hood and as Marily
down its perilous side sh
ance and headed into the
ten minutes before they r

Honor from the Ho

That night the telephe
white house on the corne
Park—just a couple of d
general store—in the towr
there was fear and worry
until a week later Marily
brought with her a diplon
had made the U. S. Wom
on her showing in the slalo
competition in Norway for
was called off because
The diploma just hangs
wall.

During the summer th
were filled with swimmin
and horseback riding a
piano and helping Pop
There was studying to be
make up the schoolwork
the winter out West and t
A average. Marilyn wa
Smith College and later t
interior decorator.

Her first appearance in
was in the Mont Trembla
lom on the Flying Mile. T
Women's Team was entere
most of the American, inc
Woolsey, the National Com
pion. Marilyn won that. T
the New Hampshire Stat
Plymouth. She took the c
lom and downhill races f
Smith Trophy at Lake Pl
Marian Miller, Canadian
then went to Sun Valley
tionals.

Stowe doesn't have a rai
and so most of the townsfo
down to Waterbury that da
off.

They were down there a
see her when she returne
tional Women's Open Co
Champion. They had the
of the Community Churc
and that night there was
home dinner. The ladie
brought the roast beef an
pies. The postmaster's wife
from the bank waited on ta

One of the speakers tha
Marilyn.

"The only reason I won," s
now acknowledged the bes
woman skier, "was because
Kean broke a binding and N
olds fell and so did Gerda
and so there was nobody e
me. You see, that's really

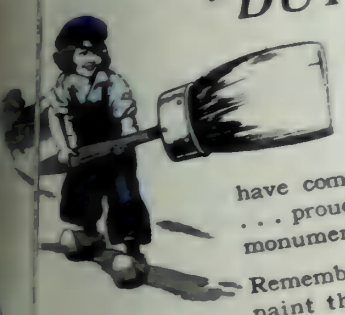
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Moonlight and Onion

Continued from page 24

get it back right now, if he wanted, but he isn't going to be around to want, if we don't nab him fast. It's all your fault," I say, letting her have it, although, doggone, she does look pretty cute hustling along like this, catching her breath. Her eyes are so round. I guess that's it. But I am firm.

"You can't make a silken percy out of a pickled onion," I say, "and that's what you tried to do to the Redhead, only it wouldn't work, moonlight and onion don't mix."

"But I didn't," she says. "I really didn't. You don't understand. Do you think I married him," she says, "to settle down and play the Moonlight Sonata all my life?"

"What else for?" I say.

"For his funny old hat," she says. "The one he wore the day I met him. That outrageous, funny old hat. And those dear, baggy trousers. I fell in love with them at sight."

"Well," I say. "Well, well."

"Do you think I couldn't have had a million men with derbies?" she says. "I married Jeremiah T. Rannigan, III, not a bow tie with handkerchief to match!"

"Well," I repeat. "Well, well, well." So the Rannigan went and glamorized himself with the mistaken idea his Angel would want him that way.

"That's when he walked out," she says. "I tried to explain to him how he had changed and how I wished he hadn't and how I thought his stories in the paper weren't quite so good as they used to be, except that one this morning. I guess the shock was too sudden. He didn't say anything, but he went out early and I knew something was wrong."

"Well," I say. All I can seem to get out of my mouth is "well," but I'm thinking this date will probably go down as the great mistake of all history, the Rannigan retreat from everything he holds near and dear. He's really a sensitive guy like Angel says. We better grab him quick before the exodus is complete.

BUT the Redhead is not at Emil's Hospitality Bar and Grill. He's been to Emil's and gone. The Redhead's pipe is on the bar at approximately the spot where Emil says the Redhead was standing for some of the quickest quick ones Emil has ever seen vanish.

We hasten around the block and storm the Blue Eagle Tavern.

"Hello," says the barkeep. "Who do you think was here? Your old pal, the Redhead. Hadn't seen him for three weeks. He's looking fine."

"Which way did he go?" I say.

"Started out the door north," says the barkeep, "veered slightly south-southeast, turned around twice at a forty-five degree angle and struck due west toward Dillfoyle's."

There are no customers in Dillfoyle's when we arrive but there is a derby on the hatrack. It has a big hole in the top of it. Midge, the barkeep in Dillfoyle's, is looking glum.

"That Redhead!" he says. "Bets me ten bucks he can kick a field goal with his derby onto the hatrack in three tries. I'm a sucker. I bet him. He does it, second kick!"

At the Hofbrau they have not seen the Redhead but they have heard him go by. At Keelan's a bum is wearing a checkered sports coat and a big bow tie with a handkerchief to match. He is a little dazed.

"This fellow give me the outfit for a keepsake," says the bum. "Account of we have much in common. I'm from Spokane, Washington, and he is on his way to Arizona."

The cop on the Four Corners says he heard a noise like "Yippee!" and then a sound like "Wahoo!" and that's all he knows.

The trail grows faint at the Florida Club. We lose it altogether at Paddy's Place and backtrack to The Ranchero. This is a chile spot run by a Bronx Mexican named Sam Goldstein and all decorated up with sombreros and saddles and ropes. But one sombrero, one saddle and one rope are not on the wall where they used to be. The Redhead has bought them.

"He's going into the cowboy business," says Sam. "I hate to part with them trophies but for an old friend like



"If your friend is all you say, George, I think I can get a friend . . . for you!"

KIRK STILES

Rannigan, all right. He says he'll send me the money from Phoenix."

"Oh!" says Angel. "Oh, oh!" And I see now how perhaps a person, even of the Redhead's type, can get tangled in the apron strings if he's not careful. You don't know what a pretty word Oh can be if you never heard Angel oh it. It gives me the extra push I need because this man hunt is getting me winded.

WE HOP a cab and hit for a drinkery where I know them to have the best public piano in these parts. It's a little piano you can shove around on wheels. They bought it brand-new after the night the Redhead did The Last Roundup on the other one, working in a variation by playing bass with the heel and toe of his right shoe.

But at this place they have seen the Redhead coming from afar off and have hid the piano in the ladies' room, and the Redhead has fared forth again.

I am running out of
If only the Redhead w
arrested before he doe
tic!

We climb back in the
noiter, and the cabbie t
says, "A big wild weste
right in this cab. Yeah
with a ten-gallon hat
a saddle. He says he's
horse that got away w
came. He says he's hea
roundup. I take him to
tion. That's the last I s

"The station?" I say
should have gone to th
first place. And I am s
not even register surpri
Angel, who says, "Creep

And at the station t
booth tells us a person in
ing "Wahoo!" and "
which way to Arizona.
they recommended has l
ago!

Poor Redhead! Poor
more can I do? The tick
changed shift, otherwise I
how far west the Redhe
buy himself. But what

Angel does not even
more. She walks slowly
tion, gazing straight ahea
in the general direction o
I say, "Well, Angel, per
the need of a drink. Wou
a lemon phosphate?"

"Thank you," she s
would. With a rye on the
she says.

WELL, it's not a bad me
with lemon. I have thr
fore taking her home to
nest. I feel that I need th
the job, and when we get
ment house I see I could
least three more, because
ment which is going to be
on Angel with nobody ther
but the canary bird. And
a woman go to pieces.

Memories are hard to
times. Like right now, as
the elevator, I am thinkin
days with the Redhead. I
at the keyboard the way
do The Last Roundup,
trumpet effect on one side
tuba on the other, hun
through his nose and drum
feet. And me clicking my
trotting horses.

I can hear that old medl
ride up in the elevator, an
we ride the louder it gets,
step off the elevator we ar
including the apartment-ho
tendent, and an officer of
a number of neighbors wh
they'd make good hands a
party.

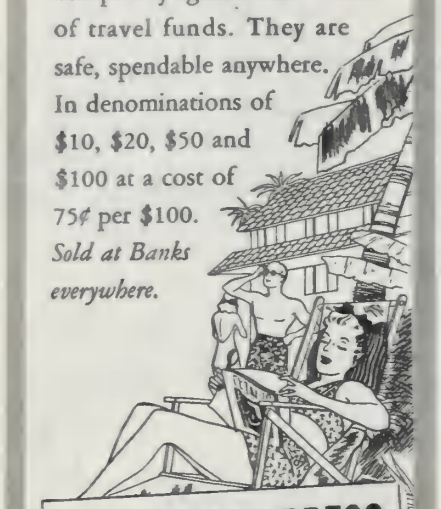
They are swarming arou
of the Rannigan love nest
the officer of the law is b
time to time with his fist a
"Open up!" And the su
spies Angel and says, "Mrs
for goodness' sake, will you
in there and put a stop to
husband is locked in there w
cowboy band and won't com
have been playing The Las
over and over again all nigl

So, I guess, after all, there
every little love nest for both
and onion, in the proper prop
I say to Angel, with gusto,

And while the superinter
his hair, Angel says, sweetl
hooooo!"

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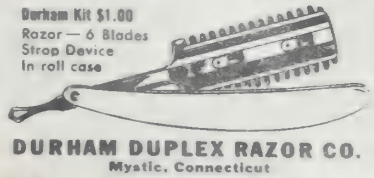
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In roll case



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Mystic, Connecticut

AT DRUG - CIGAR STORES — OR DIRECT

It'd Better Be Good, Benito

Continued from page 17

's rival his own assistant . Badoglio, recognizing itude for office manage- l him to head the Opera- the High Command. At oglio was a general and ionel.

oint the military career ro is easily traced. There- he record of Badoglio at of the first soldier of a man who formed the anned the gulf between d the old Italy of the pa- eated it, the career of urred in politics and scan- ganda.

two years, for instance, ved under the belief that o who conceived and exe- ant plan that won for the ttle of Vittorio Veneto on 918. The Austrians were f the war and the victory, t for the Caporetto rout, general armistice of No-

are told, however, that lero, not Badoglio, who volutionary" battle plans eneto. This is to justify lection as the new Chief t critical point in the his- sm last December when ided to burn behind him t linked his regime to the oy and the old Italy be- all but the youths raised n and the converts of the years.

last service as a soldier t Italy came at the end of d War when he served as Italian Military Commis- rsailles Peace Conference. standing, he was made a eral and although, in his he was Italy's youngest *rigata,* Badoglio was one rank higher—a division general. In 1922, Cavallero retired on a fat pension and became plant manager for Ansaldo, the Italian equivalent of the Ford Motor Company.

Until 1925, when on January 3d Mussolini stood before a flaccid Chamber of Deputies and made a speech proscribing all political opposition parties and Fascistizing Italy by abolishing free elections and taking over the press, Cavallero remained that for which he was best suited—a businessman. Cavallero looks less like a general than any soldier in Italy. He is short, inclined to fatness and has the pink complexion of a man who spends much time in Turkish baths and on the masseur's table. He wears a pince-nez on a handsome, aristocratic nose and has a thick mane of gray-streaked black hair. He is pompously professional in appearance but amiable, talkative. He tells a good smoking-room story and is, unlike most other men of the regular army, a good mixer and a familiar figure in the smart night spots and supper clubs of Milan, Turin, Genoa and Rome.

The Welcome Convert

Cavallero was one of the loudest applauders of the Mussolini dictum that after January 3, 1925, there would be one-man rule in Italy. Fascism, until then a refuge for the rowdy elements of Italian political life, a party composed of Luigi Federzoni's nationalist Blueshirts, Rossoni's skull-cracking Socialist-Syndicalists and Mussolini's own castor-oil and bludgeon boys in black shirts, welcomed the support of respectable names like that of Cavallero. Up to then the only soldier it had been able to convert was Colonel Emilio De Bono.

Mussolini rewarded Cavallero by making him Undersecretary for War. Badoglio, who had vainly begged King Victor Emmanuel to be permitted to



"Swell instep you got, lady" WILLIAM STEIG

The world's largest barber-shop chain ran this newspaper ad in

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"disperse the Blackshirt rabble" with a few machine guns during the March on Rome, was "exiled" as ambassador to the United States.

Cavallero's appointment in Mussolini's cabinet came as Fascism emerged from the wave of national and international indignation generated by the murder on June 10, 1924, of the liberal Giacomo Matteoti. Accused of the murder were three or four ultra-Fascists. Their defense attorney was a young Blackshirt named Roberto Farinacci.

Farinacci physically symbolized Fascism. He was its scourge. In the province of Cremona, where he edited a newspaper, it was Farinacci who led the Squadristi dispensers of castor-oil and beatings. His career was written in blood and violence.

Mussolini made Farinacci Secretary of the Fascist party, in the internal politics of the regime the most important job next to that of Il Duce. As counsel for the Matteoti murderers, Farinacci won an acquittal. As chief of the party, the smooth-faced Farinacci with the round, black eyes and slick, black hair and the physical vigor of ten men became a one-man *Cheka*.

Both Cavallero and Farinacci were scrapped by Mussolini—Cavallero in 1928, after three undistinguished years as Undersecretary for War, during which his principal job was to organize the personal army of Il Duce, the Blackshirt Militia, and integrate it into the aristocratic regular army; and Farinacci in 1926, when Mussolini eschewed violence until the gains made in regimenting the nation were consolidated.

Before this peaceful stage began Mussolini made, for a dictator, a grave tactical error. He purged Cavallero and Farinacci—and many others as he did in laters years whenever he had to switch policies and, therefore, the men who represented them—but he didn't shoot them as Hitler or Stalin would have done. And today, as Italy faces internal and foreign enemies of Fascism and as Mussolini stands on a podium as shaky as the one which upheld him in 1924-1925, the men he successively scrapped but didn't execute are rising around him and threaten to drag him down. Cavallero and Farinacci are only two. There are others, but these are the most important.

The House that Mussolini built was predicated on the proposition that Il Duce could do no wrong. He had first to inculcate this idea before he could proceed with the regimentation necessary to accomplish such un-Italian projects, for example, as the Rome-Berlin Axis and the anti-Semitic campaign. As a Rome correspondent I covered the Ethiopian War, the Spanish War, the creation of the Axis and the campaign of Germanization of the Italian people. I heard Italians grumble and proceed unwillingly from one to the other and I was there too, when they were obliged to go to war against Britain and France and I know from direct, personal experience that the lack of a will to war was at least proportionate to the faithlessness in Fascism, to the economic internal collapse of a country that had already been at war for five years and to the ravages of a regime that lived on graft.

When Italians were informed in a brief communiqué that Cavallero had been made Chief of the General Staff they spread out their hands, pursed their lips and arched their eyebrows in their national gesture of incredulity. They knew that men like Cavallero, Emilio De Bono, Farinacci, Rossoni, former Undersecretary for Air Valle and a score more Fascists had started as poor men or men of modest means, like Count Volpi di Misurati, and become fabulously rich during the life span of Fascism.

And now Cavallero is Chief of Staff—and Farinacci fumes in his editorials in his now powerful newspaper, Il Regime Fascista of Cremona, that Italians have a right to know what happened to 175 billion lire appropriated for the creation of that "invincible army" that was going to smash the British Empire and gain for Italy her "place in the sun." He implies there has been graft. He also implies, in a nation of one-man government, that there is something terribly wrong in view of Blackshirt defeats in Greece and Albania, in Egypt and Libya.

"Italy had a right," Farinacci wrote recently, "to expect readiness and the fullest efficiency (of the armed forces) in their day of the supreme test." He as much as said to Mussolini and his regime that the myth of the superman has been exploded, that Il Duce had failed. Why Farinacci dares be so outspoken is the story of why Fascism in Italy is at the mercy of the man Winston Churchill called the Attila Beyond the Alps—for Farinacci is Adolf Hitler's lawyer at the court of the Blackshirt hierarchy, as Cavallero and other generals and admirals whom Mussolini has advanced to places vacated by his latest bloodless purge are the agents of the Nazi High Command, by conviction or compulsion.

The One-Man Minority

Of Farinacci's almost pathological hatred of Jews, I have personal knowledge. At least a year before Fascism's anti-Semitic campaign began, the Cremona editor, in an interview in the Hotel Bristol in Rome, told me that every Jew in Italy ought to be liquidated and that the only solution to what he called the Jewish problem throughout the world was universal ostracism of all Jews who survived the pogroms he recommended in all nations. His views were radically different from those of other important Fascists, such as young Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano, who in February, 1938, issued a statement that in view of the fact that there were only 44,000 Jews in a nation of 44,000,000 people, the race did not constitute a "problem" in Italy.

As a "first-hour" Fascist, Farinacci was accorded a place on the Fascist Grand Council, the highest ruling body in Italy which even has the power to name the successor to King Victor in the event of his death. Farinacci, therefore, was never out of internal Fascist politics. He had a voice, a loud one, too. But he was outvoted and restrained. He was, for many years, a one-man minority.

But as Italo-German relations grew increasingly intimate, following the Ethiopian War, his influence grew. He stood for the same things that characterize Nazism. His emergence as a first citizen of Fascism could be charted by the change in attitude of Blackshirt underlings toward what Farinacci had to say in his editorials. While Italy was not anti-Semitic, he was labeled a hothead brigand. When it became convenient to play Berlin's game even to the extent of aping Nazism's anti-Semitism, he became a respected citizen.

Rome correspondents soon found the answer to the riddle of Farinacci. As a lawyer Farinacci ranked low. He could not, therefore, have earned in his limited practice the enormous amount of money required to build up Il Regime Fascista from a provincial newspaper of inconsequential importance to a powerful organ that ranks now with Mussolini's own Popolo d'Italia of Milan. We suspected that the rabidly pro-German and anti-J
of Rome was operate
Newspapermen who
paper told us frankly
orders came. They con
suspicions that Farinac
began making frequen
many and was at variou
Italo-German cultural
otherwise led the mov
manization of Italians,
spired by the Wilhelm
propaganda ministry o
Goebbels.

Farinacci's connection
came known to every dip
The Italian people, of
have to be shown any pr

It is a fact that Germ
von Mackensen broadly
solini in a recent convers
lin would like to see Fa
Foreign Minister. It was
to Il Duce that Count Ci
ter serve Italy as Vice-
which would be equiva
Mussolini's son-in-law
stairs.

A Pair of Fall

The Greek affair was
well as a military fias
needed a whipping boy fo
matic as well as militar
doglio was made the goat
rout in the Balkans despi
the general had nothing
campaign. Ciano becam
for the political failure as
made the military goat.

Mussolini did not take
as to how Ciano should
Either that or Ciano had
say regarding his future.
of the Ethiopian campaig
led a bomber squadron a
chose active service in th
of political oblivion. He
mand of a bomber unit
ant colonel on either the
Libyan front. He is sti
Foreign Minister, but it
won't be of much service
Minister while he's fightin

Mussolini is now Minis
Affairs. He holds all the
folios of the cabinet. All
hold a cabinet meeting no
executive session with hi

Farinacci, too, is in a
His "activity" is limited, o
has only one good arm.
The meanies in Rome say
one was blown off by a
that exploded prematurel
while killing alligators in
stream. The story is prol
ryphal but gives you an ide
esteem in which Farinacci

He is too closely link
ential German friends to b
"broken" by being sent into
ice. Unless he is killed in
one of those mysterious air
that rid Fascism of men lik
and General Pellegrini, be
the Fascist scene, waiting
while the intramural drama
succession is being enacted
Fascist stage in Rome.

There is a dramatic conti
the lives of Farinacci and
It was Mussolini who led
press campaign for Italian
in the first World War again
and for denunciation of the
ance that linked Italy to
Vienna. It has been Farina
led the Italian campaign
against Britain and Franc
was from the beginning
September 3, 1939, the cham
mediate Italian interventi
many's side.

And it is Farinacci who n
movement within Fascism
ting German troops to



"You're like a flower, Mildred—a flower miraculously blooming, pink and lovely, in the dank air and unspeakable muck of a dreary world. I—I love you, Mildred. Could I—dare I ask you to be my wife?" . . . "Uh-huh"

CARL ROSE

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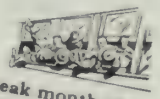
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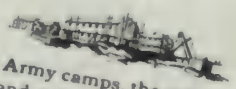
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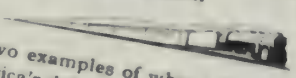
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through the Brenner Pass to save the regime. Panzer divisions, legions of German troops, will save the regime, might help overcome the Greeks and might halt the British drive into Libya. But victories gained with the help of Germans wouldn't please 44,000,000 Italians, who for eighteen years have been paying taxes to create an "invincible army."

Diplomats recently returned to America from Italy told us that Mussolini is in a quandary regarding German assistance. He knows, they say, that the presence of the half-million to one million German troops needed to bolster the Italian army might have one of two disastrous effects. They might precipitate a revolution. Italians instinctively hate Germans. The presence of Germans, on the other hand, would reduce Italy to the status of occupied France, the Latin sister which Italy, split by internal dissension and awake to the fact that grafters plundered the treasury instead of building the promised "invincible army" and air force, so tragically resembles.

Mussolini Decides

Dispatches reaching Collier's from Rome and, therefore, passed by the censor, disclose frankly that Italy has only about three or four months' supplies of food on hand—"adequate unless it must go to help feed Germany"—and that there is grumbling and open protest against mounting prices. The course Mussolini has chosen, according to these dispatches, is to put Fascism itself to the supreme test and to go it alone. That's what they're handing out in Rome and this means that Mussolini, rather than satisfy the claims to the Italian Tyrol and to the Adriatic port of Trieste voiced in Hitler's Mein Kampf, has decided to sink or swim with the converts he has won in eighteen years and the youths who were raised in the Fascist theology that Mussolini is always right.

The experts, who are human and, unlike Mussolini, fallible, don't believe he'll make the grade. There is an abundance of evidence to support their belief. As in France, graft long ago was at work in the air ministry and the defense ministries generally in a system whose cornerstone was the dictum that to the victor belong the spoils.

In the military maneuvers of the summer of 1939, Mussolini discovered that airplanes which he reviewed in Milan he saw again in Turin and later in Naples. They were flown ahead of him to convince him the appropriated billions had really been spent on an air force. He knew better. He fired Undersecretary for Air Valle. That sort of thing was not new to Mussolini. Shortly after the Ethiopian War he had been obliged to purge General De Bono when he discovered relatives of the general had made fortunes out of road-building contracts in Ethiopia where, at one time, a bag of cement cost four times as much as an equivalent amount of sugar.

A shock to Italian public opinion, already disturbed by proof that the Blackshirts were being roundly beaten on the Greek and Egyptian fronts, was the appointment of Cavallero who, upon his retirement from public life with the title of Count, the rank of Division General and Senator of the Realm, re-entered the service of the Ansaldo Company as production chief of the Piranni plant. When Cavallero took charge he swept out all the assistants of his predecessor and replaced them with his own relatives and adherents.

In 1931 or early 1932, there occurred one of Italy's major unpublished scandals. Many of Cavallero's aides were arrested, tried and sentenced on charges of graft. Since petty graft is overlooked, their grafting must have been on a colossal scale, so much so that Cavallero, immune to arrest as a senator, was confined at home for months under house arrest. He demanded a trial but the opportunity of clearing his name was never accorded him.

In 1935 Cavallero, like a good many discarded Fascists, volunteered for service in Ethiopia. He regained the confidence of the inner circle of such Fascists as Farinacci and the pardon of Mussolini. What Italians most counted against Cavallero, however, was the fact that he was chosen to replace Badoglio, a man of unquestioned integrity and military genius, despite the evidence that in the years since 1922 Cavallero had never held a military position except as an executive between 1925 and 1928 and as a commander in an unchallenged march in Africa.

The rising power of Nazi-backed Farinacci, the appointment of Cavallero and the replacement with old-line Fascists of others removed in the latest purge of Fascism suggest that Mussolini is gambling on a last stand with his buddies of a former era. The new Undersecretary of the Navy, replacing Admiral Cavagnari, creator of the fast, modern, lithe Italian fleet is Admiral Arturo Riccardi. He is sixty-two years old, bald, paunchy and tall, with a long, fleshy nose over a close-clipped black mustache. He is also equipped with a protruding chin, but his main asset in replacing Cavagnari, who was broken when Mussolini had to find a scapegoat for the Taranto incident in which British bombers sank or incapacitated three large warships, is that he served for five years as chief of the Navy's Personnel Division.

Mussolini had to replace Cavagnari when he found he couldn't tell Italians, who asked themselves what these three new ships were doing in harbor when there was a British fleet to be fought in Mare Nostrum, that Italy didn't have fuel oil to operate them. Russia was Italy's main oil supplier. Oil from Russia stopped in 1937 at the height of Il Duce's anti-Communist campaign.

The new Naval Chief of Staff is Trigo Campioni, also sixty-two years old. He is boomed as the naval genius of the Ethiopian War. There is no record of any naval engagement with the Ethiopians, who didn't have a fleet. Assistant Chief of Naval Staff is the fifty-one year-old Admiral Angelo Jachino, whose qualifications for his in
cluded five years as cc
Italian Naval Academ
the delegates to the Lo
ference after serving
Attaché in London. H
fellow, the navy's Beau
tonic in appearance wi
hair and blue eyes. H
was Joachim, but th
family was Jewish is o
anti-Semitic Fascist hi

Italy Won't Be

The new Undersecre
General Alfredo Guzz
of Albania." The new
menaced Dodecanese I
marcher-on-Rome Gov
outspoken critic of Mus
since 1935, is General
a tough, black-haired m
whose military career i
lajara.

Bastico was a bitter r
but he, like all the oth
the regime, is an old-l
won promotion after
party fealty. Mussoli
strated that he trusts th
them, like Jachino, Guz
lero were named to the
cause, in addition to ha
confidence, they were m
the German High Comm
ally none is a danger to

Only one is a menac
He is Farinacci. He mi
power badly enough, fo
the darlings of Nazism
tioned. He might use
carry himself to power
the Cavalleros, the Ja
Guzzonis. All were me
kept in the background
that mystifies Italians is
should have brought th
front in the moment
gravest peril since the M

So far, Farinacci is stil
no office in which he
Italian foreign policy,
ground. If he ever ste
upward. Italians won
any longer. Italians hav
Shakespeare. The Bard
there is to say about the
Roman politician when
Caesar and the profile th
named Brutus.



"If the fine won't be more than two dollars, I'll just stay thi

The Traitor

Continued from page 12

young mistress' joke (she for anything verging on) but this day there was ng with Dolores and with

he captain!" she said.
what?"
n will forbid it!"
st be very tricky little arted to speak and found ly trembling. I knew I t of there without saying ight hurt Dolores cruelly ears.

n my heel and rushed up- room and locked the door. ot myself in hand, and be- o search for the cause of ysteria. I walked to the ooked out at the Yard. It reflex. I realized that the blame all bad nerves on the physical entity itself, mental habit.

on, there she squatted, in in. My windows looked d of Officers' Row across ade ground to an old brick ea-green painted wooden served as our chief ad- building. A cast-off flag- and with a slight sway pendicular, reared into the d sky. Beyond this, our ed crazily above the sheds g of the drydock. These a garish blue, but the crane rdly colored still, having a the Navy knows of as red

of sound nerves and a ch, one could always look of Navy Station without t our fence always got me. s and sea gulls know why it y to put up such a fence. Nardin, my father con- authority on Navy Sta- ir fence was rejected by a n for some mild imperfec- it would have driven the iot.) It was then sold to inded Construction Corps, o Navy Station along with ich Pearl Harbor wouldn't

our Yard that fence runs, t high with barbed wire on and it is painted a bright o that not even the kindly de it. We are shut in and mankind is shut out— king rhyme or reason. The River sweeps majestically ad Flat and pours its tawny Coot Bay. This stirring den from us by our fence. ut the tiptop rooftrees of shing hamlet which we call ." *Why?* I had long since conclusion that the Navy decreed our fence merely of rhyme is the very key- y Station and lack of reason racteristic.

o ain't so bad," Chief Nardin se a man knows we've got the Canal. Guam ain't so got to defend Guam. Re- y in Alaska ain't so bad. The to have boots. But Navy s bad. There ain't any *sense* Phyllis."

dition maintains that Navy established just prior to the War because a certain nator got caught trifling with s mother-in-law. To square dy, the senator persuaded o buy a defunct shipyard

someone had sold her in what was then part of Arcadia. Another explanation, equally plausible, is that an admiral on the general board, nearsighted but stubborn, stuck a pin in a map an inch too far south. The admiral's parrot is said to have remarked: "That's a damn' sight better site for a dam site, damn your eyesight!" (Note: all criticism of admirals is attributed to their parrots.)

I stress this point—physical ugliness coupled with an illogical location which limits Navy Station to near-uselessness—because it leads to another and even more important fact. Navy Station has always been regarded by its officer personnel as a *punishment station.* Officially, there are no punishment stations. But it is what people believe to be true that counts—the imaginative estimate of a place and its conditions. Nor did the bad name of Navy Station start with the group who have served here under my father's command. The very first verse of the Navy Station song, dated long before our time, is proof of that:

We serve at Navy Station
With freedom's flag unfurled;
In grim exasperation,
And hating all the world.
We didn't have to come here;
We could have gone to hell—
But we're the dumb, damned Navy,
So now we think it's swell!

I make no apology for this bit of doggerel. (Liar: you'd like to teach it to an admiral's parrot.) I know that good Navy men and women are serving tougher duty tours in worse places than Navy Station, and not getting into scandals, either. It was unintelligent to blame a drizzle, a group of shabby buildings and a fence for my mood. The scene with Roger and my spat with Dolores were not the real cause. I am the sort of rattlebrain who could go on turning down honorable proposals of marriage or fighting with Spanish servant girls indefinitely. No, I was suffering from a subconscious tension which must have been accumulating for weeks, even months.

THE phone rang in the upstairs hall, and I jumped, my heart beating fast.

Dolores tapped on the door. "It is the Señora McMatthews."

"Does she know I'm in?"

"*Si*—but I will lie—"

"No. I'll talk to her!"

I saw that Dolores had been weeping. She grabbed my hand and kissed it. Contrition is unbecoming to Dolores. She is at her best with a dagger flashing in her hand, though, come to think of it, I have never seen her with an actual dagger.

"Pipe down!" I said, snatching my hand away. "You can have my new stockings."

Dolores thanked me and praised the saints, making a beeline for my bureau drawer. I turned to wrestle with demons—i.e., Mrs. McMatthews. She was Navy Station's champion teller of the tale, viewer with alarm and exhorter to duty. Her husband being a senior three-striper in the Construction Corps in charge of all drydock work, Mrs. McMatthews was also a power.

"Yes, Mrs. Mac?"

"Is that maid listening in?"

"Not this morning. She's trying on some new stockings. Quite a thing. Has beautiful legs, you know—"

"Phyllis! I have a very serious matter to discuss."

"Yes?"



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Name Mr. Mrs. Miss .....

Address .....

"Your father must talk to Commander Sedden."

"Pop Sedden?"

"About *Bert*."

"Oh . . . Bert . . . what's he done now?"

"Bert is coming home for a visit—*tomorrow*."

"Oh . . . I see—"

"Commander Sedden has told poor Bessie that he won't *receive him*."

"Bert registered, didn't he?"

"Yes, but he's going to call himself a conscientious objector. And if he does that there'll be *a tragedy*. Poor Bessie says the commander has been—*you know*—again."

"Drinking?"

"*Yes*."

"All right," I said, "I'll see what can be done, Mrs. Mac."

"And, Phyllis—*that isn't all*—"

I listened to the rest of the grief report with a new, faint tingling of fear. Mrs. Briscoe had gone on the warpath and insulted Mrs. Conroy and Mrs. Davis. Ensign Murphy was flirting outrageously with Mrs. Cowles. The women's Committee had found termites in the floor of the cardroom at the Officers' Club and cockroaches in the kitchen. Lieutenant Bob Cowles was broke again and had borrowed some money from Commander McMatthews.

"I'll see what can be done—"

"Hello, hello . . . and Phyllis—what is the captain going to do with those civilian engineers?"

"What civilian engineers?"

"The ones who are coming with Lieutenant Roberts."

"Who is Lieutenant Roberts?"

"You'll have to ask your father. It's all *very mysterious*. They've told Commander McMatthews practically nothing. But I understand Lieutenant Roberts isn't married, so he'll probably want to live in the annex, and if he does that will create a *difficult problem,* if he expects the same quarters for the civilians—and I would suggest to the captain that he be *very firm* this time and insist that the civilians room in the village."

"Are they lepers, Mrs. Mac?" I said.

THAT left Mrs. McMatthews spluttering as I said goodby. But I felt too wretched for politeness. Mrs. Mac's almost daily reports had never been quite like this. The formula was the same: an appeal to Captain Hartney, through me, that people be talked to or action taken. Even the problems presented by Bert Sedden, Mrs. Briscoe, Ensign Murphy, Mrs. Cowles and her husband had been touched upon many times before. But they had lain dormant and static in Mrs. Mac's ceaseless gossip; and I had always said to myself: "We will sit tight on the lid and nothing will happen." Now, I was not so sure. I had detected a new tone of real anxiety in Mrs. Mac's jabber.

Dolores spoke at my elbow. "Is trouble?" she asked.

"No, no," I said, "nothing like that. Where's my raincoat? I've got to go over to Mom Sedden's—for a few minutes."

I found the coat myself and hurried out of the house before Dolores could ask any more questions.

The rain was cold and the skimpy grass of the parade ground had been beaten flat. Brown water oozed up in every footprint. The yard was deserted, except for some workmen in dungarees loading a truck at the other end.

Head down, I plodded toward the Seddens' house. I was thinking of my mother, who died in Honolulu when I was fifteen. She had left me a job to do and I was a very poor substitute. My mother had been a diplomat and a peacemaker, a woman of infinite patience and true courage. It is the commanding officer's wife who keeps a happy ship and a serene station, if she has genius and character and sweetness of soul.

Mom Sedden opened the door. "Good gracious, you'll catch your death," she said. "Are your feet wet?"

"Yes'm . . . a little," I said.

"Come right in to the fire. Pop's down sick in bed with it."

She led me into her simply furnished little parlor.

"I have a wonderful surprise!" Mom said. "Don't tell me you've heard it?"

"No. What?" I lied.

"Bert's coming! Tomorrow!"

"Swell. How long has it been, Mom?"

"A year and seven months. The poor boy missed his vacation last summer, you know. Kick off those shoes, dear. I'm going to get you some hot tea. I-I'm quite fluttery and excited—just think . . . Bert—"

She bustled out the door. She did not go toward the kitchen, though, but upstairs, stealthily. There had been sounds of footsteps up there. My heart ached for Mom as I tried not to listen to a murmur of voices. So Bert is coming back, I thought angrily, so that young punk has condescended to make Pop and Mom a visit. The sweet, prodigal son—who has turned Mom's hair white before her time and is doing his best to break Pop's heart. A conscientious objector, eh? That *will* be the pay-off. That will fix things up just dandy—

"Now, then . . . where was I? Oh, your tea—"

"I'll help, Mom."

I followed her into the hall. Then, we both halted. Pop Sedden, fully dressed in uniform blues but without cap or topcoat, was coming down the stairs.

"Oh . . . h-hello, Pop Sedden!" I stammered.

HE DID not answer. He moved like a very old man, stiff-legged, his shoulders hunched. His close-cropped gray mustache twisted. He reached for the knob of the front door, hand shaking pitifully and went outside.

"He-he thought a walk would do him good," Mom said.

I turned and hugged Mom close, and she said, "Bert isn't a bad boy. He isn't. His father just never understood him. He never had any patience with Bert. He's our *own*, Phyllis. We can't forget that . . . we can't."

"Don't worry, Mom," I said.

"I don't worry . . . it's Pop—"

"I'll fix Bert!" I said.

"Oh, you know about his refusing to—"

"Just pinko bunkum they've taught him at school, Mom," I said. (Fearless Phyllis, that's me.) "I'll kid Bert out of it. You let me handle Bert."

"You think it's only a notion?"

"Of course!"

"That's what I tell his father, but—"

"You folks just sit tight," I said. "I can handle Bert."

I left Mom Sedden, after a good talk over the teacups, feeling much better. Mrs. Mac had lied. Pop hadn't started drinking—not yet. Nothing had really happened. I would get to work on Bert as soon as he showed up. It was going to be all right.

THUS, when Mrs. Briscoe hailed me from her front porch, as I set course for my father's office, I walked right over there. Unless I felt in first-class fighting trim, I always hurried past Mrs. Briscoe's. She was the wife of Lieutenant Briscoe, our one "mustang" officer. A big, dramatic brunette filled with persecution and will-to-power complexes, Mrs. Briscoe had been carrying on a personal war against what she called "those Annapolis stuck-ups" for years and years. The fact that everybody liked her husband—my father being especially fond of him—only made matters worse. Mrs. Briscoe wanted us to like her, too, and we just didn't.

"Oh, I didn't expect you to walk all the way across the wet grass, Miss Phyllis," she said. "I only wanted you to stop a moment so I could come over to *you*."



THURSTON GENTRY

I let that one whizz by.

"Pete says I've got to apologize."

"For what, Mrs. Briscoe?"

"I told off Mrs. Conroy and Mrs. Davis. I just couldn't take it any more, Miss Phyllis. They got me down. So do I write them or make it verbal? Pete doesn't know, because he didn't go to Annapolis."

"I'd write."

"Do I send it by my butler or mail it?"

"Just mail them, Mrs. Briscoe."

"Thanks. Not that it'll do any good."

"I'm sure it will."

Mrs. Briscoe relaxed momentarily. "You're all right, kid," she said, "but the others—I wouldn't give them the —skip it. I've got to apologize, so I've got to apologize. Thanks."

"Not at all."

"Wait . . . I'll tip you off to something—"

"Yes?"

"There's bad blood between young Murphy and Mr. Cowles. On account of the Missus, see? I'm telling you this because the captain ought to break it up. Jack's the only one of the lot who's been halfway nice to me and Pete. I don't want him to get hurt. See, Miss Phyllis?"

I shook my head. "I th write a third note of ap Cowles," I said.

Then I walked rapidly the administration build

I ran up the steps of " half-minded to tell my Briscoe. Voices coming office, immediately to t front door, brought me to

"You can't bawl me ou

"I happen to be your su

"A lucky thing, too!"

"Meaning what?"

"It's all that saves you that pretty face mussed."

"Blah! You're yellow. any nerve left."

"Sure of that?"

"Quite sure, Jack."

"Okay, pretty boy, her Ensign Murphy, and start

"Boys, boys!" I said.

They jumped apart, Murphy uncocked his fist his hands in his coat poc apparently, been putting over-matter act.

"Sorry, Phyllis," Ensign

He wheeled and walke room. A husky lad, wh football at the academy Murphy was flushed a n to the roots of his blond

"You should have let me," Roger said, his wor precise and deliberate we'd be rid of him."

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" "What's got into everyone today? Are we all going big help you are, Roger! Ju little comfort! Now, you out there and make it u You hear me? You mak him!"

ROGER looked scared. redheaded woman to Blondes and brunettes ca them on the paths of right we redheads are the scoura

"I'll try," he said, "take

I fled down the hall to m rock and my strength.

He was sitting at his desk bones old room, as a yeom the door for me. He stood height and breadth of him light from the window at hi father has *size* in more t and broad shoulders. E found him here, shut up in a I raged against the stupidity institutions. To me, it was a provincial post office and ston Churchill behind the finding President Rooseve to a bookkeeper's stool in a bank.

"Well, Phyllis!" he said. mite stormy. About a F blow, I'd say!"

"I'll settle for three murd "Can you spare 'em?"

He smiled, his face crinkli lines and furrows. My fat markably handsome man, brave nose and a tender mou eyes of great kindliness. H gray hair and an inch-wi silver grows in it from the fo in front, like a plume. But I ther most because my mot only sweetheart and will alw

"I couldn't spare you," he ging me with one arm. "Be der is a Nazi sport and the ought to let them have it, e

"God bless America," I stick to mayhem."

"Good! Knew I could app better nature."

"You have a secret! A ni

"What makes you think th

"You aren't pacing the flo haven't stared out to sea on

…, eh?"

…ick… and rummaged in the …nag… and reports on his desk. …d … a letter.

…fr… Vice-Admiral Latimer …ngt… It said that the Naval …ege… is making a careful study …n H…rtney's "strategic analy…-pre…d the admiral's personal …fo… 'an original and daring …f m…tern naval warfare."

…ak … at last," I said, slowly. …lik…t, eh?"

…re … ng to forgive you!"

…ps."

…ll g… you your flag!"

…, no—"

…hey…ill! Oh, Dad, it's come, …!"

…ist … etter."

…I g… a battleship division! …mb… Force. Then you'll be …!"

…the… aughed. "Not a chance …ing … e that, Phyllis," he said. …te e…ugh to know that they're

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No. 28



…Born… Dallas, Texas, Thur…on G…ry's first tangible art …ward…as a German helmet …-gran… prize in a 1917 Lib…ty Lo… poster contest. Five …ears … sea as a ship's musi…an or…he Honolulu run pre…ded … department work on …Vest … ast and Midwest pa…ers. … years ago our sub…ct … ved to Manhattan, …old h… first cartoon to Col…er's, … is still a contributor …ee … ng page). Hobbies: …lying … mateur radio, music.

…g me … hearing. All I ever asked …ped fo…—"

…mpe… p and kissed him, feeling …le we…y. "They can't keep you …" I s…d, fiercely. "Not in this …hed j…—they can't!"

…il, Ph…lis?"

…aw his… ewildered frown and said, …sorry. …Didn't mean that."

…'hy—… there anything wrong at …' Stat…?"

…o, no… of course not."

…ust a … tle social catfighting, eh?" …es—th…'s it. And the weather!"

…CKILY… or me, all the fire gongs in …e Yar… went off just then. I saw …mari…s breaking out the chemical …

…ey, th… eoman, rapped on the door …stuck … head in. "Truck on fire at …3 gate…ir!"

…'m go…!" I said.

…tore o… of there like a grammar…ol kid… had two excellent motives: …pe fro… any further questions about Navy Station and the hope that this fire might provide a little excitement.

It was exciting, all right.

I remember that scene in exact detail. A huge stake-body Service truck was stalled halfway through No. 3 gate. Its cargo was covered with a tarpaulin, lashed tight. Black smoke poured from beneath the tarpaulin and just back of the cab. The lower half of a man was wedged between cab and cargo, the upper half hidden in the tarpaulin and smoke.

Two tough-looking young men stood on the ground beside the truck. Marine Sergeant Maginnis, Chief Bosun Nardin, half a dozen marines, the chemical cart and two score sailors and civilians were grouped around the truck, but at a respectful distance. This distance was widening as Miss Phyllis (She Runs to Fires) Hartney dashed up. The two mugs near the truck were doing all the talking.

"Is she going to blow, Savvy?" one of them asked.

"Better come out of it, Savvy!" the other said.

"Don't be stubborn, Savvy."

"Let's pull him out."

"How about it, Savvy?"

Chief Nardin gripped my arm. "She may explode, Miss Phyllis. Best to get out of here—"

"Okay, you darn' fool, get yourself killed."

THIS casual and calm remark from one of the young men near the truck focused my attention on that poor fellow in the smoke. Only his legs were now visible.

I never could stand suspense. I have to *do* something about it. Yanking away from Chief Nardin, I walked over to the truck.

"This is silly," I said. "If it's going to blow up, pull him out!"

The mugs looked at each other.

"She says silly!"

"So it's silly!"

"You get the hell away, Sis!"

"Go on, now. Amscray."

"I will not!" I said.

I grabbed hold of a long dangling leg and pulled, saying sharply, "Come out of that! You'll be killed!"

The leg just kicked loose. At this moment, all the men who belonged to Navy Station charged in to rescue the captain's daughter. There was an idiotic hullabaloo, with the marines unlimbering their chemical cart and the two mugs insisting that they mustn't squirt anything into that truck, and me insisting that this fellow Savvy be yanked out of there before he was blown to bits.

Just as the argument reached its peak, Savvy's upper half appeared from the smoke. He leaped to the ground.

"She's going to blow!" someone yelled.

Savvy was coughing and wiping his eyes.

"Is she, Savvy?" one of the mugs asked.

"Nope," he said, after a few slow coughs. "Fire's out."

"How close to the stuff?"

"Pretty close."

"What burned?"

"Just those mats."

"So he would smoke that pipe!"

"And burn my mats!"

Savvy scowled at the two mugs. He looked like a mug himself. He was tall and slim and had a ridiculous crew haircut; he was wearing flannel slacks, a tieless blue denim shirt and a filthy old leather windbreaker.

"Which one of you yanked my leg?"

"She did!"

He looked at me, smoke-reddened eyes peering from a spottily blacked face. "Hurt you when I kicked?"

"Oh, no, I—"

"I had my neck stretched over some

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broken glass grids," he explained. "Got afraid I'd cut my throat."

"Oh, I am sorry—I thought—I didn't know—"

"Okay. Sis."

Savvy turned to Chief Nardin. "I'm Lieutenant Roberts," he said.

Chief Nardin looked amazed, and I've often wondered how *I* looked.

"Oh, how do you do, sir!" the chief said. "I'm Nardin. This is Sergeant Maginnis."

Lieutenant Roberts shook hands with both of them and introduced them to the two mugs. The two mugs turned out to be a Mr. Prentice and a Mr. Rorabeck, both graduate engineers from M.I.T.

I nudged the chief and he hastily did the honors, naming me as "Miss Phyllis, the skipper's daughter."

"N-not Miss *Hartney?*" Savvy asked.

"I've swallowed my foot!" Mr. Prentice said.

"Always remember it was Dutch who told you to scram," Mr. Rorabeck said. "I'm Pat—and ever the gentleman."

Savvy looked at me seriously. "I thought Captain Hartney was a bachelor," he said. "I mean, he writes like a bachelor."

"Oh—y-you've read his books?" (What goes on here? I am tongue-tied and stupid.)

"Yes. Great stuff."

"I've read 'em too," Dutch said.

"Savvy made us read 'em," Pat added. "Your dad is his hero."

BEFORE Savvy could say anything Roger marched up to take charge of the situation. He looked like a toy officer, fresh from the bandbox, and he was very military. "Fire out? Good! Take the apparatus back, Sergeant." Then he turned to our group near the truck. "Lieutenant Roberts?"

"Yes." Savvy said.

"I'm Collins, aide to the commandant." They shook hands. "Mr. Prentice . . . Mr. Rorabeck?" More hand shaking.

Roger saw me. "Oh, Phyllis—I am sorry—may I present—"

"Met 'em!" I said. "I pulled his leg and almost cut his throat."

"Oh . . . eh? You did?"

"Lieutenant Roberts put out the fire, singlehanded. It was going to blow up any moment!"

"No . . . not that close," Savvy said. (Look at him frowning. I've got to lay off the hero stuff. Just annoys him. I know whom he reminds me of—Colonel Lawrence! All he needs is an Arab headdress. He has the same kind of homely-handsome face, the same eyes. Whoa, now, Phyllis—don't go romantic—)

Roger had been thrown off stride momentarily. But he stiffened and looked at the truck.

"How did it start?"

"I was careless with my pipe," Savvy said.

"Indeed? . . . Well, no serious damage. The captain thinks you'll find everything you need at the basin. I suggest that Lieutenant Roberts come along with me—to report. Chief Nardin will direct you fellows to the basin."

"Very well," Savvy said, meekly.

Roger looked at the truck again. "Better post a guard around the area, hadn't we, Roberts?"

"That's up to you. But we'd like to camp on the job."

Dutch and Pat nodded, grimly, it seemed to me. Savvy reached into the cab and dragged out a battered carryall. The motion was deft and graceful. (Yep, Lawrence of Arabia, young Phyllis. He's moved right into Navy Station. Oh, Tecumseh, my hair . . . my old coat . . . my muddy shoes—)

It had stopped drizzling now and the sun was trying to poke a few rays through the clouds. But Phyllis (I Must Know All) Hartney was still in several kinds of fog and beginning to resent it.

I pointed to the truck and asked, "What's in it that almost blew up? Dynamite?"

Roger looked pained. Savvy seemed a little bewildered. Dutch said: "No, not dynamite." Then, Roger said hastily, "Going our way, Phyllis?"

"Nope. Thanks," I said.

Savvy ducked his head at me, shyly. "Hope to see you again very soon," he said.

"You will," I said.

He and Roger started off toward the Officers' Club, Savvy looking like a charmingly mysterious vagabond beside Roger's spruce figure.

Dutch and Pat, with a quick, "Be seeing you, Miss Hartney," climbed into the truck. They didn't want the subject of what the truck carried reopened.

I looked at Chief Nardin, as he stepped on the running board to guide them, and winked. His broad, bland Swede face was deadpan, but a white eyelash flickered. The chief and I have had a working agreement for several years. He tells me what he thinks the captain's daughter ought to know and I tell what I think a chief bosun ought to know. Our liaison system would do credit to the Gestapo.

The big truck rumbled off, taking the road to the Basin. This was a secluded backwater pond, dredged very deep, in which there was an abandoned submarine-escape practice rig.

I started back to the house. It was shocking proof of my essential superficiality and lightmindedness that, as in a twinkling, I forgot all the problems which had made Navy Station seem a sinister place but two hours before. Pop and Mom and Bert Sedden; Ensign Murphy and Mamie Cowles; Roger and feuds vanished in the fresh new sunshine now streaming down on the yard.

"It's because of Dad," I told myself. Ensign Murphy; Mrs. Briscoe and her "It's that letter he got from the admiral. They'll forgive him and soon we'll be leaving Navy Station!"

But I have promised to tell the truth straight through. I did think about my father and I was happy in the hope that justice would be done him after all. But I was also thinking, "Mrs. Mac said he wasn't married—he wasn't married. He's a bachelor, a bachelor, a bachelor!" (Note to all female Navy juniors: This is a good marching refrain.)

DOLORES suspected something. "Señorita!" she exclaimed, in the front hall. "You are 'appy! Is true, is true?"

"Don't tease an old woman," I said.

"What has happened to you?" Dolores continued in Spanish. "Your cheeks are red. Your eyes are full of joy. You are no pussycat, now. You are much tiger. Much!"

"Aunt Phyllis still has her moments, my child," I said.

I think I have said before that Dolores and I are *simpatico.*

"You tell fib to me, Señorita," she said. "Is the new man! You 'ave met the new man—this officer Kirstell, who came in auto!"

I grinned. "Don't try to catch Aunty," I said. "There are three men. They came in a truck. None of them is named Kirstell."

"No, no—the captain sent note!"

Dolores ran to the hall table and came back with the note. It read:

"Phyllis:

"Don't wait lunch. Am tied up with



"It's beautiful all right, but it raises bob with radio reception"

Lieut. Commander Kirs
came in from Washingto
"Four new men in on
laughing. "You're going
time getting anything on
During luncheon, I pa
questions in abstracted
was wondering how soo
would show up with a rep
Dutch, Pat and Savvy. I
a great believer in assem
amount of background da
note: A correct estimat
tion is essential before ta
are decided upon.)
Let me set down one
sion. I told Dolores to s
eon dishes. I needed s
my hair; and there was
on my best afternoon ens
ion note: black dress wi
jacket.)
We were absorbed in t
world-shaking importan
peremptory summons ca
to jerk me back to a very
The phone rang and I
standing on one foot be
was untwisting a strap on
"Phyllis?"
"Yes, Dad!"
"Can you come to m
away?"
His voice sounded sub
and strange. I took imm
and said: "What's happen
ill?"
"No, no—everything's a
you to meet Lieut. Com
stell."
"Oh . . . yes . . . in a jiffy.
I scrambled into the
clothes, anxiety mounting
The moment I walked
ther's office, I knew that s
terribly wrong. He and
mander Kirstell were alre
feet. My father looked p
set as if in pain.
"Dad!" I said. "You're
"No, it's not that. Take
lis."

HE PUT an arm about
and turned me to face
mander Kirstell. I stumb
an introduction which all
make casual. Our visito
seemed grave and thought
were studying me, but sho
the emotional strain my fa
fering.
"Take this chair, my de
"Nothing to be frighte
Miss Hartney," said Lieut.
Kirstell, apologetically. "
thought we could talk mo
here." He hesitated, waiti
to speak, but Dad was silent
has come up that require
tion. I suggested to your
you might be the best one t
a little help."
I said, "Oh . . . yes . . . I s
My father said, "I have
fess to Lieut. Commander
you know a great deal mor
people here than I do, Phyl
His tone was so ashame
stricken that I looked up
shocked surprise. I could n
suspense any longer.
"Tell me what's wrong!" I
There was a dreadful f
during which my father seem
to come to a decision, then
at Lieut. Commander Kirst
"I'm sure she can help, si
Nodding, my father turn
me. "Intelligence has good
believe—*that one of my o*
traitor," he said.
I stared, incredulous.
"A traitor? . . . Who?"
Lieut. Commander Kirstel
head. "We don't know that
(To be continued next

When you buy a Ford car . . . what happens?

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It's Up to Skip

Continued from page 18

Tony chewed his unlighted cigar to the extreme corner of his mouth, and scowled. "He is. The general has been horsing around airplanes for twenty-five years. And he's spent about fifteen of 'em as a military pilot."

"A big fat guy like that?" said Skip, in amazement. The general weighed well over three hundred pounds, and most of his weight had congealed, fore and aft, around his middle.

Tony's lips quirked. "He's like most of us big fat guys," he said dryly. "He was probably thinner when he was younger. . . . But he knows his stuff. The reason he wants the job this way is because it would cost about two grand more an airplane to add the brake, flap and landing-gear controls you're talking about. On a hundred ships, that would amount to two hundred thousand dollars, which is enough to buy two extra airplanes. All he wants those auxiliary controls for is to give the pilot a rest, once in a while. And maybe so if the pilot is killed, the bombardier can tell the rear gunner how to take the ship to its objective and drop the bombs. After that, if they get back to their base, the rest of the crew can bail out and let the ship go to hell."

"It's still dumb," said Skip. "Suppose some of them are wounded, and *can't* bail out? Personally, I think the general's like most of these foreigners—overrated. And another thing—I'll bet if he had to ride that gunner's compartment in a raid, he'd—"

"Don't worry about it." Tony advised him. "He won't. And I wouldn't count on his being overrated, as you put it, while you're making out your flight report today. He *might* even be as smart as you are."

WALLY MEAD, General Symarion, the boss and Slim Riley came out of the operations office just then. The boss smiled, and said, "Good morning," and introduced them to the general. . . . "*Enchanté!*" said Skip, in his best French.

The general gave him something that might have passed either for a smile, or for that expression a man's mouth assumes after having bitten into an underripe persimmon. "*Un plaisir!*" he grunted. He was a short, swarthy man, incredibly fat, and was dressed in a pair of white coveralls that seemed to increase his actual girth. He sported a tiny black mustache, and a brusque and monumental dignity that Skip supposed was meant to emphasize his high military rank and all-round importance. Skip was prepared not to like him; and he was not disappointed. . . . Slim Riley, meanwhile, had not spoken to him. . . .

Wally Mead was a small, stocky man of perhaps thirty-five, who had ex-U. S. Army Air Corps written all over him. . . . "Let's mobile," he said. He walked around to the front of the ship and waved vigorously to attract the attention of Jerry Southern, the check-out mechanic. Jerry throttled the engines back, swung open the top of the cockpit enclosure, crawled out and grinned. "Everything's sweet, Wally," he said.

"Good!" said Mead. He turned to Riley. "You ride in the front compartment, Slim. I'll read the data for your report down to you through the interphone from my instruments. Skip will ride in the tail end with the general, and fill in *his* report from the instruments back there. That way, we'll have two sets of performance data, and the general can compare them. Explain that to him, will you, Skip?"

Skip did so, and the g ra
"*Très bien.*"

Slim Riley crawled i
harness, and hoisted hims
trap door of the glass-
bardier's compartment i
the ship. Skip expanded
ness to its fullest to f
slipped into his own an
general up the ladder t
hatch on top of the rear
partment. He followed h
fastened the hatch afte
strapped the general into
ner's seat. After which, h
self in the auxiliary copi
snapped on the interphon
Mead that he was set to

The general pulled pen
notebook from his pocket
liters of gasoline do w
wanted to know.

Skip made some rapid c
he converted American g
ters. "Six thousand, three
twenty," he answered in

"*Bien,*" said the gener
figures down in his note
wish all the information
stand. All of it."

"Certainly, *M'sieu,*" sai
tainly."

THE ship bumped slow
field to the end of the
stopped. Wally swung it i
and for the second time,
the twin engines widened
ing crescendo. . . .

"Here we go," came
through the interphone.
A. M.," he added.

"Nine-two, A. M.," echo
swiftly noted on his fligh
readings of his engine inst

The general reached
tapped his shoulder. "We'r
he asked in French.

Skip nodded. "*Oui, M's*

Twenty minutes later,
twenty-seven thousand fe
climbing. The flight-test
for a service ceiling test at
thousand with full load. Th
using oxygen. Skip sat wit
tube caught in the corner
working over his flight rep
queer feeling in his ears th
tude brings. Outside in the
the engines occasionally
out of synchronization
against each other's beat w
Zoom! *Zoom*-zoom-zoom-
relaxed and leaned back in
allowed his mind to run b
conversation with Tony.
good egg. So was Slim
shouldn't have made ther
way. It wouldn't have cost

He was jarred rudely
thoughts by a sudden shoc
tremor that ran through th
bolted upright. Then, as th
tinued on its course, he rel

"What was that?" inquir
eral from behind him.

"I don't know, *M'sieu,*"
"I'll find out." He was reac
button of the interphone w
ticed suddenly that the en
laboring and that the ship w
throughout its length. His e
the instrument panel. The r
indicator was quivering again
side. He looked at the air
needle lay on one hundre
miles an hour!

"Say!" he commenced ir
ment. . . . And then it happ
heavily laden XBSA lost fl
and hung suspended in a p

...e dropped, and it whipped ...t-hand power spin so vio... it rew Skip against the bulk... his...eft, half stunning him, and he ...ygen tube from his mouth. ...to ...ecover the tube, but some... ...ld ...ot find it. . . . The weight ...and became all at once enor... ...np...sible, and the tremendous ...gal...orce of the spin—far aft in ...as...e was—forced him harder ...ler...gainst the bulkhead. There ...ar...g in his head and a dark... ...ice...ed over his eyes. "Say!" ...ere "Say—" And then he lost ...isn...s. . . .

...h... happened was this . . . ...e the substratosphere—five ...ov...the earth—had floated one ...Ve...her Bureau's free balloons, ...w... attached a case containing ...ing...arometer and thermometer. ...t ...all the immensity of the ... XBSA—traveling at some two ...and...seventy miles an hour—...nap...d to occupy for a split sec... ...pr...ise spot where that case of ...en...dangled. . . . Wally Mead ...me...what hit him. The heavy ...me...rashing through the cock... ...dov...taking him squarely in the ...nd...rling him back unconscious ...eat...And above him, outside the ...e...loon whipped briefly aft in ...p...eam; and, in the moment ...its...ble broke, snapped off the ...and...nna on top of the fuselage, ...th... XBSA off from all com... ...tio...with the ground.

...thi... that brought Skip to was ...rril... shrieking like the sound a ...ar's...heels make against the rails ...they...ound a corner. He opened ...es. ...Before him the instrument ...qui...red on its shock-mountings ...at...could hardly read it. He ...d. t...gh, that the air-speed indi... ...was...ued to the stop at five hun... ...nile...n hour. Vaguely, he looked ...e...inometer. Its needle was ...ed...ainst the "Down" stop. Si... ...neo...ly, he realized that the cen... ...al...rce was not pressing him ...st t...bulkhead any more. . . . ...'d...pped spinning, then. They ...be...ving. A five-hundred-mile... ...our...ve. . . . Five hundred miles ...our... . . Say, that was too fast! ...Behi...l him, he heard the general ...ting.

...d th...he came fully to his senses. ...lly!"...he shouted into the inter... ...e. "...ally!"

...stant..., Slim's voice came back to ..."Sk...! Cut the throttles and pull ...out!...Quick!" Immediately, Skip ...hed...ward and cut both throttles. ...roar...g of the engines diminished; ...the...ar-track sound grew and ...led...his ears until he thought he ...d be...eafened.

...e too...hold of the control stick. It ...ated...nder his hand like the thin ...vn "...string of a violin. He started ...ase...back but it seemed locked, ...ehov...in the forward position. He ...ed...the altimeter, and saw that it ...ved...,000 feet. With the normal lag of the instrument, that meant that the XBSA had less than half that altitude between it and the hard surface of the earth. . . . Frantically, he took the stick in both hands, braced his feet against the bulkhead in front of him, and pulled. Whatever was jamming the controls still resisted him.

He pulled harder, and whatever was holding the stick yielded a bit, and then suddenly came free. His every instinct, then, was to pull the stick clear back into his stomach; but he was thinking again, by now, and he remembered that the XBSA weighed over ten tons. Ten tons translated into a sudden pull-out from a dive of such terrific velocity were many times more weight than she was built for. A sudden pull-out now might tear the XBSA to pieces like ■ shot clay pigeon. And the altimeter read 6,000 feet. . . .

He looked at the inclinometer again. It was trembling a little against its stop; but that could mean anything; and the air-speed indicator stood at four-twenty-five. Sweating, he eased back on the stick some more, and cursed because he couldn't see the ground.

"Skip! Skip!" came Slim's voice, through the interphone. "For the Lord's sake, pull out!"

Skip eased back on the control stick some more. The air-speed dropped to 400. "How much altitude have we?" he shouted.

Slim's voice held a frantic urgency. "None, guy, none! Horse it! Drag her back and pray!"

Skip backed against the rear bulkhead and pulled. The stick shivered in his hands like a taut steel cable in a high wind; and all through the ship, rivets, ribs, longitudinals and plating groaned and crackled. Skip was thrust breathless into his seat; and a horrible blackness started to drift across his eyes. But through it, dimly, he saw the inclinometer needle hit zero; and then show ■ positive rate of climb. With a prayer of thanksgiving, he eased forward on the stick until the pressure lessened. Briefly, through the small side window of his boxlike prison, he caught a flash of the high buildings of Western City. He was beneath their tops! . . .

"Whew!" came Slim's voice through the interphone. "That was close!"

SLOWLY, Skip eased the stick back, opened his throttles, and commenced to climb. The relief of still being alive left him weak and shaking; and for a full minute he sat there without thinking or feeling, flying the ship mechanically in a gentle climb. Then, suddenly, he thought of Wally. Something must have happened to Wally, for it must have been Wally's body that had jammed the controls. Then Wally must have been unconscious, too. . . .

He worked the stick back and forth. There was no responsive movement from the front cockpit. "Wally!" he shouted through the interphone. "Snap out of it!" Still there was no answer.

Behind him, a voice said, "What happened?" and he started. He had forgot-



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ten Symarion. He turned in his seat. The general's face was white as chalk; but he was in complete command of himself.

"I don't know," said Skip. "Something wrong with the pilot, I think." Through the interphone, he said, "What's the matter with Wally, Slim?"

"Wait a minute," said Slim. "I'll see if I can find out." The bombardier's compartment on the XBSA was below and slightly forward of the pilot's cockpit. There was no passage between the two, but there was a small window: covered with safety glass, through which the pilot, when he was sitting erect at the controls, could see the bombardier's hand signals during bombing maneuvers.

SKIP waited. After a moment Slim called back. "He's out cold. It looks like it's all your party, now."

"What do you mean?" asked Skip.

"I mean this," said Slim. "It looks to me as if Wally's hurt bad. I don't know what happened to him, but he's got a gash in his head, there's blood and glass all over the cockpit floor, and he's hanging sideways out of his seat like a wet sack."

"Oh!" said Skip. "Oh! . . ." He took a deep breath, and sat for a moment soaking up the realization of his predicament. It was amazingly simple, yet horribly complex at the same time. So long as it remained in the air, the XBSA could be flown from the rear cockpit; but so far as Skip could see, that was the only ray of light in the whole mess. There was no communication between the rear gunner's compartment and the pilot's cockpit. The bomb bay, sunk into the belly of the ship and occupying most of its fuselage, was between them. Neither was there any means of gaining the pilot's cockpit from the bombardier's compartment. And in a ship with wheels and flaps up and brakes inoperative, the chances of anyone's surviving a forced landing at ninety miles an hour were so slight as to be negligible. Particularly since—from the rear gunner's compartment—he could see neither down nor forward to judge his landing.

He took another deep breath, and said to the general, "The pilot is badly hurt, *M'sieu*."

The general turned the precise shade of a piece of old parchment. "That's very bad," he said.

"Without hydraulic controls, I cannot land the ship with safety. You will wish to use your parachute, no doubt?"

"But certainly," said the general. "We must all use our parachutes. The ship is not meant to be landed from back here."

Skip shrugged. "Nevertheless, I must try to land it," he said; "I cannot leave the pilot."

THE general stared at him in amazement. "But that would be very foolish," he said. "Of what use to kill two men instead of one?"

"I'll have to take that chance," said Skip.

The general shrugged. "Are you then an experienced pilot?"

Skip shook his head. "I have two hundred hours, but I have flown only light ships, M'sieu."

"The thing is impossible, then. Even I would not attempt it. A man may take chances, yes. But here you have no chance at all." He unbuckled his safety belt and stood up. "I would stay, if I could help, but it would be useless."

Skip nodded. "I understand, *M'sieu*." Through the interphone he said, "Where are we, Slim? I mean, are we over open country?"

"No, pal," said Slim, sardonically. "You're over the ocean. Take a slow left turn and fly about northeast."

"Thanks," said Skip. "I've got to figure out some way to see from back here. Do you think I could get the top enclosure open? If I could, maybe I could swing this table around, sit on it, and poke my head out the top."

"Kid," said Slim vehemently, "if you touch that enclosure, you're going to be minus the door, the vertical stabilizer, your rudder, and an airplane. It isn't made to be opened in flight. Get your boy friend to open the lower gunner's door. You won't be able to see where you're going, but at least you'll know where you've been."

"Thanks," said Skip. The lower gunner's door was designed so that a machine gun could be trained down through it, and was also intended for use as an escape hatch. Its opening was just twenty-two inches across, and forty-eight inches long. . . . The general slid the door open, and Skip looked back and down. Two thousand feet below him the blue waters of the Pacific gleamed in the sunlight.

"How far out are we?" he asked Slim.

"About three or four miles offshore. Turn left a little and you'll be heading just north of the airport."

Skip made the turn. "Look!" he told Slim. "I've got an idea. You and the general can bail out when we get over the field, and I'll have them talk me in from the ground by radio. How does that sound?"

"You wouldn't be asking for advice, would you?"

"Oh, drop it," said Skip. "I'm sorry about yesterday."

"Okay, kid," said Slim. Then: "Think you can do it?"

"I can try," said Skip. "It's been done before."

"Sure," said Slim, ironically. "Under a hood, with wheels, brakes, flaps and a check pilot riding in the right-hand seat in case anything went wrong. But I guess it's the best answer. I'm no pilot. They can tell you more from the ground than I could from here."

Skip snapped on the auxiliary radio control, and put on the headphones. There was a faint and unintelligible babble in his ears. He twisted the dial slightly, snapped on his transmitter and began calling Western Aircraft. He couldn't raise them, and realized with a sort of sick despair that the set wasn't working. "That's all I needed," he told himself. . . . He called into the interphone. "Well, that's out, too. The radio's shot."

There was a moment's stunned silence. Then Slim said, "Now what?"

"I don't know," said Skip uncertainly. "I wonder how this w get rid of the general the damn' thing into with the throttles cut a couple of practice a field. I'll call off altit directly down at the p ing over, and write the the altitudes I give yo get my approach pre out, you can bail."

"What the hell do y asked Slim, indignantl

"Look," said Skip w a sucker. I'll make o up front like you ar have the chance of a dog pen. We'll be do we hit."

"And *you* wouldn't port without me to tell going. I'm sticking, so . . . Besides, I'm workin I had my knife in my just about got the scr window behind me. from where I sit, like I reach through with a I just tore loose from t mechanism, and loop i ing gear retracting leve

"That, my friend," sa be just ducky . . . !" a tricycle landing gear down—would make all ances for improper appr his breath. After a mo or four grunts from up voice said: "Got it!"

SKIP felt the XBSA wheels went down. Slim, "that's something tried not to think of hov would roll, with a ninet landing speed, and no b

"You can get rid of t time you want to," said over the north bounda port."

"Thanks," said Skip. you'd go, too."

"Well, I won't," said get about it, and keep your work."

Skip felt a warm surg "Okay, fella!" he said. in his seat and motion escape hatch. "You ca told the general. He w man curiously; for he once that a 300-pound m service 'chute would fall best he could hope for w was two broken legs. T realized, must know this



"My skates are hired, too. Hang on. He'll be out looking for us as soon as he checks up"

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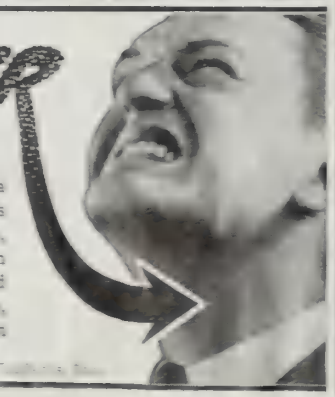
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general's face showed not a trace of fear. . . . He merely shrugged, said, "*Bonne chance!*" and started to ease himself, feet foremost, through the gunner's door. . . .

Skip throttled back, bringing the air speed down to an even hundred and thirty miles an hour, and slightly raised the XBSA's nose. Over his shoulder, he said, "Now!" and waited for the ship to be relieved of the general's three-hundred-odd pounds. Nothing happened. Then there was a shout from behind him, and he turned in his seat.

The general was wedged halfway in and halfway out of the gunner's door, with his legs dangling in space, and his ample waist spread out over the combing; and it was immediately apparent that he would remain in that position for the rest of the flight. His corpulent body was too large to pass through the opening; and Skip knew that to lift him back into the ship was beyond his strength. He began to laugh. Reasonably, at first; and then uncontrollably. There was nothing but tragedy in the general's position; but still he could not stop laughing.

Slim heard him through the interphone. "What's so damn' funny?" he asked. Skip managed to tell him, and Slim started to laugh, too.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" he roared. "Ho! Ho! Ho! But what are you going to do about him?"

SKIP wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. "What can I do? I'm going to leave him there!"

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" roared Slim, again. "I hope that landing's good! You're sure going to have a dead general if it isn't! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

And Skip realized, with a suddenness that left him shaken and sickened, that if he put the ship on the ground in any but the tricycle landing position, or if—and this was very likely—he should bounce and drag his tail after landing, the general would almost certainly be cut in half. . . . A horrible desperation came over him. "Slim!" he said frantically. "What's the use of kidding ourselves? I can't land this thing from back here. I can't see. Take a look at Wally. Yell at him. Do anything! See if you can't bring him to."

"Kid!" snapped Slim. "Quit that! You've got to land us. Wally's out of this picture. . . . By the way, don't you want to get rid of some of this gas?"

"How can we?" Skip asked him.

"I've still got that piece of cable," said Slim. "I think I can reach the dump valves with it."

"Swell!" said Skip. "Let both wing tanks go."

Behind him, the general said, quite calmly, "The man up front, he is still there?"

Skip nodded. "*Oui, M'sieu.*" He looked at the general over his shoulder. He was pale, but there was no trace of panic in his eyes. "I—I'm sorry that I laughed."

"It is nothing," said the general. "My position has its elements of drollness . . . I see now that the wheels are down. Since I can see them, may I suggest that you allow me to give you directions while you are landing? I have had much experience with fast ships."

Skip stared at him, and swallowed. "*Oui, M'sieu le Général.* I should be glad of your help. And may I compliment you on your courage?"

"Courage?" said the general. "It is not courage. In my profession one does what one must. The man in front will guide your approach. At fifty meters from the ground, I will take over. Above all, be calm," he added. "With the wheels down and the fuel you have just released—and which, incidentally has given me a shower bath—our chances are much better."

"I'm sorry about the gas, Skip. "I did not think about . . ."

"It will soon evaporate," general. "Now, tell your ma . . . the approach. Be tranquil- . . . luck. . . ."

"*Bonne chance, mon Gén* . . . Skip.

THEY came in on a long l . . . over Western City. Lookin . . . down. Skip saw its tall buildi . . . out like landmarks beneath . . . felt strange, and tight, and . . . helpless. . . .

Slim's voice said, throug . . . terphone. "There's another . . . ing off, kid—one of the transp . . . must've figured out that s . . . wrong. Shall we wait for ther . . . we could signal them to lea . . . the approach."

Skip thought for a moment. . . . he knew, help Slim to hav . . . ship flown by an experience . . . rectly in front of him. But at . . . time—"I don't know," he sa . . . do things look?"

"Not so bad," said Slim. . . . undershoot a little."

"I'd rather have it like t . . . Skip. "I can boost her in wi . . . gines . . ." Then: "We w . . . We've dumped most of our . . . don't want to risk running out . . . they wouldn't know what w . . . anyway. The wheels are down . . . naturally think Wally was f . . . We'd better take her on in."

"Okay," said Slim. "You're . . . tor."

Skip cleared his throat. "In . . . thing happens," he said, "I . . . to tell you—I mean I—"

"Forget it!" said Slim. The . . . pretty low. You'd better gi . . . little gun."

Skip advanced his throttl . . . "When I say 'okay,' next t . . . said, "you stop talking. The . . . can see the wheels. He's goin . . . me in."

"Got it, kid," said Slim. . . . Be . . . cut your throttles, now. An . . . easy. You're doing fine."

"Thanks," said Skip. "Be s . . . belt's tight."

"Don't worry about me," s . . . "I'm doing all right."

SKIP eased his throttles back . . . mind's eye, he could see . . . coming up before him as it had . . . times before. Over to his left . . . the factory buildings and the . . . tower; ahead—just above hi . . . would be the sea and the hori . . . on his right would be the private . . . on the far side of the field. He . . . his eyes on the air-speed i . . . keeping it carefully at 95 m . . . hour.

Behind him, the general sa . . . calm voice, "Listen to me, nc . . . mechanically Skip said, "Okay . . . He shot a brief glance downwar . . . ground below him. As he did . . . boundary markers flashed past. . . . general said, "We are drifting . . . your left wing a little," and m . . . cally he pushed the stick slightl . . . left, and then back until the tu . . . bank indicator was centered ag . . .

"*Ex-cellent!*" said the gener . . . voice, somehow, sounded cheer . . . confident. "And now, *mon an* . . . back slightly on your stick." S . . . and the air speed dropped tow . . . red line on the dial that mark . . . XBSA's stalling point.

"Easy!" said the general. . . . Pick your right wing up! No . . . it! Float it! A little more! Ther . . .

The wheels touched, bounced s . . . and then touched again. "Forwa . . . your stick!" said the general. . . . the front wheel on the ground. . . . did!"

ed forward and cut both
Through the interphone,
l, "Straighten her out!
g to the left!"
d the right rudder, and
e air-speed indicator. It
s an hour. Too fast! he
fast! Wasn't the damn'
ing to stop? . . . "How
have we left?" he yelled
phone. His voice sounded
at to him.
o hundred yards," said
natter-of-fact voice. "It's
We're going to hit the
Behind him, the general's
aid, "Keep that stick for-
eux. Hard! . . ."
ed indicator read 70 miles
at meant that in some six
ess—the XBSA, traveling
an hour, was going to plow
e-foot concrete retaining
ar end of the field. . . .
he shouted. "Pull your
can. I'm going to ground

ed Slim. "Hold it!"

all at once, the ship was
and Skip realized that,
akes were being applied.
udden lurch, and the shriek
bber; and as he was thrown
rd the bulkhead, the XBSA
ked—slid to a screaming
kip knew that Slim—with
g wall six hundred feet
e ship traveling at seventy
our—had unbuckled his
and somehow reached
small opening in the bulk-
him, to jam on the parking

over to his left, Skip heard
he crash wagon's siren. He
fety belt and got unsteadily
Ie looked at General Syma-
are all right, *mon Gén-*
ked.
al smiled. "I am fine," he

im?" he called into the in-

id! Just ducky!" said Slim
voice.

Skip opened the enclosure at the top of the gunner's compartment and peered out. And then he got very, very sick.

SKIP took the rest of the day off. He didn't see Tony until the next morning, when he came into the production office.

Tony looked up at him from behind his desk. He had a funny look on his face. "How you feeling, kid?" he asked.

"I feel all right," said Skip, unenthusiastically. "Did you hear anything about Wally?"

Tony took the dead cigar out of his mouth. His eyes were on the kid's face. "The doctor says he's going to be okay . . . I suppose you heard you're quite the little hero," he added.

Skip nodded. "Yes," he said, savagely. "My hand's sore from all the congratulations."

"I'll bet," said Tony. "By the way, the general is putting in those auxiliary hydraulics you were yelling about."

"That's good," said Skip.

"The general spoke to the boss about you, too," said Tony. "He's going to give a banquet for you. A nice big banquet. You'll like that, now won't you?"

"No!" said Skip. "I don't want any banquet. Not for me, anyhow. The guys who ought to get the banquet are Slim and the general."

The funny look left Tony's eyes. "Then you learned something yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes," Skip burst out. "I wasn't so smart, after all. Without those two guys to help me, and think for me most of the time, I'd have killed Wally and myself sure."

Tony said, "I'll speak to the boss, today, kid. We'll make that banquet for three."

"Good!" said Skip. He broke off for a moment and looked out into the street. "But look," he added. "I *was* right about those controls, wasn't I?"

"Oh, shut up and beat it!" growled Tony. . . . But after Skip had left the office, he put the cigar back in his mouth, cocked it at an angle, leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling. He was grinning.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

day he British are secretly and
erate trying to buy dirigibles in
cour y. For they have found, in
est war, that the dirigible has a
ous lue.
is m e efficient and more effective
the rplane in the patrol hunt for
arin raiders on convoys. Not
ster ips. Just pudgy little bags,
the s ht-seeing ones you see in the
alm every day over New York,
ning n, Miami and elsewhere. Such
igib can hover above a sub and,
the teadiest possible kind of air
orm et go at it with depth bombs
th ater advantages than either
ice stroyers or airplanes of visi-
y, e ctness and the leisure that
es f accuracy.
or a patrolling dirigibles as vul-
ble hostile plane action as you
thi .
ey can be rather effectively
ene by their side's heavier-than-
raf especially pursuits, which are
r l d of carrier based, depending
th waters scouted. Larger types,
the Akron or the LZ-130, could
ca y four or five of their own pur-
in belly hangar. You remember
"he k-on" experiments conducted
ur avy years ago with its big air-
s.

Another point: Dirigibles can mount heavier armament and carry much more ammunition than its harriers without sacrificing much performance.

Also, if both plane and gun protection failed, it would still take a reckless and drastic thrust to fetch down a dirigible—provided it is filled with helium. Dirigibles are divided into many compartments, or "ballonettes." You have to rend each virtually into a sieve to let so much gas escape that all buoyancy is lost.

THE United States practically has a corner on this odorless, tasteless, colorless gas; nearly all the world's supply being found in the natural gas of the oil fields of Texas and Kansas. All our other resources having been made available to the British, I assume helium would be, too.

But the factories and the art of airship building lie fallow. Many, many long and valuable months would be lost in tooling and in the various oddments of preparation before large production could be achieved. Meanwhile, our Navy has six airships, small ones: 48 more authorized, but only 6 appropriated for and on order.

What do you think? W. B. C.

Telephone Tales

BY LONG DISTANCE



says Bill McGann a credit man:

"I find that certain types of debtors
Ignore my best collection letters,
And seem to more or less resist
The point that their accounts exist—
In which event, my sage advice is
That nothing quite so well suffices
As does the tactful friendly tone
Of a request by telephone.
As others will no doubt attest,
This personal approach is best
For bringing in remiss accounts
Of either small or large amounts.

"And naturally this same resource
Has always been my first recourse
For checking people's credit rating
Without unnecessary waiting.

"In credit work," friend Bill exults,
"Long Distance surely gets results!"

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

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Managing Editor

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THIS "INEVITABLE" TALK

AMONG the ideas President Roosevelt has been voicing of late, we've enjoyed most the falls he has taken out of the thought that totalitarianism is inevitably the next phase in human evolution. He simply denies this proposition—calls totalitarianism tyranny and slavery, and says it need kill off democracy only if believers in democracy stand by with folded arms and craven hearts.

Time will tell about that. Certain it is, though, that totalitarianism is not the first force in history that many people have believed to be the inevitable master of the world.

Napoleon Bonaparte, for example, was as good a propagandist in his day as Adolf Hitler in this. Napoleon's Continental System was going to tie up all Europe in an anti-British economic bloc, with perverted overtones from the French Revolution as its basic philosophy. For years before the Battle of Leipzig in 1813, which set Napoleon's feet stumbling toward Waterloo, millions of people all over the Western world thought Bonapartism was the inevitable next phase in that world's progress.

In the late Middle Ages, devout Catholics feared that Protestantism, with its new crude vigor and enthusiasm, was the inevitable conqueror of the ancient Church. What actually happened was that neither faith scored a knockout victory. Each gradually affected the other for the improvement of both.

Speaking of religion, Mark Twain once got seriously concerned over the Christian Science Church. Mark explained, in a long, interesting and long-ago-exploded essay, that a Christian Science hierarchy was inevitably going to fasten an unbreakable grip on the minds, souls and tangible assets of the American people.

When the Mohammedans really got going around the Mediterranean in the 7th and 8th centuries A. D., the idea spread through Europe that these people were the inevitable rulers of the known world. That wave broke at Toulouse, in southern France, in 721. Similar reverses overtook the ancient Persians and Carthaginians, the Huns and Tatars and Mongols of the Dark Ages, the Russians and Swedes and Spaniards of the Renaissance and early modern times.

In our own country, from about 1789 to about 1920, there was a nation-wide conviction that American democracy was inevitably going to spread throughout the world. Thi
was shared with dread by sundry r
of the Old World.

Beginning about 900 A. D., a beli
grew up in Europe that the end c
was inevitably scheduled for 1000

Pardon us, then, if we seem a
about the inevitability of totalitaria
where. We've heard that "inevit
quack before, though never quite

Of one thing we're certain: Tl
the noblest records on the pages
have been written by persons who
the "inevitability" frightening othe
the time, denied that it was inevital
fought it and finally exposed it fo
dering sham that it was.

Willkie is Wise

IT'S true, as many an old-line Re
confiding weepily to his beer, th
L. Willkie isn't doing Republican
1944 any good by playing along wit
dent on matters international in 1

It is also true, though, that na
tics is no longer a penny-ante game
a hot spot. We'll work ourselves o
only by putting out maximum nati
if we work off it at all. To put out
national effort, we've got to have ma
tional unity.

Mr. Willkie, by acting as leader o
opposition," is doing the best he c
mote and cement that national
don't care whether that means a r
reorganization of the G.O.P. later
any more than we care whether F.I
the Democratic party. All we're
about is that these two leaders bet
do their best to keep Americans unit
the storm which has already arrivec
ing to grow fiercer.

We can start worrying about hon
loyalties again when we're sure we
erfully armed that nobody can mo
over the country and run all our pc
some foreign capital—when and IF
of that.

Taxes by the We

IRVINGTON, NEW JERSEY, h
an installment plan for paymer
taxes—as little as 25¢ a week if you

Isn't there a thought for Cong
Wouldn't it be feasible, without
Treasury financing arrangements, tc
the present maximum allowance c
stallments a year for payment of inc

People can voluntarily budget f
taxes, true; but the fact remains th
people don't. And that sudden
March 15th, June 15th, September 1
cember 15th can be an awful jolt son

Isn't it possible to relax the regula
to encourage frequent small payme
total due, thus making the expected
come taxes a little less painful? Suc
we think, would tickle most taxpaye
up tax-collection efficiency.

March 8, 1941

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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arthur crouch

...est Mess in the World By Walter Davenport

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whiskey enjoys so noble a heritage. It's hidden to the eye, but your taste will qu
discover the distinctive flavor of this, the richest, smoothest Bourbon out o
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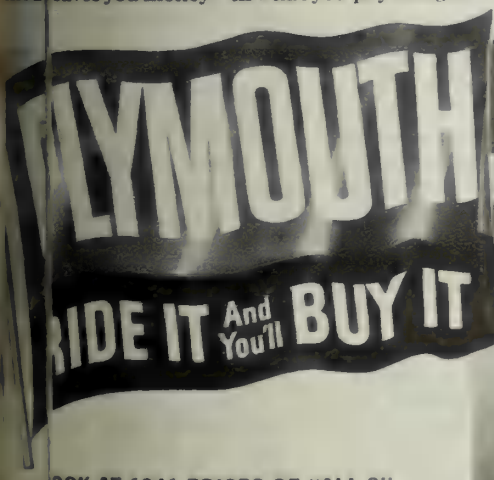
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50,000,000 Creditors. Page 70

COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

ANY WEEK

WE WERE about to start with a bit of whimsey when our telephone rang. A gentleman who said that his name didn't matter (and he may be right) told us that he had just arrived from Florida with a few disturbing tidings. He was quite breathless, and we're panting a little as we pass it along. The general impression, said he, is that when presently we maneuver ourselves into the war, our Navy will move majestically eastward bent upon making life completely insupportable by mankind's number-one enemy, the psychotic Mr. Hitler. However, it's not going to be so simple, he said. He has discovered that "scores of German U-boats are already lurking off the Atlantic coast of the United States and northern South America." Moreover, "the French island of Martinique, in the Caribbean, and the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the south coast of Newfoundland, are already bases for Nazi submarines." We asked him, of course, why these lurkers hadn't already been at work off our coast, sinking British bottoms within a hundred miles or so of the United States. "Who says they haven't?" he demanded. "However, you haven't seen anything yet. Wait." So we may as well wait.



ALSO the drinking-liquor situation is becoming more acute. To begin with we have incensed the citizenry of Brownwood, Texas. In one of our weekly Our New Army pages it was reported that, while Brownwood is dry, whisky prescriptions could be had for fifty cents. Mr. W. Lee Watson of Brownwood denounces it as "unfair reporting." Says he: "After all the work the Chamber of Commerce has done to attract people to this town, I think it is downright unfair. Why, there are plenty of places in town where you can get a prescription for two bits. In fact, if your malady is so mild that a half pint will suffice, the prescription is only fifteen cents." From Mr. Will Crossmier comes a protest that "in no dry territory in the United States can you find more nor honester bootleggers than in Brownwood, my home town. Why impugn the patriotism of the town? We are not profiteering on our soldiers. A prescription costs two bits. If you're a little short, twenty cents will do. No reasonable offer has ever been turned down. We're dry but honest."

ANYWAY, Our New Army may be reinforced before long by the enlistment of Mr. William H. Dixon of Glendale, California. Our latest word from Mr. Dixon is that he's pretty well disgusted, not to say defeated, by the difficulties of maintaining his civilian status as a building contractor. It's somewhat involved. "On the days that I'm not busy making out government reports or voting against thirty-dollar Thursdays," says Mr. Dixon, "I build houses and try to sell them to the boys who work in near-by airplane factories. Recently I built a group of these little nests on a street where the city had failed somehow to acquire title to the five feet of ground where the sidewalk should go. To get a permit I was required (a) to pay a city inspector ten bucks a day to sit on a nail keg, smoke his pipe and watch my men, using my materials, build a cement walk on my five feet of ground and (b) to deed the five feet, including pavement made with my cement, to the city free. I tried to get the inspector job for myself but was told I would have to put up one hundred dollars to join something or other. So I think I'll join the Army which is, as far as I know, the only organization left that demands no initiation fee."

THE only time we've ever been in Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania, we managed by agility and, we think, some pretty clever strategy, to escape alive. We were being entertained by a Mr. Kouffler in a tavern. As we remember it, it was a darkish place but the beer was good. Off in a corner, all alone, sat a gentleman of formidable proportions. To our amazement, he didn't like us. Without arising he growled deeply and told us that he could lick us. We told him that we thought so, too. But he wasn't appeased. "D'ya know how I can lick you?" demanded he, crouched at his table. "Well, I'll tell ya." He raised a huge hand, the fingers crooked. "Wit' me mitt," said he, "wit' me duke, wit' me claw." So, as we say, we departed slightly hastily from Marcus Hook. Nor had we heard a word from the pretty place since—until now, we have a letter from Mr. G. Hurst Paul, editor of the Marcus Hook Herald. Mr. Paul discovers that recently one of our advertisers, the Travelers Insurance Company, began its otherwise trustworthy ad to the effect that an oil tanker plied between Beaumont, Texas, and Marcus Hook, Delaware. Mr. Paul is pretty sore, insisting accurately enough that Marcus Hook is not in Delaware. But we also have letters from Delaware protesting just as hard. In fact, here's one threatening to sue us and the Travelers for putting Marcus Hook in Delaware.

WE HAVE other troubles, too—domestic ones. We've just come from a conference about our associate, Quentin Reynolds who, as you know, has done a remarkable
the war from Londor
to return to London
time, has been appea
ing-room-only crowc
theater. The confere
ways and means of g
olds out of the the
England. We find, l
fellow is speaking o
art. We were afra
thought that Mr. Re
enough to resist the
discovered that the
for journalists as it i
we've seen. We've
Mr. Reynolds is turn
like John Barrymor
Charlie Chaplin, Bori
Rooney and the re
wants to play Hamle



IN South Dakota a M
was arrested for s
vanes off barns and
rod gadgets off farmh
lick told the judge th
practicing against in
chutists. But they
workhouse and his ne
vided about the justic
he shouldn't have sh
it shouldn't have be
ruin a windmill. Yet
that some allowance s
made for Mr. Doerl
preparedness.

"A FEW nights ago,"
Montague of Wanstea
land, "I was reading C
lic shelter. The nois
provided a fitting b
I read your encourag
would almost think,
your commentary, th
civilians were heroes l
ard, Nelson and Collir
doing, really, has beer
posts. That's the leas
dier should do. We
front-line soldiers. V
show the world that b
conquer the souls of
There is a hymn, we
country, one verse of

"For right is right, si
And right the day m
To doubt would be
To falter would be si

AMEN....

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Here' why: Duramin fights oxygen, rubber's at en my. It keeps life and bounce in tires—the t ad, in the tire body, in the sidewalls.

Yes, uramin is the big news—but it's not whc story. We've made each carcass steel-ong th top-quality Hi-Flex cords. The fa-us Godrich blow-out protection is now er th ever.

You t stronger, safer, tougher Silvertowns s yea than ever before. And right now is time ou *need* tires you can trust. So "Switch Goodrich." Today's cash prices are low. Or a can se the easy Budget Plan. All Goodrich verto n Stores, and many Goodrich Deal-, offe it.

B.F. Goodrich Silvertowns



LIFE-SAVER *Silvertown*

For every *four* miles that the *original* Life-Saver Tread Silvertown gave you —this new tire gives you *five*. It gives you extra safety, too. No tire can stop you quicker. No tire can keep you safer from skids.

DELUXE *Silvertown*

It offers the best possible combination of mileage, safety, comfort and quiet running. Its Duramin-toughened rubber fights wear. Its new-type tread smothers road noise to a whisper.

SAFETY *Silvertown*

This is the "popular price" Silvertown with greater carcass strength than ever before. Duramin, and Hi-Flex cords, make it the best tire buy in its price class. Costs less than any Silvertown in years.

A FEW OF THE MANY B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT HAVE SAVED MILLIONS FOR AMERICAN MOTORISTS

FIRST *automobile offered American public equipped with Goodrich tires.*

☆

FIRST *in America to build cord tires for automobiles.*

☆

FIRST *to develop a black tread for longer mileage.*

☆

FIRST *to lower tire costs with "accelerated curing."*

☆

FIRST *to offer American public tires made with synthetic rubber.*

"I save money by making my own dresses. . . . You should economize on oil and gas by having Sealed Power Rings put in our car."



. . . so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

WOULD you like your car to run as smoothly and be just as thrifty on oil as when it was new? Of course you would! Then just do this: Ask your repairman to install Sealed Power Piston Rings. These famous rings—used as original equipment in 12 out of the 18 American makes of cars—restore oil economy, bring back pep. And they protect the big investment you have in your car. Sealed Power Piston Rings are now sold in packaged sets engineered for your particular make of car. Ask for Sealed Power Rings by name. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Mich. and Windsor, Ont.

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Best in new cars! Best in old cars!



Cutaway diagram of a German 2-pound thermite bomb, the used to start fires in London. Its overall length is thirteen i

WING TAL

THIS seems a good time to chat about aluminum, the silvery white metal that Englishmen and scientists pronounce differently from you. They give it five syllables instead of four: a-lu-*min*-ee-um. To the militarist, it is one of the essential raw materials; to the chemist, it is one of the "elements." Its existence was suspected by Sir Humphrey Davy, but it was not actually discovered, or isolated, until 1827, by Wöhler. There's plenty of aluminum in the world, but it just doesn't grow that way. It's always hiding in other things—earths or compounds, notably bauxite, from which it must be processed.

Almost feathery as compared with iron and many such other structural materials, and tough and resistant to corrosion, aluminum was a godsend to the advance of modern transportation—particularly in this latest age of streamlines, light weights, high speeds.

Lightness with strength is the key to efficient and economical aircraft. Thus aluminum—especially duralumin, one of the many alloys made from it—is the skin and bones and a powerful lot of the innards of most commercial and fighting planes and their engines.

MENTION of aluminum brings a picture of glistening wings and cabin walls to your mind, or a thought of sturdy ribs and spars and pistons. But perhaps you did not know that there are at least three other essential services that aluminum performs for aviation.

One impartially covers the uses of peace or war. It is paint. A great four-motored bomber, or a transatlantic clipper, will have at least 100 pounds of aluminum paint on it.

A second is deadly. You hear and read much about the "incendiary bombs" that are searing the face of Europe. Those bombs are thermite, which is a mixture of powdered aluminum and iron oxide or some other metallic oxide. There is a process whereby these ingredients can be mixed under control and used for welding. But when kindled they burn uncontrollably with terrific force and a heat of about 5,400 degrees Fahrenheit. It spits burning drops in all directions: it will go through cement pavements or metal roofs. One spark will eat through your skull or body.

Thermite bombs are usually small, maybe only two pounds. There are many types. All, roughly, have a thin outer shell, either lined with or wholly made of magnesium, tha highly inflammable metal u ing flares and fireworks. The may be set off by a cap—its ficient to kindle the thermit you have your miniature he

It was a strewing chiefly bombs that in late Decen The City (London's equiv Wall Street district) and land's capital its worst fi 17th century. It was therm gan the destruction of the Britain, and it is one c weapons used against me ping and convoys.

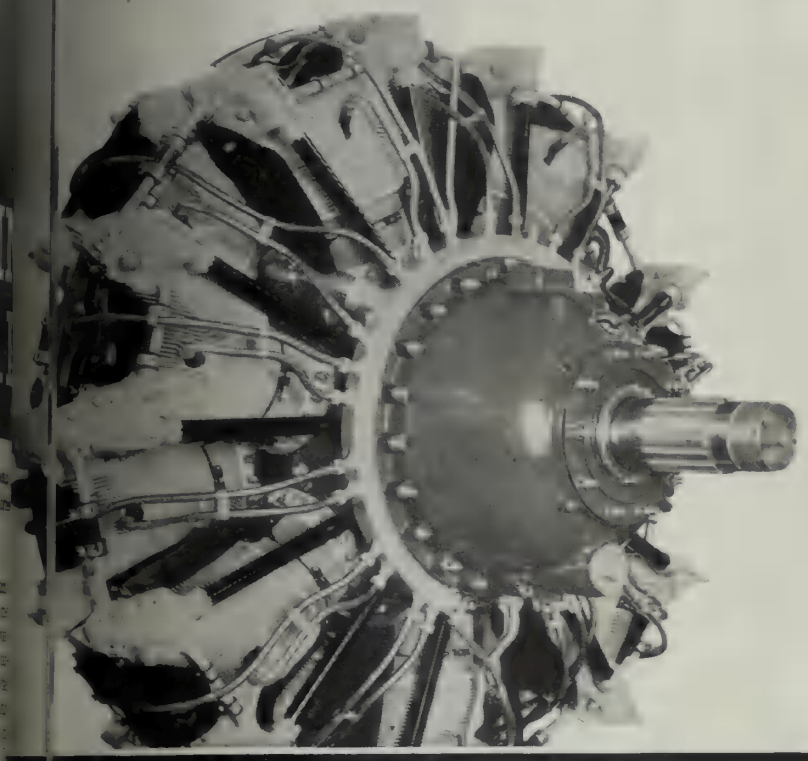
A THIRD function of alu may observe if you are the activities of the crew across the oceans. The na ficer opens a window and small globe of bubble-thin is filled with aluminum p glass breaks on striking the aluminum quickly spreads and mirrorlike slick. In the c flects the sun, and the navig it through instruments t plane's drift in the wind. any other marks at sea to fi unless you cross a surface

At night the aluminum p flect flares and help a pilo estimate drift but to gauge if one is necessary away fi base aids.

Alas, the ingenuities o swiftly translated into the of war. Latest advices t flying coastal-patrol airme embattled nations are usi powder in sub hunts.

From moderate altitude discerned as much as 100 f surface, depending upon t the ocean, which varies w bed, temperature and o Over markless water, howe speed of his aircraft prever keeping either in view or exact location of a sub he or from bombing it accu overshoots. So it has bec practice for a patrol flier aluminum globe the insta sub. Then he can go ahe his turning maneuver, bea the easily observed alum confident that in its vicini locate his quarry—

And ready for business.



WHAT ABOUT *aircraft engine production?*

The Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Division of United Aircraft, one of the two largest engine manufacturers in the United States, answers below the questions most frequently asked about its engine production.

★ ★ ★

How fast is your engine production increasing?

During 1940 Pratt & Whitney Aircraft built more than twice as many engines as in 1939. During 1941 we shall more than double again our last year's output.

How has this increase been achieved?

By rapid expansion of plant, personnel and machinery—plus similar expansion of subcontracting. Since 1939, Pratt & Whitney has doubled and redoubled its factory area, and increased its personnel from 3,000 to nearly 15,000 employees. Five hundred subcontractors and suppliers furnish finished parts and raw materials.

Are you producing engines for both Great Britain and the United States?

Yes. Most people do not realize it, but for months a large percentage of our engines has been shipped to Great Britain. In addition to these continuing requirements we are now producing large quantities of engines for the American defense program.

Are you producing engines fast enough to meet airplane requirements?

Yes, despite heavy shipments abroad. The total engines delivered to American airplane manufacturers by Pratt & Whitney in 1940 was well above total requirements. There were, however, minor shortages in two types amounting to less than one day's production, but we were well ahead of requirements in all other types.

Will mass-production help to increase output?

True mass-production is not yet feasible for building aircraft engines. Remember that the aircraft program, big as it seems, is still dealing with thousands per year—whereas automobile mass-production deals with millions. Furthermore, mass-production, by its very nature, calls for "freezing" of specific designs. This is impractical in so rapidly advancing an art as aircraft design, particularly in war time when engineering changes are frequently essential to maintain tactical superiority.

Will the automotive industry be a factor in production?

Yes, as soon as automotive manufacturers are able to build and equip new plants, train new personnel, and adjust themselves to aircraft methods. In this program we are cooperating in every possible way. Meanwhile, for at least a year the existing aircraft industry must supply the nation with the bulk of its engines.

How big is the job ahead?

During the two fiscal years ending June 30, 1942, Pratt & Whitney is facing the task of producing more aircraft engines than were produced during the first World War by *all* American manufacturers, including ten in the automotive industry.

Can it be done?

We are confident that it can, but the job will not be easy. We must again double our production. We must install more machinery, train five to ten thousand new employees, and increase our operating efficiency still further. But with the continued cooperation of our employees, subcontractors, and suppliers, we believe that Pratt & Whitney Aircraft will meet its obligations to the nation.

ITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

ST HARTFORD • CONNECTICUT

TT & ITNEY ENGINES

VOUGHT-SIKORSKY AIRPLANES

HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS



Don't be a "douse"..DO THIS!



Don't let dousing with water wet your hair down and make it unnatural-looking! Merely use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb . . . and see how well-groomed your hair will become!



NEVER let Dry Scalp get a head start, if you want to keep your hair and keep it handsome!

At the first sign of itching, loose dandruff or abnormal falling hair, massage your scalp thoroughly with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Do this before every shampoo. These regular treatments not only help check any tendency to dryness, but also the drying out effect of the shampoo.

Each morning, instead of dousing your head with water or anything else, use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb. You will be astonished at the result! Your hair will look healthy, well-groomed. . . Get a bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today!



'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a *drying* effect.

By actually *supplementing* the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp soft and supple . . . as it keeps the hair lustrous, well-groomed and good-looking.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1940, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.



KEEP UP WITH THE W

By Freling Foster

Many of the sounds heard on today's radio programs are genuine. The thirty experts in the New York studios of the National Broadcasting Company, for example, employ twenty-five different kinds of doors, use actual motorcars, and resort to actual recordings of which they have 7,500, for other sounds.

A small tablet, now being prescribed in this country for immunity against colds, contains fifty billion dead organisms, or a number twenty-five times larger than the entire population of the world.—*By William H. Merrell, Youngstown, Ohio.*

Kapok, the silk-cotton of the kapok tree, is an extremely buoyant material. Being waterproof and five times as buoyant as cork, it is able to support thirty times its own weight in water indefinitely.

The fine for sending an obscene picture through the mail is $5,000, or five times as large as the fine for sending a letter to the President of the United States in which his life is threatened.—*By Thomas Gilmore, Boston, Massachusetts.*

America's 1,200 taxpayers' associations, organized in the past decade to fight wasteful public expenditures, have unearthed many peculiar cases. One was a small town that had twenty-five purchasing agents, another was a county that paid for a bridge that has never been built, while another was a state that was spending $4,500 a year for poetry praising its Bureau of Marine Fisheries.

Helgoland, Germany's little island in the North Sea, only one mile long, a third of a mile wide and two hundred feet high at its maximum peak, has been found, by seismological observations, to sway to and fro in westerly gales.

At least forty per cent of all people who visit tattooing establishments in America go to them, not to have a design put on, but to have one taken off.—*By Harald Lund, Washington, D. C.*

The smallest of ll flo plants belong to the nu They are aquatic, ha produce flowers abo shape of the head a pi *Dorothy Etheridge, York.*

In many states, break the law when thesis or a dissertati student and, thereb obtain an acade fradulent means. the maximum puni crime is $500, or a or both.

The United State one astronomical o nearly one third of world. Three of the Yale and the Unive gan, also maintain Africa for the stud nebulae that are in ern latitudes.

The only monume the world stands o Lake Champlain, erected in 1909 by t York and Vermont of Samuel de Champ explorer, on the anniversary of his lake.

Because of the earth, a cyclone in the Southern H counterclockwise i Hemisphere. For t cyclonic storms t in the tropics and middle latitudes.

About half of th large cities change their home and bu each year, through or the desire or obli —*By Lawrence York, New York.*

Five dollars will be paid or unusual fact accepte Contributions must be a factory proof. Address World, Collier's, 250 Par City. This column is cop The National Weekly. N be reproduced without e the publi

Now-500 to 600 Miles on a Tankful!



Why Buy Any Other Lowest-Price Car when Nash Leads in the Things You Want?

★ **BETTER ECONOMY**—25 to 30 Miles on a Gallon of Gasoline.

★ **SMOOTHER RIDE**—Only low-price car with Coil Springs on All Four Wheels.

★ **EASIER STEERING**—First car with Two-way Roller Steering.

★ **ROOMIER**—Greater Seating Width. The Rear Seat makes up into Convertible Bed.

★ **SAFER**—Welded Body-and-Frame Construction . . . made rattle-proof, twist-proof.

ISN! In the Official 1941 Gilmore-Grand Canyon Economy Run, ash 00' turned in more miles to the n th n any other 6, 8, or 12 cylinder nob , regardless of weight, size, or quipment. With its marvelous h S ed Forward, Nash averaged mil per gallon at an average speed .6 m es an hour, over gruelling 599-mou tain course.

IN getting into this big 1941 Nash n an traveling 500 to 600 miles before d to top at a gas station!

k o driving the equivalent of Boston folk . . or the Grand Canyon to Los s . . r Chicago to Kansas City . . . on *ank l of gasoline!*

zing Yes—but not for the new kind of the west-price field!

re's ver been a car like Nash before—a k -price car so roomy. The front near five feet wide.

And wait 'til you tap that throttle! Nash's new kind of engine has the liveliest six-cylinder performance you ever felt . . . made satin-smooth by a radio-balanced crankshaft.

And as the miles flash by—25 to 30 of them to every gallon of gas—you soon discover how *different* driving can be.

The road is full of ruts . . . yet those jolting bumps and bounces just don't follow with Nash's four-wheel coil springs. The new "Unitized" body-and-frame construction stops any quiver of vibration. The silence is uncanny!

You head into curves with the throttle open—yet just the touch of your hand guides this big Nash. The new Two-way Roller Steering does the rest.



And should the March winds bluster or blow—just turn on Nash's Weather Eye System—and go blithely on your way in warm, dustless, conditioned air.

There's never been an automobile like this new Nash before—at *any* price.

You have its savings of $70 to $100 a year to consider—its amazing differences in size, ride, roominess—yet the reason you'll want it is a simple one. *It's more fun to drive than any car you ever owned!*



Remember — three years of testing are behind this new kind of car. It's backed by Nash's $50,000,000 in resources. See your Nash dealer today and see the amazing differences that are switching thousands to Nash!

Go NASH

AND SAVE MONEY EVERY MILE!



2 *Damage to telephone lines* by storm and fire. Then an urgent call to Western Electric for supplies. And a quick answer—deliveries by truck, train and plane.

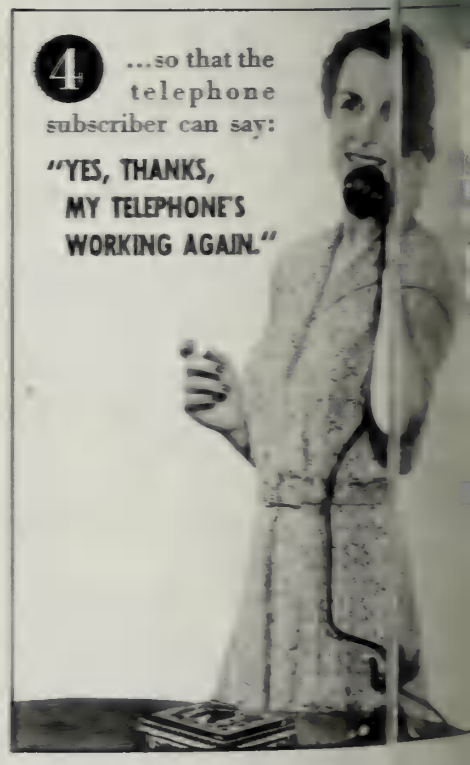




3 *On the weather front,* repair crews find everything they need at an emergency supply depot and go into action fully equipped. Geared to render such supply service to Bell System companies, Western Electric aids these telephone men to restore service quickly . . .

4 . . . so that the telephone subscriber can say:

"YES, THANKS, MY TELEPHONE'S WORKING AGAIN."



Western Electric

. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service



Suicide Ship

By Walter Havighurst

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

She was a doomed ship, a suicide steering straight at the turrets of destruction. Her bow began to settle

San's first command not ome in quite the he had anticipated But e knew he was ry t be alive for it

WO ys out of Halifax the de- troye escort left them. Then throug fog and wind and the gray ntic vistes they lunged on toward and—nty cargo ships spaced out gnmwar-gray procession, laden ey Plimsoll marks in the heavy sea. new ort would meet them at the ervou two days out from the dark ts of t Hebrides. Those would be headlands of a beleaguered king- the outposts of a warring continent n all t seas were warring seas.

Philip Sands stood on the bridge wing he ar ed merchantman Pentland h and watched the four-stack de- yer w eling around. She dropped r fast m the convoy's head and, as passe the Pentland Firth, two sig- flags t ke out on her yardarm. *Con- n voye. Good luck.* They were a k of c r in the gray Atlantic mist.

Mr. Sands, third officer of the Pentland Firth, saluted from the bridge wing. There was nobody to answer, or even to see him, but he held the salute, chin out, shoulders squared, his lean face wet and shining as the mist dropped from the rim of his oilskin hat. The destroyer swept past in a scroll of foam and his hand came down. He stood at ease against the bulwark, but his body was vibrant with the deep pulsations in the ship. Ahead and behind stretched the long, spaced line of the convoy, and that steady throbbing was the life, the deep, unbroken purpose, that drove them all toward the bomb-scarred harbors of an embattled inland.

Good luck. . . . Now the destroyers were rolling back to Newfoundland. Now thirty British freighters were on their own. The ships that made England great, in peace or war. Curiously, ironically, that greatness was never so real as in the face of peril, and the ships of England, crawling in their gray procession under the somber sky, became her eloquent and splendid symbol, her indomitable will. Philip Sands, serving his first commission, felt it deeply. He squared his shoulders and his eyes began to shine. *There'll Always be an England.* He was whistling as the mist drove in his face.

Inside the wheelhouse, standing at the weather glass, Captain Allerdice watched the overage destroyer drop astern. He saw the pennants flutter from her yardarm. *Good luck*—he glowered at them. He was a grim, tight-mouthed man with a lined, gray face and the fleshless, mottled hands of age twitching at his side. Not in nervousness, but something else. Call it tension, call it crisis, call it war. The master of a ship in the disaster-haunted sea lanes has a taut wire stretching in his mind. He cannot grapple with his enemies; he may not even see them. Only a sudden tremor, a mortal agitation. A thousand times he wished he were a gunner in an antiaircraft battery on the hills of Sussex, with a V of big Dorniers or a snarling swarm of Messerschmitts in the sky. But a captain can only sail his ship through the shrouded seas.

He watched the destroyer fading in the mist. Now he was the master of thirty vessels, two hundred thousand tons of shipping, and the two batteries of guns on his fore- and afterdecks were the convoy's only armor. Good luck . . . Captain Allerdice was a Royal Navy commander, past the age for retirement, with a set of naval reserve officers and a crew of boys just out of training school. With the losses and demands of war that was the kind of ship's company a man could expect in an armed merchant cruiser. But two hundred thousand tons of shipping— His hands twitched at his side.

A thin sound came from the bridge wing. The captain's face tightened. He threw the lee door open.

"Mr. Sands!"

The tune stopped dead in Mr. Sands' cheeks. He spun on his heel. His hand jerked up to salute.

"I'll have no whistling on this bridge, Mr. Sands."

"Yes, sir."

Captain Allerdice went back into the wheelhouse.

"Mr. Torpenning."

Mr. Torpenning, chief officer, turned from the weather glass. He saluted vaguely. Those veteran naval reserve officers, with long years in the unceremonious merchant service, wore their naval manners shabbily, like an embarrassment.

"What is Mr. Sands doing on the bridge?"

The brown eyes lighted up Mr. Torpenning's weathered face. "He came up early, sir. He always reports before his watch."

"What in damnation for?"

"He's young, sir." Mr. Torpenning's

tired features broke into a distant smile. "Old heads like us—your pardon, Captain—we forget—"

"We don't forget we're officers of the watch," snapped the captain. "We don't whistle on the bridge."

"His first berth, you know."

"Yes. I know." Captain Allerdice stared out at the straight-backed figure on the bridge wing. "His first berth, on a crossing like this. Two hundred thousand tons of shipping in my care and I have to break in a green watch officer."

"Not green," said Mr. Torpenning. "He was a junior in the Cambrian."

"A junior," snorted the captain. "In charge of thirty cargoes of wheat and cotton, frozen beef and sheet iron, airplane engines and lorry tires. Maybe they had to send my staff officer to one of those American destroyers, but to replace him with a junior—what is the admiralty thinking of, Mister?"

"They're thinking the young men have to come up, sir. In wartime."

The weather was growing thick. Captain Allerdice paced the wheelhouse, four steps forward and four steps back, and he scowled out at the dimming convoy. The Falkirk showed only half real, through drifting veils of gauze, two thousand feet ahead. The Empire City showed astern, deep-laden, her gray bow tossing slowly. The rest of the procession was wrapped in fog. But it was not thick weather that put that scowl in the captain's face. *The young men have to come up*—and the old men have to step down. Step down and out. Even in wartime.

THE naval surgeon in Halifax had been closemouthed enough, with the stethoscope hanging like a thin, black wishbone over his white hospital jacket. But Captain Allerdice knew what would be waiting for him in Birkenhead—an honorable dismissal. Two years past retirement age and a leaky valve in his heart. They couldn't measure something else in a man, the tight, hard purpose, the hidden flame, the unyielding will that makes a seaman. Mr. Torpenning would command the Pentland Firth on her next run.

Then Mr. Sands, veteran of a single crossing on the bridge, would move up to second officer and they'd have some seasick lad on the bridge as third. And Captain Allerdice—it was hard enough to sit in a Bournemouth cottage with a marine clock chiming sea watches on the mantel, to put away the tea things and go digging in the rose garden. It was hard enough in peace. But a seaman huddled in a bomb shelter, staring at the four gold stripes on his cuff. . . .

Eight bells chimed from the bulkhead and the quartermaster reached up and struck them smartly on the ship's bell. From the masthead the lookout's response came in quick, paired syllables. The quartermaster was relieved, giving over the course and slouching through the lee door. But Mr. Sands did not come in from the bridge.

Mr. Torpenning stood at the weather glass, packing tobacco in his pipe and waiting patiently for his relief. Captain Allerdice glared at the tobacco crumbs spilling on the floor. He flung the door open.

"Mr. Sands!"

The third officer was looking upward, searching the murky sky with binoculars. He dropped his glasses and saluted.

"Did you hear eight bells, Mr. Sands?"

"Yes, sir. But I thought I heard the drone of motors. I wanted a minute to make sure."

"Motors—"

In three steps Captain Allerdice was on the bridge wing.

"Those glasses."

He swept the glasses through the thick sky. Behind him Mr. Torpenning stood in the door peering upward. There was only the leaden overcast, the hurrying cloud rack, the long, windy tatters of a thickening sky. They listened. There was only the throbbing of the engines deep in the ship and the rushing seas beneath her bow.

"Nervous," Captain Allerdice said, and the contempt was thick in his voice. "Imagining things. Eight bells has gone, Mr. Sands."

Philip Sands' face came up, white, as though a hand had struck him. He walked stiffly into the pilothouse. He looked up at the first officer and his mouth was rigid.

"Course, sir."

"Seventy-seven," Mr. Torpenning said.

"Seventy-seven, sir."

He went into the chartroom to initial the log.

Mr. Torpenning looked in. "You heard the drone of motors, Mr. Sands?"

His face came up pale, with two red spots now burning in his cheeks. "I thought so, sir. Twice. I couldn't be certain, with the wind and the seas breaking."

"You saw nothing?"

"I can't be properly sure, sir. Just for an instant I thought I saw it. Dark and wide-winged, high up. Then the clouds massed over. There wouldn't be gulls out here, sir."

"No—and not above the clouds."

"That's what I thought."

"Better enter it in the log."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Torpenning stopped to light his pipe. His voice dropped low and quiet around the pipestem: "Carry on, son."

As Mr. Sands looked up the light kindled in his eyes, remote and brightening.

Mr. Torpenning found the captain on the bridge wing still searching the cloud rack with his glasses. down, scowling.

"That's the worst of a Nervous, hearing things—

"These young lads—" penning around his pipes ears and eyes than us old

"If it was a plane," the c "that's nothing. They're can bombers across now." tened on the first officer Torpenning, you comma in peace times."

Mr. Torpenning waited

"Did you make it a hat the bridge?"

Mr. Torpenning took th from his mouth. "Sorry, down the ladder.

Captain Allerdice stooc driving in his face. Ast rolling in the cross seas, w City with a dirty flag of ing from her stack.

He stepped into the Sands."

The third officer salute

"Have the Empire Ci trim her fires. She's st powerhouse."

"Wireless, sir?"

"No," snapped the ol won't tell the world abo man aft with signal flags.

Ten minutes later ther of telling whether the chief had trimmed his came down thick as Scotcl whole convoy was swallo

"Mr. Sands."

The third turned sha weather glass with the tw still burning in his cheek that Captain Allerdice wa watch. He felt like a d saluted.

"Tell Sparks to radio t der Three. Lively."

Lively—thought Mr. as he crossed the boat order to a cadet.

ORDER THREE was course at half spee came out of the wireless the telegraph jangle as dice rang his engines dow later the fog siren blas funnel.

Captain Allerdice walk house like a caged anim northern darkness came c murk deepened to an em the cold fog driving again glass. A tray supper gre chartroom. Finally the lowed a cup of coffee ar buttons on the call board. Thick weather. Report . . . Mr. Torpenning. Th

So there were four of th their greatcoats, staring open weather glass, mo the small room where th steadily and the lighted glowed dully in the binna dragged by. Strained, da —silent, that is, in interva sound. Every sixty sec blasted from the funne guished roar like a mons Then, in the interval, a longed and ghostly, from didn't hear the Empire C a head wind. After tha hard clangor where pounded the bells on the fo'c'sle head. Then sile seconds, till the siren blas

The wheelsman's reli two hours but no relief ca in their greatcoats, with and ears and the fog in

"A raider couldn't find souper," Mr. Huston said

"No." The captain's vo

(Continued on p.



"Go to your quarters," he ordered. "Whistle yourself to sleep"



Hundreds of girls were started on movie careers as a result of the long search that gave Vivien Leigh the role of Scarlett O'Hara



Ellen Drew was an extra girl named Terrence Ray before tests for Gone With the Wind revealed her promising talent

iscovering he New Ones

David O. Selznick

big headache casting for the leading roles in such as one With the Wind and Rebecca, but lots ewcomers are discovered while the testing goes on

IE trick of selecting new screen ersonalities is simple. First, test verybody on two continents. Then, only a week to go before pro- on starts, and with everybody in studio going crazy because you n't get your "lead," a girl walks our eyes pop out and the day is ed. A new star is born and you're d as genius.

e have some luck in discovering omen, and if I weren't honest with If I might be pretty smug about it. the real truth is that a producer can find and put over new personali- when he has patience, and the ey for overhead, and the authority efuse to be rushed into making his ments. If you have to get some- by Wednesday when shooting s, you take the best available and your fingers and pray. The pres- for Kate on Gone With the Wind sever, but I knew that seventy-five on people would want my scalp if hose the wrong Scarlett, and that e was no agreement on who was the t Scarlett among all the girls in ures.

s a matter of fact, I was about at end of my rope because our deal h M-G-M for Clark Gable specified had to start with him by February here we were in January with no Scarlett. (We had passed up our chance to get Bette Davis from Warners' when we signed for Gable. There was never a way of getting both, even if we'd wanted both.)

And while the long search we conducted for a Scarlett was considered "phony," at least a dozen girls got their first breaks as a result of the search. One girl we brought up from Louisiana, Adele Longmire, got the lead with Raymond Massey in the stage production of Abraham Lincoln. Martha Scott's tests for Melanie, which came very close to getting her the role, resulted in her getting the lead in Our Town, and in being launched on what promises to be an outstanding career.

Another girl that we tested for Scarlett and then brought out West for further tests was a model named Edith Marriner—who now, under the name of Susan Hayward, is playing leads under contract to Paramount. Another we tested as a Scarlett possibility was a girl named Terrence Ray, who had been doing glorified extra work. Her test was so good that she was given leads by Paramount, who changed her name to Ellen Drew. Doris Jordan, who went through long and rigorous tests for G.W.T.W., was signed by Sam Goldwyn on the strength of them. He changed

(Continued on page 56)



EUGENE ROBERT RICHEE

Ingrid Bergman's work in a Swedish movie got her a contract even before Hollywood saw her

LEON THOMAS



The Finest Mess in the World

By Walter Davenport

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS



Listen, Ma. While your boy's i brush up on your cooking. H home full of salads, rare beef, and vitamins. The dietitians in hand. If war's declared a fight the way he eats, he'l soon—the war won with kni

MASTER SERGEANT THOMAS CHIO, boss of the United State for Bakers and Cooks at Fort York, was making his rounds. There his hand and his nose was alertly wrin Delvecchio was about to taste and sme nuts what, presently, a couple of the were going to eat.

Until he entered the kitchen, the been jovial, even jocular. He is a large low with twenty-five years of Army hind him, clothing him with autho moment he entered the mess hall hi stern, his shoulders went taut and m He became positively lordly.

Sergeant Delvecchio strode the len his demeanor grim, his eye hungry fo sionally he'd pause, glare at a slightly c the mess detail over with scorn and damp spot was attended to at once. Tw in front of men who looked a trifle le laundered and virtually annihilated th contempt.

In the kitchen, forty men learnin cooks stood at their pots, kettles, steam pans, urns and breadboards. They did tention, which a sergeant doesn't rat looked willing to. But the sergeant wa He picked up a long spoon, looked it flicked from its bowl a speck that wa dipped into the "asparagras soup w (We're dishing it out just as we cop menu.) The sergeant took a second larger, and a mere suggestion of app across his face. A small smile chased from the eyes of the creator of that "a with croutons." He had been in the A at the school, two.

"Okay, Sergeant?" he asked.

"You're learning," said Sergeant D passed on to the salad, the celery and c didn't taste but he looked hard. The tuce and sliced tomatoes. He poin leaves. The cook in charge looked clos We saw nothing but lettuce. But the help us. He merely said: "Let's see the

Rookies Choose Meat

He smelled the mayonnaise, grow about "pale" and advanced upon the ro the roast beef, four student cooks an presided. The sergeant ate a slow slowly, ruminating. We watched anxio said the sergeant. He dipped his spoon and tasted it twice—first suspicious quite a little gusto. He clucked his the roof of his mouth and the tension were going fine and the sergeant turne few words of experience.

"Recruits eat meat like it was t ever going to get," said he. "Veterans recruits ain't any too familiar with Maybe once a week—chuck. Maybe corned beef or baloney. Depression. U Not so good. Feed 'em up in the A Most cooks can't do anything with m Old soldiers eat a little of everything bread and gravy, vegetables, everyth Army feeds 'em all better'n seventy-t American families eat. Best-fed arm Best cooks are Negroes, Frenchmen Germans, no. Germans make best bak ers. Thick in the shoulders. Irish, no. I American Army best fed in (Continue

Master Sergeant Delvecchio, head ma school for bakers and cooks at Fort examines a huge kettleful of boiling Sgt. Walter Thompson waits with m for the daily inspection of his student



Journey by Night

By Sarah Litsey

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

y's imple pride, a girl's faitl –these are things that fur can never destroy

"What in tarnation's happened to my dog?" Ham complained. The moon tipped up from behind the trees and Joe Ed could see them plainly

E w n, smoke-hazed day had pped past noon when Joe Ed rnt drove his wagonload of kins er the rise of Lebanon Hill. as a ng, rawboned boy with an n led of light hair over the back colla and he drove with the reins peer g off to the right as if he d for nething. Billie Bevans rode besi him, still wearing his old Jimy although it was October. eithe side of them the fields lay and usty between barbed-wire . Sp shed over with goldenrod ronw d, they had the gentle look ed s and sloped tamely to the of th town. But behind them the road led into knob country, a utlan ish district of stills and ed-to ther dwellings, of lean- m with stubbly chins and n wi quick eyes. These people to th nselves for the most part, when, n occasion, one or two of vent ed into town, they had a e, lo ly way about them that the folk dn't like.

Ed vs from the knobs. Billie had hin as he drove through Cuth- Cro ing.

like ight smart to git a lift into an' ar talk about the killin'," said. Whoever done in ole Janu- urtle ust sure a bin a scrapper." bet N. Purtle fit brave," said Joe "Alw ys seemed he was kinda ke, h white hair bushin' out same mane

"An' he sure could roar ef he taken himself the notion. Feller come by Cuthbert's Crossin' yestiddy says they musta fit on the back porch there at Purtle's, seein' the way it war muddied up with tracks. Says Sukey come back after dark—bin huntin' some fussy ol' hen—an' found her grandpap laid down the back porch steps with his head plain busted open in a mighty mean way."

"That was bad on Sukey," said the boy. "Ain't they found nobody yet?"

"Not yit . . . an' hit's bin two days."

JOE ED said nothing else. Knob people are not given to much talk. Billie respected this on the six-mile drive, but now at the edge of town he spoke again, chewing away on a straw of orchard grass.

"How'd you persuade them punkins outen yer pappy?"

Joe Ed was looking off to a flat-topped, red-brick house that had just come into view. This was January Purtle's place where Joe Ed had hired out sometimes at plowing time and mowing. Old January's grandchild, Sukey, worked in the fields with the men. The wagon hit a rock and jolted him into speech.

"I taken the punkins while Pappy was drunk asleep."

Billie sucked in on his straw of orchard grass.

"I raised 'em," the boy said quickly. "I ain't never thieved from Pappy what was hisn. He'd've had 'em swapped for 'shine inside of a week an' I needed me some britches."

They both looked down at Joe Ed's knees sticking straight through his trousers.

"Looks like the Christian Circle mighta done better by you," Billie remarked.

"These seen me a year," said Joe Ed, "an' a boy when he gets growed up should make to buy his own."

They went lolloping on downhill, the ramshackle horse and wagon making the only sounds in the warm noon countryside. The boy kept looking at the red-brick house set round with locust trees and a whitewashed fence. His eyes in his bony face were a gentle, eager blue. Now he could see the old gray nesting of the barns and sheds and, off to one side, the little locust thicket. There, in the thicket, just at evening time, Sukey Purtle had kissed him the day the mowing was finished. No one had ever kissed Joe Ed before.

Remembering, he shifted on the worn wagon seat. There had been flecks of wheat caught in her dark, short curls and even in the shadow of the thicket her skin had smelled of sunlight. She had held him by the arms and said, "Don't stay in the knobs, Joe Ed. You'd make a right good farmer if you tried." And though she stood no higher than his chest, just like a child telling him right from wrong, he had believed her. Then old man January had bellowed from the back porch, "Sukey, where in tarnation . . . I want my supper!" and she was gone in a flash of red gingham.

That had been June and he hadn't seen her since. His pants had worn through and he had no others; and pride, which was as new to him as love, had held him in the knobs. Not till the news

(Continued on page 58)



The Corner of the Wall

By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

BEYOND the window of the dressing room, the hills of northern Mexico rolled hard and brown against a cobalt sky. José Martal leaned in the window embrasure, watching the dry, naked land that was so much like the land of Aragon and listening to the faint, familiar sounds of the gathering crowd. He was still in his shirt sleeves, but he was ready to go any time. His stiffly embroidered bullfighter's jacket was laid out on a bench, the neatly folded cape, and the leather case with the swords propped ready against the wall.

The door of the dressing room opened. Martal knew without looking that it was Hernan, his manager. Still watching the brown hills, Martal said: "Well?"

Hernan said quickly, "Ribera's out. He can't possibly work. They've taken him to the hospital." Then, even more quickly, "But I've a good one to take his place. A really fine banderillero."

Martal turned around. Hernan was a fat man, and his wide face wore a permanent irritation. Martal said, "Mexican? A good Mexican banderillero?"

Hernan said angrily: "What difference, if he's good? I've seen him work before . . . in Spain. Before the trouble."

Martal stood for a moment, looking at him. "You saw him before the trouble. But during and after? Which side?"

Hernan said, "I didn't ask his politics. I know he can put the sticks in. What more do you want?"

Martal said, "Only this. I fought for the people."

Hernan said angrily, "You all fought for the people," and walked out of the door without another word. Martal picked up his things and followed him down the sloping corridor. Over his shoulder, Hernan said, "This one's name is Chavez. A good workman. Respect him for what he is."

Martal said nothing. He was suddenly tired of it, sorry he'd ever started. But the old anger, the endless deadly ache of the beaten, was heavy in his chest. He remembered, as he would always and forever remember, how his father had died at Guadalajara. And Martal had done a good job of trying to, as long as there had been any point to it.

They came out into the bright sun, in the passage inside the barrier. Martal heard Hernan saying, "This is Pedro Chavez. The new banderillero . . ." And he was looking into the man's eyes.

THEY both stood very still. Martal did not hear the crowd now. He heard the rain falling in Teruel—Teruel, where they had fought from wall to wall, from corpse to corpse. And he remembered that moment . . . that endless moment at the corner of the wall. The enemy eyes under the raked Falangist cap . . . the rifle leveled almost muzzle to muzzle with his own. That endless moment. And, suddenly, from overhead, the short scream of the shell. The black, stunning shock of the burst. Then into the blackness the voices of his patrol, the frantic hands scrabbling him clear.

Hernan had turned away. Martal said softly, "I think you know me."

Chavez said, "Only by the eyes. Then, you had a beard."

Martal said, "We had a work that left no time for shaving. A work still unfinished."

Martal turned and walked away. He was certain the man was an informer, a spy. But he could take care of the fellow. A word in the proper place, and . . .

The first bull was very bad. A coward and dangerous, because he would not come properly to the sword. But he showed that Hernan had not lied about Chavez. The man was graceful and very sure c he did not just show off. bull for Martal. So tha took over, the animal stand and take the swor

The second was mu charged hard, and in th Martal had a chance to what he could do with t Chavez took him, stampi calling, body poised—th sticks, his feet carrying clear. It was well done.

Chavez came back watching the bull hooki He said to Martal, "He the left."

His voice was very c sional. Martal said sho Watch for yourself."

Chavez took another p las and went out, calling bull charged. They me the barrier, almost in fro was too close to be saf was good. Martal saw coming down, his feet quickly. Then he saw trailing between the ligh the stumble and the lash

THEN Martal was r automatic, unthinkin man's body on the sand along the thigh, and t shoulders swinging ba thrusting for the kill.

And his own cape sw cold, hard thought: "S little slow. So very easy. face turned on the croo eyes hard on his own thought without fear or endless moment. Endle at Teruel.

Then the cape swing horns. Swift and bea the bull on and over. Al the bull all his now, the r carried safely away.

Afterward, Martal w firmary. The doctor ha the leg, and Chavez was rette. Chavez said, "I d you. You would not tak

Martal said, "No." said, "It was not mercy stand that."

Chavez said, "I unders

"One more death wou nothing."

Chavez nodded. "So i at Teruel."

"Still you would have have stayed in Spain." away. "There are certa who know how to deal pose as refugees."

Chavez took a long dr rette. He seemed to be thing in his mind. He said I ask for anything. But b have each been as good can be a certain honesty

Martal said nothing. no longer have any par factions. No part at all."

Martal waited. Chave disqualified. Call it th one of my company in ported me for refusing t ing on the other side."

Martal said, "So?"

Chavez said, "At Ter had been stunned by a sl

He stopped and watc curling up from his cig watched it too. Chavez s mercy then. There seem killing."

They were both silent both watching the c Chavez said, "Understa though I am no longer of that, I have changed thinking."

Martal said shortly, "T proves nothing."

Chavez said, "*Si hombr* it very well."

"So easy to be a little slow," he thought. "So very easy." Chavez's face turned. The eyes read the thought without fear



"My mother warned me against you," she said. "You and your sixty-fives at Cold Springs and your eighty-threes when it amounts to something"

Putting is Easy

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

If you think golf prizes are won by the players, consider Jessie Barret. She drove not, neither did she putt. But she won first money

JESSIE BARRET sat on the clubhouse porch purling one, knitting one. Mrs. "Siege Gun" Summers sat next to her placidly crocheting. From the various clusters of people out on the course they could hear scattered bursts of hand clapping.

"What did Ed have this morning?" Mrs. Summers asked.

Jessie looked up with unseeing intentness from her knitting. "A seventy-five," she said.

"Two sixty-nines and a seventy-five," Mrs. Summers said. "He's still shooting for the top spot."

"Yes," Jessie said.

"The Gunner figured two-eighty-three would take the big check," Mrs. Summers said. "A nice crisp seventy would do it for him."

"What did Mr. . . . what did the Gunner go out with?" Jessie asked.

"He had a seventy this morning, and he was working on a couple of seventy-twos."

"He only needs a sixty-nine," Jessie said, "for a two-eighty-three."

"He's too old to play thirty-six holes of tournament golf in a day," Mrs. Summers said complacently. "But he'll give it a try."

Jessie went back to her knitting.

IT STEMMED from the Cold Springs Country Club caddie house. That's where Jessie met Ed Barret and that's where Ed had proposed. He had come in to Cold Springs as assistant pro under old Stewart McLaren and the third time he had played the layout he shaved a stroke off the course record. He was, according to Stewart McLaren, the greatest stylist he had seen since Harry Vardon.

He gave Jessie some lessons.

Jessie thought a man that could play every shot in the bag like Ed Barret could make a good husband. Especially in view of the fact that he came from poor but highly respectable people, had been to college and was a tall, lithe individual definitely on the handsome side. And so after twenty-four lessons, six moving-picture shows and two dinners she got him into the caddie house one day when it was deserted and found out he used the interlocking grip on some short approach shots, and bingo, they were engaged.

Which was as Jessie had planned, Jessie being in love with him from the first lesson.

IT WAS during their short engagement that Jessie read the headline—she was reading the sports pages now—"$100,000 Pot of Gold for Niblick Nomads."

She cut it out and showed it to Ed. "What does this mean, dearest?"

"That's the total prize money of all the winter tourneys," Ed said. He paused a moment. "You see, there are a lot of pros that play them all. They start out in the fall and play right on through the West Coast and Arizona and Texas and New Orleans and Florida right on up to the Masters' at Augusta in early April. They travel and play for the prize money in all of them."

"Oh, darling, it will be a marvelous honeymoon, especially with all that money," Jessie said.

Ed was standing out a hundred yards from the practice green with a bucket of balls. He pitched two balls within ten feet of the cup before he answered.

"Honey," he said, "you haven't seen much golf, I guess. There are fifty guys could win any one or all of those tourneys. It's a question of hooking together four hot rounds when the chips are down. And another thing"—Ed dropped a ball, pitched it to the green—"and another thing: they don't, fortunately, give the entire purse to the winner. Top money in a ten-thousand-dollar tourney will run maybe fifteen hundred, the rest they divide up down the list, with say the first twenty-five being in the money."

"That simply makes it that much surer," Jessie said.

Ed Barret hit a high pitch just beyond

(Continued on page 50)

Sallies of the Alleys

By Ted Shane

The bowling alley up with powder nurseries. Potted replace the spittoo conditioning pump stale tobacco smok cause madam has ta ing a mineralite ca while supper and hu

THE determined wom glasses took a look far down the alley, k for luck, stepped rhythm foul line and debouched of the way down the alley, into a beautiful hook and turned away, confident it mark. As it did, a wom "Girls!" she cried. "Do yo

"No—what?" cried the

"It's half past five. My be home at six and I have ready for his supper. W

The determined wom glasses scoffed: "Quit? A a game apiece to finish t him wait—like mine—"

Today, with about 3,0 of assorted shapes, siz pounding the big roun down the 60-odd-foot ma in approximately 3,000, homes are served late. gone into bowling in a b strange quirk, this spo seem to be exclusively a stronger male may turn only contest where wome surpass the men.

No jumping, running or tact is required of a goo not even necessary to hu down the alley. What is curacy and consistency have those virtues to a While average women b outbowl average men n opinion is general that i vote themselves to the p siduously as they do to sports as shopping, kaf klatsch-can and cooking stand shoulder to shoulde Man in the bowling alley

Today there are dozens can hold their own with gent keglers. Practically emporium boasts a lady can pin back the ears of t town. Last season, Zel handsome housewife of turned in a nice little sco one wobbly pin short of a The photogenic Ann nurses a typewriter for a tive, slipped across the st dio City alleys during lun

(Continued on p. 28)

CHARLES KERLEE

Cobina Wright, J 3,000,000 reasons rediscovering tha a game requiring



Kirstell blinked. "You and the captain and I make three," he said. "That's plenty—for the present." "But isn't the lieutenant in danger?" I said

THE TRAITOR

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Sto. Thus Far:

IG h her father, Captain Hartney, N.. nmandant of a small naval sta- hyll Hartney—a young person with of nph and savvy—is disgruntled. lerta. the theory that a book that her o wo en (a book decidedly favorable Nav: air arm) is responsible for her exile o an unimportant post.

capt has an aide: Lieutenant Roger . T lieutenant thinks that Phyllis do w to marry him. Phyllis does not enth im. . . . Commander Sedden— Sed n, Captain Hartney's executive -and is wife, "Mom," receive word seur n, Bert, is coming out from an o colge for a visit. The news does not t Phi is—Bert is a pain in the neck to rents and a "conscientious objector." n do on Bert!

Hartney's first taste of excitement whe entering headquarters one day, just time to prevent a lively fist fight n Lieutenant Collins and Jack Murphy, ign. hat's the trouble? No statement ncom g.

tter great importance reaches Captain ny. I from an admiral in Washington rarm (and "personally") endorses the n's b k. Phyllis is delighted. Her dad on b out of the doghouse—she hopes. le sh is conversing with her father, a arm s nds. She runs to the fire—a blaze ervic truck. The blaze (under a tar- that vers part of the truck) is put out oung an while his two companions, ob- y lea g an explosion, urge him to clear

excitement over, Phyllis meets the hero: nant "Savvy" Roberts. His friends ch" d "Pat") are two engineers from —M Prentice and Mr. Rorabeck. a bec es very interested in all of them; ally Savvy. . . .

tain artney telephones Phyllis and tells o con to his office, at once. There her , wh and drawn, introduces her to nant ommander Kirstell, who has just d fr Washington. Her father says: ligen has good reason to believe—*that my ficers is a traitor.*" Phyllis stares, ulou "A traitor?" she gasps. "Who?" utens Commander Kirstell shakes his "We on't know—yet," he says quietly.

II

MY FIRST reaction to this ugly news was protective of my father. It had hit him hard—not the thought of what a scandal at Navy Station would mean to his own future, but the abstract idea of treason itself—and so I fought against so bitter a conclusion.

"Couldn't you be mistaken?" I said. "It's hard to believe . . . I *can't* believe it!"

"Neither can I, Phyllis," my father said, gruffly. He turned his back on us and walked over to a window and stood there, looking out at the ocean, while I glowered at this man from Washington in a childish determination to argue U. S. Navy Intelligence out of its facts.

"What's your proof, Commander?" I said.

Lieut. Commander Kirstell looked gently amused. He was a short, beefy man of about thirty-five, well-dressed in gray tweed cits. He had tightly cut and rather frizzly black hair, parted in the mathematical middle; a square, bluish jaw and the pale, cold eyes of a realist. I sensed that he considered my father's emotionalism unbecoming a Navy officer. They had not got on very well in the preliminary conference; and Kirstell was a shrewd enough judge of character to realize that he wouldn't have much effective assistance from Captain Hartney. My father, a sensitive scholar, always occupied with large affairs and living a mental life detached from Navy Station, could not be depended upon for detective work of any sort.

"You understand, Miss Hartney, that what I tell you is not to be repeated?"

"Of course."

"I vouch for Phyllis," my father said, shortly. "Go ahead, Commander."

The facts, as outlined by Lieut. Commander Kirstell, were these: Intelligence had intercepted a message in code at one of their short-wave listening stations. They had cracked the code. The message reported the transfer of one Lieutenant Dent Roberts, inventor, to Navy Station for further tests of his device. A concluding sentence explained why Kirstell had come to Navy Station. It said, "*We have officer there who will cover.*" Intelligence accepted this statement as true, because (1) the Germans had used a new high-frequency transmitter which they still believed was beyond the range of our listening stations and (2) there was no conceivable reason for their boasting of a traitor at Navy Station if they intended the message to fall into our hands.

MY FATHER'S eyes were tragic, as Lieut. Commander Kirstell finished his terse outline of the case. "I still say it's a trick, Kirstell," he insisted. "Not an officer or a man here could be capable of treason."

"We haven't eliminated the possibility of a trick, sir."

"A trick, of course it is," my father said, pathetically trying to cheer himself up. "Eh, Phyllis?"

"You can't put anything past Germans," I said. "Commander Kirstell will probably find that there's nothing wrong here, at all."

"I hope so, Miss Hartney."

"Look. Dad," I said, "why don't you take a tour around the yard and let me talk to the commander? It's really more in my line."

"Well . . . I—I would like a walk—"

"Go right ahead, sir! I'll be getting some background information from Miss Phyllis."

I handed my father his cap and topcoat and pushed him toward the door. He was glad to go.

Lieut. Commander Kirstell was a smart man.

"That is what we should mean when we say 'an officer and a gentleman,' Miss Phyllis," he said, nodding after the skipper. "I'm very sorry that this thing had to come at Navy Station. I hope Captain Hartney will believe that."

"Thank you," I said. "It was very understanding of you to send for me. I want to spare Dad as much as I can."

Then I got right down to business. (Miss Phyllis is a Navy junior but not *quite* a lady.) A lady would not have driven so directly at a selfish and primitive point. To wit: "Does Lieutenant Roberts know?"

"Roberts?"

"The officer mentioned in the message. A two-striper by that name reported for duty here this morning."

"Oh . . . he's here."

"Yes. Is it the same man?"

"Right. I didn't expect them so soon. They must have driven day and night."

"Does he know—about this?"

"No."

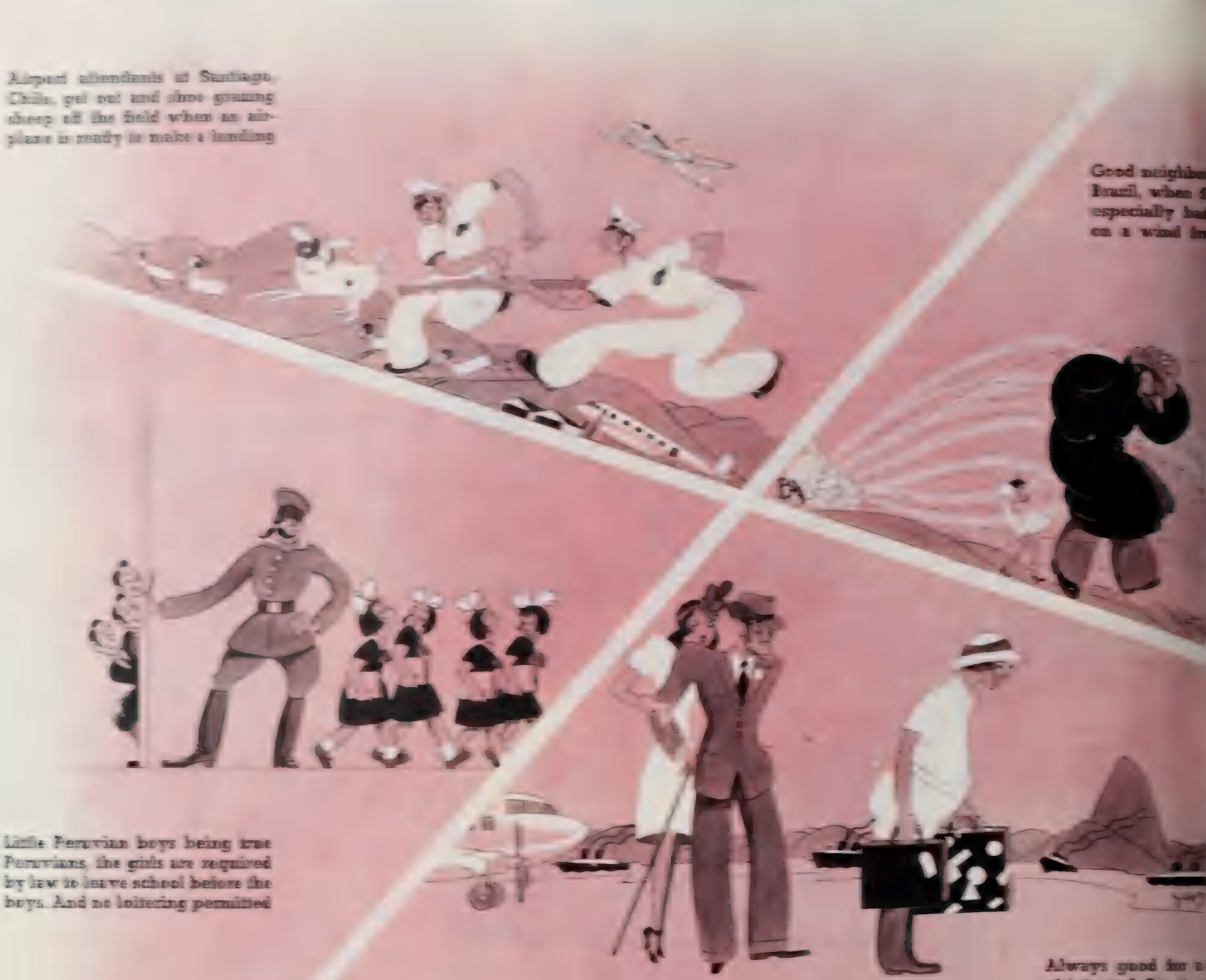
"Aren't you going to tell him?"

"I think not."

"Why?"

Kirstell blinked, asked my permission and lighted a cigarette, dawdling in the process. "You and the captain and I make three. That's plenty—for the present."

(Continued on page 45)



Airport attendants at Santiago, Chile, get out and shoo grazing sheep off the field when an airplane is ready to make a landing

Good neighbor [illegible] Brazil, when it [illegible] especially had [illegible] on a wind fro[illegible]

Little Peruvian boys being true Peruvians, the girls are required by law to leave school before the boys. And no loitering permitted

Always good for a [illegible] phisticated Rio is [illegible] who arrives all [illegible] jungles, snakes, fev[illegible]

OUR SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

BY W. B. COURTNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Traveling around South America, Collier's roving reporter makes a few notes that will help you understand our good neighbors

KLM are the world-familiar and famous initials of the great Dutch empire air line. In pioneer world air-travel days KLM was flying monthly from Amsterdam to the far-off East Indies. Later KLM linked the Caribbean islands of Aruba, Curaçao and Dutch Guiana with Dutch Guiana, by way of Venezuela and Trinidad, the British island. Now KLM has been denied the use of Trinidad, is forced to make the long, exceedingly hazardous flight over the interior jungles of Venezuela and Brazil to come into Dutch Guiana the back way, for they are not allowed to fly over intervening British Guiana, either. It has made for wretched feeling between the Dutch and British in South America.

The reason is a gaudy wartime story with all the fruits.

Trinidad is the British convoy assembly point in the West Indies for tankers from Venezuela, the islands and for petroleum ships from elsewhere. You see the harbor of Port of Spain full of them, with two old British cruisers coaling at the docks. Then, suddenly, the fortune motley fleet of many flags of tide-stained tramps and luxury three-stackers has gone. In the morning there are only the palms on the shore, and the brazen tropic sea.

Seven tankers, last summer, blew up mysteriously a day or two after sailing from Trinidad. There were only fourteen survivors from the lot. Whether from information given by those survivors isn't known, but a KLM pilot was arrested. In his pocket were found sealed letters from a young woman in Trinidad, addressed to a man in Curaçao.

The doomed tankers had come from Curaçao. The letters reported details of their loss. A fact, by the way, that had never been printed or acknowledged or broadcast or in any way publicly made known by the British authorities.

It is, of course, strictly against international and domestic postal regulations for air-line pilots to carry unpostaged letters. In doing so, the KLM flier made it possible for his girl friend to evade British mail censorship at Trinidad.

She is now doing a 25-year stretch in jail. The pilot however was released on espionage charges for want of evidence that he knew what he carried. A show of disciplinary action was made by KLM: the pilot was grounded, made a clerk in the Curaçao office.

YOU soon find that South Americans are as ignorant of us as we are of them. Ask a man in Chillicothe to bound Paraguay; ask a man in La Paz to bound Iowa. You'll have equal lack of success. Or try this one on your quiz fan acquaintances. Which is nearer by sea to Buenos Aires, largest city of South America and chief port of Argentina: New Orleans, way down south in the land of cotton, or Boston in the land of cod? Wro[illegible]

Boston is more than 5[illegible] to Buenos Aires. Even which you know of as south of Boston, is an[illegible] farther than Boston is Aires. Drop a plumb bob from New York City and cut the eastern tip of [illegible]ing equator), dangle it coast of Peru, hang we and Valparaiso, brush t of the Chilean archipela of Brazil is almost due Azores. Rio is two hour York in time. The twin A from Longitude 34 degre[illegible] 167 degrees west; a conti ceeded only by Asia from porus to Siberia's Bering

URUGUAY, smallest o[illegible] American republics, i[illegible] New England plus New [illegible] a population about the s[illegible] delphia's. Brazil, second

(Continued on p[illegible]



Barkley tempers faced each other. Clem said, "I've told you I don't approve. That's enough." "What's this? The Dark Ages?" Bianca protested

Ladder Love

By Wallace Irwin

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

BIANCA'S wedding was a month off when her parents faced the facts; Clem Barkley scratched his bald spot with a pencil, as if writing figures on his brain. "Call it two thousand flat. Five hundred for repairing damage done at Binky's coming-out party. The Tweed wedding cost three thousand, the Ballards' twenty-five hundred. Two thousand will do it. That's to hire St. James' Church, and if we ask a hundred people for the reception on the lawn, Riley the French caterer won't pull a cork for less than a thousand dollars. And Picolelli's orchestra with photographers. And I suppose Binky expects a canopy of orchids—"

Anna said, "American beauties," faintly, and thought of the nice home wedding that had started her and Clem off. But he had big ideas now, and she knew why.

Clemence Barkley and Co. hadn't been selling much insurance lately, and he thought that an enormous show wedding would advertise prosperity. But now he sat gloomily, adding figures on Anna's best stationery. Suddenly he grunted, "Johnnie Wilder! Family connections and a twenty-dollar job. What else has he got to offer?"

"Isn't love anything?" asked Anna with spirit, and left the room.

What had come over Clem all of a sudden? Up to now he had seemed proud to have his adored Bianca marry a socially registered Wilder. Never before had he spoken of good-looking Johnnie as anything but a boy who could make his way anywhere.

CLEM was up and Anna had gone to bed when Binky came home, her eyes bright as she said all in one breath, "I'm so frightfully happy. Johnnie and I decided on the twenty-fifth; St. James' isn't big enough so it's got to be All Souls'; thousands are coming."

Grunting, he followed her to her room and closed the door behind him. It wasn't her lovely, doting father who said, "Binky, you'd better forget about that Wilder boy."

"Better what?" Brown eyes enlarged an inch.

"I don't want to be harsh with you, darling." But his look was sour. "You're only seventeen, and you don't know what you want. Think it over for a year or two, then you'll know whether you and Johnnie are—er—temperamentally suited. You'll both know better when you're older. . . ."

The girl, who had never been seriously crossed by her devoted parents, jumped from the bed and ground a heel into the rug until her toes stuck through a toeless sandal.

"I never heard of anything so un—what do you know about Johnnie that's—wrong? I demand an explanation."

Barkley tempers faced each other. Clem said, "I've told you I don't approve. That's enough."

"What's this? The Dark Ages? Try to keep me from—"

"You're under age in this state. You can't marry without your parents' consent. And you haven't got mine—"

"Suppose I don't ask for your old consent?"

"Then you'll stay in your room till you change your mind."

With great alacrity for an old man of forty-five, Clem slid out of the door and locked it behind him.

Everything about Bianca was taut, from the straps of her sandals to the ribbon in her hair. Locked in like a runaway slave. Could this be 1941 when fathers were supposed to know their place? . . . Finally she tiptoed over to the window, too angry for tears. She lifted the sash, peered into bright moonlight and saw an answer to prayer: a ladder stood against the house, a yard or so beyond her reach. Eddie, the gardener, had forgotten to take it down. Full of quick resolve, she stole back to her telephone, and was relieved to find it working. The ogre she called a father had forgotten to cut it off.

She almost whispered into the mouthpiece when she got Johnnie's room at the club. Softly, with no endearments, she told him what to do.

When at last she heard the ladder whispering across the side of the house she was in her street clothes and had her bag packed. Finely muscled arms came out of the dark, and as they pulled her into the void she gave herself the luxury of one little murmur: "Oh, Johnnie!"

THE older Barkleys got the news next morning when they were at breakfast. A servant brought in the telegram. Anna read it, grew dizzy and handed it over to Clem.

It was from a little town across the Maryland line. Clem's voice had a queer wobble in it as he read aloud:

"Johnnie and I married. Please forgive us but we had to. Address Shepp's Hotel till Wednesday then home. Oh, Johnnie is wonderful—Binky."

The only smile Clem had worn for months grew from the tip of his chin to the tips of his ears. Without a word he went to the library and came back with a yellow check. Anna saw what he had written on the proper lines, "Pay to Bianca Barkley Wilder . . . $2,000."

"Annie," he chortled, "slip this in your letter and ask Binky to forgive an old grouch who couldn't afford a wedding and a wedding present at the same time. Tell her this is the money she saved by running away, and it'll come in handy when they start housekeeping."

Clem scratched his bald spot and added: "Might tell her too that her poor old pop was a bit careless when he put that ladder outside her window."



CHINA SKY

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

AFTER directing Dr. Sara Durand, one of his aides, to take over while he is away, Dr. Gray Thomison, head of a hospital in the Chinese city of Chen-li, leaves for America. The war is raging, and Chen-li *and* the hospital are being bombed daily. But happy in the knowledge that the man she loves, *unknown to him*—Gray Thomison—will presently be at her side again, young Dr. Durand carries on superbly.

Her first great test comes when Chen-ta, a noted Chinese guerrilla (called by the Chinese "the Eagle") brings in a badly wounded Japanese prisoner—a high-ranking army officer who gives his name as Yasuda. The Chinese implores Doctor Durand to save the man's life. Puzzled, Sara—assisted by Doctor Chung, head of the men's ward—operates; and Yasuda does not die.

Then Sara receives a crushing blow. Doctor Thomison cables that he is returning with "Louise"—his bride! . . . The young couple arrive. And from the first Louise (who dislikes China and the Chinese) is miserable—*and terrified by the savage bombings.* Noting her fear, Doctor Chung (in the pay of Yasuda) assures her that the bombings will cease if she will put her husband's Chinese seal on certain letters that he will bring her. Suspecting nothing, Louise agrees to do as he wishes.

The first of the letters (prepared by Yasuda) goes through. A short time later, the bombers stop molesting the hospital—but not the city. And everyone wonders why. . . . No longer afraid, but bored by life at the hospital, Dr. Thomison's wife begins writing to Harry Delafield, an attractive Englishman who is stationed near by. Presently, in answer to her entreaties, he comes over with some friends for a small dinner party.

While Gray—wondering why, for twelve days, the hospital has not been attacked—is dressing, Siao Fah, his cook (who adores "Thomison doctor") comes to him, gives him one of Louise's letters that he has intercepted. Gray reads the letter. It is to "Dearest Harry"; and it is, apparently, a love letter. . . .

Later, after the guests have gone, Louise is unusually affectionate. As she and Gray talk, in the bedroom, Siao Fah stands outside their door, while Little Pig, his assistant, peeks through the keyhole. After a time, Siao Fah pushes Little Pig away—and covers the keyhole with a dish towel. In the room, Louise is telling her husband that she loves him, that she wants to work beside him in the hospital.

VI

LOUISE tripped up the hospital steps with her little high heels clacking. The hospital was quite quiet and clean, for almost no one was here. Perversely, she thought, the Chen-li people had stopped coming, now that it was really safe to come. She pushed open the swinging doors, guarding carefully her bouquet of Chinese lilies.

Gray, hearing the light clatter of her footfall, opened his door and saw her coming down the corridor, her blue dress clear color for her glowing face, and for a moment he put aside again his question of her, never answered because love kept it unasked. How pretty she was, how sweet and suitable it was that she should bring flowers to his hospital! How impossible that she could be anything except what she looked! He had simply said gruffly to Sara the next day, "We were wrong about Louise—both of us," without having the courage to tell her that he had never asked Louise about the letter. "I'm glad, Gray," Sara had said quietly. Since then Sara had avoided him, but it was easier if she did.

Now Louise was at his side.

"Who is the lucky one this morning?" he asked playfully.

"Whom do you say?" she asked, smiling at the adoration in his eyes.

Even the Buddha did not dwarf the young man who stood at its feet. It seemed rather to retreat into the shadows

"There's not much choice pital is so empty," he said rue of the hospital orderlies bro yesterday. There are a few the charity ward. And, of co da's still here. I can't get at Chung's making fresh tests almost like a typical case sickness, the man's half-co much of the time."

"Shall I give my flowers t she asked. She had been on Yasuda, anyway, but her ey nocent beneath Gray's.

"You may find him uncons He hesitated, then he glance empty hall, then tipped up h his forefinger and kissed her. to see you coming in with fl day for somebody, my bea said.

DOWN the hall Sara's softly. She had been ab out of her office, but now, see she stepped back and stood, the door, her lips pressed to was frightened at herself. V life before had she hated she hated Louise? When, ind ever been so angry with an was with Gray? How coul fooled by this silly flower st ever had been wrong, Loui him back again. She groane bewildered with her own cor

"But that was what I wan it?" she thought.

Surely to have Louise lov what she wanted. Surely s swered honestly to him tha glad, Gray." But she had nc to him again. They had con in the quiet hospital, m where there was none thes he came late and went hom

She waited a moment opened the door. The hall now and she stood irresol had she been about to go? longer important. She went stairs to her own rooms. He nese baby was there playing An amah sat near, sewing. could sit up now alone. No saw Sara she smiled and put and Sara took her and held

"I'll take care of her a whi to the amah, and when the w ered her sewing and went a glad to be alone. This litt she thought, looking at the going to be very pretty. S doll-like look of all Chinese the tiny hands fumbling at on Sara's uniform were flowers. And then quietly, child's wonder, she began to

For a long time they s weeping and the child wat she wiped her eyes. What w of weeping when nothing co For the first time since she b Gray she wished she could somewhere far enough so t Gray could never meet. "I happy with her, I never wan again!" she thought passic then to her shame she sobbe went on sobbing and coul And the baby looked frigh moment and then accepted noise and tried again to bright buttons.

(Continued on page)

New INTERNATIONAL* Trucks



NEW POWER . . . NEW STAMINA . . . NEW ECONOMY

NOW International Harvester presents the new International HEAVY-DUTY Trucks—rugged, powerful trucks that are built for *heavy hauling!* Here is a glimpse of one of the many handsome models with which International begins its *34th year of truck manufacture.* All sizes, including 6-wheel and Diesel-powered units.

Here is a greater generation of quality trucks—distinctive, up-to-the-minute, ultra-efficient—marked with the famous emblem and the name that stands for *earned leadership in the heavy-duty field.*

Change is not just a matter of the calendar with International. Improvements are passed on to owners and drivers as fast as is practicable. But only in this complete redesign could we incorporate all the best fruits of Harvester experience.

From the moment you enter the new all-steel Comfort Cab with its foam-type rubber seat cushion and put one of these beautiful new trucks in motion, you will feel the difference. First, you will find a *revelation in easy steering.* Outstanding engineering is evident in the new Hi-Tork brakes, the rugged rear axle, the larger easier-riding springs. These and many other International features, topped by the powerful new engine, bring you what it takes to *out-perform* and *out-economize* the past.

Get acquainted with International's new K-line trucks and you will understand why more heavy-duty Internationals are sold than any other make. See these new Internationals at the nearest dealer's showroom, or at any Company-owned branch. Catalogs on request.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Six Hours from London

By Quentin Reynolds

Refugees spend much of their time in Portuguese coffee houses. Here the Czech cartoonist Sors is earning his passage to America by doing sketches

P. I. C.



Jewish refugees in Lisbon are provided three meals a day in the Israelite Dining Room. The cost is defrayed with contributions from the United States

BLACK STAR



Lisbon is a city under sent… Her bright lights, incongru… out Europe, are really he… dles. Lisbon tragically awa…

MOST of the windows in the a… over with a frosty sheen s… see out of them. Two in t… ered by metal slides. We were … way a DC-3 does swing along—sm… almost quietly. It would have bee… for those blacked-out windows. … planes going from England to L… German aircraft. It was a bit unc… there, wondering if any black-cro… in the neighborhood. The big D… back and grinned.

"How are we doing?"

He nodded. "Fine. Be in Lisbo… hours."

"We got any escort?" I asked … nice to know that a few Coastal C… lands or Hudsons were playing nur… weren't armed.

"Escort? We've got a fine escor… said. Then he reached down and s… window shutter. "Look at those cl… "Best escort you ever saw. We co… in them in ten seconds."

There was nothing below but t… fleece touched faintly by the gold… So we flew serenely on, and gra… thinned out and below there was ca… suddenly to the left an irregular b… came land within a few seconds. … over Portugal. From the air the … and neat. And then we were banki… The Lisbon airport is encircled by … glide into it. You have to circle an…

The Dutch pilot opened the do… bon." I stepped to the door of th… out and then instinctively recoiled … myself then and remembered that … country. Fifty yards away a big J… a huge black swastika emblazone… three Germans working nonchalan… It was the first time in eight mon… German airplane that wasn't dropp… suing or being pursued by English … seem possible. I walked past the … suspicious.

It seemed incredible that if I … men now or if they killed me it … Yet I had spent the whole previo… sound of German bombs in my ea… had been over the west-coast city … They had killed a great many peo… have done anything to bring any … bombers down. I would have been … you've been bombed daily and n… you begin to develop a perhaps un… ment against the men who are d… daily and again, perhaps unreaso… like very much to kill some of the… a neutral country—even though … hours from London.

Today Lisbon in many ways is … ing city in the world. It is crowded … gees and royalty. Its normal popu… has been swelled by another 50,0… weight of this migration the nativ… quite lost. Portugal shivers in dre… the day when Hitler's acquisitive ey… The refugees from Russia, France … Holland and Germany feel that t… borrowed time.

The result is that thousands of … battered from the strain of the pas… ing desperately to get to America. … from any part of Europe these days … demain beside which the Hindu re… and simple. Lisbon is almost the on… from which clippers and ships le… There is a little thing called priori… military observers and other govern… tives are given "A" priority. They … clipper or ship reservations. Foreig… are given "B" priority. From there … in line. There have been families … in Lisbon for six months now. (Cont…



One whiskey that should go down in history....

THE 1941 BOTTLING OF FOUR ROSES

WE KNEW LONG AGO, that the 1941 Bottling of Four Roses would be a whiskey of extraordinary excellence.

We knew—because of the great care with which we distilled the special whiskies for today's Four Roses, 5 years ago and longer. We knew—because of the way we aged and mellowed them... the added knowledge and skill with which we slowly brought them to maturity.

But no one—not even we ourselves—could have foreseen their present magnificence. Of all the fine whiskies we've made or known—in our 76 years' experience—none ever had such marked qualities of greatness.

So, no matter when you last tasted Four Roses, a new and thrilling experience awaits you in the 1941 Bottling. A *new* experience because there's never been a whiskey like it. A *thrilling* experience because never before have you tasted such rounded perfection, such soft and glorious flavor.

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

EVERY DROP IS 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD



"Your father," frowned Elsie, "has always been like that!"

"BUT I WANT TO see the movie!" complained little Beulah.

"So do I," agreed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "But your father insists on trying to bull his way in on a pass."

Elmer, the Bull, turned from his argument with the ticket seller. "I am only insisting on our rights," he rumbled. "After all, it's our RKO movie, 'Little Men,' they're showing here."

"*My* RKO movie," Elsie reminded him. "Next you'll be claiming credit for the wonderfully pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* that Borden experts and scientists help me to produce. And all the grand foods that are made from my milk."



"How many, please?" asked the ticket seller. "I mean foods—not tickets."

"Just heaps, my dear," replied Elsie. "Why, there's a score of *Borden's Fine Cheese* alone. One you're probably familiar with is *Borden's Cream Cheese*. It's made with my fresh cream and milk, and it's so rich you can whip it—though, of course, you don't *have* to."

"You will find, miss," Elmer began to the ticket seller, "if you just send in my name to the manager—"

"You'd get farther, Elmer," said Elsie, "if you sent



him in some samples of the lovely cookies and candies and cake frostings that are made from the *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* my milk helps to make. I guess I know something about men."



"I certainly wish you'd let me in on it!" exclaimed the ticket seller.

"Here's just one of them loves to eat," Elsie stated positively. "Particularly the perfect cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes that result from using *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk*. It's the same fine evaporated milk that doctors approve for infant feeding be-



cause it's so digestible and rich in Vita

"I want to see the movie," whimpers it's no good just getting in for the end

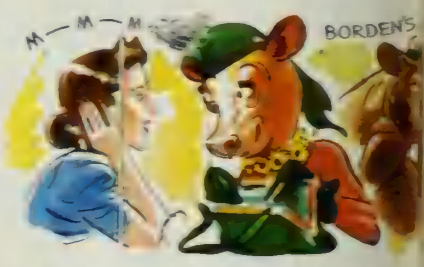
"That's not always true, darling," El "There's hardly anything nicer than n not when it ends with a plump, fragra *Borden's Nonc Such Mince Meat. O*



Such dessert happen to be made from milk. But it gets its extra spicy goodn from the same kind of Borden skill always keeps my milk so fine."

"Will someone pay any attention to Elmer. "I know my rights, and—"

"Don't get so hot under the collar warned him. "You look fit to melt a t *Ice Cream*. And that particular master



and cream is so smooth and luscious t feel as though they could actually *eat* turned to the ticket seller and went on —here, *I'll* pay for three tickets."

"Thank you, ma'am," murmured the hope you like your picture."

"Like it?" beamed Elsie. "We'll love *if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

* * *

To bring you the best of dairy produ 100,000 dairy farms provide milk f and to guard the goodness of all Bo deliver them to your home, more th ployees work in partnership with owner-stockholders.



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OUR NEW ARMY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR

Camp Reports from Collier's Own Correspondents

FORT CUSTER, MICHIGAN: The amount of paper work necessary to keep the Army going would drive ordinary file clerks batty. Things get done, though. In fact, Pvt. Dennis Charles Aloysius Donahue, of Royal Oak, Michigan, is still somewhat bewildered by the speed with which he became a recruit. Considering that (a) he is known in Army files as No. 36,101,277 and that (b) the special order which sent him from Fort Custer to Fort Worden, Washington, wound up with "Military Service FD 1456 P 50-0623 A 0410-01 (CSS) QM 1494 P 63-0700 A 0525-01," you'd think Pvt. Donahue would have got lost in the shuffle. Not so. The red tape unwound like the mainspring of a busted watch. In just sixty hours Pvt. Donahue was hustled into Custer, inoculated, vaccinated, fitted out with duds, given a mental-aptitude exam, attached to Co. B, detached from Co. B, sent to Sunday Mass, bunked, debunked and dispatched to Seattle. He was also ed. "This Army," said Donahue, "it on't waste no time, does it?"

EER sold at the Reception Center is of the 3.2 variety and the boys don't e it. They'd like a word with Repub- n Representative Paul W. Shafer of tle Creek, too. Battle Creek's local on already prohibits sale of liquor the glass, and now Representative er is at work on legislation banning r sales to men in uniform. As if weren't enough, Michigan's organ- bean growers are asking the War Navy departments how come the onal military bean is occupying a ely unimportant place on 1941 Navy menus.

N Lieut. Cornelius A. Murphy Lieut. Edward J. Callahan their brides to the fort, they inded that 50th Field Artillery required them to be paraded he post in an artillery caisson six prancing steeds. There is n, not even a horse, in Fort the parade came off. Officers bumped about in an ammu- ler drawn by a prime mover eeled, air-braked, 318-horse- -hauling colossus—in which tootled the battalion drum orps.

●

T ETAN ALLEN, VERMONT: nfare whatever, the Army ning more than 300 artil- ski troopers. In the Jeri- fountains) Range, where metimes slides to twenty members of the 7th, 32d ions of the 1st Division arned to function as ad- bservers, machine-gun le-radio, antitank and s, message carriers and en. Some of the most e skiers are Southern- year when the bat- ort Benning, Georgia. p their Northern pals, off them when they es.

FIRST Division Artillery's commander, Colonel John S. Wood, directed the ski training. One of his officers is 7th Battalion's Capt. George Haig, of New Haven, who says he can stand Vermont's cold weather but is glad he doesn't have to like it. Back in 1918, when he served with Colonel Lawrence in Arabia, Capt. Haig blew up bridges and attacked Turkish garrisons, trains and railroad stations while thermometers stood at 110 degrees in the shade.

●

FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS: Some of the homesick soldiers are pulling fast wires to get back home for a few days, but the Army is hard to bamboozle. When a telegram or long-distance phone call urges the recruit to "Come at once Mother ill" and he asks for leave, the Army puts on its bifocals and looks into the situation. The camp chaplain turns the message over to the Red Cross, whose representative nearest the soldier's home checks facts and relays them back to the fort. It isn't that Uncle Sam is unduly suspicious; nearly thirty per cent of the summonses are phonies. The draftees who try this stunt figure there's less chance of detection if they give the least possible information. Chaplains say the fakers are easy to spot because their psychology is wrong. When there's real trouble at home, more details are usually supplied. Ten words don't cost any more than "Rush home Aunt Bessie ailing."

COMBINING civilian and Army life, Reserve Officer Major C. Ray Davis, San Antonio's tax commissioner, has been making two round trips daily between city hall and Fort Sam Houston. The mileage has been piling up, but the Army fitted him into the right job. He's a transportation officer.

●

FORT LEWIS, WASHINGTON: Bowling alleys, skating rinks, dance halls and beer taverns in neighboring cities are trying to outshout one another's welcome to soldiers, but if there's a golden egg somewhere most operators have yet to find it. Nearest big city is Tacoma, fifteen minutes away, whose stern police commissioner has forced the gambling joints upstairs and whose red-light district is kept discreet. It may be only a rumor, but soldiers hear there was a stabbing brawl in a Tacoma dive a while back, resulting in an Army threat to declare the area a forbidden zone. Anyway, Tacoma's chief bid for soldier trade now is a sedate service men's club sponsored by the business community.

Ninety minutes away is Seattle, which through long years of sitting across Puget Sound from Bremerton's Navy Yard has learned how to entertain soldiers without having to replace the furniture. Both cities suffer from Washington's strict liquor laws: No sale of mixed drinks, hard liquor by the bottle only at state-owned stores.

Across the Oregon border is Portland, filled with cocktail lounges and pining for payday profits. It's four hours by train from Fort Lewis, and reduced

(Continued on page 44)



Unusual talent keeps the weekly amateur-night show crowded even on paydays at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Shown above is "Lucky Jack" Perry of Co. D, 23d Infantry, getting rid of fifty-one feet of rope and chain, six padlocks and a strait jacket, in less than a minute. Lieut. L. T. Fagan, chaplain, is the announcer. Former movie stunt man Perry, who can safely smack into a parked car at sixty miles an hour, wants to transfer to the tank corps

Since his enlistment two and a half years ago Sgt. Harry Bibb, head of the classification section at Brooks Field, Texas, has produced nearly 300 Air Corps and Army life cartoons. Below, Capt. N. T. Perkins, field adjutant, poses in an advanced training plane while Cartoonist Bibb completes an authentic sketch

The "60-Second Workout" helps you to a head of hair that helps you get ahead!



The Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

50 seconds to Rub

Vitalis with massage wakes up your scalp circulation—needed oil is supplied—hair looks alive.





10 seconds to Brush

Vitalis keeps your hair in place—lustrous, trim, well-groomed—with no "patent-leather" look.

IF YOU HAVE business ability you can climb the ladder of success. But if you have the appearance to sell your abilities, you can take the fast elevator.

Sell yourself—and let well-groomed hair help you on the job. Socially and in business a crisp, alert, immaculate air commands attention—*and holds it.* And with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout", good-looking, handsome hair is an easy accomplishment.

Simply massage your scalp with Vitalis and vigor. Immediately you'll feel the lively tingle of a speeded circulation. And the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural scalp oils. Your hair takes on a new, healthy lustre, begins to look alive. Comb it and it stays in place with no "patent-leather" look. You'll see in your own mirror and in people's eyes what a difference one healthful Vitalis grooming has made—how trim and clean-cut you look.

But that's not all. Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" routs loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair—helps *you* keep your hair. So get yourself a bottle of Vitalis today.

VITALIS

Helps keep your hair healthy and handsome



Sallies of the Alleys

Continued from page 18

other day and knocked off nine strikes and a spare in a row. Dixie Jester, who is the pride of Georgia, has a Ph.D. and out of love of the game gave up teaching school to popularize women bowlers, has made 651 in a three-game series. The hefty cowgirl, Miss Billy Simon, who bowls professionally around San Antonio in a ten-gallon hat, has a lifetime average of 193. And, of course, the feats of Mrs. Florrie McCutcheon, the silver-haired mother of woman bowling, are legend. A housewife, grammaw, 60, compactly handsome, Mrs. McCutcheon (now operating her own alleys out in Taft, California) has a lifetime average of 209—has rolled many perfect games of 300. That, gentlemen, is bowling.

No Place for a Lady

Twenty-five years ago a woman in a bowling alley was something like a male student at Vassar. A few hardy pioneer enthusiasts like Mrs. McCutcheon sneaked into the alleys on afternoons when no men were looking, but bowling was strictly a man's game. Spittoons were draped tastefully around the clubroom, and there was sawdust for those whose aim had been influenced by trips to the bar. Often the bowling was free—a means of luring the athletes to the bar. As for the air in the clubroom—members with sensitive membranes insisted it be pumped out and stale tobacco smoke pumped in before they deigned to hurl themselves into the fray. A woman's presence in this charming atmosphere was definitely out of place.

But in time, alley owners began yanking their establishments out of the base-

ment. The result was th
Mrs. McCutcheon began
their better-bowling halv
and-span, modernized
Thursday nights, finding
an evening at the Elks.
tle encouragement from
"Aw, go on, Mamma! Y
—look, like this!"—Mam
just that.

While Mrs. McCutche
game naturally—she ha
low-through and hook b
all women became strike-
like that. Mrs. McCutc
young lady named Elsie
as early as 1929 was bowli
alley on a team. In h
throwing the usual twen
setups, she made the an
two (1)—getting the 7 pu
10 pin once. Undaunte
her second game she roll
nificent score of nine (9)
everything she had into
she ran up the staggeru
"It was an all-time wom
think," laughs Mrs. McC
let me tell you the sequ
young woman has impro
has an average of 170
score that goes in any
There is, incidentally, a M
who accompanies Mrs. M
evenings and who before
cied himself as a bowler
a mere 165. As for the M
—one little Betty Grace—
ten—throwing a special
with a nice hook—she
beating her pop.

Woman's influence on t
ley, or academy, as it was



been enormous. Everything edesigned to please the hair- rue, the bar is still there to 's sorrows at missing the 6, 7 t but it's no longer mahogany d with bar flies. Today it h nickel and mirrors and is as the cocktail lounge. ns have disappeared with the oon.

e powder rooms done in two sh chairs in modern design, tains on the windows, rain- sound-deadening drapes over . The alleys are no longer as alleys—they're maple- the Academy, despite its in- associations, has become the Center—or more simply, the

lleys have soundproofing ap- t these are not popular with they like the rumbling crash wood. Many forward-look- way impresarios plan hushed oms for bridge and letter- nd a nursery. Today many vide trained kindergarten at- nd if you drive by the Yon- ation you'll see a uniformed inding the babies parked in ages!

t men are overkeen about openly and willingly with y of them don't like little habits like applying lipstick not; or adjusting a stray hair. lly nothing upsets a good, big, n so much as being outscored thing of 101 pounds. It's also im with a 7-6 split to make eet young thing on an adjoin- laps over a perfect strike. And distracting when a gal lets an earsplitting shriek that if she'd dropped the ball on oot only to hear her cry: "Oh, —I st broke a fingernail!"

t erally it is sheer envy, and are ery keen about competing with n. A present the A.B.C., which is off al men's bowling authority. ws a tern sex line—and the mixed tche: ow held are purely informal. irls re much more enthusiastic n m about bowling. Most men l wi dead-pan seriousness, but gals a l more fun out of the game. men isdain a handicap of any sort. s leg for a girl to throw a 12-pound l bu f you were to offer a modern lad kegler such a ball—she might nd u nd curve it at you.

They Aren't Fooling

And ten the girls can throw those pou ers as fast as a man. "But ed," xplains Mrs. McCutcheon, "is imp tant in bowling. Often a fire- l ju cuts through the pins without chir them. Accuracy is what nts. And Mrs. McCutcheon, like st w nen, throws a slow, or soft ball nd ely misses. Incidentally, most men sist on buying their own ball. costs bout $18, and they nurse it like delic e child. Should you pick it up d tr to roll with it—you may lose rt of our hair.

Nor e the ladies far behind in pro- sion manner. They know all about low- rough, splits and spot bowling. hile ere are no trick lady bowlers, ere few undexterous ones among to otchers. Mrs. McCutcheon has de l the difficult splits—including nightmarish 4-7 and 10 split. In a ls gents match at the Capitol leys on Broadway one night, she ock off the 4 and 7 pins—saw the pin ll over to tip the 10 pin—then nke as the 10 pin wobbled tenta- ely nd finally fell—to win her team exc ng match.

Girl too, are very fussy about the leys not a speck of dust must mar their polished surface. Let the ball take a bad bounce and they will complain bitterly. The proprietor may hear. "What is this—a golf course?" and demands for sandpapering and bump mowing. They also complain about slumps, try endless new stances and grips and balls to come out of it; practice blind bowling endlessly; and talk about their strikes and spares for days.

To offset the argument that Man vs. Woman would tend to breed bad feeling, it is known that women, being better-natured and less competitive, are better sports than men. Occasionally a gal will try to annoy another gal by whistling or humming, or by making some catty crack about her hair as she is about to bowl, but this is rare.

Certainly men never can complain about women's sportsmanship, I am assured. "The way to annoy or distract a man," explained a comely young lady instructress at a Broadway bowlitorium, "is to take off your skirt in a tense moment and carry on in your shorts."

One of the glamorous sides of women bowling is the costumes, put together like a sartorial jigsaw. The skirt is abbreviated and loose; is as removable as a tangerine skin, leaving the wearer in her shapelies and shorts.

Incidentally, no woman has ever been detected ringing in a "dodo" or mercury-loaded, illegal ball, guaranteeing a terrific hook. This is a masculine practice. While it is true that women do have trouble keeping score, and fight among themselves over this matter, men know that addition has always been a feminine weakness—and when they play most men keep score.

A Warning to Men Bowlers

Little by little male superiority will fade in bowling and in time the girls may pass the men. But they still don't like the idea that men won't play league ball with them. FOR WOMEN ONLY signs hang on several bowling establishments around the country.

At the moment there are about 110,000 registered women bowlers in this W.I.B.C. About 50,000 of them can probably hold their own against 50,000 registered males of their own class. In a few years there will be more The serious women bowlers go at it the way the League of Women Voters goes about getting out the vote on a wet day. Mrs. McCutcheon practices about six hours a day; and Miss Dixie Jester, who didn't take up the game till two years ago, patiently rolls 30 games a day.

Out in Oklahoma City the Early Birds' League, consisting of 14 teams of very married housewives, meets every Monday and rolls far into the afternoon. Debs and advanced social dowagers drop into the Lido alleys after midnight in New York's fancy-schmancy silk-stocking district, kick off their evening slippers and bowl the pants off their escorts. Vassar, Purdue, Minnesota and other college coeds drudge patiently at their college mineralite plants and I have watched some of the prep-school girls on the bowling team of Miss Gardner's school of East 70th Street, New York, knock off scores of 200. As for the West Coast, the feminine bowling fever runs a temperature there and Hollywood is filled with movie stars who are pretty good bowlers.

For when the girls get the bowling fever they get it pretty bad. Right now I'll take even money on a team comprised of Mrs. McCutcheon, Mme. Alexander the Widow, Vera Morris of Albany (she's bowled 677 in match play), Miss Billy Simon, and the 190-average Catherine Burling of Norwood, Ohio. You can name any five gents you wish. And I promise my team will bowl in slacks—and keep them on during the match.

Let's Play Charades



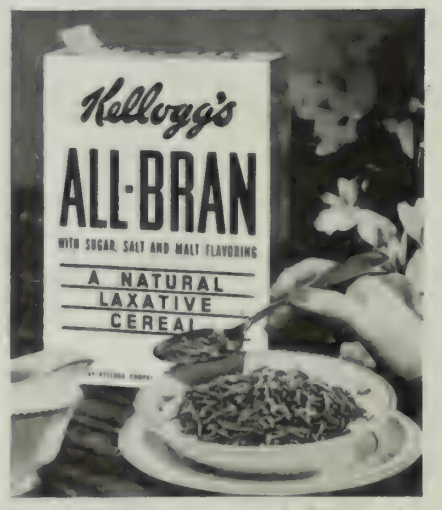
ROUND AND ROUND on the Ferris wheel. It stands for the old "dosing" way of fighting constipation. You're up—you're down. But you never go ahead. And people don't make much progress with constipation—till they get at the *cause* and *correct* it.



STRAIGHT TO THE HEART of the difficulty goes the modern, better way. If your trouble is the ordinary kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet, a crisp, toasty, delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, can get at the cause and correct it.



AND HOW MUCH MORE PLEASANT! Compare those unhappy trips to the medicine cabinet with a bowl of crunchy, nut-sweet ALL-BRAN for breakfast. You'll say it's fun to keep fit when a delicious cereal can add so much to your well-being.



"PASS THE CREAM!" And fill up the bowl with crisp, delicious shreds of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. Make it your steady breakfast cereal, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't forget all about constipation due to lack of "bulk."

Join the "Regulars" with *Kellogg's* ALL-BRAN

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Galloping Goons

By Kyle Crichton

"Break up the zone defense, make the defense play ball, use the whole playing area and fight for their lives." Coach Keogan of Notre Dame sounds off about our pellmell, elephant hunt basketball

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EUGENE





"A game for giants," says Coach Keogan. Proving his point is Bob Faught, 6'5½-foot Notre Dame basketballer, above. Right, he reaches up to slap an enemy shot right out of the basket

AS BASKETBALL coaches go, Mr. George Keogan of Notre Dame is a quiet specimen. Quite unlike the famous "Piggy" Lambert at Purdue, it is not necessary to have strong-armed guards on the bench to keep him from committing hara-kiri during a close game. So it was with some amazement that observers noted words coming from Mr Keogan's lips during a recent contest. He chewed silently on his unlighted cigar and his words were subdued and unheated. What Mr Keogan said was:

"A fine game for a herd of buffalo."

Just that. Nothing more. Just that little bombshell left to hang in the air like the menace of sudden death. It had the bitterness of desperation, the stillness of frustration. The point is that although the Notre Dame teams go on winning their share of games Mr. Keogan maintains that basketball under the present rules is a farce.

Now, this is serious business because basketball has more participants than any other American sport. There are grammar-school kindergarten, high-school, college and professional teams. There are factory teams and church-league teams; there are High-Y teams and 4-H teams; there are for men's teams and girls' teams.

"It was once a game of speed and cleverness," says the quiet Mr. Keogan. "It has now been turned over almost entirely to the giants. They brought this about by the change in rules that eliminated the center jump and established a dividing line on the court. The whole thing is now a parade of goons."

These are sharp words and the Keogan gentleman is likely to get sharp looks from some of his fellow coaches for his frankness, but it will be difficult for anybody to deny that the trend toward taller players has been distinctly marked in the past few years. Arkansas has a team that averages six feet six inches. West Texas Teachers average the same with their most important contribution being a six-foot-ten center. The very good Oregon team of two years ago averaged about six-foot-four, with the three front men averaging six-foot-six.

"If you'll watch the papers," says Mr. Keogan, "you'll see a line like this any week of the season. 'The game was won in the last twenty seconds when Gallumph, the six-foot-seven giant, tipped in a rebound.'"

The dividing line, or ten-second rule, was expected to eliminate stalling. That dividing line cuts the court in half and the offensive team is compelled to bring the ball over that line within ten seconds or the referee will give the ball to the



ORSON WELLES

CITIZEN KANE

THE MERCURY ACTORS

JOSEPH COTTEN · DOROTHY COMINGORE · EVERETT SLOANE · RAY COLLINS · GEORGE COULOURIS

AGNES MOOREHEAD · PAUL STEWART · RUTH WARRICK · ERSKINE SANFORD · WILLIAM ALLAND

AN RKO RADIO PICTURE



opposing team. Instead of fighting for the ball all over the court, the defense waits for the ball to come to it.

"It confines the action to half the court and makes it swell for the mastodons," says Keogan. "Instead of using cleverness, change of direction and fast dribbling, the lunks just wait there and get the ball by interception or on the rebound."

For years the New York writers have been maintaining that the smaller players of the New York teams were competent to operate against the giants of the West and Middle West but this year they have had to alter their views. They got the first lesson when Mathisen of Illinois picked up twenty points against Manhattan College because there was nobody tall enough on that squad to cope with the Illinois giant. As other teams continued to come into Madison Square Garden and do the same damage because of altitude, it became generally agreed that the whole tone of the game had changed.

In late years there have been such good little men as Miner and Dye of Ohio State, Abuchene of Michigan State, Lewis of New York University and Riska of Notre Dame, but they are exceptional. If a little man happens to be a genius, he can get by; otherwise he will be swamped by a horde of behemoths.

A Change that Didn't Work

By a strange bit of irony, the elimination of the center jump was brought about by a desire to curb the giants. In the old days, the ball was brought back to center after every field goal and tossed up between the centers by the referee. Most teams had a lanky center and the others tried to get them. By doing away with the jump except at the beginning of each half of the game, it was felt that things would be evened up. Exactly the opposite has happened. The goons have now taken over the game completely.

"The theory that even a great center could dominate the game was never anything but nonsense," says Keogan. "Even when we had men like Krause and Nowak at Notre Dame, we could never control the center tip. Aggressive opposition forwards could get that ball at least half the time."

But what really burns Mr. Keogan up is the new provision that after a team scores a field goal it is compelled to hand the ball to the other side. He feels that is a very poor reward for a fighting team. It is particularly unfair toward the end of a close game, he maintains.

"With two minutes to play," he says, "a team three points behind has little or no chance to pull that game out of the fire. If it should happen to score a goal, the other side is given the ball. There is no chance to fight for it, no opportunity for maneuvering."

The game has changed since Keogan came to Notre Dame in 1921 as assistant football and baseball coach and the record of his teams proves that he has kept up with the trends. He took on basketball at Notre Dame originally as an extra chore. There was no regular court and the games were played in the field house on a dirt floor. The lines were marked with lime like a football field and most of the men were football players. The way they bumped the opposition around was a caution and that style of thrilling contact play is still current in the Middle West. Keogan had been coaching Valparaiso before he came to Notre Dame and he knew about basketball conditions there from having brought the Valparaiso team to the old field house. After five minutes both teams were so covered with red dust that they looked collectively like Jim Thorpe, the Indian.

On one play Garvey, a football tackle from Notre Dame, did a b on a Valparaiso man who for an easy setup shot. Gar him halfway out of the fiel then went over and picked was an egregious foul and r have meant the ousting of unnecessary roughness bu wasn't so tender in those d

That was the only style a then were playing the man-t which most coaches still ag the best money's worth for tors. Under that system the and open and a premium i ball handling and teamwork that we have today a game passing, sloppy ball handl roar of the herd.

"If the coaches agree the to-man game is the most i of basketball," says Keoga them will also agree that t fense is the curse of the gam

Without baffling the la technicalities, it may be s zone defense gives each ma zone to cover on the floor. stead of covering a certain five defense men simply p selves in the area around arms extended and feet spre anybody to break through.

The result is that the gam down to a walk. The only offense has is to shoot over or to beat it to the basket a break before the defense ca

"A fat chance any offense ing that consistently," sa "The minute the defense lo they scramble back to safety one shot and then retreat."

To combat the zone defe layed offense was started at by Keogan in 1915. They for a lead of four or five po the game and then bring th to the middle of the floor and the defense to come after it. they were behind in the scor fensive teams refused to co ball. They had been taught zone and they weren't goin taught it even if they staye tionless all night.

How to End Stalli

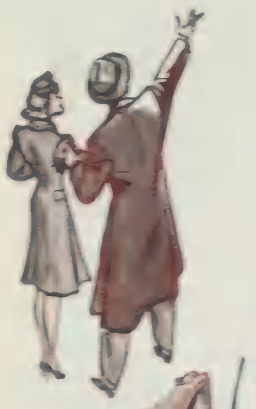
There was the famous ga Knox and Lombard in wh wasn't moved for thirty-t Lombard drew the ball e game with only a two-point went on the defense and refu out. The band played, spect amiably with their friends i a Lombard man took a sh side lines and sat down. A started up again during t minutes and Lombard won ball score of 9-7.

"So they changed the ru stalling," says Mr. Keogan ceeded in making the grea all, the zone defense, twice ever. What's the sense you're going to penalize an not penalize the defense th fight for the ball all over Force the *defense* to send to the dividing line within ten you'll get basketball back a

According to Mr. Keogan was being solved in the M without rule changes when Coast contingent came alo proposal to eliminate the and then the damage was do

"It certainly helped the game of the Coast teams," s "It made it easy for the b may possess little or no dev

Keogan's own all-star a lege basketball team, compr he has seen personally, incl Luisetti, Stanford; Hap



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TEXACO

...wa; Hyatt, Pittsburgh; J. ...tre Dame; Vaughan, S. ... Notre Dame; Krause, No... ...Murphy, Loyola (Chicago); ...re Dame; Birch, Duquesne; ...e Dame; Wooden, Purdue; ...ler; Conroy, Notre Dame. ...gan likes are smart players. ...e trying out a formation at ... and after running through ...nes, Nowak said to Keogan: ... play won't work."

...ing it," said Keogan, a bit ... work."

...l it again six or seven times ... said:

...e won't work."

... you want to do, Nowak!"

...n. "Coach this team?"

...essary, yes," answered No-

...kes that type of player and ... back to the days of Barney ... Nat Holman, professional ...any of the old-timers con... ...e greatest performers of all ... was a little fellow who ...ed more than 125 pounds in ... his ability to steal the ball ... tap has become legendary. ...s never a big or a heavy ... was clever and artful. ...ance would Sedran have ...e modern giants, ganged up ... in that small area?" asks ... "What good would his ...ribbling and passing have ... that setup. Where would ... with those miraculous re... ...r fakes and maneuvers to ... out of position and those ... thrusts to score?"

...talks like that people often ... Keogan of wanting to bring back the delayed offense and the slow-motion attack. Not a bit of it, says George. He is tired of seeing basketball played in half a court by a group of galloping goons who would be lost if the game came back to normal. He saw a high-school game recently in which there were sixty-one passes out of bounds and forty-nine bad passes on the floor. He feels that the spectators are soon going to weary of the pell-mell, elephant-hunt type of basketball.

"Break up the zone defense," he says. "Make the defense play ball, make them use the whole playing area and fight for their lives. Give the game back to the Sedrans and Nowaks and Woodens—and give them legislation that permits them to perform. Why legislate for mediocrity?"

These are strong words from the quiet Mr. Keogan, who almost never loses his temper or goes into a tantrum. The closest he ever came was during the famous Pittsburgh-Notre Dame game of several years ago when the timekeeper allowed the teams to play ten minutes overtime. Notre Dame had the game won in the regulation period but the minutes dragged on and Pittsburgh finally finished ahead. When it was over, the timekeeper said he was very sorry but the watch seemed to have been out of order and what could be done?

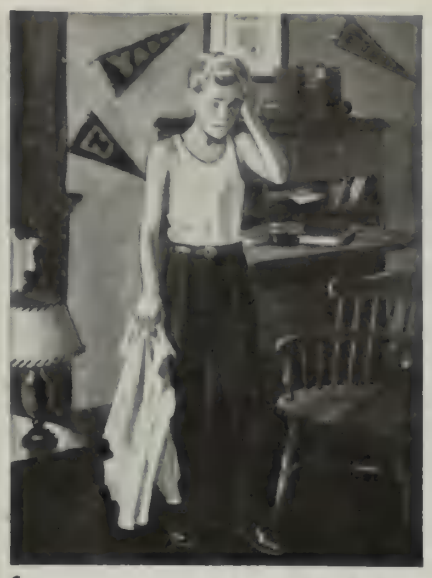
"George showed him what could be done," they report now at Notre Dame gleefully. "He took the watch and threw it on the floor and ground it with his heel. He never said a word, just ground away."

From this it will be seen that Mr. Keogan has his moods. His mood is now for a change in the sport he likes most.



"Couldn't I peel a mess of potatoes at home and bring them in so you can get leave tomorrow?"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO



1. JOHN NEEDS A LAXATIVE; but he's got an exam at 10 o'clock. He's scared to risk it. He can't have anything interfere with his quiz! So he puts off taking a much-needed laxative, puts off relief.



2. JOE NEEDS A LAXATIVE; he has a 10 o'clock exam, too. But his mother says: "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning." So Joe takes *speedy* Sal Hepatica.



3. POOR JOHN! How can a fellow concentrate on history when constipation symptoms hinder clear thinking? John holds his aching head, flunks his quiz!



4. JOE PUTS HIS BEST efforts on the quiz and passes! Sal Hepatica worked within an hour . . . easily, gently. Joe is able to concentrate, feels swell!

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

PUT OFF taking a needed laxative and you're simply putting off relief. Don't delay. Discover *speedy* Sal Hepatica. It usually works within an hour . . . gently, thoroughly . . . by attracting water to the



intestinal tract: works without discomfort, griping, or irritation.

Sal Hepatica, remember, is *more* than a laxative. It helps reduce excess gastric acidity, too; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

It's not surprising that 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica! Try this *speedy*, sparkling saline next time you need a laxative!



SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

Six Hours from London

Continued from page 24

waiting for a mattress in a ship's corridor.

The clippers are virtually reserved for A and B priority customers; that is, when the clippers fly. There were only two flights during the month of November. Mail has a priority even above diplomatic preference, and often clippers leave Lisbon loaded only with mail.

The ship situation is little better. Occasionally a Portuguese vessel takes off loaded to the gunwales and every Friday the American Export Line sends a ship New York-ward. But at best these ships can carry only 180 passengers, which is just enough to maintain the population status quo in Lisbon.

You can get any variety of political opinion you want in Lisbon. A very intelligent barman in Lisbon told me gloomily that his country was about seventy per cent in favor of Hitler's moving in. It developed, however, that his bar was the headquarters of the German espionage group and that he was reflecting their opinion. A newspaper editor told me that ninety-five per cent of Portugal hated National Socialism and Hitler, and would fight to the death in case of an invasion. But his paper was violently opposed to Fascism and his views were undoubtedly born of the fact that he had been reading his own editorials—always a dangerous practice.

Official Lisbon tries desperately to keep neutral in letter if not in spirit. The Diario Noticeas is Lisbon's largest morning newspaper. Each day communiqués from both London and Berlin appear on Page One. News from each city is given the same space, and the communiqués are printed without comment. If the London communiqué is sixty lines long and the Berlin communiqué only forty—twenty lines are chopped off the London story. Lisbon doesn't want to make Herr Hitler or Dr. Goebbels angry.

The social center of Lisbon is not in the city itself but at a place called Estirol, which is a road company of Miami Beach on a very small scale. It has a magnificent hotel, a gambling casino and a beach. The bar at the Palacio Hotel is where the boys and girls gather after playing golf or before dinner. Here you can hear news of Berlin, Warsaw, Vichy, Paris and points east that no official communiqué ever gives you.

I sat there the night I arrived with the two correspondents who had come from London with me. A handsome, dark-haired young man in white shorts and a lovely sweater sat at the bar. He had been playing tennis. He was joined by a good-looking blond giant and they ordered drinks and discussed the affairs of the world. We three sat and listened.

Admirers of the Nazi Way

The dark-haired man said in perfect English, "Even the British army admits that it could never beat the German army on land."

The blond young man agreed. They talked for a long while, very complacently and both very, very Fascist-minded. They talked of the magnificent German air force, about how the conquered countries were gradually coming into line, about how the food problem would be helped if the Americans would only send food to Belgium and Holland. Finally the dark-haired man left. The blond, too, paid his bill and then he spied us.

"I've met you somewhere," he said cordially to me. "I'm sure. May I sit down for a minute."

He sat down. One of my companions had had enough. "Who was your German friend?" he said abruptly.

"He was no German," our blond laddie said. "In fact, he's an American. He was naturalized fifteen years ago."

"We couldn't help overhearing you," I said. "He just came out of Berlin. He's on his way to Rome. What does he do?"

"He raises money for the starving," our visitor said. "It's true he was born in Berlin and he has lived there for the past fifteen years, but he is American."

"He talked like one," my fire-eating companion said dryly. "And you—are you German?"

Our blond laughed. "No. I'm Irish. I'm from Tipperary. I'm just here for a rest."

"A phony American and a phony Irishman," my newspaper pal muttered. "That's a hell of a parlay."

"Will you have a drink with me?" the man from Tipperary said.

We both said "No" and forgot to add "thanks." None of us said anything for a while and then he took the hint and said, "I guess I'd better be going."

A Russian came into the bar. I had known him in Paris. He had got out of Paris just before the Germans arrived and he'd been in Lisbon ever since. He was feeling very sorry for himself. All that time he hadn't been able to get a clipper or a ship out of Lisbon.

"But I have done well at the Casino," he said brightly. Then he added: "When will the English have sense enough to give in? I have it on good authority that London is in ruins, that most of her air force is destroyed and half the convoys that leave Canada never arrive. Why doesn't she give in?"

One of my pals said, "We'd better get out of here before we start something."

We walked through the bar. Here was a group of American Army and Air Force observers whom we had known in London. They had been waiting for a clipper for a week. Here was a group of Frenchmen chatting vivaciously and at the next table a group of Germans surveying the scene with complacency. At a third table there were three members of the British embassy.

Near the door, sitting quite alone, was the inevitable tall, dark beauty with lustrous eyes who may have been a mannequin or a Mata Hari. You can play any game you want to in Lisbon and you'll find people to play with you.

Even the Gamblers Were Bored

The Casino is one of the largest in Europe. It is probably the only one in the world which has a moving-picture theater and a barbershop attached to it. It also has a restaurant and a bar and two chemin de fer tables. It was very quiet. Four of the roulette tables were crowded. There was no sound except that of the bored voices of the croupiers. Most of the players were men. No one smiled. Everyone played grimly.



"I hope you don't mind—it's only that we can stand guests just so long!"

A dozen players kept making notes in little books. These were the system players. It was the dreariest casino I'd ever been in. This seemed a morgue after the delightful gaiety of the Miami, Saratoga and Hollywood gambling places I knew. But illegal gambling is always so much more fun than legal gambling and the mob men who run the American casinos are so much more affable and friendly than the coldly polite gambling entrepreneurs of Lisbon. Most of these players were refugees with not much of a future and an unsavory past. They played either to make money or because there was nothing else for them to do. It was very depressing.

I went back to my hotel. It was strange to stand on the street at midnight and actually light a cigarette. It was strange to see street lights and to watch cars go by with blazing headlights. I hadn't seen that for eight months. It was strange not to hear the hum of German aircraft overhead and the comforting roar of the guns keeping them high. And we were only six hours from London.

I went into the bar for a ni
barman at my hotel spo
which was extraordinary.
guese are not linguists. Even
hotels it is almost impossi
anyone who can speak Engl
or German. But this barman
in New York and he was a c
chap. He hated Germans
was only one other man in th
barman nodded toward hi
me a surreptitious wink. Tha
he had been telling me abo
man agents who infested th
this evidently was one of the

"You are just from Lo
middle-aged man at the othe
bar smiled ingratiatingly.
bad there?"

"Not so bad," I told him
three buildings hit—that's a

He looked incredulous. "
he laughed, "we hear that L
ruins."

"That's just British prop
lowered my voice to a confid
per: "I have lived there
months. There is a fish store
End destroyed and a Germ
fell in Kensington Gardens ar
the statue of Prince Albert
the damage I've seen."

He looked at me closely
finishing my drink. "You
suppose?" He said he was
always "Swiss."

"Talk German if you like
in German. "I learned it in

"How was that?" the suck

"The English have captur
German airmen," I told him
"that there is no room for
prison camps. They have to
in London hotels. In my
there are more than sixty Ge
They like London too. See
of them, naturally I picke
words of German . . . well, w

I left the bar and wonderec
was about Lisbon that was so
so stupefying. I looked out
dow and the city was ablaz
and automobile horns w
madly and peddlers were
square with brightly decor
carts and street hawkers
voices were selling lottery
pictured London. It woul
black now and I wouldn't
able to look out of my ho
with my light on. Germ
would be above and bomb
whistling down. And yet, st
in Lisbon, I wished I were b
don.

There was something u
about Lisbon. Perhaps it
everyone was playing a par
blers weren't enjoying their
loafers at the bars weren't
the pretty ladies went th
tricks of fascination in a mo
cal manner. Yet it was brig
was gambling and there were
ing. Why was there someth
about Lisbon and the peopl
There was none of this atm
London at its darkest.

Then, of course, I realized
it all. Lisbon was a city un
of death. Lisbon was virtu
city and knew it. London
vigorously alive, pulsing w
and with activity. London w
strong and vibrant. Lisbon
in Lisbon were her own fune
the music and the gambling
the symptoms I'd seen in
Paris was under sentence o
knew it and accepted it last
were symptoms that the end



WN FALTER

"Something is happening in the cigarette business!"



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For Pall Mall is a cigarette deliberately designed for better smoking.

Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer than the old-style cigarette. And this additional length is important.

Because it travels the smoke further—the smoke reaches you cooler. Because it filters the smoke through more tobacco—the smoke is definitely milder.

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Because this careful, time-taking process mellows tobaccos as nothing else can.

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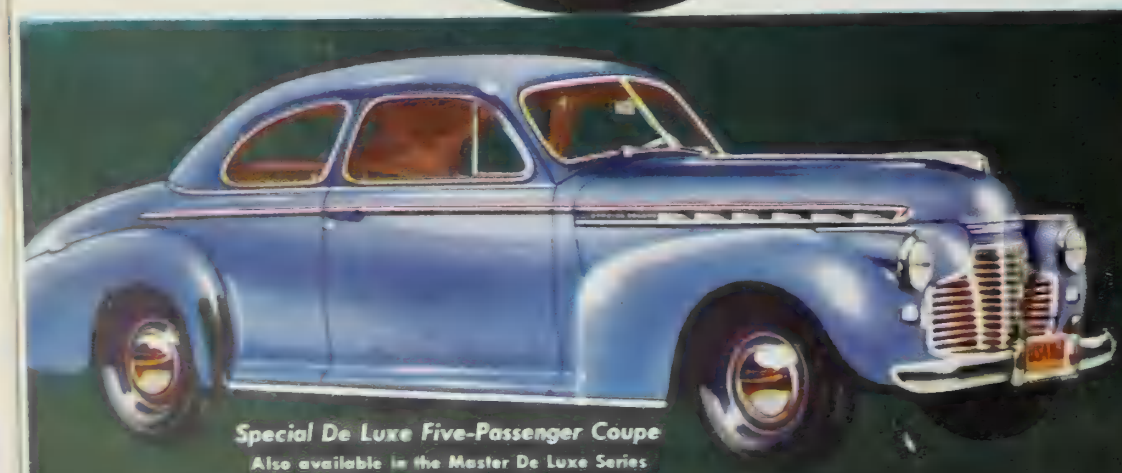
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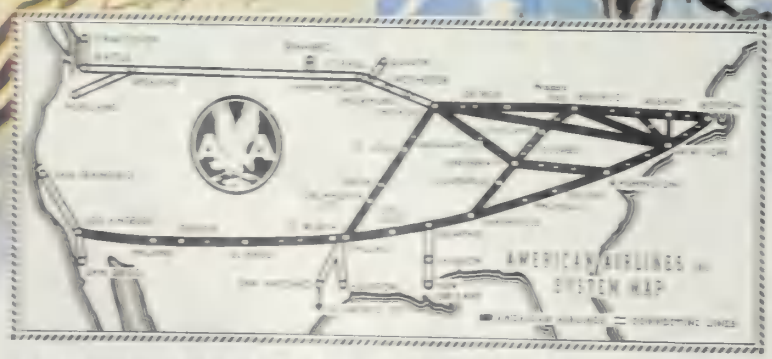


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China Sky

Continued from page 22

Yas a was not asleep. He was
asle when Louise came in with
wer ut she had not told Gray,
d sl told him that she came in
eve day now because she liked
a. I was courteous and digni-
d h ever mentioned the letters.
d, w n she stayed a few mo-
he lked of Japan. This morn-
ien e came in, he smiled and in
eful nglish said at once: "I was
g o hose very lilies this morn-
is season for them in Japan,

ugh our thoughts, then," Louise
mil . "The lilies grow on the
side f our house and I picked
or y ." She filled a green bowl
ater om the ewer.
Japa " Yasuda said gently, "ev-
use s the flowers blooming now.
ople ove flowers."
ope an go there sometime," she
m.
u w go," Yasuda replied, "and
ill l e my people and they will
ou. t us hope for the war to end
Ah, w I hate war! Let us hope
ift v ory and so for swift peace."
n sh eard him call her name:
s. T mison!"
s?" e turned, smiling.
t m say something long in my
" H voice was clear, his words
disti t. He was very conscious

hat it?"
sur when peace comes, that my
e wi not forget what you have
for r . There will be a reward for

fel elated as she heard these
and ctually a little excited. She
d at e pale, dignified face upon
llow
ank ou," she said simply.
d a f moments later, her flowers
ged, e tripped through the halls
and ought, "I really do like Mr.
da, a I can't believe all the things
say about the Japanese." She
up r mind as she stepped out
he w m spring sunshine that she
d tal with Harry Delafield about
apar e when he came to tea next
He ad lived in Japan before he
her!
meon passed her; it was the pretty
ese ctor. Louise smiled at her
antly but the girl did not smile
She ooked stern and preoccupied
Loui shrugged and went on.

STA S in her little living room
ara pped her tears suddenly and
Siu ei was at the door. She had
for er daily meeting with her
. M ths ago Sara had given this
im lsively one day for such
ing, d now she wished she had
beca e the more she saw of Chung
ess e liked him. He grew very
gant, though he were sure of some
r of is own. Today he came late
t te meet Siu-mei, and, Sara
ght, avoid herself. But still this
t be er own sad imagination and
old erself that if Siu-mei loved
mar what right had she to hate

e we away with the baby with no
gre ing to Siu-mei than a quick
ar in her bedroom sat doing
ing she watched the child at play
her ed. She was glad Siu-mei had
too absorbed to see her face—
gh u-mei saw very little these
! T girl was really in love with
anc me young Chinese. Siu-mei,
ys disciplined to calm, could
ge to a blushing child under

Chung's eyes. She sighed and sat listlessly idle. She was very tired, though she had not known it until today when she saw Gray kiss Louise. Now nothing seemed worth doing.

AND then suddenly in the silence she heard voices quarreling. Could it be Siu-mei was quarreling with her lover? She tried not to hear but the rapid, interrupting voices told their own story clearly. They were quarreling! Then she heard Chung's quick step and the sound of a door shut. She opened her own door and saw Siu-mei sitting there alone, her cheeks very pink.

Sara came into the room. "What is wrong?" she asked.

"Chung says Chen-ta, the Eagle, has been defeated at Sian-chow. I told him I would not believe it," Siu-mei replied shortly.

"It is very bad news, certainly," Sara said gravely. "The people of Chen-li put all their trust in Chen-ta!"

"Chung says it is the beginning of many defeats," Siu-mei said with anger in her voice.

"And you?" Sara asked.

"I—I do not agree with him!" Siu-mei cried. "I say anyone can be defeated once. It means nothing." She sat silent for a moment, brooding.

Sara looked tenderly at the beautiful girl. "Do you really love Chung?" she inquired.

But the question was too frank even for Siu-mei's anger with her lover. She turned her face away and would not answer for a moment. Then she rose and leaned toward Sara's ear.

"Yes!" she whispered shyly, and went away. . . .

The quarrel went on between Siu-mei and Chung when four days later Chen-ta was again defeated at Pao-shan.

"What did I tell you?" Chung asked her. "Chen-ta is a peasant, and the sons of peasants are his soldiers. How can they withstand a modern army? The country is lost unless we have something better."

"You talk and do nothing!" Siu-mei cried at him.

"What can I do except what I do—my work?" he replied. Then he grew alarmed at her anger. After all, what was Chen-ta to them? "Let us forget this thing, my Siu-mei," he said.

But she only said, "How can I forget that the enemy will descend upon us if Chen-ta does not hold them back?" And to his warmth she could answer nothing but sighs and at last he grew angry and left her again because she could not put aside Chen-ta.

He could not tell her, of course, that she need not fear whether Chen-ta were defeated or not. He himself would be safe even if the Japanese marched into the city, as long as Yasuda was his friend. And he would keep Siu-mei safe, naturally, and all her family. His plans were very clear. When the enemy was about to take the city he would urge the white people to escape. He would be nothing but courteous, but he would insist on their going. They could trust him, he would tell them. He would take care of the hospital.



"This is the final test—if the captain's wife can't smash it then the Army will accept it" REAMER KELLER

THE third defeat of Chen-ta was a week later at Liu-an-fu. Only by a miracle was that defeat accomplished, for a letter which Chung had taken to Louise—he called her "Louise" in contemptuous secret—had somehow not reached the hand for which it was meant. He discovered this by chance through his brother who came to tell him in the night that Chen-ta was preparing to march southeast the next day.

"But is he not to attack Wu-shan?" Chung inquired in great anxiety.

"No, we march instead against the garrison at Liu-an-fu," Chung Third said. "The Eagle has changed his mind because of his two defeats." He saw his elder brother's frown and said pathetically, "My life grows very hard for me now. The Eagle changes his mind often. We prepare to march south and instead at the last moment we march east. Or we are told to face west and then we are turned north. And, somehow, I must slip out of the ranks and come to tell you."

"You must indeed," Chung said fiercely.

"But do I not deserve a little more reward for it?" Chung Third pleaded.

Chung turned his back on him. "When my plans have been fulfilled it will be time to talk of reward," he said coldly, dismissing his younger brother.

Chung Third went away seemingly humble but filled with a hatred against his brother so great that he scarcely noticed a girl who stood near the door when he opened it. She was a pale, pock-marked girl who was not worth notice. But there she was. If he had waited he might have seen her stand for a moment there before Chung's door in the dimly lit corridor, and then turn the handle of the door softly and go in to his room. But he hurried on his way and saw nothing.

THE girl was Ya-ching and she had put her ear to the keyhole and heard seven words out of ten of what had been said between Chung and his younger brother, and then she guessed at all she had not heard. In the hunger of her unreturned love for Chung she came often to his door at night to listen, to watch. She could not believe that Chung and Siu-mei did not meet alone here. When the old barriers between man and woman broke, she told herself, so that they looked at each other and talked together, were not all barriers gone? And if she found it true that Siu-mei came to Chung's room at night it would be a weapon in her hand to be used secretly or openly.

Tonight she had found not this weapon but another. She saw a man go into Chung's room and come out again. She had listened and heard enough for her use, and she decided to use it quickly while the blade was hot and new.

She stepped now into Chung's room so silently that she had to cough before he heard her. He sat by his table writing a letter and when she coughed he leaped and put his hand over what he wrote as he turned.

"Why are you here?" he demanded when he saw her.

"I heard," she said simply.

"You will ruin your good name if you stay here," he said.

"I heard," she repeated.

"Heard what?" He set his white teeth together as he spoke.

"I know what you are doing," she said.

He leaped to his feet. "Leave my room!" he shouted.

But she did not fear even his anger if it only brought her his notice. "I will not tell anyone," she said softly. "Do you think I would harm you? I came in only to say—use me if you need someone to serve you faithfully."

As for him, he now heard her urgent voice for the first time. It might be well, he thought, to have a faithful woman, ready to obey his every command. It might be well to secure her to him. If only her face were not ugly or he were not fastidious!

"How can you help me?" he asked.

Then she turned her head away and in the lamplight he saw the curve of her shoulder and the outline of her slender waist and hip. She had taken off her uniform and put on a deep red robe of silk—for him, he knew. It was a pretty garment. He glanced and saw its long, narrow skirt was cut as the fashion was to show her ankle and leg above the

Mr. Mattingly and Mr. Moore



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knee. It was a slender ankle and there was a graceful shape above it. He had often heard that women with plain faces had bodies most beautiful.

"Use me as you will!" she whispered. She drooped before him and he felt a power rise in him over this helpless woman who offered him herself. He liked power over anyone. The room was still, the house silent, and it was midnight. Who would know what happened in this room? He took one step to the door and locked it.

"Do you know what you do?" he asked her. His eyelids thickened slightly as he looked at her and his lips changed.

"Yes," she said, and did not turn her head. And she thought, "If the whole pomegranate is not to be had, is a part not better than none?" . . .

WHEN Chen-ta's fourth defeat came to pass Siu-mei said nothing to Chung nor Chung to her when the news came. But none the less she did not like his pleasure in his own rightness when they met that day in Sara's room. She thought for the first time, "Can it be he wishes the enemy to win?"

She cast away the thought instantly, but not quickly enough to escape her own alarm. Then she strengthened herself by asking questions to her own scorn. Why should he wish the Japanese to come to Chen-li? Would he not suffer as they all would? Could any possible good come to him from being a traitor? And then when she had let this one word "traitor" come clear into her mind she cast it out quickly. How could she think that word when she looked at her lover as she now did and saw him young and handsome, a man of talent and education and all that young men craved to be these days? In instant remorse, she put out a tender, little hand to him as he sat beside her on Sara's couch and said:

"I wish one thing—that you would not seem so friendly with the sick Japanese. Why do you not let his case be taken care of by Thomison doctor?" The rumors in the city had reached her long before today that the hospital was safe because it sheltered a Japanese officer.

"Yasuda?" Chung inquired, surprised. "But I am interested in his case—a peculiar case with which I am experimenting with a new drug. Now I suspect a tumor on the liver."

"He will not soon be well, then?" she asked, very troubled.

"Not soon," Chung said calmly. He had not taken the little hand on his knee. He would not, he decided, until he need not defend himself. There was no urgency in him to take her hand. Ya-ching, whom he did not love, had nevertheless drained him of urgency. It was true, as he had suspected, that her body was beautiful. And in the night it is easy not to see a face.

"Do you know that we are losing patients because of this Japanese?" Siu-mei said. "Do you know that people are saying that we are safe in every raid because we are friends of the Japanese?"

"What does it matter what common people say?" he answered. And then, after a moment, he said one more thing: "It may be well, one day, to have been friendly with those who may conquer."

This he said to begin to make her ready, but he himself was not ready for what she now did. For she leaped to her feet and bent over him, her eyes sparkling and flashing and that tender little hand which had lain upon his knee was lifted and laid so suddenly and sharply across his cheek that the sting of it brought tears to his eyes.

"You speak as a traitor might speak!" she cried, and like a whirlwind she rushed out of the room. And Sara came in early that day and she found him with his eyes watering and his handkerchief to his cheek.

FUNNY-BUSINES

Self-Portraits of Collier's No. 29



Robert Day's sh… evidenced in the ab… effacing picture, … many of his conter… he often draws his li… his cartoon characte… tive Californian, he … cartooning the har… newspaper work, con… advertising—and … New York in 1928. … leisurely (note the … the fish drawing a… page), lives on Lon… with wife and two … (one brand new), an… newsreel theaters, b… subways searching … Amateur movies us… spare time and cash.

"A lovers' quarrel," he s… tonishment, and went awa… his face that he dropped … her threshold. . . .

The city of Chen-li w… gloom under the cloudle… clear winter's day. The… cast down because it … everywhere in the city tha… for some secret reason of … not wish to bomb the ho… Because, reasonably, a Ja… there. But why was a Jap… all? Did it not mean that … doctors were his friends? … were his friends then they … of the people of Chen-li. … deeds of the past were … now they befriended a Jap…

THIS had been a slow-ga… in Chen-li, and the frui… last that very few people … hospital for any cause. … people had made haste t… there when it appeared … would not attack the comp… there were a Japanese ins… tainly it was right that he … began to avoid such safet…

This gloom now grew … another cause—Chen-ta, … whose ragged guerrillas h… battle against the Japanes… suddenly began to be defe… There were no newspape… but none were needed. L… and ears heard, and ov… countryside everyone kne… were as soon as they had …

Thus, on a third day of t… of the year, the flying word … ta has been defeated a f… San Wan-tse." Now San … less than fifty miles away. … were no roads for aut…

...ul proceed at ten miles a day ...ver not stopped. So far they ...ys en stopped. But now what ...en ?

...m ith heard that the enemy ...al ys been surprised easily in ...ge errain was now somehow ...re red, and when they were ...t y could resist. for their ...we too good. Chen-ta's men, ...id petuous with anger though ...e, uld not penetrate the solid ...Jap ese firing their big guns. ...y uld turn against him if he ...sc victorious again.

...lop of Chen-li talked and took ...el e they sent six of their most ...d c zens to inquire of Chen-ta ...w d do. Chief among these ...M Ling, Siu-mei's father. He ...wa ed to go because the only ...af vel was by wheelbarrow ...ble country roads to the moun- ...d en by sedan chairs that ...swi g on their shoulders along ...c cliffs. But the people of ...cor elled him by appealing to ...or a chief citizen. and then ...ha compelled him.

...Siu-mei had gone straight to her ...bot from her quarrel with her

...m t go, Father," she said. ...ust d out the truth. Our only ...in t Eagle." She had not for- ...Che ta's bold and rugged face. ...cle now in her mind as she

...po I must go," her father said. ...H oused himself to smile at ...ully "How peaceful would man ...out oman!" he remarked.

...eac ul you would not be alive ...sh retorted, and they parted ...g.

...Ch -ta in his mountain garri- ...new ys after this received the ...rs Chen-li. They came wind- ...and omewhat terrified. though ...not show it, after the journey ...he ts of cliffs. The garrison was ...nely emple up against the sky. ...a ha seized it for his own. though ...he t ee ancient priests who were ...pray and dust the gods at New ...and ray their prayers, and they were well pleased because he fed them with his hordes and spared them the trouble of going out with begging bowls.

When they missed their old. quiet peace in the midst of all the noisy. scuffling young men. they remembered how full their bellies were and let what was go on. Their only trouble now was to resist the meats that those men loved. and their chief prayers were for strength to eat only cabbage when the smell of pork was in their nostrils. They fell into this sin sometimes and climbed out again with groans and fears of hell after all their saintly years.

These three old priests now met the elders as they came up the last rocky steps on foot which even the bearers could not climb with burdens on them.

"Is this the revered nest of the great Eagle?" Mr. Ling inquired.

"It is." the eldest priest replied.

"Let him know that six men of Chen-li await his word," Mr. Ling said.

They had all stood facing the gate while they waited lest turning they must look down the steep rocks up which they had come and must go down again. But they had not to wait too long. The gate opened and a guard stood there and bade them enter and led them to the main hall where. below the great Buddha. Chen-ta was waiting. Mr. Ling. weary as he was. saw that even the high. gilded Buddha did not dwarf the tall young man who stood at its feet. It seemed rather to retreat into the shadows. waiting and protecting.

"Seat yourselves. old sirs." Chen-ta said calmly. He waited until they were seated and then he sat down. too. They waited while he sent for tea and sweetmeats and they heard him order a meal for them of the best the mountain had.

"Do not trouble yourself," they said.

"It is my pleasure," he replied.

And so when they were rested a little. Mr. Ling began. since it was agreed he must be spokesman. and in winding. devious. courteous words which seemed all praise. he made known the purpose of this visit from the Chen-li elders. Out of all the praise Chen-ta plucked the question.

"You come to ask why I am defeated," he said bluntly.

They coughed politely and each



"Johnson isn't cut out for this work. He's ticklish"

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"ME, TOO. BUT I USED MISTOL*"



*MISTOL DROPS

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slowly supped his tea. This was assent.

"I do not know," Chen-ta said in the same bold, frank voice. "If I did, would I let defeat go on? All that I can say is that whereas before the enemy was always surprised when I came, now he is always ready."

The old men looked at one another.

"There is a spy," Mr. Ling said gently.

"There has never been a spy among my men," Chen-ta said proudly.

No one contradicted him. No one spoke for so long that Mr. Ling knew it was his duty to speak again.

"When the enemy is a common one," he said in a judicial voice, "then we may proceed in common ways of war. But this enemy is no common one. And we must, therefore, expect uncommon things."

"If there is a spy among my men he sleeps dead tonight," Chen-ta cried passionately.

"When a man feels a flea bite," Mr. Ling said again, "he finds the flea before he kills it."

Chen-ta laughed suddenly. He liked this old man with the long, sheeplike face and little, fringy beard.

"I will find my flea, old sir, if he lives," he cried cheerfully. He slapped his knees. "What is your honored surname?" he inquired.

"Miserably, it is Ling," Mr. Ling replied.

"Ling?" Chen-ta repeated. "I met a Ling doctor at the hospital where my prisoner lies."

"That was my negligible daughter," Mr. Ling said proudly.

How could old Mr. Ling now understand the new attentions which Chen-ta urged upon him? He pressed every dainty upon him and deferred to all his ideas for searching out spies and at the feast which was spread in the second hall of the temple before the figure of the God of Wealth, which was made almost as big as the Buddha, Chen-ta put old Mr. Ling in the seat of honor and drank empty to him innumerable small cups of wine.

IT WAS late in the night before Mr. Ling caught a glint of light from the meaning of all this. He only of the six elders had been given a room alone. The old priests had been turned out for this, though he did not know it. He lay upon a priest's hard bamboo bed, fearing he had eaten and drunk too well and that he could not sleep. Then into the lonely room Chen-ta silently came. The old man started up in his bed in confusion, but the young man pushed him down by the shoulders and sat down beside him.

"Do not rise," he said. "I came only to ask a question. I am a common man and one without grace. What I say I say as a beast makes its cry, knowing no other way to speak. Is your daughter betrothed?"

And Mr. Ling gasped and blinked. This was directness indeed. He felt as though snow had fallen upon him.

"Yes," he stuttered, "ye—yes, by her own choice."

Chen-ta's face set itself. He was silent a moment. "By her own choice?" he repeated.

"She is very modern," old Mr. Ling said apologetically.

"Who is the man?" Chen-ta demanded.

"A doctor, Chung by surname," Mr. Ling replied, not sure whether he should give any man's name into such keeping.

"That mutton face!" Chen-ta cried.

Mr. Ling smiled but did not speak.

Chen-ta sat frowning. "I suppose your daughter does not even remember me," he said moodily.

"Yes, she does," Mr. Ling said eagerly. "In fact, it is due to her that I am here. She insisted that I come. She said, 'Our only hope is in the Eagle.'"

"Did she say that?" Chen-ta asked sternly.

"As I am here, she did." Mr. Ling said solemnly.

The moonlight shone clearly into the room, for the paper was torn out of the ancient lattices and none had replaced it. Chen-ta rose and went over to the lattices and threw them open. Then he stood, very straight and bold in the brightness of the night. A faint, distant roar floated in upon the wind. It was scarcely more than the noise an insect makes with its wings.

"The planes are over Chen-li," he exclaimed.

Mr. Ling clambered out of bed and went to see for himself.

"So they are," he said. They could see the darting flashes pale in the moonlight.

"Is she safe?" Chen-ta asked in a low voice.

"Perfectly," Mr. Ling said. "Strangely enough, the hospital has not been hit in months. All the city is talking evil of it, they say the Japanese are protecting it."

"What?" Chen-ta shouted. He seized the old man's shoulder. "I have not been told of this!"

"You have not come near for a long time," Mr. Ling said.

"No, because my messenger I sent there always told me that the Japanese was worse," Chen-ta exclaimed.

"Your messenger!" Mr. Ling repeated. "Who is he?"

"A common fellow," Chen-ta said. Both minds were working now with each other.

"Why did you choose him?" Mr. Ling inquired.

"He said he knew the way, having gone there once to have a wen cured on his cheek."

"Is he loyal?"

"He came to me as a deserter from the government troops."

"A deserter," Mr. Ling mused.

"But for a good reason," Chen-ta said quickly. "He would not join in this retreat."

"A reason good, if true," Mr. Ling said, and sneezed in the wind.

Chen-ta let his hand drop. "Get back to bed," he said. "It would be poor thanks to your daughter to let you fall ill in my camp." He helped the old man back and spread the padded quilt over him. Then he stood for a moment. "We may catch a flea," he said.

"It may be." Mr. Ling ag... his head.

"Good night," Chen-ta ... meet again tomorrow."

"Tomorrow." Mr. Ling ... waited until the young m... door. Then he called, "... more thing."

"What is it?" Chen-t... hand on the wooden latch.

"As to my daughter," ... paused. In the moonlight ... young man suddenly mo... went on: "I would like you ... her choice is not mine."

The young man now ... turn. "As for me," he se... like you to know that you ... right—about me, that is. ... victory."

He marched out and s... softly behind him.

IN THE city, at that m... the darting, forking, ... of falling bombs, the h... quiet, an island of peace. ... rise from his bed. Louise ... wake. But Sara was al... now in moonlight, and sh... put on her robe and soft ... pers and walked noiseles... hospital, from floor to ... sure that no one was fri... hesitated a moment at t... the men's ward and then w... was no use in waking Dr ... would just see for herself ... well. An orderly nodded ... she let him sleep. The ho... the first time in the years ... known it more than half ... people of the city had turn... Who could have believed ... was to be accursed?

And then in the midst o... she saw a crack of light un... was Yasuda's door. She p... tain whether she should ... the man were ill? She ... heard voices so soft th... scarcely be sure she hear... roar of dull, distant expl... she was sure. She threw ... suddenly and saw Yasuda ... his bed. Yasuda, who for ... half-conscious in the stra... no one could explain. B... Chung. Between them lay ... stared at her, transfixed.

(To be continued ne...



"Well, he won't get away with this! You trail his left foot and I'll trail his right!"

FAMOUS GOLFER

LAWSON LITTLE

WRITES

I find my guests like an opportunity to say, 'Lawson, I'll have Wine'

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...e, a great many people ...e always prefer to stay ... the moderate side"

...ys when folks gather around to enjoy ...selves" writes Lawson Little, "I notice ...singly number prefer to be moderate. I ... a nice custom to offer everybody a ... beverages, including wine."

...me you entertain at your house, just ...st. Join Lawson Little, Norman Rockwell Rice and many another good ...living—each of your guests a chance to ...se mine wine."

...discover, when you do, that wine ...possibly more genial evenings. That it ...more *considerate* way to be hospitable!

...se, the subtle goodness of wine is best ...when you do not hurry over it. People ...do line with their wine glasses — to ...savor and roll wine on the tongue. ...no one has an urge to bolt wine down.

...you the setting out wine for your guests, ...discover how simple wine is to serve. ...notice also, that good wine is inexpensive.

...You will find, as Lawson Little says, that ...adds a special, leisurely note to your en...ing — adds an *extra touch* of hospitality.

WINES OF CALIFORNIA: In discriminating ...dds the good wines of our own country are ...erved today. More than 9 in every 10 Amer...o serve wine choose wines grown here. Wines ...rnia, for example, are grown to strict quality ...s. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

» POPULAR WAYS TO SERVE WINE «

In afternoon or evening entertaining. When friends drop in casually, nothing is better than one of the famous sweet dessert wines, served with crackers and cheese, or with thin sliced fruit cake. Red, full-bodied *Port*, for example; or golden *Muscatel*, rich with the unique flavor of Muscat grapes. These wines are usually served in small portions.

At appetizer time. The delicate, nutlike flavor of good *Sherry* wine is an intriguing prelude to dinner. Serve your Sherry alone or with hors d'oeuvres . . . set it out in cocktail size glasses.

With your dinner. Red, tart *Burgundy* and *Claret* are perfect with roast beef or with a juicy steak. And when your main dish is chicken or fish, just try delicate pale-gold *Chablis* or dry *Sauterne*. These table wines are made "dry" (not sweet) to complement the flavors of main-course dishes. Usual serving is about half water goblet size.



This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

"We Are Prepared"



Readiness is Characteristic of the Pennsylvania Grade Oil Region...and its Men



Ira L. Hill Photo

By H. A. LOGAN

Veteran Refiner; a director of
PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION

IN THE historic Pennsylvania Grade Oil region, preparedness is tradition. Since "coal-oil" first spouted from Drake's well in 1859, men of this region have looked steadily ahead. They ever have been ready for the next forward move, for their product—Pennsylvania Oil—has been part and parcel of American progress.

In the sixties, soon after it was "discovered," Pennsylvania oil replaced whale-oil and candles to light the world. Then it became the preferred axle-grease for wagons and carriages; next, the friction-fighting lubricant in America's golden railroad age—the age of great expansion westward. A new challenge found Pennsylvania's oil men prepared—when the automobile came, bringing with it the truck, the tractor. And then the airplane! Today, not only millions of automobiles but most of America's great commercial airplanes rely exclusively on Pennsylvania Motor Oil.

Today the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association is both guardian and spokesman for Pennsylvania Oil and the men who produce, refine, and sell it. Through this Association, these men have made it their business to be prepared—always ready for the next step ahead.

H. A. Logan

WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU TODAY, TOMORROW

In all the world no crude oil equal to Pennsylvania Grade has ever been discovered. Chemically and physically, Pennsylvania Grade Crude is *different* from all others, and, of course, this difference is apparent in motor oils made from it, just as a pie made with choicest apples is different from one made with ordinary ones.

Your car deserves one of these superior Pennsylvania Motor Oils. These oils lubricate better. They last longer. They are economical. A Pennsylvania Motor Oil gives you better service regardless of temperature, because it does not thicken up from cold or thin out from heat as much as other oils.

Every Pennsylvania Motor Oil entitled to use the emblem of the Association is made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil — not one drop of any other crude is used.

When you add a quart of oil or have your car drained and fresh oil put in, be sure you get 100% Pure Pennsylvania. Look for the emblem or permit number of our Association. Don't be satisfied with an oil "just as good."

Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

OIL CITY • PENNSYLVANIA

The area shown above, touching four states, is the only district in the world producing Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, which is known to be the best raw material in the entire world for making motor oil.



At left is the official emblem of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association. It is registered in the U. S. Patent Office and protected under federal copyright laws. This emblem is not the mark of a brand. It is a guarantee to you that a motor oil is made entirely from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil and that the oil is up to the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association's rigid standard in every respect.

Our New Army

Continued from page 27

rates for round trips may precipitate an intercity fight. Pretty dismal prospect.

LIEUT. J. E. MAZE of the 146th Field Artillery contrived to get a snootful but it was involuntary and all in the line of duty. When the trucks in his outfit were ordered serviced with antifreeze it fell to Lieut. Maze to see if the work had been done. "After sniffing the alcohol in about ten radiators," he admits, "I couldn't tell much about it. I was tight as a tick."

IN THE forest greenery and mud of Fort Lewis the most fragrant odors emanate from the tepee chimney of John Shanks, Seattle, whose experience includes five years of cooking in the Forest Service, two years as pastry cook in Spokane's Davenport Hotel and another three years as pastry cook in Seattle's largest department store. The Army made him a cook. Shanks whiffles through the drudgery of dishing up meat and potatoes for the ninety-odd men in his outfit, then spends his evenings whipping up lemon pies, doughnuts and cookies.

"We're all looking forward," Lieut. Griffith Murray sighs, "to plain white bread again."

Shanks joined the National Guard last summer along with a lot of other lads lured by what is now the stock gag of the 41st Division: "Three Weeks' Vacation with Pay on the Shores of a Beautiful Lake." They got the three weeks' annual N. G. outing, all right, but President Roosevelt's mobilization order followed immediately.

●

FORT HUACHUCA, ARIZONA: Largest mobilization of banjos, dice, rabbits' feet and general astonishment is claimed by this post, where several thousand Negro draftees—many from Chicago and Harlem—are being trained for the newly organized 367th and 368th Infantry regiments. Established in 1881 as a border post for Indian-fighting cavalry, the fort is at the mouth of a big canyon in high desert country a few miles from the Mexican border. Rookies' eyes bulge when they take a gander at the vast open spaces. Another eye opener is a tiny adobe village on the reservation, the "camp" of eight leather-faced Apache Indian scouts. Members of the Regular [illegible] and the last of the [illegible] scouts, their official duty [illegible] trails for forest protecti[illegible] cattle. Their chief, Sgt. [illegible] acts as their interprete[illegible] little and don't like to [illegible] questions.

PVT. GIZZIE JOHN[illegible] waiter in a Harlem h[illegible] when he was told one s[illegible] Pvt. Y-32 Kessay. "Air[illegible] Y-32," allowed Gizzie. [illegible] the license number off'[illegible] he ain't got yet."

●

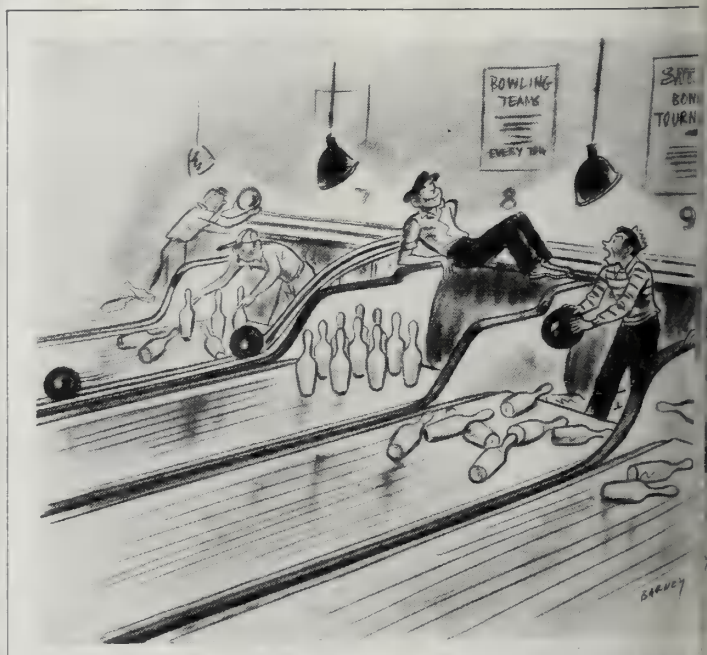
FORT ORD, CALIF[illegible] General Joseph W. S[illegible] vision and fort comm[illegible] pleased with a camoufl[illegible] tion by members of t[illegible] that he told Command[illegible] B. G. Chynoweth that[illegible] branch men look as natu[illegible] over there."

"Thank you, sir," [illegible] bush, which was nobod[illegible] ward Pushefski.

●

EVERYWHERE: A f[illegible] Northwest reporter [illegible] grizzled sergeant at For[illegible] nesota, who wanted to [illegible] and eat with the new m[illegible] draftees don't yell w[illegible] grub." Two Eastern s[illegible] lieve it. One is John K[illegible] ber of Co. F, 5th In[illegible] Williams, Portland, Ma[illegible] man," he avers, "never [illegible] at mess or fails to say [illegible] wants more chow. Th[illegible] from way back. And [illegible] whiskers—it's the Reg[illegible] to train the draftees to[illegible] gentlemen." Somewha[illegible] is Corp. Kenneth Rich[illegible] 62d CA (AA), Fort To[illegible] "That Fort Snelling [illegible] mixed up," typewrites [illegible] years of Army life I ne[illegible] hall stay noisy very lo[illegible] way of quieting nois[illegible] Army—and quick."

Wonder what they'd [illegible]



"You're lucky getting Mrs. Russell tonight"

The Traitor

Continued from page 19

sn't Lieutenant Roberts in

r?"

, if there is a traitor here he's concentrate on Lieutenant isn't he?"

h, s."

he shouldn't the lieutenant be

ecessarily." Kirstell looked at f his cigarette. "In fact, it is at he know nothing about it, me being. Might take extra ns and our man—if he's spy- e think—would smell a rat. ts should proceed in a routine

rie hard to be impersonal. "And t killed?" I asked.

estion amused Kirstell. (An tement. Actually, one eye al- kled.) "Killed? Yes, that's

ut telligence can't be bothered?" h, w, Miss Phyllis—hold on! Do nd anything about Roberts?"

ve et him."

me —about his work?"

o."

e's ot several gadgets. One of is gas engine using the rocket- s principle. The damn' thing lo up a number of times. That's I n't get excited about a spy ing im. Roberts is practically in- uct le."

h . I see."

on worry. He can take care of elf.

hy as he transferred here?"

t h own request, I understand."

ut ommander Kirstell had other ers his mind. He produced a list e mmissioned and noncommis- d rsonnel at Navy Station, and n a ing questions.

wa a tough two hours. I had to wh I knew about men like Pop en, Roger, Pete, Briscoe, Bob es, ck Murphy, Commander Mc- he and Artie Conroy without yin confidences or descending to p. I ckily, Kirstell was only skim- th surface and did not try to e y deep. I guessed that he d s e more penetrating questions ub quent sessions, after he had tec imself at Navy Station.

om wo or three more than super- I qu ies, I thought I saw what was y i his mind. Our traitor—if he ed- night be an ideological be- r c his country, a fifth columnist s s et convictions rather than va by external pressures. I ed great perspicacity to see that tell job might call for a profound hol ical research among the men wo n in the yard.

esp the ominous and exciting ibil es the investigation we were ing resented, I found myself un- inc of its necessity and, therefore. tie . I simply did not believe an of these men I knew so well d c mit treason. Other sins and es, s, but not treason. I was very wh Lieut. Commander Kirstell . "Vl . . . that will do splendidly, now Thank you very much, Miss llis.

paus only long enough to ask what ost ible assignment would be at y St ion. He said that he had been ed i nominal charge of reconstruc- wo at the shipyard, under Com- der cMatthews. No one was to w. c course, that he had any con- tion ith Intelligence. Nodding, I ied t of there.

The skipper had returned from his walk and was in Pop Sedden's office, making a great show of being busy on reports with Pop. He looked guilty as I halted outside the open door.

"All present and accounted for, sir!" I said.

Commander Sedden jumped to his feet. He had taken a brace since morning, and came forward with one of his heartiest greetings, bantering me about my green coat. The Irish were in bad favor with Pop because of their refusal to let England use bases in the Free State. We ribbed each other in the old way, both ignoring what had happened at the Seddens' that morning, until my father considered that he had established a good excuse for not returning to his office.

"H'm . . . I think we've licked it, Joe," my father said. "I'll have to get back to Kirstell." Then, as an afterthought to me: "Shouldn't we have all the newcomers to dinner, Phyllis? Tomorrow night, eh?"

"Why not tonight?" I said.

"All right . . . if you can manage."

"You invite Commander Kirstell, Dad. I'll invite the others!"

"Oh, you've met young Roberts and—"

"Yes. This morning. Be seeing you!"

On the porch, I almost bumped into Willie, a sailor on messenger duty for Roger.

"The chief'll be by at five o'clock, Miss Phyllis," Willie said.

"Thanks," I said.

As I was heading for the commissary to order steaks and warn Dolores by telephone, Marine Sergeant Maginnis saw me from afar and sent another message by a young private.

"Sergeant Maginnis says the chief says he's got some dope and he'll see you at five o'clock, Miss Hartney."

"Good! Thank you," I said.

It is always gratifying to the head of a Gestapo to know that his or her agents are on the alert. I ducked into the commissary and did my ordering. Dolores cursed a little—in Spanish—when told about the dinner on such short notice, but I fixed that by saying, cryptically, "I want much man-appeal in this dinner, much!"

Then I set sail for the basin.

ROGER, always efficient, had posted sentries. One of them stopped me on the path to the basin's single building, an old boat shed. He said I must either have a pass or be accompanied by an officer. I was on the verge of demanding that he phone Roger and get him down here in person to escort me through the lines, when a voice yelled: "Aw, let her in!"

It was Dutch Prentice.

"Ah, there's Lieutenant Roberts now!" I said, "Thank you, sentry!"

Dutch, a small, weazened and goggly-eyed young man, looked at me sourly as I approached. "Savvy isn't here," he said.

I noted that they had unloaded the truck and its contents were now out of sight, probably stored in the boat shed. They had also set up two Army field tents at a respectful distance from the shed.

"Oh, he isn't?" I said. "It may not matter at all. Just think, I may have come to see you!"

"Yeah? Ha!"

"As a matter of fact, I did."

"What for?"

"I'd like to have you come to dinner at our house this evening."

This flustered Dutch and he called



for reinforcements. "Hey, Pat! The captain's daughter!"

Pat came reluctantly out of the shed, being careful to close the doors tight behind him. He was a chunky lad with a glum, cynical face. I had been unfair when I classified them as mugs on first sight, but Dutch and Pat had a dismaying lack of the ordinary amenities. I thought a good deal about this, later, and decided that they were like one-man dogs, loyal to Savvy to the death and hating all others on principle. In addition they were engineers, not long enough out of school and too absorbed in their work.

"I thought you'd be around," Pat said. "Whenever Savvy pitches a new camp, they always come around."

"Once," Dutch said.

"You've got me all wrong, Mister."

"Yeah?"

"I came to see you."

"Ha! She told me the same thing," Dutch said.

"I'll own up. You both dazzle me."

DUTCH and Pat exchanged glances. They worked as a team.

"Savvy ordered us to be very polite to you, because you're the skipper's little girl," Pat said. "So pick yourself a rock and sit down."

"Less majesty, you oaf, you churl!" Dutch said. "This gal rates thirty-six guns, eighteen side boys, twelve flourishes and sixteen ruffles. I shall get her a chair."

He dragged a canvas chair out of the nearest tent. I did not sit down. It is better to die on your feet.

"Are you coming to dinner?" I said.

"Dinner?"

"Did she say dinner?"

"Who asked the question?"

"I think she said thinner."

"So you don't want me to love you, eh?" I said. "Too bad, too bad!"

"Yeah?"

"Why bad?"

"We could have made great music together, with me drumming on your thick skulls. Now, I'll just have to brush you off as a couple of klunk stooges and invite Lieutenant Roberts."

"Can't you take a hint, Sis?"

"Spell it for her, Dumb."

"Look, honey chile," said Dutch. "What we've been trying to say is: 'No dice.' N-o . . . d-i-c-e. To put it brutally, Savvy is married, see?"

"Married?"

"That's it!" said Pat, moving in. "He's married to a beautiful skyrocket with swishy skirts all covered with stars."

"No other dame need apply."

"Not even a cute little redhead like you."

"I think she's beginning to understand, Pat!"

"I doubt it. Tell her some more."

"Okay. I'll put it this way: you mustn't ask any of us to dinner. You mustn't go rolling those big brown eyes at Savvy. There's a war coming on, see? We've got work to do. We have to warn all the girls. There's nothing personal about it, Miss Hartney. So thank you very much . . . and after the war . . . we'll all get together in Berlin and be very happy."

"Nicely put, Dutch."

A girl can take only so much. (Young Phyllis takes rather less than that.) So I lost my temper and really lowered the boom on Mr. Dutch and Mr. Pat.

I said if they wanted war, let it begin here. I said I was not in the habit of being warned away when I brought duty-invitations. I never threatened anyone, I said, but let no boorish, goggle-eyed screwballs from M.I.T. assume that I was not a power around Navy Station. I could throw plenty of spokes into wheels and monkey wrenches into machinery. Life was going to be very hard for a couple of young geniuses. I'd have the Navy Department send 'em back to M.I.T. for a course in good manners, that's what I'd do. And if Lieutenant Dent (And Maybe Not So Savvy) Roberts didn't know how to kick his dogs around and make them behave, I'd—

"Miss Hartney!"

"Oh . . ." I said. "H—hello—"

Savvy Roberts, himself, in person. He was in uniform, with coat unbuttoned and cap cocked rakishly, and he carried an armload of apparatus wrapped in burlap. He set this down with care and looked at the three of us.

"What's the trouble here?"

"Aw, just a little argument."

"She lost her temper."

I was still good and sore, and I moved in to do all the damage I could, saying, "I came over here to invite you all to dinner this evening. I've been informed that you never accept invitations. I've also been told to stay away from here. Are those your orders, Lieutenant?"

"This is all right!" Savvy said.

"You like it?"

"Very much."

"The whole shebang?"

"Yes. I can work here!"

"So you like Navy Station. *Why?*"

"Your father is the principal reason, Miss Hartney. I had a real talk with him this morning. He knows what I'm after, and he approves of it. I told Dutch and Pat that if we could just wrangle our way to this station we'd be all set. And am I happy!"

"That's good of you."

"Good of me?"

"To speak that way of Dad."

"WHY be so humble? Captain Hartney is one of the best brains in the Service. The tops, *I think!*"

"So they exiled him."

"That's quite unimportant."

"And called him a foolish visionary."

"I read all about it in the papers," he said. "Best thing that could have happened to your Dad. All the fatheads



"You can push a little faster now, dear" DAVID R. HUTTING

"Of course not, Miss Hartney," Savvy said. "I shall be delighted to come to dinner. Either Mr. Prentice or Mr. Rorabeck will be with me. They can't both come because one of us stays on duty at all times. Will you explain that to Captain Hartney?"

"Yes," I said. "He'll understand, of course."

THEN Savvy looked at Pat and Dutch. They up and spoke their pieces like little gentlemen.

"Sorry, Miss Hartney," Pat said.

"We were just kidding," Dutch said. "Forgive us, please."

"I'm sorry too," I said.

We shook hands solemnly, like naughty children in front of an indignant teacher.

"We'll expect you at seven-thirty, then," I said.

"Which way do you go back?" Savvy asked.

"I think I'll take the short cut around the basin," I said.

"Mind if I walk along with you a few minutes?"

"No, indeed!" I said.

"Thanks."

The short cut around the basin led along a chummy beach with our precious fleets on one side and a fishy-smelling backwash from the sea wall on the other. It was not a romantic walk, but the sun was shining nicely, low down in a moody roving sky, and we did have the ocean, a humming surf and a good wind.

denounced him. Now his reputation is secure. Didn't it make him happy? Can you remember what he said when Granny Hartrig sounded off in the institute proceedings?"

"Yes . . . come to think of it . . . I do."

"I'd like to know."

"Dad said, 'Too bad Hartrig isn't a more famous fool. His criticism could make me an immortal!' "

"Swell!"

But it was my bounden duty to go on being cynical and bitter. (Tactical Note: This is known as drawing a man out.)

"I don't want my father to be an immortal," I said. "I want him to have his flag not later than the first of next month."

This was heresy to Lieutenant Roberts.

"Any amiable chump can be an admiral," he said. "Don't talk nonsense."

"Oh, sure, just stay here at Navy Station and rot."

Savvy halted and looked down at me, his gray eyes seeming to have tiny, mystic lights that danced and flickered. Whoa, girlie, I thought, this one is really different. You'd better be careful with this one. Maybe he actually is Lawrence of Arabia, come back to life. That's a sand dune right behind his left shoulder, isn't it? Now, if he wore a burnoose and if he hadn't singed his eyebrows putting out that fire this morning—

"You ever talk this way before Cap'n Hartney?"

"No."

Then, I said, "Yes, I d
This morning, I got jittery—
off."

"That hurt him, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen, going on twe

"You won't begin to have
standing for five or six ye

"Yes, sir," I said, meekly.

Savvy nodded.

"I'll have to find the tim
you," he said. "A girl sho
know and appreciate her f
he's a great man like Cap'n

"I think I do appreciate h

"Obviously not. Or y
speak of rotting at Navy S
rot in their souls—and wh
in this world has nothing to

"Yes, sir. Tell me some

But Savvy was absorbe
his pipe, a battered, stub-b
had already sniffed the win
sailor; he was turned just
long, lean fingers cupped o
He used three matches b
and they made a blaze that
burned his hands. He got
once, however, tossed the m
and kicked sand over them.
parently forgetting all a
started on.

I TROTTED alongside, w
far he would walk befo
me again and determined
attention. Savvy could rea
I was getting a little wund
rapidly, he looked up and
dock gate.

"Miss Hartney?"

"Right here—"

"Oh . . . yes. Walk too
Should have complained."

"It was a delightful sprin

"Er . . . uh . . . about Dut

"Yes?"

"They really didn't mean

"It looked mighty delibe

"They've got just abou
outfit of clothes between t

"No money?"

"Stony."

"Oh . . . but I thought—

"They're paid fairly g
He flushed and kicked at
they give nearly all of it to

I looked at the rusty
ruffs of his coat. "And yo
money in flotsam living," I
on you, Mister."

"Well, not exactly. B
Only fair to tell you this.
be very . . . uh . . . social.

"Quite all right. I'll p

"Thanks. See you this

"This evening, Lieuten

He held the creaky bug
me and watched me safel
attitude quizzical and alm

"Thank you," I said.

"Not at all."

I resisted an impulse t
I am fairly certain that he
to look after me. The t
probably hadn't taken m
disheartening. Also, I fel
down in my physical sel
been a strong electrical c
around that man to pet
like breaking a circuit. (
and excitement went out
back in the dull old yard
familiar ugliness. (Cha
suppose I was beginning
with Savvy right then an
was conscious only of h
make an impression of
him, except to irritate hi
into disapproval. No bi
several errors for P. Hart

It was in this mood th
self to hurry home, chan
the Officers' Club amon
people who might stop
across the parade ground

"We fell in love every other Tuesday," said the meerschaum

"YEP," said the old hand-carved meerschaum, "back in the Gay Nineties my boss was in and out of love like it was a revolving door.

"But flighty as he was with the gals, he had *one* love, by golly, that he never tired of—and that was *me!*"

"Phooey!" scoffed the Shiny New Briar. "No pipe can be *that* good!"

"You'll learn, sonny," said the Old Timer, "after you've been broken in with Half and Half tobacco. You'll find a man reaching for you in the morning with a grin, and putting you away at night with regret."

"Jeepers!" said the youngster. "Do you really think I'll click like that with some guy?"

"Don't worry, son," said the meerschaum. "You'll be sitting pretty when you're filled with Half and Half. It's a tobacco a man enjoys right down to his toes. It's a fragrant smoke . . . a friendly smoke that doesn't talk back, or ever nip a man. Yes sirree, bub—Half and Half makes any pipe a sweetheart!"

A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT IN THE BOWL OF ANY PIPE

Next time you settle down with a pipe, load it with Half and Half. Enjoy its mellow, aromatic flavor. In briar, corncob, or meerschaum, Half and Half is contentment in the bowl of any pipe!

interesting meerschaum is a splendid example of the lost art of pipe carving. It is Half and Half's $25,000 collection of pipes assembled in honor of a uniquely fine tobacco . . . Half and Half.

Remember, Half and Half comes in the Vacuum Telescope Tin that gets smaller and smaller as you use the tobacco.



HALF AND HALF

A Cargo of Contentment in the Bowl of any Pipe

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JUST A SIMPLE BREAKFAST – but it takes

5 Kinds of Refrigeration

TO MAKE IT PERFECT!





1 BACON and other *steady* cold with *moderate*

2 CREAM, milk and other need *safe, above-freezing*

3 BUTTER, EGGS, and other need *moderate* cold, *mild* a

4 BERRIES, greens and most tables need *mild* cold, *high* hum

5 ICE, ice cream, and frozen need *extreme* cold, *no* humi

. . . that's SUPER MARKET REFRIGERATION!

Westinghouse

Super Market REFRIGERATION

...keeps foods IN YOUR HOME

just the way your modern food store keeps them

Yes! You can now protect foods in your home with the 5 kinds of refrigeration that modern markets use! The *right* refrigeration for everything on your daily menus! Meals taste better—meal preparation is easier. You save money, make fewer shopping trips. Yet you pay no more for this Westinghouse advantage. And you get, in addition, many other modern conveniences and improvements when you choose a Westinghouse Refrigerator.

TRUE-TEMP CONTROL *makes it possible..*

Only

WESTINGHOUSE HAS IT!

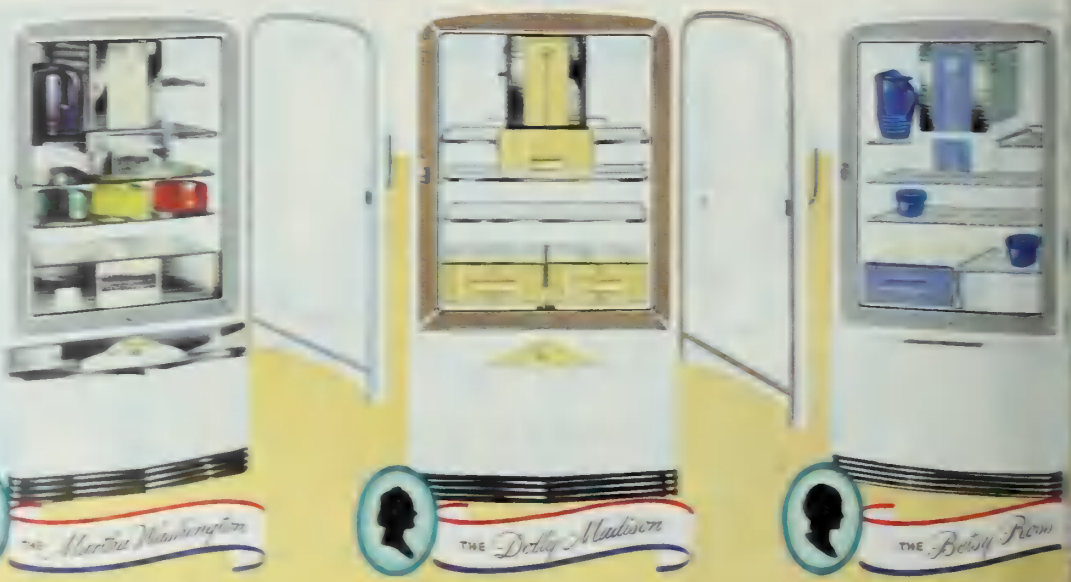
TRUE-TEMP CONTROL, a Westinghouse development, is SUPER MARKET food protection from the *food compartment* in *froster*, this system maintains steady cold everywhere in the cabinet. dial the degree of average cold TRUE-TEMP regulates cold and humidity for *all* types of foods automatically!

SEE THE NEW 1941

Westinghouse Refrigerators

The ALL-AMERICAN choice for beauty and convenience, with COLOR-STYLED interiors, amazing efficiency and operating economy. See them at a near-by Westinghouse Dealer's. His name and address are listed in the classified pages of your telephone book. Ask for a complete demonstration—today!

Every house needs Westinghouse



Oriental "Coronial Blue" trim; Large Meat Storage Tray and Crispers; "Trip-line" trigger-type door latch. Beauty and economy, you'll be proud to possess!

Rich buff, brown and gold trim; double Crispers, plastic-front Meat-Keeper, new dial-type TRUE-TEMP CONTROL. A model with taste and distinction.

Crystal "Mount Vernon" styling; "flex" glass shelves, gay "Peasant" dishes, "Aerospring" self-closing The "dream" refrigerator of 1941

The Finest Line OF ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANC

...ch our house through the side

N...din was patiently waiting. ...n killing time by playing ...ther's red setter dogs. I ...zed ...r being late and brightened ...ntl ...or his report. But the chief ...hir...cheerful to offer:

...ut ...ose young fellows over at ...in, ...iss Phyllis—"

...ew ...u'd get some dope, Chief!" ...ut it's all bad."

...?"

...y'v got a rocket engine they ...o f... in ships." Chief Nardin ...oli...y behind his hairy paw. ...no...s have already blowed on ...he ...ipper shouldn't have stood ...n ...ning here. It ain't smart, ...hy!... They've got enough gas ...la...s level to the ground, yar, ...th...ground!"

...y—...ey'll be careful."

...ute...nt Roberts, he will. Looks ...ne ...l. But them civilians, gar!" ...d t...discount Chief Nardin's in- ...rej...ice against civilians. He ...ted ...l civilians per se, deeming ...elfi...irresponsible nitwits.

...Pr...tice and Mr. Rorabeck are ...me...nd should know their busi- ...hie... I said.

...? ...at little one they call Dutch ...ike... Communist to me. Might ...e a... chance?"

...wha..."

...I pa...a word to the skipper, Miss ...I ...ne islands is the place for ...men...' with rocket engines, not ...Stat...n. Should folks in the vil- ...ayb...hear of it, gar! You pass a ...o th...skipper."

...rig Chief . . . I'll see. Thanks ...muc...or the dope."

...HT...ave known that dinner party ...ld b...a complete washout. In the ...ace...emembering that I had told ...he ...uld have a date that eve- ...we forced to invite him to the ... T...n, Chief Nardin's mordant ...din...preyed on my mind and ...y re...lled all the other situations ...we...teetering on the brink of ...roul... I had to face the fact that ...Sedon was coming home in the ...ag; ...at Bob Cowles and Jack ...ny ...d Roger were in a three- ...ed ...arrel, and that Mrs. Briscoe ...me ... the warpath.

...o th... was our traitor . . . oh, yes, ...sito... That would really be some- ...if tr... We were sitting on enough ...-ens...e fuel to blow us all to king- ...ome... . . and Savvy was not to be ...d to...ke any extra precautions . . . ...we...caped death, there was still ...sibil...y of treason which would ...Nav... Station a national disgrace. ...I wr... these words now, I do not ...to s...m hysterical, for I was not ...rical...hen. I went through the ...ns o...dressing for dinner and rid- ...rd o...Dolores in the kitchen, fuss- ...ith ...vialities, much the same, I ...ne, ... women in England have ...with...e end of all things imminent ...ead...Hope sustains us, blessedly, ...last...rain of sand; and I told my- ...'Sav... will not kill himself or any ... M... father's career will not be ...d, be...use there is no traitor here." ...ver...moment I was afraid.

...e me were no help whatever.

...' fath... had drawn into a defensive ...ty w...h allowed him to be charm- ...cou...ous and, at the same time, ...acte...and aloof. Lieut. Com- ...ler K...tell was cautious and poker- ...d. S...vy arrived with Pat, who, I ...ied, ...d drawn the short match. Pat ...abou...half a dozen words all eve- ... Ro..., handsomely turned out in ...w uni...rm, did his best to carry the ...ersa...nal ball, but he was fidgety ...kept ...mbling.

...ly S...vy seemed entirely at ease. A captain's dinner or potluck with the Hottentots, it was all the same to Savvy. Alas, he was interested only in my father, and hero worship plays the devil with dinner-table small talk. Savvy kept waiting for the great man to drop priceless words of wisdom, but Dad was not in good form, poor darling. I saw, to my dismay, that Roger had taken quite a shine to Savvy and was trying to make him a friend—and that Savvy, while kindly disposed, did not give his friendship for the asking. Roger, sensing this, was bewildered and suspicious. It is difficult for a conceited man to understand why his charm does not sweep all fields.

To add to my torture—any hostess worth her salt would have felt tortured—Dolores, the scourge of the Spanish Main, went for Lieutenant Roberts in a big way. Such smiles and such rolling of the eyes at Savvy! (Grim Commentary: Like mistress, like maid? eh? We are *simpatico*, eh? Dammit!) So I sat on the edge of my chair, diving to retrieve the conversational ball whenever Roger fumbled it behind our own



"I'm sorry I broke your machine. I just wanted to get some gum"

KIRK STILES

goal line, and waiting for an undisciplined child of Panama to blurt out the inevitable gaff.

I knew my Dolores, all right.

Serving Lieutenant Roberts the biggest and best fillet, Dolores looked at him in rapture. "You are Señor Ga-ree Coopair's twin brother, no?" she said.

"I beg your pardon?" Savvy said.

"Dolores!" I said.

Roger, across the table, grinned. "She wants to know if you're Gary Cooper's twin brother!" he said.

"Cooper—"

"The movie star, dope," Pat said.

"Oh . . . oh, no—no relation," Savvy stammered.

Dolores saw my face and fled, giggling evilly. I wanted to follow her right out to the kitchen and kick her shins. Gary Cooper, for goshsake! To compare the reincarnation of Colonel T. E. Lawrence with a movie actor. I wanted to stick a sharp fork into Dolores.

Then, while Savvy reddened, probably ashamed of his ignorance about movie stars, and while I tried to think of something to say, dear Roger put his foot right in it. "That's treason, Roberts!" he said. "Not to know one of America's heartthrobs."

My father looked up from his plate. "Treason?" he said.

The word had such an ugly sound for three of us. I set my teeth hard and Lieut. Commander Kirstell's face tightened a little, as Roger politely explained the joke to the skipper and Savvy looked more miserable than ever.

"Oh . . . oh, yes," my father said.

ROGER babbled right on. "And, speaking of treason," he said, "have you seen Colonel Donovan's report on France in the current Journal, sir?"

"Yes," my father said. "Depressing."

"Let's be merry and gay!" I said.

Savvy looked at my father. "Depressing, sir?" he asked.

"It didn't strike you that way, Roberts?"

"No, sir."

"That's interesting. Why not?"

"Well, sir, treason is a fascinating crime—to me. I suppose I take a clinical delight in it. So much more complicated and important than murder—isn't it, sir?"

"Yes, it is," my father said, slowly, his eyes warming as they habitually did when anyone he talked to showed the slightest evidence of originality. "Go on—"

"I remember an essay you wrote, sir—quite some time ago—when Hitler first came to power. You said he would be dangerous because he was a genius at treason."

My father looked down the table at me. "I told you someone, somewhere would read that, Phyllis," he said, pleased.

"Where was it published, sir?" Roger asked.

"In the Virginia Quarterly," Savvy answered. "I can lend you a copy."

"Thanks. I must read it," Roger said.

"A true prophecy," Savvy went on, as if thinking aloud and wholly absorbed. "It may be that the history-book boys will call this the Age of Treason."

"That's . . . rather severe," my father said.

I glanced uneasily at Lieut. Commander Kirstell. He was watching Savvy out of the corner of his eye.

"We're getting much too serious—" I began.

Roger barged right in. "We're not France, Roberts," he said.

"Frenchmen said they were not Austrians."

Stiffening, Roger got testy: "Treason isn't an American vice."

Savvy looked at him, gravely. "You've never been a traitor, Collins?"

"Are you serious?"

MY EYES appealed to the skipper for rescue. But he was leaning forward in his chair, with a scholar's intentness upon the debate.

Roger's chip-on-my-shoulder tone amused Savvy. "I think we've all betrayed our country, in one way or another, Collins," he said, gently. "I think most of us are traitors right now."

"Rot!"

Savvy turned to my father: "What do you say, sir?"

As my father hesitated, a sentry's voice shouted "Halt!" and it sounded through the open windows of our dining room as if from just across the parade ground.

The order was repeated, and then a rifle shot cracked out. Two more shots followed in rapid succession.

I thought Roger was admirably quick as he sprang up and said: "Excuse me, sir!"

But Savvy Roberts was already out the door.

(To be continued next week)

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the two-hundred-yard marker. Ed strode back to Jessie.

"*I* lured you into! I! Why, you know perfectly well that you were the one that . . ."

Jessie walked away from him into the crowd. She reappeared when he reached his ball. "Socks," she said feelingly. "Socks. Fourteen million pairs of socks that have to be washed in lukewarm water and put on racks. What kind of feet have you got anyway? Honeymoon! Do you call living in a two-by-four hotel room in a forest of wet socks a honeymoon?"

Ed walked over to his ball, pulled a four iron out and addressed his ball briefly, hit a shot that was on the pin all the way. He turned to Jessie, but Jessie had walked away into the crowd.

But she was back with him when he reached the green. "My mother warned me against you. You and your sixty-fives at Cold Springs and your eighty-threes when it amounts to something. The . . ."

Ed walked away from her, lined up his putt and stroked it crisply. His expression didn't change when it dropped.

Jessie was waiting for him on the second tee. "Well," she said. "how do you propose we get home on seventeen dollars and fifty cents? Have you given that any thought . . . ?"

They were carrying most of the gallery at the tenth hole but Ed Barret didn't know it. He had heard, piecemeal, his entire married life reviewed in the most unfavorable, in fact untruthful, fashion. Every time he marshaled an answer and got his temper under control enough to make it, she would fade into the crowd, leaving him open-mouthed, impotently raging. But she was beside him as he prepared to play his second across heavy rough to the eleventh. "I'll tell you something if it'll relieve your mind," she said hotly. "You don't have to worry about that bank roll of yours. I'll wire father from here and have him send me money to come home on. I won't be a burden to you any longer."

HE STOPPED stock-still and his answer came low through clenched teeth: "Okay! Fine! That's swell. The quicker the better. Just simply go any place your phony heart desires and let me play golf." This last was spoken in a slightly less restrained tone and the caddie must have heard it.

"Good golly, Mr. Barret, you're . . ."

"Shut your mouth!" Jessie whirled on him. "You speak when you're spoken to." The caddie dropped back, coloring with anger. Jessie winked imploringly at him.

Ed Barret stepped up and played a spoon shot across a hundred and eighty-five yards of trouble into a quartering wind. The ball came to rest on the edge of the green. But he didn't hear the clapping.

Jessie was back at him: "You moan and you groan. Why don't you get an honest job like anybody would that had a wife to support?"

There was more of t more. It lasted until the eighteenth fairwa her silently raging h Mrs. "Siege Gun" Sur on the clubhouse porc

Jessie blinked back watched Ed hit a four eleven feet beyond th

She came beside hi the green and as he w up his putt she touche "Don't hate me too Then she turned away ing her way through the clubhouse. She w cry now.

ED FOUND her in clubhouse bar. grimly, "I sunk it."

"I'm glad," Jessie sa You had a sixty-six."

"I won the tourney body can catch me."

"Yes," Jessie said,

"It was the most holes I ever had to g I'm sorry you feel the ret stopped. He stood looking down at his face. "Darling," he s ling, darling. You You made me so u think about the score played nor the shot play . . ."

Jessie smiled. "I out," she said. "I w you had that long d win. I couldn't stay

"You didn't mean "You wanted me to me to have some wanted . . ."

"A tournament golf do a lot of things, som Gunner won his firs was in the hospital, have anything wrong said.

Ed started to ans "Siege Gun" Summe sat down at the table. him. "Well," he said but how you manage walking with you is m The last time Mrs. S. with me I had a snap

Mrs. Summers loo husband. "Before E anxiety, tell him wha today, with me on the

"Ah, Ed," he said they had the cups set with Diegel and he fool . . ."

"He had an eighty- mers said, "and as I c share of the ten thou so kindly give away f ball around will be and sixty-seven cents

Ed Barret didn't he ing across the table a you so," he said. "Th on your birthday. H to have that one for a



March Wind

Our Southern Exposure

Continued from page 20

on rth—the Soviet Union is a arter of a million square igg than the whole United ut sn't more than one third pe le. Estimates of residents w German blood vary: one is s. In the United States re arly thirty million. All me ca has only about two m n population as the United

An ica's historical experience ver of North America's. Our e, m Canada through New a Virginia to Florida, got ent n and settlement. Their , fr n the Isthmus to the Horn, ea est immigration and em-

l l down here you can, for a en s an hour, secure a friend ine your thoughts, keeps you ith ur engagements, husbands e a l energies, supervises your w t taste, guile and belliger- on instructs you in history tic censures your intolerance; tfu arranges your hours of re- —m ely by hailing the first taxi et a l settling back in the seat mo or less pleasant *"buenos*

axi n of South America are in by emselves, different from ny re else in the world.

w Alec, in Lima. He said: you turn to the United States hap our acquaintances will not y ac pt your statement that we ns e the truest Spaniards of me a—tell them about our lit-

in eru there is a law that the ls m st be let out of school half be e the little boys, noon and on. This is because otherwise le b s will make love to the irls. You see our policemen th ittle girls along, not per- the to loiter at shop windows gle, aking sure they will all be om before the little boys with Spa h ideas come running after

, on he day of our earthquake ring is necessity to watch our on J ns was a great misfortune. atas phe occurred just after thin in the morning, when the irls ere on the streets going or l ch. Streets are safe, if you ick run into the center, or to n a orway. But the impatient oys they were still at their des , and many, many were by t ceilings and walls."

s A , too, who called our atten- o d agreements in maps we ugh in Brazil, Chile and Peru. rem te little discrepancies as nda s, always somewhat fa- e to e nation in which the map inte

RE e classic rivalries between 's a sections the world over: and okyo, Moscow and Lenin- Mila and Florence, Manchester iverp ol. At home we have Los es an San Francisco, and, in mat- f spo at least, the fratricide be- Ne York and Brooklyn. Alec ded all these were gentle com- wit rivalries existing in South ica, ere spectators at intercoun- ootb games are customarily ed f weapons.

Brazi henever the weather turns it is ttributed to a "wind from os A s." In Argentina officers told us that in academy lessons or field sham exercises their imaginary enemy was never referred to with discreet anonymity, but quite frankly as "the Brazilians."

Not especial pugnacity in South Americans, but rather the unsurveyed, unconquered, illimitable wildernesses of their continent—inhabited, if at all, by Indians—are to blame for vexed, uncertain frontiers. Alec said:

"Look at the maps of South America on display in any North American business house down here. You will see the names of the countries indicated, but not their boundaries. They've all had their ears burned hanging definite maps. That's why they all now use that neutral blank map, same as the one in the Pan American Airways timetable.

"When your great man, His Excellency Señor Alfred M. Landon, was here in Lima in 1938, I was his chauffeur. Yes, all the time. And I showed him things and told him matters as I now do to you. I said to him, 'Your Excellency, it is fine, this Good Neighbor business. However, I hope while you are about it you will find some way to get us in South America to understand and to love *one another* as well!' "

WE HAVE large enough crowds at our air fields to watch planes come and go. But most of those people are bent on curiosity. Airports in South America have a deeper meaning, attract large but different crowds. With unimportant exceptions, the plane is South America's only means of interstate and continental international travel. The major airports, therefore, take on the flavor of bus, rail and plane depots combined, with Fred Harvey and customs and immigration men to boot. Here are no sightseers; but relatives and friends pressed gaily, or tearfully, behind official bars.

It's all on a bell system. One bell, and the crew marches sheepishly aboard. Two bells: amid an instant hubbub of squeals and lamentations, you stride firmly to the plane. But this is nothing compared with the uproar when three bells sound.

Three bells is a signal that an incoming plane has been sighted and there is a stampede for vantage places and the first glimpse of Uncle Louis or little Gracilla.

There are certain fields where shrewd, old hands have learned to read signs that enable them to wedge in ahead of the three-bell rush. At La Guaira in Venezuela, you know, when you see hangar attendants go forth with sticks and stones to chase the goats from the field, that the last radio word, ten minutes before arrival, has just been received from the plane. At Barranquilla, in Colombia, there are cattle to be shooed. Santiago airport in Chile, has sheep to be herded away.

At Santiago, moreover, there is a bit of animal occultism. Usually, on fine days, the air-minded sheep do not venture too far onto the runways. But airport workers say:

"No matter what the weather looks like, or what the meteorologist says, if we see those sheep grazing all the way across the field to the station, we know there isn't going to be any plane arriving today!"

AEROPUERTO SANTOS-DUMONT at Rio de Janerio is named after the great Brazilian who, while the Wrights were still mending bicycles, went to France, flew an early dirigible around the Eiffel Tower, made sound if less

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This is a handsome, spacious field, with fine terminal buildings, landscaping and restaurants. On the harbor front, it is only a single click of the taximeter to Rio Branco, the center of Rio de Janeiro—one of the most civilized and sophisticated of modern cities.

From the clipper plane, then, at this airport in this city, stepped the foreign editor of a great United States daily paper—all decked out in sun helmet and snake boots, with the print of a grim mission on his features, as if he were resolved at whatever cost to life, limb and comfort to plunge through jungle and pestilence in his search for the fifth column.

Brazilian reporters who met him exchanged hurt, uneasy smiles. One told us:

"Some day I'm going to step out of a plane at LaGuardia Airport all dressed up to hunt red Indians!"

IN RIO is a neighborhood that strikingly resembles the Yoshiwara of Tokyo. Here, indeed, are birds in gilded cages. From clean, tidy, starkly lit rooms girls of every nationality and color and gradations of both grasp the gaudily painted wooden bars of their windows and smile upon passers-by. Everything is friendly, orderly.

Within one such room, alone, oblivious of the jolting throngs outside, the plump, middle-aged Frenchwoman in a decorous Mother Hubbard sat reading the war headlines in a paper from home—a month-old Le Temps. Her spectacles had slid down to the bulb of her nose, and sat there like a small boy held by a stair banister newel. To see through them she had to tilt her head back and look down her cheeks, gaining thus a singularly benign expression. There was a sailor hailing her from the window bars. For several minutes she paid no attention to the puzzled man. Then she glanced at him briefly over her glasses, readjusted them, shook her paper, turned her back and went on reading.

BETTER stay away from the Monroe Doctrine as a subject of conversation down here. The average South American knows so much more about it than you do. If in an excess of good will you patronizingly and emotionally explain how it is all for his own best interests and protection, he will tell you that our famous Doctrine has been warped, frequently stretched a lot, and cleanly broken more than once. By England, when she seized and colonized British Honduras; again when she took the Falkland Islands from Argentina. By France, when she set up the Emperor Max in Mexico. By Spain in Santo Domingo.

SOMETHING of the intense devotion of South Americans to the idea of personal liberty is expressed in their driving habits. On this continent traffic lights are as scarce as Communist orators in Vatican City, and as little needed. A week in Rio is sufficient to reduce anyone schooled in the closely regulated driving of the States to craven, quaking collapse.

When you enter his car the genial Brazilian allows no consideration of the problems or conditions of the road to interfere with his manners as host. He presses the accelerator to the floor at once, points his car in the general direction of your destination, allows one hand for the wheel but keeps the other free for conversational purposes, turns around in his seat and composes himself for a chat with his eyes fully upon you—and pays no furt
where he is going or w
be in the way.

Unbelievably, you
through safely. The d
plains: "Oh, yes, we ha
lations and rules, but
attention to them and
body is comparatively
knows the others are
doesn't know what
to do! Besides, we hav
is a Brazilian!"

Accidents are not
but when they occur
thing. The driver, or d
men, perhaps some of
out and rush away wit
ping to assay the dama
ties.

It's on account of
States we are solemn
heinous offense to lea
an accident. In Brazil,
not to. Brazilian court
arrangements. If ar
have to wait in jail u
called. But if you are
at the scene of your mi
be convicted of it, no
witnesses testify havin
before the arrival of th
lowing immemorial p
come too late. Neithe
ownership of the veh
you.

A private flier rec
Santos-Dumont Aerop
was taxiing, his prop
a man. The pilot imm
out and ran away.

Next day he return
and got his plane.

THE only foreign air
from the United Sta
South America nowada
contract is for a once-
Because of the war no
fied for arrival or dep
knows when to expect
takes off on the oppo
South Atlantic. Most
Occasionally there is
Axis diplomat or techn
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Brazil has a law th
on her domestic air li
Several of her sister
similar rules—a fact t
you on account of bog
ropean aviators in Sou
international lines, suc
can Airways, that fly
Brazil, foreign crews
Routed from Miami to
Aires, you will have U
all the way.

Pan American, unde
country, operates thro
known as Panair do B
on one of its local runs
São Paulo, you will h
excellent, courageous
with whom you will b
any Yank. So don't
fellow countryman of y

He is a real big sh
home. He was given a
or welcoming cockta
Among the guests wer
placed Brazilian offic
professional men. The
got back from a local
Alegre in South Brazil
was spoiled for him
had discovered, and w
to state in terms as l
long.

An air-line man wa
all the guests there, in
zilians, heard:

"When I bought m
ami," he shouted, "I
to have American (s
way. And now what d
outrage. I'll complain

...ell my friends in Wash- ...I'll ...emand my money back. ...a c...ld have knocked me dead ...ath when I saw us flying with ...nn' ...ig pilots!"

...two nations of South America ...n t... temperate zone—the cli- ...nds ...f earth in which, sociolo- ...l ...u, most industrial and ...ac...ity takes place. The rest ...n t... somnolence of the equa- ...the people are inclined to ac- ...as... comes. Philosophically, ...e a...rt eye toward piety in the ...s f...n the bustling lands.

...del...it, therefore, in view of ...co...nn publicity, your South ...a f...nds will call your atten- ...be...mber of young Britishers ...f...German firms, notably in ...n...so to our State Depart- ...rec..." list of 168 United States ...at ...e represented in South ...by ...erman agents. Many of ...ns ...e household names in the ...The German agents, of course, ...age before the war; in some ...t...se are business relations ...ach...ecades.

...usp...t your South American ...fee...all this a little insincere. ...2 ...zil held an International ...ry ... Independence Exposition ...Al...articipating nations were ...nd ...atis on the Avenida des ...fro...ing Rio's incredibly lovely ...on ...ich to raise their exhibits. ...e e...osition was over, France ...d h... building—a replica of the ...ian ...—to Brazil for use as an ...eum Great Britain made a no- ...ift ...her building.

...unn...hrifty United States, rich- ...tion turned her pavilion—built on land which had cost us nothing—into an embassy!

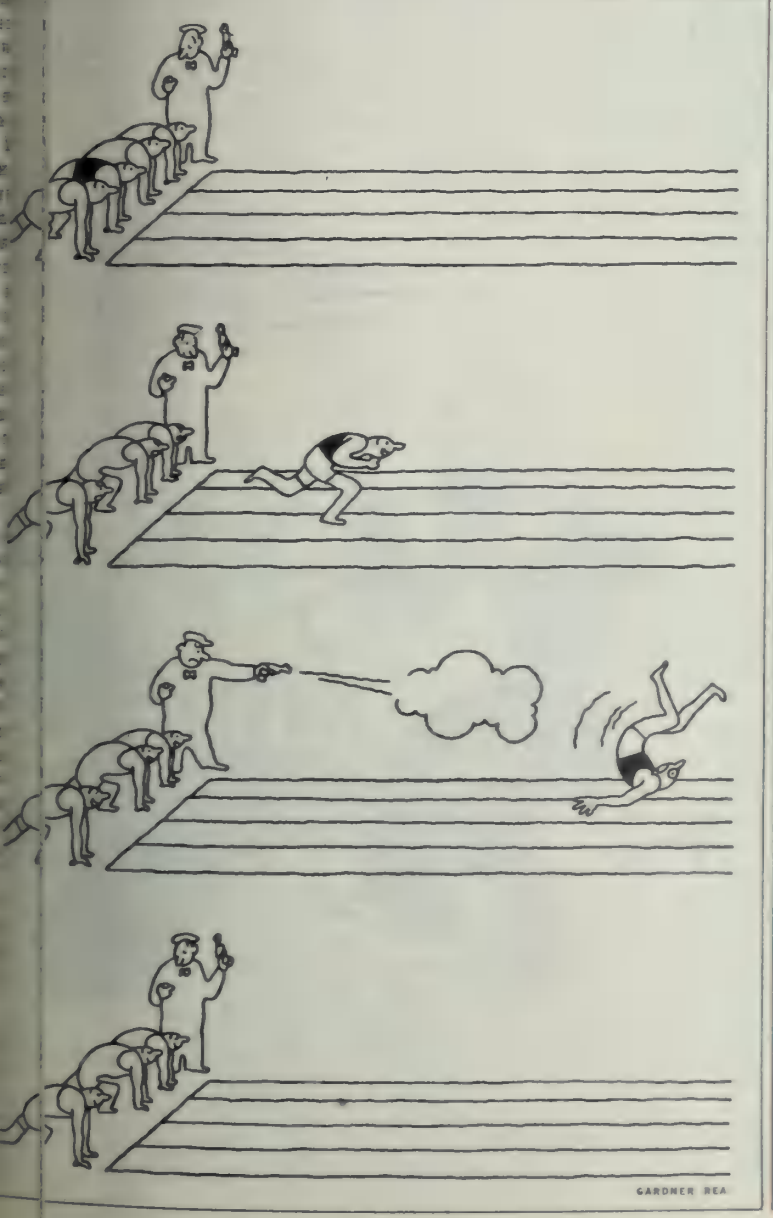
THINGS are so mixed up with isms and ologies, with axes, fronts and only friends, that it seemed inevitable to South Americans—the primary target for both European and North American propaganda today—that somebody would kick a goal for the wrong side.

When the Havana Conference was in preparation signs developed that Mr. Hull's official sweetness and light were not uniformly shared by all his compatriots—particularly those in the shipping business. International conferences are something like an air corps. To keep a plane in the air you need at least ten men on the ground. To keep delegates at table, you need a retinue in the background of at least twenty clerks, secretaries and ink boys for each of the front men.

So there was a large batch from the east coast alone of Brazilians, Argentines, Uruguayans, Paraguayans to be transported to Cuba. The air line handled some; the bulk had to go by steamer. But North American boats could not turn aside from their regular schedules for the one extra day that was necessary to make a stop at Havana. There were a dozen such excuses.

At Rio at the time was the Brazil Maru, one of Japan's fine new merchant ships. "Look," the Japs said, "we'll take off passengers, reimburse them, put them up in hotels to wait for the next ship, turn the whole Brazil Maru over to you at your convenience!"

So it happened that many of the delegates from South American republics to the famous democratic convention on unity against dictatorships traveled to it in a totalitarian ship!



You'll like yeast this new way









FRANK: Clever little trick! I used to eat yeast every day, and I remember the good it did me, too. Never felt better in my life. But I didn't like the taste.

SUSAN: Well, here's a way to like it! Really, it tastes like oven-fresh bread . . . in tomato juice. Makes a delicious vitamin cocktail this new way . . . Quick and easy to mix, too. Twice a day for me now. I'm going to get *all* the benefits of yeast by staying with it.

FRANK: And there are plenty of benefits to get, believe me! I check the authorities 100% when they say "yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex."

SUSAN: Now you're talking! And maybe you aren't getting enough of these vitamins. Drink yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . Keep it up, and see if the silver lining doesn't begin to show!



MASH . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!



Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast

Copyright, 1941, Standard Brands Incorporated

DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

Discovering the New Ones

Continued from page 13

her name to Doris Davenport and gave her the lead in The Westerner. One of our first hunches for the role, Margaret Tallichett, found a career of a different sort in Hollywood: she became the wife of Willie Wyler, the well-known director—and if she hadn't quit pictures for marriage might have had a nice theatrical career.

A little girl named Bebe Anderson, whom we brought up from Alabama, played the part of Maybelle Merriweather in the film, was subsequently signed by Warner Brothers, and is now playing substantial roles under the name of Mary Anderson. (It would seem that most of these girls got not simply new opportunities, but new names in the bargain!) Paulette Goddard, who had only played in Chaplin's silent Modern Times, some years before, was given a contract by us and got off to a whole new career in The Young in Heart. There are half a dozen others that I could tell you about, but I think these ought to be enough to make my point—which is that the much derided Gone With the Wind casting search was possibly the most productive episode from the standpoint of finding new personalities that the industry has ever had. Our tests cost us approximately $85,000, but I like to think it was worth it.

Before my brother Myron, a Hollywood agent, brought Laurence Olivier and Miss Leigh over to the set to see the shooting of the burning of Atlanta, I had never seen her. When he introduced me to her, the flames were lighting up her face and Myron said: "I want you to meet Scarlett O'Hara." I took one look and knew that he was right, so far as my conception of Scarlett O'Hara was concerned. Later her tests, made under George Cukor's direction, showed that she could act the part.

The Girl that Nobody Wanted

Although the public furor about it was not so great, the experience with Joan Fontaine in Rebecca was almost as exciting. For a year I had been talking with Miss Fontaine and trying her in tests. At one point in the proceedings I tried to get Sam Goldwyn and Hal Roach to join me in a three-way deal on a contract with her, but they looked at her other pictures and would have none of her. RKO gave her a couple of important opportunities, and then let her out. She was thought by some people in Hollywood to have so little talent that they called her "the wooden woman." Nobody at our place could see her for dust in this role, nor could they understand why I kept turning down the great and important stars that were eager to play the part. (The part was considered the biggest plum in years, second only to Scarlett; and one prominent star pleaded with me to let her play it with no salary whatever.)

Being the boss and also stubborn, I kept making tests of Miss Fontaine as well as those of many others, including newcomers and great luminaries who hadn't for years deigned to make a test for anything. Finally, I gathered all the tests together and assembled the studio staff in our biggest projection room. There wasn't a person in the outfit in favor of Miss Fontaine. I finally decided that maybe they might have better judgment back in our New York office. You see, I had sent the Leigh tests back to the New York office to confirm my judgment before closing with her, and everybody had agreed that she was the only Scarlett. In fact, John Hay Whitney, my principal partner, insisted that we shouldn't even consider anybody but Leigh. . . . But there was nothing doing on Fontaine. The verdict was unanimously against her.

At this point I weakened and let Miss Fontaine's option drop. Then, a week before shooting was to start, I paced the floor one night and brooded over the fact that if the lead in Rebecca was miscast the whole picture would be wrong; and that if I had enough nerve to cast an English girl as Scarlett O'Hara, why couldn't I have the courage of my own convictions about Fontaine? I reminded myself that she would have the benefit of the guidance of the great director I had assigned to the picture, Alfred Hitchcock. And I went to the studio bright and early the next morning, determined to use her. But it looked as though I was going to pay the penalty for not having decided sooner. Miss Fontaine had just promised to marry Brian Aherne, and she was not sure she wanted any further part of the picture business and its heartbreaks. Finally, by raising the terms that were called for in the option, and by making certain other concessions, I was able to persuade a girl whom Hollywood wiseacres had branded a failure to accept the greatest role of the year!

By the way, one of the best performances among the newcomers we tested was given by a girl from New York named Ann Baxter. She has great charm and talent, but was a little too young. I predict great things for her, and am glad to hear that she's already getting some good breaks in Hollywood. Another girl who made splendid tests and who I think has a very promising career is Virginia Gilmo[illegible] tract to Sam Goldwyn.

Vivien Leigh wanted th[illegible] very much, and while th[illegible] in my mind that Vivie[illegible] most anything brilliantly [illegible] anybody in the world wo[illegible] she could have been so [illegible] so long by the Mrs. Danv[illegible] and if they didn't believ[illegible] story would have fallen a[illegible] a girl who looked like [illegible] class Englishwoman and [illegible] in all reason have allowe[illegible] to boss and frighten he[illegible]

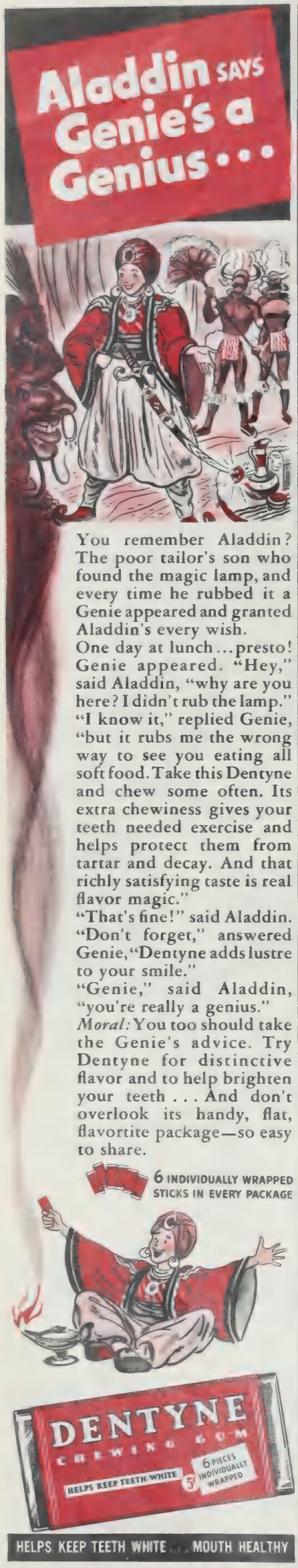
It's Not Only B[illegible]ty

There is much talk ab[illegible] ing "photogenic" but tha[illegible] understood. Nine times [illegible] an actress has a great [illegible] the stage she also has a [illegible] ity in the films. This is [illegible] than it was years ago wh[illegible] hadn't progressed to its [illegible] Naturally the screen enla[illegible] grotesque any physical [illegible] these defects are seriou[illegible] might keep an actress [illegible] a big fan following in fi[illegible] there are actresses who [illegible] talent and interesting pe[illegible] whose failure in Hollywo[illegible] to their not being "pho[illegible] the truth of the matter is [illegible] badly cast, or that the [illegible] poorly made.

And while we're on [illegible] me say that, so far as I'm [illegible] day of the elaborate ma[illegible] ing to a close except fo[illegible] exotic type. When Ma[illegible] was playing The Prison[illegible]



"Personally, I don't believe a fellow who sends mimeographed love letters is sincere"



You remember Aladdin? The poor tailor's son who found the magic lamp, and every time he rubbed it a Genie appeared and granted Aladdin's every wish.
One day at lunch ... presto! Genie appeared. "Hey," said Aladdin, "why are you here? I didn't rub the lamp."
"I know it," replied Genie, "but it rubs me the wrong way to see you eating all soft food. Take this Dentyne and chew some often. Its extra chewiness gives your teeth needed exercise and helps protect them from tartar and decay. And that richly satisfying taste is real flavor magic."
"That's fine!" said Aladdin.
"Don't forget," answered Genie, "Dentyne adds lustre to your smile."
"Genie," said Aladdin, "you're really a genius."
Moral: You too should take the Genie's advice. Try Dentyne for distinctive flavor and to help brighten your teeth . . . And don't overlook its handy, flat, flavortite package—so easy to share.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE ... MOUTH HEALTHY

annihilate the next make- ho waved a lipstick. I to make them understand as that of a virginal prin- that of a musical-comedy ct, even Madeleine, who girl, wasn't sure that I her looks in insisting that a little more scrubbed. eauty didn't need so much

Bergman played Inter- ed no make-up at all. It the necessary make-up ctors provided too much we asked her to dab at ith a powder puff. Ingrid lipstick. She's one of the and perfect beauties. We o make-up on Joan Fon- ca, due to my insistence , was a natural role.

thing about discovering r particular parts is that in these parts makes it nd new pictures for them lt around these personali- come to the audience with iscovery only once. The nd bombshell appearance in the films was at the preview of A Bill of Di- ich introduced Katharine e screen. I had wanted to vorcement for many years r sell it to my bosses, be- nsanity angle which was e taboo for pictures. But me my own boss, and it y the first story I bought. a new girl, because we ars at RKO and because d that the story would be and believable if it was irl who hadn't previously d with other parts. Fur- role had made great stars uch as Katharine Cornell. ries of tests, George Cukor on Katharine Hepburn, tly made a favorable im- New York play. Every- cked silly.

a Star was Born

at horse-face!" they cried, first rushes were shown, ound the studio was so uld cut it with a knife. preview was the staff con- a great screen personal- e first few feet you could ce's bewilderment at this w type, and also feel that uite used to this kind of early in the picture there in which Hepburn just the room, stretched her n lay out on the floor be- ace. It sounds very sim- ould almost feel and you y hear the excitement in It was one of the great- s I've ever had. In those et of film a new star was ately after the preview I Little Women with her, making plans for it, but go to M-G-M and never y plans.

g successes are a matter nse. Myrna Loy had been tal sirens for years, which oke with people who knew a beautiful girl, but no revolutionary thing, put- a polite comedy like The om, but when it was sug- e by Ned Griffith, the ped at the idea. Nobody much, probably because yrna personally. We fol- casting her in a straight the lead opposite John Topaze.

ts will remember the fren- zied search for a Tom Sawyer, which resulted in our discovering Tommy Kelly in a schoolroom in the Bronx. That also was suspected of being a publicity build-up, but we took hundreds of tests and were desperate for a Tom Sawyer until we located young Kelly. Tommy had been selected along with dozens of other boys by Oscar Serlin, who was then talent-scouting for us, and who has since become well known as the producer of Life with Father. Norman Taurog, the director, and I saw Tommy's test mixed in with dozens of others that had been arranged by Oscar and other talent scouts in all parts of the country. There were those who thought it was silly to look in the Bronx, but Tommy's personality stood out head and shoulders over all the others.

Since there are few stories as great as the Mark Twain classic for a boy to play in, Tommy has never repeated that triumph, but he is a fine little actor. We were all sentimental about him in the studio, and everybody was delighted when I arranged that he should be in the very last scene that was shot for Gone With the Wind. Do you remember the scene in which the news of the Gettysburg defeat came to the people of Atlanta? The ragged band, composed of old men and boys, began to play Dixie, and the camera finally centered on a heartbroken boy playing his flute. That was Tommy Kelly.

There's Always a Chance

The point of all this seems to be that there is always a chance for a newcomer in pictures. Real sincerity and acting ability cannot be hidden on the screen. I saw Ingrid Bergman in a Swedish film and sent Katherine Brown, our New York representative, over to Sweden to sign her. There was no need to see her personally or talk with her. She has an honesty and spirituality about her acting that I am confident is going to make her one of the really great figures of the screen.

In addition to her vitality and beauty, her striking personality and enormous natural ability, Vivien Leigh has a background of training and acting experience that makes her a great film actress. Vivien makes no secret of her opinion of certain scenes as she goes along. During the 122 days she was on the set during Gone With the Wind, the longest period for an actress in a single picture in the history of the movies, she would be muttering deprecations under her breath and making small moans before a scene. Then she would walk into the scene and do such a magnificent job that everybody on the set would be cheering.

Back in the days of silent pictures, it was possible to take a nitwit with a beautiful face and figure and make an actress out of her. The glamor girls are still needed in films, but it takes more than glamor now to achieve real and lasting stardom. Some of the biggest failures in Hollywood have been concerned with trying to make actresses of famous New York show girls. With sound pictures the ladies have to talk.

Occasionally, someone who has had no previous experience will make an impression. But the screen is going to have a whole new list of stars in the next few years, and most of them will be those who have come up the hard way—those who have learned their trade, who have studied the profession that they hope to succeed in, and who have become actors and actresses through long experience. Our make-up men and photographers can make great beauties out of fairly pretty girls. But all the grease paint and all the expert lighting can't make a Helen Hayes or a Vivien Leigh.

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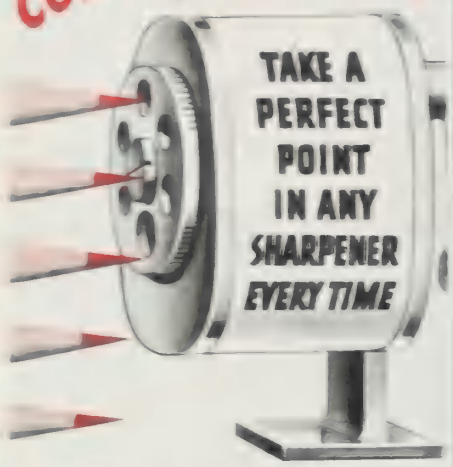
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Journey by Night

Continued from page 15

came through that January Purtle had been robbed and killed did Joe Ed find courage to lay claim to a part of the skimpy crop he tended for his pappy. Sukey was left alone and might need help. He had to go to her now.

They rattled across the wooden bridge by the ice plant and pulled up at Stillson's Produce Market. There wasn't a soul in sight.

"I ain't gonna git much talkin' done around here," Billie complained.

"They're jest in eatin'," said Joe Ed.

Then footsteps sounded behind them and Billie craned round.

"Hit's that Simp Goodloe," he said. "He always knows ever'thing."

Joe Ed climbed down over the wheel. "I'll go in an' get my price from Mr. Stillson." And his long legs carried him out of sight before Simp reached the wagon.

SIMP GOODLOE was a big fellow, handsome in a heavy sort of way. He wore tight gray pants and a dirty orange sweat shirt that strained across his chest.

Billie hailed him. "Hi, feller."

"Hiya," said Simp. He stopped. "Where'd you get this fit-out?"

"Hit's Thorntons'. I rid in with Joe Ed. Say, whut they found out about . . ."

Simp cut him off: "So you're ridin' with Thornton trash? I'd a heap rather walk." He leaned against the wagon. "These Joe Ed's punkins?" He looked them over with small gray eyes set close in his heavy face.

"Uhuh," said Billie.

"That bein' the case," said Simp, "I guess he could spare me one." He picked up a big, fat pumpkin and smashed it against the front wheel of the wagon. Then he smiled at Billie and dusted off his hands on the seat of his britches. "Jest tell him I been along," he said, "an' if he's countin' on seein' Sukey Purtle this trip he might as well change his mind." He strolled off toward town with a well-pleased, rolling gait.

When Joe Ed came back Billie was still scratching his head and looking after Simp. "Dogged ef he ain't a polecat, pure an' simple," he said.

The boy leaned down and picked up the pieces of broken pumpkin. "Ef I was Pappy I'd hunt Simp down an' kill him," he said slowly.

"Good thing you ain't," said Billie. "Punkins ain't wuth that much."

Joe Ed nodded. "I'd take a heap, Mr. Bevans, afore I'd do ary vi'lent thing." He put the pieces of pumpkin back into the wagon, explaining, "They'll do for my little pig." Then he unloaded the others.

With the pumpkins sold and the few pieces of silver in his pocket, Joe Ed climbed up on the wagon seat again. He divided his piece of cold corn pone with Billie and they ate in silence. When they had finished the corn pone they set off for Courthouse Square.

The town, its midday meal completed, came back into the street. The square was a bewildering maze of cars and people to the boy.

Joe Ed found a place to hitch by the old stone watering trough. It stood toward the back of the courthouse near the jail, and the sight of the three barred windows didn't ease him any. His pappy spent several months of the year behind them.

"I guess I'll jest get me my pants an' be off right soon," he said to Billie.

"I'll find me a ride. I warn't aimin' to go courtin' with you."

Across the street and halfway down the block was the Cyclone Cash Store. It was painted red and had a porch six steps above the sidewalk which gave it a commanding view of the square. As they crossed the street Joe Ed could see the usual crowd on the porch: the two Canary boys, Lige, the big one and Birdie, the little one; and Ham Tatum who looked like a chinquapin after frost, and a few others. Simp Goodloe's orange shirt stood out among them and Joe Ed slowed his steps. When they came to a little alleyway he stopped.

"I reckon I'll jest go around to the back an' get me my britches. Sometimes they says things about Pappy if my clothes is raggedy."

Billie scratched his nose. "I reckon it wouldn't do ef you jest plumb slapped 'em down?"

The boy shook his head. "I don't ever aim to be so vi'lent as Pappy."

Joe Ed came quietly in at the back of the Cyclone Cash Store. He saw no sign of old man Clark, the owner, but there were the denim work pants stacked at the end of the counter. He felt for the silver in his pocket and in a moment of elation and excitement went over and touched one of the stiff, blue garments.

A voice rapped out behind him: "What you up to there?"

The boy swung around as if he had been shot at.

Behind the grocery counter stood round little Mr. Clark, his bald head shining, the tufts of hair above each ear trembling with indignation.

"You ornery Thorntons! I'll set the sheriff on you same as I did on your pa. Come sneakin' in by the back to steal from an honest man."

"I come to buy me some pants, Mr. Clark," said Joe Ed. He looked down and saw that they were still in his hand as if he had picked up a piece of fly paper. "These here," he added.

There was a pause. The old man shifted his glance from one side to the other. "So you come to buy some pants, eh?" Then he pushed his glasses to the end of his nose and the watery eyes crystallized into a sharply pointed look. "And where'd you get the money?"

Joe Ed stood with h
counter and he felt the
instinctive fear a wild t
at the scent of unseen
my punkins to Mr. Still
what he give me rightly
the silver pieces and h
hand, but he hated the
to be rid of them.

At sight of the money
forward. "How much?"

"I ain't right certain
was worth two dollars."

"Give here."

Joe Ed put the mone
hand.

"He ain't give you b
enty-five."

"Will it buy me the

Mr. Clark slipped the
pocket. As he held u
size he managed to disl
said $1.25. "I'll let yo
that, seein' it's cash."

JOE ED felt pretty
stepped out onto the
clone Cash Store in
britches. He was goin
and nothing could stop

Simp was leaning ag
near the steps.

"Now ain't you pret

Little Birdie Canary
the top of an apple
Thornton lookin' as s
vine."

Billie sat quietly ch
at the far end of the po

"Joe Ed must sure h
Lige, "to be buyin' hims

Simp slashed a look a
turned slowly back to J
do you think you're goin

For the moment Jo
was a Thornton.

"I'm goin' out to Pu
said it like a man who

Simp said nothing
others watched him. Jo
the steps and, quick as
snake, Simp's foot shot
him.

He got up slowly. T
with laughter. Simp w



"I think one of your dude ranch friends is here, Mr. W h"



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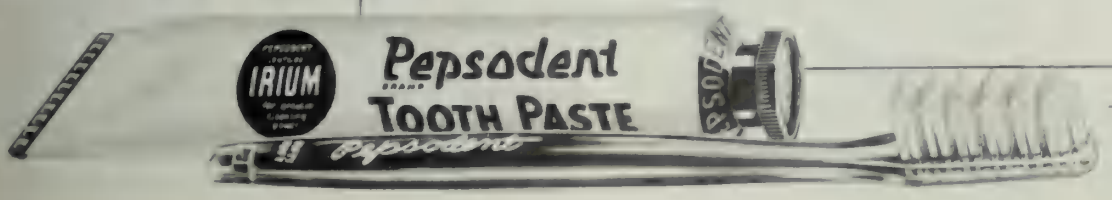


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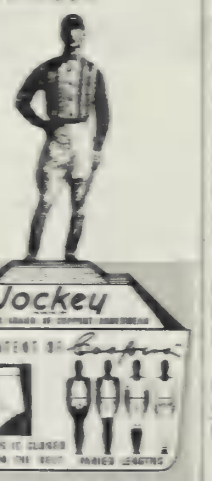
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against the railing, feet crossed, hands in his pockets, taking applause with easy insolence.

"Still goin' to Purtle's?" he asked as Joe Ed stood brushing the dirt off his brand-new britches.

Joe Ed looked up. "I aim to," he said.

Simp lowered his lids and smiled around at the men. "Looks like he don't know Sukey's marryin' me when I get around to ask her."

Joe Ed stood straight and his eyes were a hot blue in his quiet face. He stepped over in front of Simp. "That ain't so," he said.

Lige laughed and slapped his thighs. "Better get out your lucky buckeye, Simp, an' rub it up if you're gonna mix with a Thornton."

"I don't need my lucky buckeye. Joe Ed's nothin' but a milk-belly." He spoke softly but his eyes were hard. "You go an' peddle your punkins an' lay your hands off Sukey."

"I ain't takin' no orders," said Joe Ed clearly. He had his hands together in a knot behind him. "I aim to go out to Purtle's same as I said."

Then Simp's lids flickered like a snake's and quick as a snake's tongue the blade of a knife flashed out. An instant later Joe Ed's big, bony hand swung from behind him and sent Simp whirling backward over the railing.

For a full half minute nobody moved. It was Joe Ed who moved first. He went slowly down the steps alone.

Simp lay there on the pavement. A narrow stream of blood seeped from his forehead just above the hairline. The knife lay near his hand, its blade bright in the sun. Joe Ed stood looking at him, waiting for the hand to reach for the knife. But it did not move. Simp did not move.

Mr. Clark came bustling out of the store, letting the screen door bang behind him. "What's this? What's this?" he cried.

The men on the porch began to talk and shove. They all piled down the steps at once. In five more minutes half the town had gathered. Joe Ed was pushed aside. He stood off at the corner of the store alone. His knees began to shake and he wondered what he ought to do. For a few minutes he was violently sick and after that he saw Billie's face swim past him.

"Git out," said Billie.

The boy nodded. "I'll be at home when they want me." And he went wavering like a drunk man across the street to his wagon.

HE HAD untied his horse and thrown the rope in the wagon when he heard the voice of Mr. Clark from the steps of the Cyclone Cash Store. "He done this thing to one of our own boys, but he done a heap sight worse to January Purtle, our most respected citizen. Why, he came in here not a hour ago with money! Did you ever hear tell of a Thornton with honest money?"

Joe Ed had put his foot up on the hub of the front wheel. He stopped as he was. He knew what he heard and yet his mind refused it.

Then again the voice of Mr. Clark, sharp as the blade of Simp's knife: "Did you ever know a Thornton that wouldn't kill?"

And the crowd began to murmur.

"Then what are you standin' here for?"

The words cracked like a whip over the restless crowd. Joe Ed had never heard an ocean, but he knew that was the sound behind him now, the tug and surge of a tremendous force without a mind to guide it.

The sound rolled toward him down the street, mounting and rolling forward like a wave—and he ran!

His long legs carried him a lap ahead of the crowd. His feet thumped over the wooden bridge an plant, but he stumbled of Lebanon Hill. Wh men on the bridge, he cl wire fence and struck open fields, slashing kn tangled grass. He tore second fence, a big, thr above the knee. As he field he heard them le follow his path through His throat felt harsh a stuffed with air he coul the time he reached th legs seemed to be pump in the same place, and shouts that they were g

THEN he saw ahead of place. Beyond the r sun was slipping tow When night came it wo hide, but whether or him, he had to see Sukey her he didn't kill her g

He came to a drop close-cropped field and this he made for the loc there he reached the b men came whooping ov

He clung to the lad moment, letting his bre The cows had been dr ning milking and the with the steamy smell touched with a fleeting then he heard the men through the thicket.

The little Negro, Bo one of the stalls and r into the barnyard.

"Sufferin' sassafras "Whut's got loose?"

Then Joe Ed saw Suk of the barn.

She was a dark little knowing eyes and curls like a cap. She had on gingham dress and a buttoned tight around toward him he saw th bare as they had always searched his face.

"Joe Ed." And it wa half a cry.

The calls of the me the barn.

"What is it's happen

"A passel of 'em from huntin' me."

"*You?* Oh, no!"

He went on, speakin the pull of his breath Simp Goodloe, but I grandpap. I come to te

They were rattling gate.

"Get up in the loft."

"They'll hunt there."

"Lie down in the m hay's the thinnest. Th corners first."

He did as she said.

He felt that the ha over him when the first der. He heard the ria against the rungs. Fo and made for the corne was piled to the eaves.

As he lay there his e between the boards and below him; the beaten old mule harness, the beasts thrust from the foot of the ladder the lifted hungrily. Once pack of hound dogs wit in their eyes, hounds h the fox had taken co quiet now, taut with e the loft was quiet, onl whisper of the hay s dropped. . . .

It was dusk when th pushed up out of the the ladder hole. Sukey head bent on the ladde

lifted a face all streaked

her gently: "Don't take

the back of her hand up
"I'm jest so glad."
awful close," he said.
n a tine into my arm, but
ed it."
!"
to speak of."
the ladder like a squirrel.
side him in the dusky loft
wound. "Did you suck the
?"

his arm and set her
wound.
ith him until dark. When
onely whistle of the whip-
d in to them from the
he stirred uneasily and
ust go.
out of Kentucky. There
way."
asked.
shiner's truck goes down
ach night. Pappy knows
'll give me a ride across

ver kilt Grandpappy!"
ner hand as it gripped his
never believe me, seein'
n. Folks are funny that
An' I done what I done

side by side in the big,
of the barn, their hands
hildren. The sky was a
e with a strip of orange
s to the west.
now," he said.
out onto the beaten dirt
rd. His stooped, furtive
d along in the shadow of
key stood watching him,
ned to her mouth. But
ed the corner of the barn
broke out in spite of her:
Joe Ed! You ain't a
ie! You've got the right
raight like a man!"
he corner of the barn and
ss the fields.

the gate and waited for a
ally she crawled down
rted up the path. Bones
with the milk pails before
ht showed in the kitchen
he path was dark. At the
ed off to see if the nesting
e porch was safe for the
pped into the dry stubble
hen stepped back. It was
bent down and searched
fingers. After a little she

stood up with something in her hand.

For at least a minute she stood quite still, turning the small, dark object in her fingers. Then she carried it to the light from the kitchen window. As she held it close to the sill and studied it her hand began to shake. She closed it in her firm, brown fist and burst in at the kitchen door.

"Bones," she cried, "where abouts are my shoes?"

The little Negro turned from the milk crocks and walled his eyes at her. "Fo' Lawd, Miss Sukey, ain't somebody else got kilt, yo' come roun' wantin' yo' shoeses?"

She dived under the sugar chest and brought them out. "You look after everything, Bones. I've got to go into town this blessed minute."

On the back porch steps she stopped a moment and looked off to the knobs. "Joe Ed," she whispered, "I don't know how to find you."

JOE ED dragged on across the lumpy fields. His arm grew heavier with pain and he cradled it in his other arm as he walked. His mouth and throat were dry and he made for a clearing where he knew there was a small, dank pond. But when he reached it and swept back the green scum with his hand, he spit the water back. Before he could rise he heard sounds in the direction of the highroad—the chug of a motor and men's voices.

For the time, flight was over. He must make himself a hiding and let the hunt go past him if it would. With the knowledge of any wild thing, he found in the dark an old uprooted tree and he clawed his way among its roots and drew in leaves about him. As he worked he heard them coming. They were liquored up and loud. A shot rang out and went whirring through the half-bare trees.

"Whut in hell you shootin' at?"

"Moon, I reckon; ain't nothin' else in sight."

Their laughter rocked crazily through the woods.

"Better save them shots to put into Joe Ed's hide."

"Some Thornton meat'd taste right good to this ol' blunderbuss."

They were making for the pond. And another sound came on ahead of them, a softer tread coming with rush and pause and an occasional puzzled whine. A dog! The dog would find him whether or not the men did.

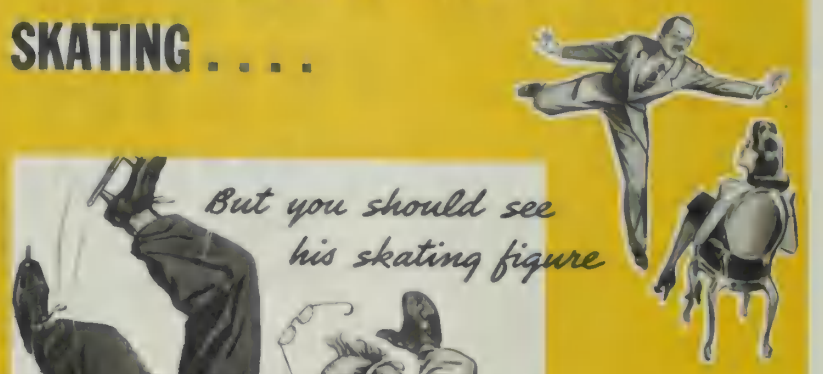
A curious stillness filled his body as he listened to the soft feet coming nearer. The whine gave way to a sharp snuffling along the ground. Joe Ed felt the tendons at his knees and elbows



"Here comes the coffee—she's gonna kick us out now"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

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draw like wires and he was cold to the bone. The whole heat of his body rushed to his wounded arm and throbbed there like an engine. He waited.

Then the dog's cold muzzle thrust through the leaves and touched his face. For a moment neither of them made a sound. Then the dog crouched to his belly and Joe Ed heard its thick tail thump the leaves. He moved his hand over the big smooth head, along the chest and forelegs.

"Spot!" he whispered. "Old Spot!"

For there on the left foreleg was the knotty joint where the leg had been broken on a coon hunt in the knobs about two years back. Spot was Ham Tatum's dog and Joe Ed had come along as Ham was about to shoot him.

"I'll mind him, Mr. Tatum," he'd said.

But Ham hadn't lowered his gun. "Ain't worth mindin', a fool critter would go an' break his leg."

Joe Ed had bent down, putting his body between the dog and the rifle barrel. "I'll mind him; you go along with your hunt; I got nothin' else to do." But when Spot was well Ham Tatum came and got him.

Now he heard the men come scuffling on, snapping the branches and swearing.

"Spot . . . Hooo Spot!" Ham shouted.

The dog had found the wound on Joe Ed's arm and was licking it with his warm, rough tongue.

"What in tarnation's happened to my dog?" Ham complained. He was good and mad. "Consarn the critter. I'll kick his teeth plumb to his tail when I get aholt of him."

They had come to the pond. The moon tipped up from behind the trees and Joe Ed could see them plainly. There were about ten of them. Lige had a jug of moonshine hung on his thumb and they stopped and passed it around from mouth to mouth. Moonlight had turned the pond silver and the mud-bank gray. When the jug came back to Lige he set it down and saw the fresh footprints at the edge of the water. He let out a whoop like a dog that has almost bagged his quarry.

Joe Ed watched them as they searched outward from the pond. He lay very quiet, listening, watching. Spot's warmth had loosened the grip of cold from his body. Now and then the dog thrust a cautious tongue to touch his arm and the boy remembered Sukey's mouth about the wound; he remembered her cry that had followed between the barn ar "You've got the righ straight like a man."

As the searchers scou branches only a few yar thought again of sprir knobs, how they coulc hour's time the shape side. Now, in himself, t ledges of Joe Ed Thor ing, settling into a new log broke under some more than a yard fron he wasn't afraid any lo

When the men were began the long, painful ting up. His arm was b he had to lift it as if When he finally stood his face in the dark an "Whatever I done, wha I done, I'm better than

His flight had carrie highroad where the 'shi by. Now he cut throu that direction, having follow the men at a s took time with only o away the branches, an well into the sky when the woods. There lay t side of him, looping an like a loose-flung ribbo He climbed up out of t into the open and the m shadow, sharp as a pen him on the road. As h thing as clean and goo him. He lifted his hea long, slow breath that w like water. Then he st toward town.

FROM the rise of the the town beneath hir seen a town at night; h single ruddy window among the knobs, but b to tell him this was no crazy heap of crates a in the street before the The shapes of people da walks, the street, the s to Joe Ed he had nev people.

As he stood there a moved toward him u seemed lengthened, cur by the flare of light beh they came to where J man reined in his mul



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BITTER LIGHT
AND DON'T FORGET TO REMEMBER
Westinghouse
LAMPS

"What's happenin'?" asked the boy.

The man had a narrow, anxious face. "The whole town's mad as hops over the killin' of January Purtle. This here's been brewin' fer three days an' it's done bust loose fer fair."

"What is it they aim to do?" asked Joe Ed quietly.

"String up the killer to the courthouse elm soon's they set eyes upon 'im."

Joe Ed said nothing. His hand made an involuntary movement toward his throat.

"I'd sure like ta seed it," said the man, "but I got to git home an' help my wife have a young un." He kicked his mule. "Well, good night, buddy."

Joe Ed looked into the sharp face of the stranger as he started to ride away, and loneliness, deeper than any he had ever known, tugged at him. With the simple urge of man toward man, he put out his hand and his fingers brushed the ragged knee crooked to the mule's withers; but the man rode past, his eyes on the road ahead. Joe Ed drew back his hand under cover of the darkness.

"Good night," he said. Then he turned and set off downhill.

AT THE edge of the square he stopped. Standing in the safe darkness beyond the Cyclone Cash Store, he could make out a few faces that he knew: Mr. Clark haranguing from the base of a lamppost, Ham Tatum drunk asleep on the pavement by the watering trough. Joe Ed's horse and wagon were still there, and he was glad of that. As well as he could he pushed his wounded arm behind him and stepped from the shadow of the store into the lighted square.

He was on the sidewalk near the corner of the store where, that afternoon, he had stood shaking and vomiting like a cur. He could be plainly seen. And that first moment of standing clearly visible was distended for Joe Ed so that it held all he had ever feared or hidden from or fled from. It held, fiery and anger-sharpened, the core of a community that counted him and his kind more worthless than the coons and possums that lived with them in the knobs; it held scorn and mistrust and hate. After that moment had passed he moved forward into the crowd, slowly rather, but with a steady, even tread.

He knew now that he was ready for whatever they meant to do, but he didn't wait. He walked straight toward the courthouse steps, his eyes on the lighted window of the sheriff's office. If anyone raised a gun he wouldn't know it. It was better that way. His measured footbeats sounded louder to him than the noises of the mob. Crossing the street, he passed close to the bonfire, but no one stopped him, nor even noticed him.

There were some twenty steps up to the courthouse porch. The old stones were hollowed slightly in the center by the passage of many feet. And Joe Ed set his own feet in these hollows, firmly, one after one, his eyes on the step above him and no higher. He was nearly halfway up when a great shout rose behind him.

Now, he thought, now! But he did not break the rhythm of his climb.

As he mounted, step after step, he felt from all parts of the square the rushing in of anger, the mob converging on the steps behind him.

It was not until then that he lifted his head and looked above him.

Beyond the wide, dim porch the double door of the courthouse was thrown open. The block of electric light looked white and hard and ruthless compared to the wandering firelight in the square below, and in that light, sharply outlined, shoulder to shoulder, arm to arm stood the sheriff—and Simp Goodloe.

For the fraction of a second Joe Ed's foot refused to leave the step beneath it. There was no strength in him, only a wild lightness like the wings of little peewees skimming through him where bone and blood should be. Simp Goodloe was not dead! Then he moved on up the steps and the mob roared like a forest fire behind him:

"Kill him! String him up!"

Joe Ed scarcely heard them. He saw the sheriff raise his arm for quiet, but it was no better than a straw held up against a cyclone.

Then Joe Ed felt the board floor of the porch beneath his feet, but he didn't stop. He kept right on walking until he stood eye to eye with the sheriff and Simp Goodloe.

"I come back," he said quietly. "I come back to say that, dead or alive, I ain't afeard of you, Simp."

Simp didn't answer, just looked at him with heavy, sullen eyes.

Then Joe Ed turned and walked back to the head of the steps. The fading light of the bonfire clung around him. His clothes were torn, his face was scratched and dirty, his hair hung wild and ragged into his eyes. He knew he looked like a scarecrow, but he didn't care. For he knew besides that, no matter what they did to him, he was free. He had done what was right to do and all the jails in the state couldn't lock him up from that single, simple fact.

The mob on the steps stopped where it was and was silent.

He hadn't much to say, but he spoke each word out slowly and clearly:

"I'm sorry I ever run from you. I never kilt Mr. Purtle."

As he looked down into the faces, picked out of the gathering darkness here and there by a lantern, he heard again that peculiar murmur that is the pulse beat of a mob. And again he knew that it was swelling toward him, but he stood where he was, his face to their faces.

Then it broke into a shout and men came swinging forward, saying his name and clapping him on the shoulders. He looked from side to side of him, from face to face, but they moved on, closing in behind him. Here was Billie Bevans at his elbow, his hat shoved back, his eyes all puckered up with pleasure.

"Dogged ef it warn't a right prideful thing you done," he declared. "But they're sure gonna have Simp's hide afore this night be done."

"Simp?" said Joe Ed.

THEN he saw Sukey pushing toward him in her little, tight, red sweater. Her eyes were shiny black as she caught his hand and her words came tumbling out: "It was Simp Goodloe . . . he done it . . . he kilt Grandpappy! I found his lucky buckeye right by the back porch steps with S. G. carved into it plain as day. I run all the way to town to tell the sheriff." She stopped and caught her breath.

"Yes," said Billie, "an' sheriff took off down to Goodloe's an' found the money buried right into the woodpile."

Joe Ed saw Simp and the sheriff being hurried past them by the mob. In a crazy jumble they poured down the courthouse steps and went swinging off around the corner toward the jail. A few of them still waved lanterns, but they would string nobody up tonight. Joe Ed had seen in their faces that they were tired and their anger was spent.

Sukey looked down at Joe Ed's hand that she held in both of hers. She spoke softly now: "Oh, Joe Ed . . . I didn't know how I'd ever get you back."

Behind her the square was quiet and empty and given back to night.

"Sukey."

She looked up at him.

"I had to come by my own self," he said. "There wasn't no other way."

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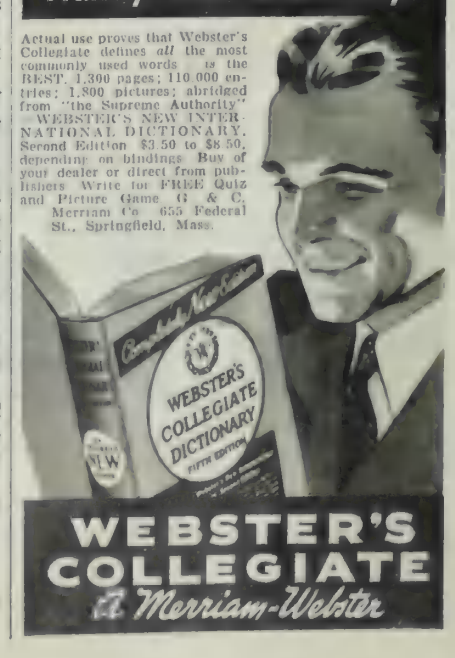
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(from a letter by A. S., Fresno, Calif.)



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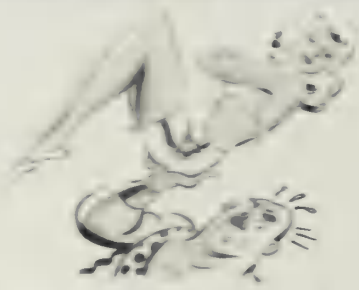
(from a letter by G. J. J., Vandalia, Mo.)



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(from a letter by E. W. B., Birmingham, Ala.)



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TRADE MARK

The Finest Mess in the Wor

Continued from page 14

the world. Thirty-nine components in a soldier's ration. Know what a ration is? A ration is subsistence for one soldier one day. A ration costs the United States government anywhere between forty and fifty cents. Got that down? Okay. About forty-two cents today."

Sergeant Delvecchio machine-gunned us with information, barely pausing in his inspection. It was all sound stuff too, because we checked it with his boss, Lieutenant Colonel Talmadge Phillips, United States Army Quartermaster Corps. We'll speak of him later—of him and his schools and his headaches. The colonel has been in the Army since 1906, up from the ranks, and if you'll inquire of his superiors they'll tell you that he knows more about feeding soldiers than almost anybody else in the world.

History with Your Food

"Vegetables," demanded the sergeant, his spoon ready and his eyes announcing that he was in no humor for trifling. Six vegetable cooks were standing defiantly at their hot pots of peas, potatoes, spinach and corn. Grated egg went on the spinach. Before dipping in, he turned to us. "Vitamins. Starch. Minerals. Broccoli yesterday and not so hot. Cooked to a pulp."

The potatoes didn't please him—cooked enough, but they had rather a quick-lunch look about them.

The peas were okay, not shriveled. The spinach passed, although it had come within that much of being on the overdone side. The sergeant ate quite a mouthful of it, grinding it well with his molars, expecting sand. But it had been well washed. He waved the corn aside, not thinking much of corn anyway. Corn's all right, you understand, but it hasn't much nutritional value. So the sergeant made a surprise attack. Instead of commenting further on the vegetables, he gave us a bit of history.

Washington's colonial troops licked England on a ration of eight components—when they got 'em, he said. And that ration included one tallow candle and a fifth of an ounce of pure lye soap. Like as not they ate the candle. It included a gallon of spruce beer too. Of course times have changed but it is Sergeant Delvecchio's opinion that if Washington's raggies could win independence on a ration like that, and half the time not getting it, their heirs today ought to hold it on a ration better than the average American family gets. Beef, flour, milk, peas, rice, soup, spruce beer and a candle—maybe—that's what the Boys of '76 got.

And it was worse in 1812, only seven components—beef, flour, salt, a candle, four ounces of rum, half a pound of soap and (steady now) one gallon of vinegar. It was like that in the Mexican War except that the lads got seven cents' worth of dried beans a day instead of a gallon of spruce beer. But they still got that gallon of vinegar. In the Civil War things got better, the sergeant told us. The government added pepper, sugar, yeast powder and dried beans to the ration. But they still got a gallon of vinegar. By this time we all got inquisitive about the vinegar. To the general amazement, the sergeant didn't know what the boys did with the vinegar except maybe to pour it on something.

Before inspecting the dessert, the sergeant said that the ration of 1917 was like Friday in the poorhouse compared with the chow our fellows are getting today. We were glad that he brought it up, inasmuch as it gave us our first chance to say something. The sergeant is right, although we
well without consommé
chicken salad, endive
parsley, broccoli, chedd
melon pickle, candied
Parker House rolls, fi
shrimp cocktails, all o
stuffing into our New I
mind you, we've picke
of the variations in the
might have mentioned
spareribs and sauerkra
calves' brains, ox to
fresh orange juice, prun
nut custard pie.

But let's get on. The
happened to be coconu
the very sight of it. S
chio melted.

Under the mellow
coconut custard pie, th
to the bakery where i
were absorbing the ar
muffins, cake and pie.
Corps area there is suc
one at Fort Slocum.
cook in civilian life but
you prove it before ent
its bellies. Maybe
champion hamburger
dinger County or pe
Anthelme Brillat-Sava
appropriately enough
Belley, France) but it
where if you aspired
Yankee soldiers unless
a two months' course in
for Bakers and Cooks.
to pass written, oral a
aminations before suc
tionists as Colonel Phil
Delvecchio would thu
loose with a skillet amo

In our Army there is
baker for fifty men.
regulations every offic
of major is supposed
months' course, althoug
Too busy. Moreover, w
officers for our rapidly
Nevertheless, every
company up must se
commissioned officer s
authority in each out
much as the cook, th
mess sergeant. And yet
Army's nutrition stan
the way are actually
merely something to
ready even with and
ahead of what the N
Council hopes to educ
civilian populace to.

Vitamins fo

The Army has long s
stout morale builder
Nothing that Dr. Russ
the Mayo Clinic (he's
tists the government h
up American civilian
a part of our defense
to do for the avera
unknown to the chow
Quartermaster Corps.
soldier is as full of in
ring-do as he is of vi
guys are going to have
send home. The qu
studied the findings of
president of the Feder
modities Corporation
years ago was prepare
army accordingly, kno
number of the conscr
from the low-income
and 10,000,000 single
the survey covered.
rewrote its food req
modeled its baker an

tion of the coming of thousands mourished but otherwise valu- kies.

he job of such as Colonel Phil- stablish schools in all the camps centration centers. The man s pay. There was the National r example, that poor little step- the Army. Suddenly, overnight, ustered into federal service and uddenly the Army had to go to it. We may as well shudder situation that obtained in the vision, National Guard, now l at Fort Dix, New Jersey. One n, after the division was mobil- lonel Phillips was ordered to uad of the men he had trained ike Sergeant Delvecchio—and school for bakers and cooks Dix.

Untrained Cook Wanted

the colonel found was all the need that the National Guard been yearned over by the Gen- ff. We'll have to annoy you w statistics. For 1,729 men in enty-first Infantry there were en cookstoves, some of which ld cook on. There were only frigerators. There were thir- s sergeants, only two of whom a glimmering of how to cook. re twenty-seven cooks, but only of them had ever had any cook- rience. And not one of these could pass even the preliminary tions in an Army school.

you can't cook for the Army u've survived two months in You can't be a mess sergeant ve proved that you're a good cook. In the Regular Army e 12,000 graduate cooks. The in the process of turning out ore immediately.

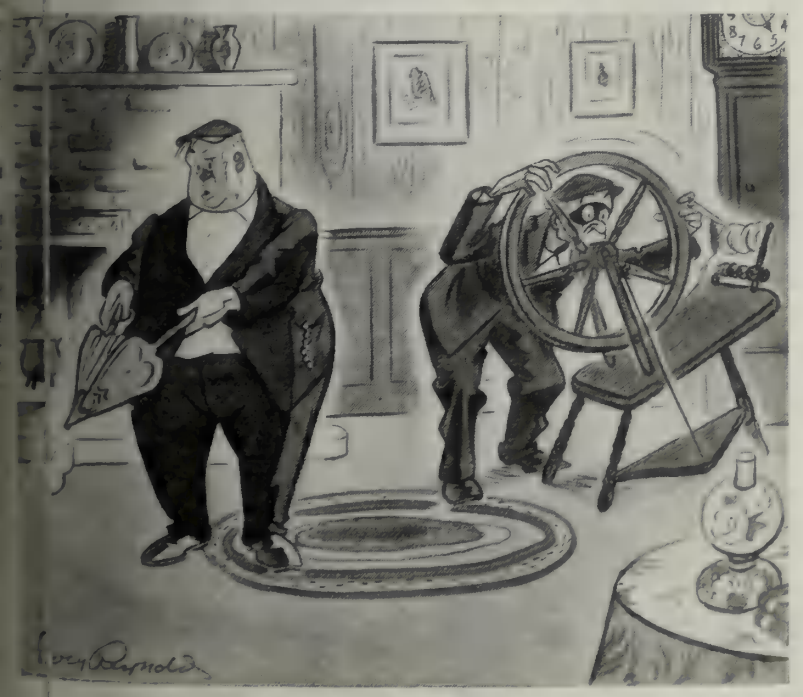
Sergeant Delvecchio ushered he bakers' school eighteen of asp ants were taking written exams. re large, earnest fellows, it be- ess tial that a baker be hefty. The gea gave us a set of the questions, serv g as he did so that he'd bet a ndre bucks and let you name the ds t t not one housewife in a thou- nd c ld pass. We agreed with the rgea having done so all day. Any- y, w didn't find a single question that meant anything to us. For example: Name five constituents of flour. What kind of wheat is our Army flour made from? Name three other grains used to make flour. Give two reasons why flour is held in storage for six months to a year before using. What is gluten? Give the percentage of protein in soft wheat flour. What is yeast? How many kinds of water in the United States? Name them. Name the best water for bread-making. Why is sugar, diamalt, corn sugar used in bread-making? What change takes place when water, sugar and yeast combine? Room 80 degrees, flour temperature 78 degrees, what shall the temperature of your water be?

Anyway, we flunked. And we did a little worse next door where they were holding exams for mess sergeants. Try a couple yourself, Mom: Define nutrition. Write six dinner menus and tell why, from a nutrition standpoint, you made each selection. Name the six classes of food that make up a menu. What is a calorie? What are the water-soluble vitamins? The antineuritic? The antiscorbutic? Name the foods in which these vitamins are present.

All right. Admit you're licked. We'll try again. In the next room they're giving student cooks their finals. Sergeant Delvecchio said that only six of the sixteen head-scratchers had had any experience at stoves or ranges in civil life. Two had been salesmen, one a plumber, three clerks, one a filling-station attendant, two engineers and one a stockbroker. The engineers and the stockbroker were lieutenants. The latter was a swell cook, said the sergeant. The fact is, he added, a little education never hurt any cook. Anyway, here are a few of the questions they were pondering: What specifically are the food values of cheeses—name five? What should be the average weight of a case of specification eggs? What is butter? Explain gravy? What specifically is the food value of milk? Why does a good cook use a swab on a griddle instead of pouring the grease? Why does salt in the water make the cooking faster? What vegetables are cooked in the least amount of water and why?

We missed the meat examination. Cooks and mess sergeants must pass it if they hope to win or hold their jobs. But we got a set of the questions and found the sixteenth to be: How long do you boil frankfurters? The thirteenth

BUTH **By Larry Reynolds**



"Lookit this, Slug. I'm tellin' ya, some screwball inventor must live here"

"BLACK DEATH CLOSED IN ON ME!"

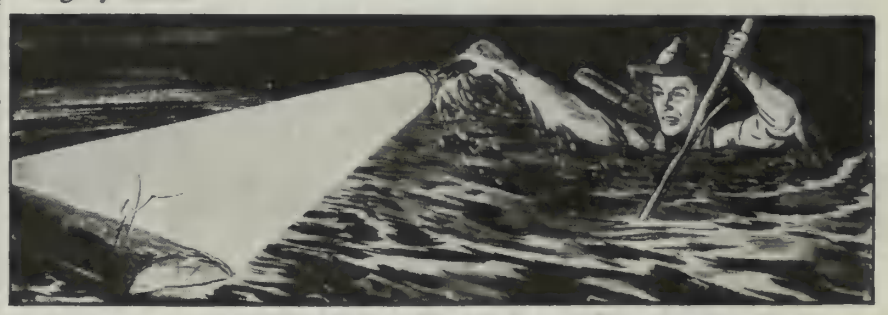
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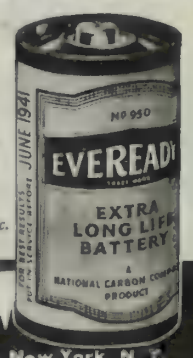
"TORRENTS OF RAIN had been coming down all afternoon when I arrived at my favorite fishing spot—a place where the river turned at a sharp angle. My luck was so good that I lost track of time until I glanced at my watch at 10 P.M.



"HASTILY GATHERING UP my equipment, I started back to my car. Suddenly, to my horror, I saw that on each side of me was a hundred yards of black rushing water. The river had overflowed its banks and even now was engulfing my 'island.'



"WITH THE AID of my flashlight and a pole for sounding the water's depth, I struck out into the flood. Sometimes I slipped into water over my head—but the drenched flashlight burned on—and I reached higher ground. Believe me, that night 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries saved my life! *(Signed)* Wilbur W. Mosley"



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stirred us to our roots: How do you prepare brain that you would fry with scrambled eggs?

It pays to be an Army cook—financially, too. A cook (private, first class) gets fifty-six dollars a month and a mess sergeant sixty. If you're a master sergeant like Sergeant Delvecchio, an executive NCO of a school for bakers and cooks, you get away up into the higher-income brackets—$204 a month, a house to keep your family in and plenty of coconut custard pie. If a student cook exhibits exceptional talents, he is recommended for the mess sergeant school and that means another two months in training before he returns to his hungry outfit. And by the time he has done the whole four months he's not only a cook and a mess sergeant, too, but a well-trained household economist, a purchasing agent, auditor, accountant, grocer, butcher and baker. A very handy man to have around.

As you may suspect, we had a magnificent time of it following Colonel Phillips and Sergeant Delvecchio around their school for bakers and cooks. Several shocks, too. How were we to know that our lads were being fed sweetbreads, calf brains, au gratin potatoes, curried chicken, roast duck, ox-tail soup, toast (French and milk), puree of green peas and tomatoes, Creole gumbo, venison, Yorkshire pudding, asparagus, chop suey, sugared parsnips, brown betty, fruit cake, meringue glacé, lemon meringue pie, cinnamon buns, ladyfingers, salads (chicken, piccalilli, apple-celery and embassy among many others), French, Russian, Thousand Island, mayonnaise and Popeye dressing? How were we? We're just a civilian struggling to keep body and soul together and in dire need, perhaps, of all the vitamins in the Manual of the Army Cook.

All this, of course, was the garrison ration. On maneuvers, playing at war under simulated combat conditions or as chessmen in some complicated attack-and-defense problem, when troop movements are too fast and too frequent to make the setting up of complete kitchens feasible, the lads will be fed Field Ration A and Field Ration B plus hot coffee, tea, cocoa or milk as the circumstances may dictate. If the new oil-burning rolling kitchens are wheedled into something more dependable than they've been hitherto, Rations A and B may be augmented by a few extras.

Field Ration A—It's a Picnic

Field Rations A and B are not arbitrary handouts. What they will eventually consist of depends largely upon the ingenuity of such resourceful nutritionists as Colonel Phillips. Of A, the regulations say that they will "correspond as nearly as practicable to the components or substitutes therefor of the garrison ration." And B will "correspond as nearly as practicable to the components of Field Ration A with the exception that nonperishable processed or canned products will replace items of a perishable nature." Field Ration A may have a rather picnic character. For example, consider the noonday fare of the First Army maneuvers of 1940: Sandwiches—ham and sausage, roast beef, cheese, tongue, egg and lettuce.

Of course, in mere maneuvers the troops knock off for supper. The kitchens are in place. And the lads get, almost if not quite, the garrison ration before turning in for the night.

But where this is not feasible Field Rations C and D come into the picture. The Army has not uttered quite the last word about C and D. But one thing is sure—they're canned. When we first saw those cans we recalled delirious memories of the monkey meat, canned willie and goldfish of 1918. But not after we had ripped the simple, patented top off the new cans. Ration C, says regulations, consists of "previously cooked or prepared food packed in hermetically sealed cans, which may be eaten hot or cold, and will consist of six cans per ration as follows: Three cans containing a meat or vegetable component and three cans of crackers, sugar and soluble coffee." Field Ration D, which may be a mere supplement to C, is nothing but three 4-ounce bars of "concentrated chocolate."

As Field Ration C stands now the three foundation cans contain a beef hash, a vegetable and meat combination and an all-vegetable medley, and tasty isn't the word for it. Field Ration C was tried out in the 1940 maneuvers and pronounced a decided success. Easy to get at, too; all you do is pull a narrow strip of metal briskly and off comes the top. No hacking the rebellious container's head off with your bayonet or dashing it against a rock. In this new mechanized Army lots of the lads won't have any bayonets—just gang demolishers like machine guns, submachine guns and inglorious but effective contraptions like that. Anyway, take our word for it that Field Ration C is wholesome and filling, to say nothing of tasty.

The reason that the important C is not yet a definite thing is because the Army is experimenting with fortifying it with vitamins. It's all pretty scientific and perhaps we'd better not get into the subject too deeply while the nutritionists, dietitians and other scientists are still pondering the problem. The efficient German armies have been experimenting with fortified field rations and have left no doubt in the minds of our military observers that the idea has come to stay. Germany's fir
were not so successful, not be
needled ration didn't agree wit
but rather that they didn't ge
ler's men moved so fast throug
for example, that it took air
carry food to them. Cans of w
is the German soldier eats wer
by the planes and with those c
a smaller attached receptacle
ing a couple of vitamin pills. S
the men got the stuff and some
depending upon the terrain and
ning of the pilot. The pilots w
of dropping the rations too ne
troops for fear of braining them
they didn't drop them near by
was just as apt to fall into the
river.

Fortified Canned Rati

However, that has nothing
the science of fortifying fie
What the Army is working on
food into which the proper
have been infused. You ar
that they'll make it—canned
vegetables into which deficien
preventatives will be intro
working quantities.

There is a lot more we coul
about all this. The walls of Col
lips' offices are lined with file
umes of data. But perhaps y
idea. Besides, we had to qu
Sergeant Delvecchio had to
New York City. He was takin
of lectures on dietetics. In fa
going to deliver a couple.

"You must be quite a hel
Delvecchio," we said.

"I could be," said he, "if sh
in the kitchen."

"She wrote a letter to her congressman, and—well—there he i

Suicide Ship

Continued from page 12

"But we can sink each other. In 1917, a convoy off Beachy Head—" He broke off. "Take the weather bridge wing, Mr. Sands. And the lee, Mr. Huston."

DAYLIGHT came, and it was only a gray blindness where there had been black. From the dim deck the foremast rose up faintly and the fo'c'sle head was an uncertain island where a clangor broke out regularly between the shuddering blasts of the siren.

Mr. Torpenning came out the weather door, turning up the collar of his greatcoat. "Fresh coffee in the chartroom, Mr. Sands."

He went in. The chartroom was warm and the coffee smell was like a fiber in the air. Through the door he saw the captain looking over the quartermaster's shoulder at the compass, and he heard his voice rasping: "Keep her on, dead on."

Mr. Huston, behind the old man's back, gave him a broad wink. But Mr. Sands was staring at the captain. For a moment he forgot his sandwich and the smoking coffee. The captain's lined face burned with a false color and the breath came short through his teeth, like a soft panting, while he paced the open weather glass with the wet wind driving in. He needed rest and sleep.

It was stronger daylight when he was back on his bridge wing, and maybe the weather was breaking a little. He could see the lookout on the fo'c'sle head, pacing like a sentry.

"Might break today," Mr. Torpenning said mildly. "Then we'll get some sleep." His eyes were tired; his face was worn and patient like a schoolmaster's. "If a man could have a smoke. Well," he confided, "carry on . . ." and he went back inside the wheelhouse.

Mr. Sands was tired but the coffee had warmed him. It had warmed his stomach and it had warmed his mind. Again he pictured the big convoy plodding on through fog and peril, serving the dire need of England. He was young enough to keep the wonder, the pride, the knowledge that he had a vital part in the great effort. They would carry on.

"There'll always be an England,
While there's a country lane—"

He had a monotonous post, two steps back and two steps forth, staring at nothing hour after hour. He didn't realize that he was whistling till a voice barked at him:

"Mr. Sands. Go below!"

He turned, startled, his hand jerking to salute.

"Go to your quarters. Whistle yourself to sleep or to hell. But get off this bridge."

Mr. Sands went blindly. Not the blindness of fog, but of anger, chagrin, humiliation.

Behind him Mr. Torpenning's voice rumbled and the captain's words came, raised: "A whistler! A whistler in a fog in convoy. I won't have a whistler on my bridge."

When he got to his cabin Mr. Sands found a red trickle threading from his mouth. He had bit those whistling lips till the blood ran. Beaten, bitter, he threw himself in his bunk and let the full realization flood him. His first commission, and he had been ordered off the bridge. His career was ended. He clenched his fists and the blood ran freshly from his broken lip.

When the gong sounded at noon he went to the saloon. Even a reprimanded watch officer, a humiliated third mate, must eat. Then he went aft to the poop and stood there keeping a bitter watch of his own. He strained his ears to catch the glooming of the whistle astern of them. If a dark bow would rear up, like a cliff, out of dimness, threatening—he was keeping watch. But there was only the labored thresh-ing of the propeller, the rise and fall of the fantail, the blast of the siren and the answer, like a faint and delayed echo off that sounding board of fog.

With a sudden burning guilt he realized that the captain might call him. He raced back to his cabin. The telephone hung dead on the wall. He lay on the bunk, waiting, staring up at the rivet-studded plates above his head.

It was two hours later that the telephone rang. He leaped at it.

It was Mr. Torpenning's voice: "Weather clearing, Mr. Sands. Come up and take the watch."

He was on the bridge in thirty seconds. Mr. Huston was yawning and stretching his arms. Mr. Torpenning looked around with the tired lines deep under his eyes. The captain was not there.

"The old man caved in," Mr. Torpenning said. "A proper heart attack. The doctor put him to bed. You take over, son, and we'll get some sleep." Then he saw the teeth marks in Mr. Sands' lips. His voice dropped: "Don't worry about the old man, son. It's his last trip, and he hates to give up. In war, you know. That's what's gnawing on him."

The blood pounded in Mr. Sands' throat. "Yes, sir."

He repeated the course and initialed the logbook. Then he was on the bridge, alone. He stepped outside to look over the convoy. They were all there, steaming full speed over the brightening sea. . . .

THE raider appeared suddenly, out of the north, under the sinking sun. The lookout reported from the crow's-nest but already Mr. Sands had his glasses trained on the horizon. His heart pounded. Not a converted raider, not a gunboat—a battleship, with tripod mast, a powerful, curved waist and bristling turrets. The pictures in the naval manual leaped to his mind—Schwartzwald—the long, low hull, the flaring bows, the severe, raked superstructure. She was swift. Even through his glasses he could see the fan of water at her stem and her feather of smoke flat on the wind.

He raced into the chartroom and pressed the captain's button. No answer. He jabbed again. It was the doctor's voice:

"Captain Allerdice is in the midst of an injection. He cannot be disturbed for ten minutes."

Ten minutes. . . . Mr. Sands threw a glance fore and aft at the plodding convoy, helpless as sheep while the gray wolf loped across the great, wild pasture. It was the Pentland Firth's job to get them through, and now a reprimanded third officer stood alone on the bridge. He thought swiftly of the eleven-inch batteries on that steel-cased raider and the small guns on the unarmored decks of the Pentland Firth. And he thought of two hundred thousand tons of wheat and cotton, steel and frozen beef—

Already he was ringing the engine-room telegraph and his mouth was at the speaking tube: "Smoke, Mr. Monahon. Black, for a smoke screen." He turned to the loud-speaker: "Gun crews to firing stations. Man the magazines."

He spun around to the quartermaster: "Port helm."

The quartermaster stood with a gray

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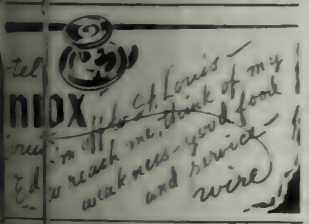
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— S OIL SLEEP
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face, staring. The raider was coming up fast. His voice was ragged as canvas: "We haven't got a chance, Mister. A Chinaman's—"

"Port helm!" cried Mr. Sands.

He was at the speaking tube again: "Steam, Mr. Monahon. More steam. Race her."

Black smoke was streaming like a river from her funnel. As the revolutions picked up and the ship swung northward, it poured in a thunderous cloud bank across the convoy. The first shell burst in the water beside the Empire City.

Mr. Sands raced into the chartroom and jabbed the radio operator's button. "Message to the convoy—'Scatter under cover of smoke screen. Proceed to port independently.'" He rang Mr. Torpenning and Mr. Huston, but he could not wait their answers. From the bridge wing the raider showed sharply. No glasses needed now, not even for the silver flash in the sunset and the white puff erupting from her turrets. Mr. Sands waited. The thunder came, echoing over the sea. The shells burst around them. A cloud of smoke rose from the Falkirk's midships.

Captain Allerdice hurried up the ladder in his dressing gown. Behind him came Mr. Huston, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, and Mr. Torpenning swiftly scanning the sea.

Mr. Sands was at the loud-speaker, talking to the gun crews: "Stand by to fire when we close range." He turned to the quartermaster: "Port helm, ten more degrees."

Then he saw Captain Allerdice. His hand shot up to salute. The captain took it all in with one wide-sweeping survey—the convoy scattering behind the smoke screen, the wounded Falkirk, the Pentland Firth driving head on toward the raider. For an instant his eyes flashed with a grudging admiration.

Another thunder rolled across the sea. Water erupted at the bow and at the same instant the ship shuddered. A shell burst on the fo'c'sle head.

"Hold your course, Mr. [illegible]

"Steady, as she goes," M[illegible] to the quartermaster.

Captain Allerdice held [illegible] the raider. "Schwartzwa[illegible] softly. "Eleven-inch guns [illegible] cles curled along his jaw [illegible] were burning.

Mr. Sands nodded. "T[illegible] accurate, sir."

Behind them, from the [illegible] was a roaring as the head [illegible] gan to blow. The captain h[illegible] ing tube. "Fasten your [illegible] down, Mister. Build up [illegible] And race her."

ANOTHER salvo puffe[illegible] sunset. With a deafe[illegible] engine-room skylight wen[illegible] ventilators sheered off lik[illegible] Now the funnel belched [illegible] from a jagged wound in its [illegible] the boat deck was gone [illegible] the dangling remnants of [illegible] main deck showed in a [illegible] fusion.

The ship's surgeon h[illegible] faced up the ladder. "Capt[illegible] dition—"

The captain's voice ra[illegible] "Get down on the main de[illegible] be men needing attention[illegible]

Behind him the quart[illegible] his spokes frantically. A [illegible] look crossed his face. "[illegible] sir."

"Mr. Sands. Take two [illegible] hand gear. Lively."

Lively. . . . It had ano[illegible] One seaman to another. [illegible] der was gone. Mr. Sands [illegible] the boat deck. He foun[illegible] their stations, closing wa[illegible] buckling the butterflies [illegible] hole plates, clearing the [illegible] nage.

He caught two men.

"Aft to the hand stee[illegible] said. Lively."

He led the way, ra[illegible] hatches past the gun cre[illegible]



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r ba ery. He climbed the lad-
he op and looked over his
. H two sailors were crossing
h. c ning on the double. But
er r ched the ladder. A shell
a bl ling flash. He threw him-
wl e the splinters snowed
him When he looked again
ive tch was a gaping ruin and
hea sea water gurgling in the

od to the big hand wheel.
he e off the lashings. The
trai d in his hands as it took
rage He held it firm, giving
way It bucked and he fought
ussd ridged and struggling.
he s turned head on to the
Thro gh the plates came the
b o e engines.
cam aware then of sunset, a
d ra ance that flushed the sea
endc It lighted up the black
smo . and behind that thun-
reer e saw the scattered ships
nvo racing over the horizon.
in t east, the dusk was grow-

ste ng gear. Mr. Sands."
nd t speaking tube under the

ir."
you eep pointed toward the

ir."

LL s ck amidships. The con-
n sl k the speaking tube out
asp. e looked up at a bridge
n a y and a funnel crashing.
sm e went up in an awful
he o anks were burning.
ntla Firth was taking fearful
ent t deep in her hull the
hrok d and on the poop, out-
the nset, a man fought the
el, k ping her head on, dimin-
e tar t while he closed the gap
er o light guns might land a
e wa a doomed ship, a suicide
strai t at the turrets of de-
. H decks were burning and
bega to settle. But when her
ndec he sunset water exploded
aw where the raider edged
of ge. She was a battered,
ship out she made a lavish
O the darkening sea the
l sh fled on toward Eng-

s a t ship, and Philip Sands,
us fi commission was at her
ointi her toward the deadly
of t Schwartzwald.
in t forward hold Gunner's
Imar worked in his magazine,
up dite. The sweat burned
yes d his back was aching.
had nt up a dozen charges he
t. "llo, on deck! Take it

was answer. He climbed up
the tchway and stood there
. It sn't the sunset; it was the
v—d. One of the guns still
defia ly with the still, distorted
crew round it.

IDS IPS, men were lowering
boat Gilman was about to run
hen speaking tube whistled
he gu carriage. He held the
nce.
the ard battery. Keep fir-

rew ook upward and saw the
abo the wrecked glass and
d bu heads of the wheelhouse.
fire—"
ard t roar of flames amidships.
the id around him. He heard
of pu ps and the sullen wash of
ter in he hold. This was Gil-
first p, his first assignment;
only ix weeks out of training
He s ready to race for that
ling boat when Sands' voice sounded. It was hoarse and ragged, it was singing:

"There'll always be an England,
And England shall be free—"

He looked around wildly. The shells and smokeless powder were racked up beneath the gun carriage. The dead lay quiet on the deck. It was a voice out of nowhere—

"If England means as much to you,
As England means to me."

He bent swiftly to the breeching. Something was clenched in his hand. He dropped the speaking tube. Then he picked it up.

"Aye, aye, sir. Keep firing." He bent to his gun.

On the shattered bridge Mr. Torpenning limped over the crumpled body of Mr. Huston and faced his captain. "Your shoulder, sir. It's smashed to pieces. I'll call the doctor."

The captain pointed down to the battered main deck. "The doctor is dead."

A shell screamed from the foredeck. Concussion shook the ship. With his good arm the captain raised his glasses.

"That shot sent him back. He's swinging."

Mr. Torpenning looked over the foredeck. "Only one gun left."

"It's enough." The last red rim of the sun was gone. A purple light washed over the sea and in the east the dark was gathering. "He'll never find those ships now."

Ten minutes later, with the water licking at her rails, Captain Allerdice gave the order to abandon ship. The men came wearily up from the engine room.

They stepped over the strewn decks. They picked up their wounded and carried them to the two lifeboats at the rail.

Down on the forward deck a gun was still firing. The captain took up his speaking tube: "Cease firing on the foredeck. All hands abandon—"

ANOTHER salvo landed. The foredeck shuddered. The tall mast toppled and swayed and crashed into the sea. With a terrific thunder the forward hatches blew open. The magazine had gone up. There was nothing left but black sea water rising in the hold.

Captain Allerdice looked aft and saw a man still standing at the hand wheel on the poop.

"Mr. Sands, come amidships."

With the pumps idle the ship was settling fast. Steam rose from her flooded engine room and curled along the heated decks.

It was growing dark as Mr. Sands climbed to the ruined bridge. But the sky was lighted by an arching star shell as the Schwartzwald raced toward the horizon, hunting the scattered convoy. In that white light the captain's face showed gray as sea water and haggard with pain. He was near the end.

"Mr. Sands. There are flares in the lifeboats. One of the convoy will come back before daylight. You are in command of the survivors."

"Mr. Torpenning?"

"He is wounded, in boat number two."

"Mr. Huston?"

"Dead."

He stared at the captain's shredded shoulder. "And—you, sir?"

Captain Allerdice braced himself against a twisted stanchion. "I said—you are in command. Good luck, Mr. Sands."

Mr. Sands' arm jerked up to salute. His teeth-scarred lips were trembling. "You are not—"

"Get into your boat, Mr. Sands. Lively."

Mr. Sands raced down the ladder. His eyes were shining.



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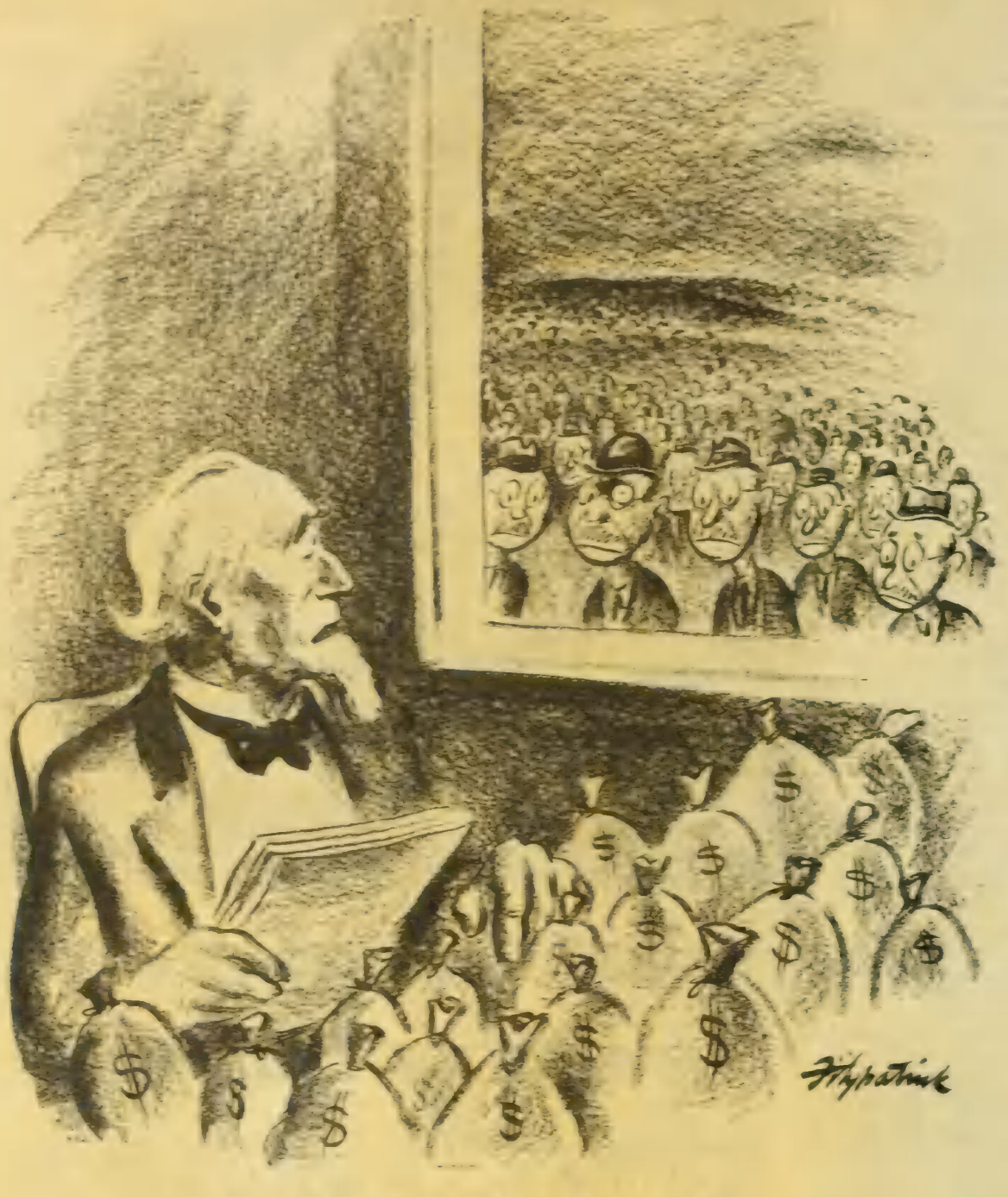
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Collier's

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50,000,000 Creditors

PLANS are in the works at Washington to issue something like the War Savings stamps of World War times, for sale to the general public. There is also a suggestion that the amount of baby bonds purchasable by any one person in any one year be cut from the present $10,000 worth to $5,000 worth.

From at least two points of view, it looks to us like a scheme full of vitamins for the body politic.

For one thing, economists claim that in a time of rapidly expanding production, like the present, widespread investment in the public debt has a tendency to keep prices from skyrocketing. It's counterinflationary. Inflation is a real threat when we go in for greatly increasing goods that don't produce wealth—and armaments are pre-eminently goods of that kind, need them badly though we do. And by buying in on the public debt, a person creates a backlog against the almost inevitable reaction from the armaments boom.

We also like this scheme to spread public debt around, because it looks as if the public debt is bound to grow greatly in coming years. We can't or won't pay for all the armaments as we go along. Yet we've got to have the armaments. The next best thing to paying as we go, balancing the budget and putting something each year on the principal of the national debt, is to ease a good part of that debt into the hands of millions of creditors.

If Uncle Sam could acquire, say, 50,000,000 small creditors in addition to his present comparatively few bank and insurance-company and big-estate and foundation creditors, that would mean 50,000,000 people—voters—paying some serious attention to the debt, to the way it is handled, the rate of its growth, the operations and management of the government that owes the debt.

You naturally want your debtor to live right, at least until he pays you. To have 50,000,000 pairs of somewhat fishy eyes focused on some of Washington's heavier spenders at all times can do the nation no harm that we can possibly imagine.

Let's get going on the savings-stamps and baby-bond reform as soon as Henry Morgenthau & Co. can finish the necessary spade work.

Weeks After

WEEKS after our editorial, Kee
cratic, appeared, Mayor LaGu
sent us the torrid letter we p
offer it hot from Mr. LaGuardia's ha
epithet to which the Post Office D
others, objects.

We think Mayor LaGuardia's arg
Of course, police are important. So are
we made that exemption from th
termined by national, not local, con

WILLIAM L.

Keep the City in

LET it burn down. About the dum
seen or read on the subject of
and believe me I have seen and
editorial "Keep the Draft Democra
January 18, 1941. It takes the blue
lier's. I do overwork the words "sho
"outrageous" and even stronger wor
experience in the Army and in the
forcement official and in spite of all t
studying languages. I cannot find a
express the stupidity of this editoria

Now that we have mutually comp
let us get to the facts. I ask for the
men and firemen from the draft bec
sary and essential as a matter of na

We are not at war. Men are ta
training. Policemen and firemen ha
this training. In fact, the Police and
training soldiers, sailors and civilian
and Navy at this very minute. Men t
and Fire departments need no tra
drafted but are put at police and fire

We cannot replace these men as it
ployers or as other departments of
is compelled to take replacements
and the average age of the men on bo
34. They are all subject to the dra
physical condition. As soon as we
pointment, the new appointee is sul
are not permitted to make tempor
the Police Department in peace tim

We have several hundred more
policing in the City today because
ditions. We have extra detective
signment requires three men. There
has increased by reason of this em
quire additional personnel in the P
takes six months in the Academy a
training before a policeman can rea
in a city like New York.

Fire protection is just as impo
fense as the Army itself. Everybod
has had to increase its fire departm
sand men in addition to the auxilia
spare firemen. We need more in th
silly it is to take these men away fr
they are needed. It takes from three
a fireman in fire fighting under co
in our city.

The editorial says, "Few of th
called." There are now 700 eligibles
ment. If the State requires the City
military service, there will be 2,700
eligible for such service in the F
number will be increased relative
pelled to pay during military servi

You ask why postmen, street cle
public building janitors, court steno
and dogcatchers are not exempt?
that they are not indispensable and
over draft age may be appointed t
of this work can be performed by
not claimed exemption for any such
ask about industries. Many men i
tries are exempt and properly so. N
That, I suppose, was put in to be
catchers should be exempt to catc
fifth columnists and undermine ou

In any program of national def
be realistic and to utilize talent an
needed. The editorial confuses tra
war emergency. We will meet the
comes.

March 15, 1941

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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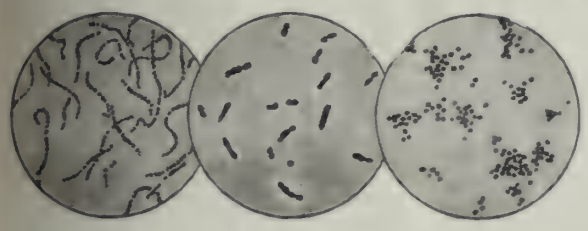
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TEST RESULTS HAVE SHOWN

Listerine's amazing ability to fight colds!



Above are photomicrographs of germs which are among the "secondary invaders" that live in the mouth and way back on the throat and are responsible, many authorities claim, for most of the bothersome aspects of a cold. Listerine Antiseptic destroys large numbers of these potential trouble makers on mouth and throat surfaces.



ar aft year, evidence from painstaking research
tes groups continues to pile up supporting
imp ssive fact:

hat se test subjects who gargled Listerine Anti- had ewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter tion an those who did not use it. Moreover, rine ers experienced fewer cases of sore throat.

Kills Associated Germs

he reason for Listerine Antiseptic's success, we eve, just be this:

hat it kills millions of surface germs associated co s, known as the threatening "secondary ders some of which are shown above.

hese revalent types of germs, unless combated, inv le the tissue and accelerate infection. y a authority gives them credit for causing t of he distress of the common cold.

ow horoughly Listerine Antiseptic attacks n ha been recorded by tests that showed that even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranged as high as 96.7%—an hour after, as high as 80%. Yet Listerine Antiseptic is so safe, so gentle in its action, that it does not irritate the tissue.

Fight Colds Intelligently

Get the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning as a precaution against catching cold, and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle. This emergency treatment may spare you a nasty siege.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED SURFACE GERMS AS MUCH AS 96.7% IN ACTUAL TESTS! The two drawings at right illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions ranging to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



Mothers! GET THIS AMAZING

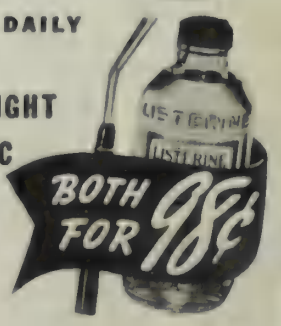
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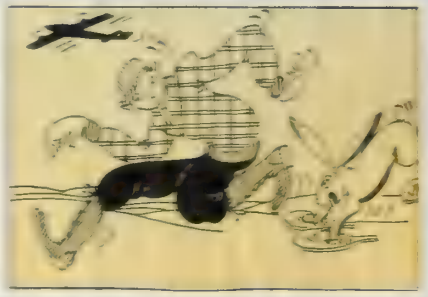
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COVER ALAN FOSTER

ANY WEEK

WE'RE no sooner recovering from our amazement at the way our associates on this staff soar off into the clouds bound for what somebody once cunningly called the ends of the earth, than we discover others bound for places in freight trains. This time it's Jim Marshall. That Mr. Marshall should be going anywhere in anything but a plane, a submarine, a destroyer, a balloon or in one of those unarmored torpedo speed boats that the Navy has fallen in love with, is merely more evidence (as though it were needed) that we're warranted in our frequent expression: "Good gracious, what next?" Anyway, and probably just for variety, Mr. Marshall is pausing in San Francisco wither he was carried by a freight train. Too little attention has been paid our American freight trains as mediums of passenger transportation. "I've just finished riding 1,500 miles in a freight locomotive that has toilet facilities, windshield wipers, leather-upholstered swivel chairs, indirect lighting, steam heat and a place to plug in your electric razor," reports Mr. Marshall. "The terrific thing runs at seventy-five miles an hour. They also serve crumpets and tea with lemon." Mr. Marshall says, too, that he spent a few hours on the Navaho Indian Reservation and found Chief Deer Follower and Chief Talking Water suffering acutely from pains in their necks. The pains, they said, were the result of "a thousand questions asked by a thousand high-priced experts in a thousand high-priced cars telling the Indians how to live the better life. Incidentally, the Navahos call Mussolini Gourd Chin and Hitler Mustache Smeller. I'll write you from Kishamoulaki."



WE ARE seriously contemplating a trip to Winsted, Connecticut, to delete a few snowshoe rabbits which have been terrorizing the Litchfield Hills. This rabbitkrieg we have in mind does not come of any desire of ours to be brutal, but rather in the furtherance of our national defense. We have been invited to membership in an air-raid warden group, our duties being to stand on a hill gazing at the sky. If we see an airplane we make a note of it. When the book is filled we get another free. The group is already operating—or was operating until, one chilly night during a blizzard, making it impossible to see the sky, a large number of snowshoe rabbits attacked the wardens, several of whom had to receive medical treatment. Unhappily, the wardens are not permitted to carry firearms lest the temptation to shoot become unbearable. The flash of guns would give away the position of the air-raid wardens who would forthwith be bombed. The tales we've heard about the onslaught of those rabbits upon our group sound a trifle hysterical. One warden reports that he was severely bitten, and a lady warden says that she was knocked down and her ski pants torn. Our job, as we understand it, will be to stand on guard against the snowshoe rabbits, giving the alarm upon their approach and reassuring the wardens with hearty cries of "Steady, ladies and gentlemen, steady."

A GENTLEMAN in Anchorage, Alaska, announces that he will read this magazine no more. Every so often readers whom we've irritated notify us that they're all washed up, through with us, done. Such letters always sadden us, leaving us with a sense of futility. Nevertheless, we always wonder what a dismal journal this would be if it were so supine, so colorless, so saccharine and appeasive that it offended no one. This letter from the Anchorage gentleman is considerably out of the ordinary because he begins with: "I have been a steady reader of your magazine ever since the Roosevelt-Taft split in 1912." And he proposes to desert us after twenty-nine years because of our recent editorial advocating the repeal of the Johnson Act. He calls that editorial British propaganda—and he wants none of it. Frankly, we're not going to let that guy quit. We'll sue. No man can take the best years of our life and desert us after twenty-nine years of happiness. Moreover, we're suspicious and are prepared to fight if we find out that a certain pale Jeannie with light brown hair, and very little of that, has been tampering with him.

HOWEVER, we have a bit of encouraging news from Canada. We've read a couple of books on the subject but still fail to grasp the reason why a war that is keeping Canadian industries running at top speed should at the same time depress the Canadian dollar far below parity with ours. Mr. Bert Dell of Detroit, Michigan, bought a bottle of liquor in a Control Board store in Ontario. He laid down an American twenty-dollar bill. He got twenty dollars and ten cents (Canadian) change. Dr. Dell spoke to the man about it. The man denied that there was a mistake, explaining international exchange to Mr. Dell as follows: "Vive la guerre."

IF NECESSARY, being an advocate of direct action and not being above a bit of light bribery, we'll buy him a drink. We shall try to do it as casually as our journal ate. Quentin Reynold arrival in Paris jum Adolf Hitler. Mr. R himself and Mr. Hit Ritz bar, his first s Paris. Mr. Hitler wa with Mr. Reynolds drank the fuehrer's us that Mr. Reynold "The Wounded Don' Blakemore, a twel mirer, and got the "Thank you very mu I am enjoying it. It of you to write in it opening of your boo to Paris with Gran went to the Ritz bar just what you did."

BESIDES, if everyt Miss Thalia Mennc ville, Texas, has pla have an article by M Why I Prefer Editors Of course, we prom La Paz says that sh and bring the manus am sure," says she. I am very easy to l friends tell me."

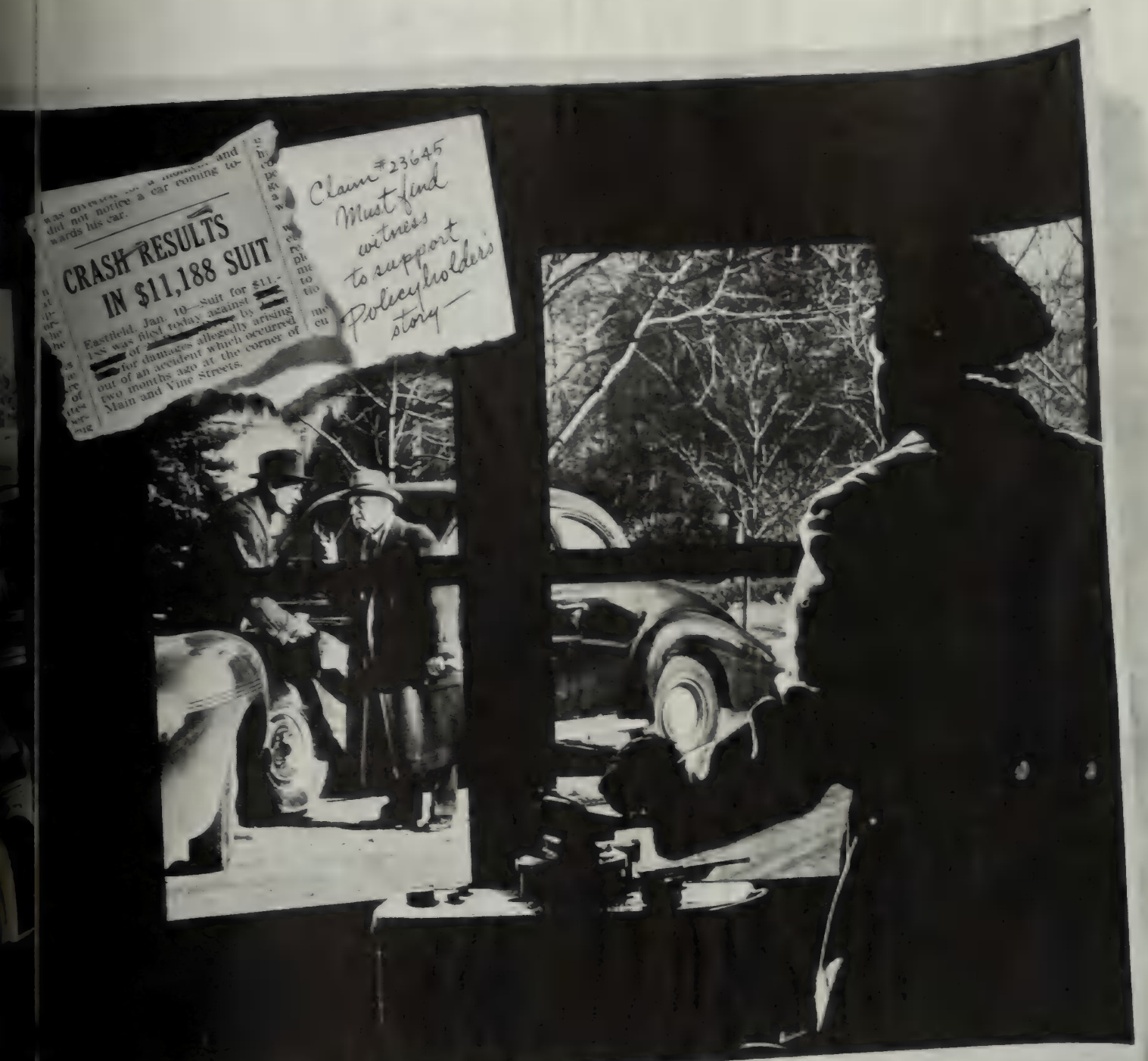


BUT there's not mu Mr. Arthur Sundeen nesota. Mr. Sundeen to read all of our first. Usually he "from stem to stern reached page 15 of there. Ever since h beyond that page. complete. Worse, h in his sleep ever s man in the light of kids," says Mr Su young lady has s look again. Yep, sh body looking at m she's smiling at m gal's set me to think an old-timer in the nese business."

THIS column wou without telling you losek of Fort Wayne engaged in organizin yet unnamed) whic as its motto and aim ica short of war."

MORE Nazi propag

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but the Liberty Mutual investigator saved me from a serious loss"

day I as driving to my office when another car
from side street. A man was seriously hurt in
n. To ake matters worse, a motorman claimed
een e accident. 'You had plenty of time to
said. t was all your fault!'

ed by a star witness, the other fellow brought
$11,8—$6,188 more than the protection
by my car insurance policy. Frankly I was
Wha could Liberty Mutual do to protect me
e loss all my savings?

ry mo ing for five days, a Liberty Mutual in-
or roc the street car line in search of a witness
ld be out my side of the story. On the fifth
cess! ith a witness to support me, the balance
videm was more evenly divided, and Liberty
was le to settle the case out of court well
the lim ts of my policy. Thanks to the Liberty
inves ator, I didn't have to pay a penny."

d you savings, your home, your peace of mind
guarde as well, if you should have an accident?
licyhol er in this company, your interests are in
nds of seasoned staff of claims experts.
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Fifth Corps Area
Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area.....Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area.....Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area
Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area
Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or write to: Enlistment Division F-2, A.G.O., Washington, D. C.



Week ends in Florida fo... are made possible by mo...

TRANSPORTATION has always been an important factor in the development of real-estate values. Thus, students of land economics trace four main trends, or epochs, in our history in which the realty wealth of the nation was progressively established, affirmed, then shifted onward to new appraisals. Water, rail, highway—and now the air.

In colonial times the large fortunes in land were made through ownership of water-front areas. Upon such harbors as Portland, Boston, New York (the Vanderbilt riches began on Staten Island), and Charleston. Upon such rivers as the Connecticut, Hudson (New York's ruling patrician families, as the Roosevelts), Potomac, Delaware, Schuylkill and Ohio. (The Ohio Company, in which Franklin, Washington and all the big shots of the day invested, was a prototype of the later California and Florida booms.) Upon lakes, such as Erie. Upon canals, which tapped the interior's first industries. Our commerce was chiefly waterborne: the China and India clippers gave New Bedford, Nantucket and Salem land values that they don't have, in proportion, today.

The railroad era of realty values really got under way in the middle of the last century. It ran concurrently with industrial expansion. It decentralized water-front and urban areas, enabled city workers as well as manufacturers to move out. It birthed new fortunes —Huntington, Stanford, Harriman. It brought on the land booms of the early seventies and the early nineties.

Next, a good state and national roads system, which of course is synonymous with the automobile, ushered in the third era of real estate. "It's on an improved highway" became as potent a sales argument as "it has good rail service" had been. It was more elastic: boosted rural values by new attainability and vast extension of suburbia.

NOW, and I have this on the word of real-estate experts, we are just entering the ultramodern, or air, stage of our land reappraisals—and it may very well fetch the highest values of all, not confined to audacious speculators, but spread out for the most good over the greatest number.

Like all new epochs, it is not reaching life without aches and groans.

Suburbanites near Seattle broke the heart of State Senator Billy Conner with their opposition to his cherished dream of the world's greatest marine air base on Lake Washington. Said there would be "too much noise." Seattle, meanwhile, remains the center of th... United States which h... its industrial and com... alities and its intrins... simply because it is off... travel.

LaGuardia Field, N... projected, brought the... near-by dwellers—"nois... The fact that, despite... flights using this field e... complaints about noise... as operations began... ceased altogether prove... of such objections. ... blocks of good-class... springing up near the... for its many workers, b... a terminal inevitably at... surface-transportation f... buses and subways.

Here is a summary... ture that real-estate m...

It's smart to own la... large parcels, near airpo... factories, for there is wh... realty booms will be. ... the beginnings of this... Dallas, Long Island, wh... new or expanding air p...

SMALL manufacture... be close to airfields... express and freight usag... terminals will be as... union stations in princi... nessmen will consider it... have their offices near a... as near railroad depots... tant to have their subu... private or commuter... country clubs and golf...

The peak railroad c... are within 50 miles; th... commuting zones will... Thus, suburbs will be... and now remote hinterl... proved. There will be... up of country develop... airports lend themselve... and beautification. If y... today you can fly to wo... you take the 8:15 bus or... can take the 8-o'clock... —that is, if you've a n... miles farther out.

Great resorts will h... landing places for priva... such places as Greenbr... convenience. Even to... makes Florida week e... New Yorkers and Wash... Mexico week ends for S...

You'll be able to bri... teacher from orchards f...

GAIN CHEVROLET'S THE LEADER!

You'll want all these features to get the

BEST RIDE AND DRIVE!

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ORIGINAL VACUUM POWER SHIFT

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...celer...ion—first in ...ng—...nong all big- ...g lo... priced cars.



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WITH UNISTEEL CONSTRUCTION AND TURRET TOP

Concealed Safety-Steps at each door. "3-couple roominess" in all sedan models.



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The man who knows shoes best knows the best shoes for those who have arch trouble—or those who would avoid it. He recommends Florsheim Shoes with Feeture Arch. Made to bend like a knee, the exclusive FLORSHEIM Feeture Arch flexes with the foot when you walk...yet supports you firmly when you stand. More than that, Florsheim Shoes with Feeture Arch give style as well as support, long wear as well as comfort. Next week, visit your Florsheim dealer; he'll be proud to show you FLORSHEIMS with FEETURE ARCH—the right support to support *you* right!



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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When rivalry was rife among comedians on Broadway in 1908, a certain theater exhibited a woman called "Sober Sue" and offered $1,000 to anyone who could make her laugh. For fourteen weeks, these comedians vied with one another, but all failed, and shortly after she had departed they learned that her facial muscles had been paralyzed for many years.

All the men who had seen service on the German raider Emden during the World War were permitted, in the early 1920's, to add the name of this vessel to their own. One such man is Admiral Witthoeft-Emden, who is now connected with the German embassy in Washington, D. C.

One of the rarest afflictions is total color blindness, there being fewer than 150 recorded cases in all medical history.—*By C. E. Creighton, Wheeling, West Virginia.*

In the state of Bikaner, India, all music is grouped into morning, afternoon and night pieces and it is against the law to play a composition outside of its "hours." Thus, for instance, a person wishing to play or hear a night piece at one in the morning has to wait until the next night, which begins at four the following afternoon.—*By Bob Stobaugh, Martin, Tennessee.*

Valentine has been the most widely used name of saints, one recently compiled list containing fifty-two of them.—*By Kathleen Gay, Columbus, Mississippi.*

The United States is the only country in which all telephone and telegraph systems are owned by private organizations. In all other countries, the government owns and operates a part or all of one or both methods of communication.—*By Allan C. Garrigus, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

Although no American woman has ever been employed as a pilot of a regular airliner, more than 1,500 now have flying licenses, a number of which permit their holders to fly chartered planes carrying passengers.

An incredible aeria place recently in Aus two Air Force planes b locked about 3,000 fe army air field. The upper machine, after men in both ships t brought the planes s ground.

Copenhagen's first shelter, built a short ti the site where Ludvig celebrated Scandinav wrote his Epistolae in Holberg predicted th should ever learn to fly swoop down upon and destroy great numbers people who, to save would have to take ref in the ground.

One of the fastest-gr isms in the vegetable the "veil" of the wild S can mushroom, *Dictyo iata*. After attaining it growth of four inches hours, this mushroom lacy, flowing "veil" or virtually covers it minutes.—*By Phil Mu ton, Florida.*

There are not more gorillas in captivity th world and eleven of the United States. The la ord is Mbongo, which than 650 pounds and i logical park in San Di nia. The only gorilla t all Asia is a stuffed on zoo.

Members of the Red Cross, in accorda agreement made amon in 1929, regularly visi of interned civilians a soldiers in warring cou that the prisoners are proper quantity and qu medical care and pay bor.

Five dollars will be paid for or unusual fact accepted f Contributions must be accom factory proof. Address Ke World, Collier's, 250 Park A City. This column is copyrigh The National Weekly. None be reproduced without expre the publishe



Packard Custom Convertible Victoria—$4685 as illustrated*

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What could it be but a Packard?

NEVER YOU see an unusual stir around a rich or driveway this year, it's more than be casioned by the glamorous car above.

car naturally, a Packard. When you see head-and-shoulders above the field . . . so sophisticated, so patrician . . . it is hard being anything *but* a Packard.

us that wherever this distinguished Packard parks or pauses, traffic is well-grouped by admirers.

engineering ingenuity has made this just as outstanding *mechanically* as it is in Boasting one of the most powerful 8-cylinder in any American car, its ride is a cushioned luxury. And other delights every turn of your first trial trip. Electromatic Drive, for example, is a revelation simplified automatic driving. The clutch operates *itself* with uncanny skill, yet this is only *part* of the story. Electromatic Drive saves footwork . . . saves shifting . . . even saves gas, oil, and engine wear by letting the engine loaf. It's 1941's newest feature—and it makes driving a brand-new thrill!

Windows, in enclosed models of this superlative One-Eighty, glide open—or shut—at the touch of a button. And available in *all* closed Packards, at extra cost, is a sensational new Packard "first"—*real, refrigerated* Air Conditioning!

The only thing that *isn't* surprising, in this surprising car, is that its long, rakish bonnet wears the most famous, best-loved face in motoring.

• • •

This superlative Packard Custom Super 8 One-Eighty is only *one* of many super cars offered for 1941. We make no boast when we state that they represent the ultimate word in everything that a custom car should be. Packard has prepared a special brochure giving detailed information on these custom creations. It is yours for the asking.

**Delivered in Detroit. State taxes extra. Price also includes Electromatic Drive, installed at factory.*

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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THE PATENTED CONSERVADOR . . .
26% *more quickly usable space*

A shelf-lined Inner Door that keeps the foods you use most often *right at your finger tips!* Doubles the front-of-the-shelf space. Eliminates cluttered shelves and wasted space. A "Storm Door" that keeps cold air in, warm air out; saves on electric bills.



HUGE, SEPARATE FROZEN FOO COMPARTMENT A giant size, separate in addition to the regular ice cube chamber, speci for frozen storage. Plenty of room to store froz days, to prepare frozen desserts, to keep ice cubes in cubes.



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olier's

The National Weekly for March 15, 1941

My Patient, Hitler

By Dr. Eduard Bloch as told to **J. D. Ratcliff**

The physician of the Hitler family tells about the dictator, who was his patient as a boy in old Austria

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

ERE three days out of Lisbon bound west for lew York. The storm on Saturday had bec bad, but on Sunday the sea had subsided. le be re eleven o'clock that night our ship, the Spa sh liner Marques de Comillas, got orders op. ritish control officers aboard a trawler ed to xamine the passengers. Everyone was o lin up in the main lounge.

ur E tish officers, wearing life jackets, entered. out c nment they worked their way down the scrut izing passports. There was a feeling of ness. Many of those aboard the ship were flee- hey ought they had made good their escape Eur e once anchor was hoisted in Lisbon. N ne knew. Perhaps some of us would be off t ship.

nally was my turn. The officer in charge took asspo , glanced at it and looked up, smiling. were litler's physician, weren't you?" he asked. was c rect. It would also have been correct for o ad hat I am a Jew.

new dolf Hitler as a boy and as a young man. ted h many times and was intimately familiar the dest surroundings in which he grew to ood. attended, in her final illness, the person r and earer to him than all others—his mother. ost b graphers—both sympathetic and unsym- tic— ve avoided the youth of Adolf Hitler. The opat tic ones have done this of necessity. They lay eir hands on only the most meager facts. offici party biographies have skipped over this l bec se of the dictator's wishes. Why this ab- l se tivity about his youth? I do not know. are scandalous chapters which Hitler might to hi , unless one goes back over a hundred to th birth of his father. Some biographers say Alois itler was an illegitimate child. I cannot for e accuracy of this statement.

hat c those early years in Linz, Austria, where r spe his formative years? What kind of a boy e? hat kind of a life did he lead? It is of thin that we shall speak here.

hen Adolf Hitler Was Thirteen

rst, night introduce myself. I was born in nbu a tiny village in southern Bohemia which, e cou e of my lifetime, has been under three Aus an, Czechoslovakian and German. I am nine ears old. I studied medicine in Prague, oine the Austrian army as a military doctor. 99 I s ordered to Linz, capital of Upper Aus- nd t third largest city in the country. When I leted y army service in 1901 I decided to re- m Li and practice medicine.

a ci , Linz has always been as quiet and re- d as enna was gay and noisy. In the period of we e about to speak—when Adolf Hitler was of 1 —Linz was a city of 80,000 people. My tati rooms and home were in the same house, cient aroque structure on Landstrasse, the main ughf of the city.

e Hi r family moved to Linz in 1903, because, eve, the good schools there. The family back- d is ll known. Alois Schicklgruber Hitler was on o a poor peasant girl. When he was old gh to ork he got a job as a cobbler's apprentice, ed hi way into the government service and be- a cu oms inspector at Braunau, a tiny frontier betw n Bavaria and Austria. Braunau is fifty fro Linz. At fifty-six Alois Hitler became le fo a pension and retired. Proud of his own ss, h was anxious for his son to enter govern- serv e. Young Adolf violently opposed the He ould be an artist. Father and son fought this hile the mother, Klara Hitler, tried to tain ace.

s lon s he lived Alois Hitler persevered in try- o sha his son's destiny to his own desires. His would ave the education which had been denied an e cation which would secure him a good mmer job. So Father Alois prepared to leave amle f Braunau for the city of Linz. Because s gov nment service, he would not be required y the ll tuition for his *(Continued on page 35)*

Eduar Bloch, because of his former connection the tler family, was granted special privi- s by e Nazis. When he left Austria for New k a fe months ago he was permitted to bring him ixteen marks instead of the usual ten

OUR NEW ARMY



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH



Beef stew and chile con carne make a mess of mess kits but thirty gallons of water in a GI can heated over a coal fire does the trick for the Fort Dix men shown at upper left. Obstinate mess-kit cases yield to mud treatment. Cooks and K. P.'s (left) roll out at 2 A. M. to have fried potatoes, eggs, coffee, cereal, ready for a six-fifteen breakfast for 250 men

Incidents, Anecdotes and News from Draftee Training Centers

ARMY DOUGH: They'll never get rich but Uncle Sam's trainees are the best-paid men under arms. Privates draw $21 every payday for the first three months; $30 after that. Their foreign contemporaries don't do so well. Turkish privates drag down the equivalent of a nickel a month, Greek fighters get the price of five packs of chewing gum, Mussolini's warriors receive a buck and a half and Hitler's combat troops try to get along on six dollars a month. Aside from the U. S. the best basic rate is Britain's—$15.17 per.

Some draftees detect a silver lining on the greenback headache, a customary subject for barrack-room beefing. At Fort Lewis, Washington, Pvt. Philip C. Goebel of Seattle thinks his $21, clothes and grub are worth a $100-a-month civilian job; Pvt. Otto Kniepp from Snohomish says he's saving more out of his Army pay than he did from his former $38-a-week salary.

To make things easier for the draftee who isn't used to budgeting, the Army lets him buy on the cuff at the post canteen and deducts the amount from his pay check. When he's completely flat the new soldier can sometimes borrow a few bucks from richer pals, but usually at Shylock rates of interest. A few of the Army regulars at Fort Meade, Maryland, are doing all right for themselves with this kind of transaction. The bedlam around the pay window, where creditors snag debtors, is something.

Regular Army Pvt. Walter Hammond, of Headquarters Company medical detachment at Camp Upton, New York, wants no part—despite draftee cajoling—of these financial shenanigans. "I get my thirty-three rocks a month," he told a group of penniless privates, "and it's got to stretch because I got a very expensive hobby. Taking pitchers. So I do it simple. Eleven bucks for photography. Two for laundry. Eight for the canteen. And twelve . . . just for spending."

The draftees are still working on him.

●

CAMP EDWARDS, MASSACHUSETTS: The Army trains men but a lot of the boys are already trained for the Army. For instance:

Draftee Eugene F. Petit of Chicopee Falls studied three years for the priesthood, then dropped out of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, because he decided it wasn't his vocation after all. He worked in a printing shop until the draft got going, volunteered for his year of service and is now assisting L. Clancy, S. J., chaplain,

John Martinides, a Yo York, native, was a cook in Rhode Island, hotel. A li cooking, he too volunteer Army put him right back in "In some ways," says he, None of this six-to-nine stuff. And I don't have to cutlets, sea food en bordur room omelets all at the sam

OFFICERS at the Bost station took a second Draftee Arthur E. Look wa thirty-five-year-older from Martha's Vineyard, expla jumped several times fro I'd like to be a parachute wanted to make sure you'd

"We get it," the officers

Draftee Look was weari chute packs. One fore, one

MASSACHUSETTS Sele men were just as pu local draft board which pas lem along to them. What board wanted to know, wh claims draft exemption on grounds not only for her tw her husband to boot? State some elementary arithmet how come the head of the h boys could be in the 21-35 ets. Very simple, the loc plied; the gentleman is second husband. Which state officials back to the c tion: Was the lady depend earnings of all three men which of them should be dr score: Army 2, Wife 1. T placed in Class 1A and w Camp Edwards this mont (Class 3A) continues to be

●

FORT SNELLING, M Camp officers will neve one it is, because Selectiv ficials won't reveal his nam tain Minnesota draftee m the fort any day now. Th outlined himself a job he to finish. More specifically from the draft. Wrote a effect: "The whole busines I was scared into regist enormous fine and jail s scribed by the Selective S just cancel my registrat want to hear anything m

He probably will.

IF OUR self-assured drat in camp, he'll find an ass cedure far different from th plan used in World War days a sergeant generally to a company of new men "All of you that feel qual the general's car, step forw Right face. For'd march. halt! See those cars over the one-wheelers. Yeah, wheelbarrows. Well, ge chauffeur 'em."

Today the Army uses a sonnel system. The one ing is typical. Here's how

After the draftee i

(Continued on pa

Brother Defended

By Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATION LITHOGRAPHED
STORY BY JAMES E. ALLEN

**a man has been used
success failure is a bitter
Wash Red Fowler, the
lete woodsman, take his
ine for the first time**



The sled with its massive burden gathered speed, the horses breaking into a run to keep it off their heels

Fower boys between them
e wo any six men on the West
nch rive—and maybe seven.
s go both ways from Sunday;
th a ax, a master hand at get-
rk ou of a team of horses, quick
on r ning logs, and with an eye
key g in a jam that only Jock
y hi elf could match. And as
dy, w l, Sandy was no weakling
H was inches shorter than
d pou ds lighter; but he matched
reate strength by his knack of
thin look easy.

y wh er they worked in the
for J k MacIlroy. They were
ack amsters. Sandy had his
rses, ig Mike and Blackie; but
ve o of Jock's teams.

were pair, two men as good as
may e seven—till Jock Mac-
daug er Molly put up her hair
dow her skirts and became a
and o longer a child. Sandy
first o discover what had hap-
Red as a lumberman in season
t, and when the drive was down,
he tr ping roisterers of the crew
bold easures of Bangor town;
n the winter's work in the woods
e Sa y left others to handle the
nd ca e home to get his farming
Thei father had been killed
g out landing on Sourdnehunk
whe they were boys; but Red
neve make a farmer, so it was
who ok care of their mother,
the f m.

Mac oy was their neighbor, so
andy me out of the woods, Mrs.
oy a the children always hur-
er to ear the news of Jock and
les S dy had to tell of the
s wo Red's name came often
tongu and Molly as a child had
liste d with shining eyes and
for m e.

this ar when Sandy realized
Molly as no longer a child; so
tly he alked to her more about
and ss about Red. By the
of uly he was wondering
r she nd his mother would be
in e same house together
h the ng winters while he was
in the oods, and one fine warm
n Aug t when they walked by the
rive e asked her opinion on
oint.

ly th ght she and Mrs. Fowler
get a ng just fine! After that,
talk to Jock MacIlroy, and
o his other, and then to Molly some more; and the only question remaining to be settled was whether they would be married before Sandy went into the woods, or wait till spring.

Red had worked in Bangor that summer, but he came home for a week or two before heading upriver for the winter. He was a fine figure of a bold young man, with an eye for a pretty girl; and Molly was a pretty girl. He came tramping up the road past Jock MacIlroy's farm, and he overtook Molly on her way to his own home; so it was from her he learned that she would marry Sandy.

When she told him, Red grinned flatteringly. "Will ye so, now?" he challenged. "You're a fine one to go marrying anyone at all with never a word to me! Now when will that marrying be?"

"Right away!" she said proudly. "Right away, before Sandy goes upriver."

"Ho!" he protested. "No man with a heart in him would ever marry you and leave you as soon as that! Put it off, Molly. Maybe you'll change your mind when the drive comes down in the spring!"

SHE told him she would never change her mind, and he laughed again and said cheerfully: "Lord love ye, many a girl has said 'no' to me once, or maybe twice, but I changed their minds for them in the end. Now I dare ye to put it off till spring."

She laughed and said Sandy would not wait; and Red told her confidently, "Let me talk to the little man. You'll see!"

By that time they were come to the farm, and Sandy and Mrs. Fowler were out to meet them, and he had no time to say more. But Molly wished to show him how wrong he was, so before them all she told Sandy that she had been thinking, and maybe it would be full as well to wait till spring, after all.

It was a week more before they started away upriver and Red did not let her forget, and he laughed at Sandy—to her—for being so easily persuaded to delay the wedding. Sandy was busy making the farm ready for the winter, but Red had time for Molly, and he made of it what he could. He got small help from her. When the day of departure came, she kissed Sandy goodby, proudly, before them all.

Red had kissed her goodby—and had his ears boxed till they rang, for his pains—the night before; but he knew, by that time, that Molly would not change. The knowledge rankled. Before they reached the winter camp, he began to dislike his brother, and to deride him before the other men. He said derisively that Sandy was a farmer, not fit for woods work at all. After a while he began to make Sandy's care of his team a target. "Man, you dandle them as if they were a pair of women," he protested. "What's

(Continued on page 86)



Cartoonist Chic Young's family li
resembles that of the Dagwood Bum
steads in the comic strip Blondi
One important difference is th
Young earns about $100,000 a ye

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

HIS GIRL BLOND

By J. Bryan III

Blondie and her family began life ten years ago in a comic strip. Since then they've made a career for themselves and their creator in radio, movies and in the hearts of the Average American

ALL right, Winchell. Here's the final test, the showdown: Pick any infanticipating couple you want, and say whether it's going to be a boy or a girl.

Can't, eh? Well, listen to this: On the morning of Monday, April 7, 1941, the D. B.'s, one of the most prominent young couples in the country, will receive a bundle from heaven labeled, "Handle with care! Baby girl!"

That's news. What's more, it's true. It's straight from the ink bottle, and the ink bottle belongs to cartoonist Chic Young. The D. B.'s? They're the Dagwood Bumsteads, Mrs. Bumstead being the Blondie of the comic strip, radio program, movie series of the same name, as several score million people are aware.

Even readers of the Helsinki *Suomen Sosialidemokratti* know Dagwood's passion for multidecker sandwiches. Readers of the Shanghai China Press wonder at Blondie's new hats. Readers of the Guatemala City *Imprenta Hispania* sympathize when Baby Dumpling has to sit in the corner. They, and the readers of more than 500 other newspapers, representing thirty nations and seventeen languages, have known the Bumsteads long and they know them well.

They know them so well, indeed, that when Chic Young showed Blondie using a saucepan with a pattern of stripes, he received an avalanche of letters inquiring when she had bought it; her old saucepan had been plain. He received another avalanche when he put a new lamp on the bed table. Another when he inadvertently moved the refrigerator to a different side of the kitchen.

To these millions of people, the Bumstead house is as familiar as their own. The explanation is that the Bumstead house *is* their own, or their relatives', or their neighbors'. Some readers accept the illusion as fact. They are so convinced that Young is drawing actual fellow citizens of theirs that they write him letters beginning, "You know Robinson's drugstore on the corner of Fourth and Main? Well, why don't you show—"

Young has scrupulously avoided localizing the Bumsteads. No one regrets this more than Dr. George Gallup. If Gallup knew where they lived, he could simply ask their opinion and he'd get the average opinion of America. This is the secret of the Bumsteads' appeal: they are as average-American as baseball, ham and eggs and—for that matter—comic strips.

The Bumsteads never do something for a laugh that they wouldn't do normally. There are no such traditional cartoon black-outs as someone attempting suicide, or joining the Army, or jumping out of his shoes. Nothing enters their lives that doesn't enter an average life.

Dagwood can't operate a rocket ship or a disintegrator gun; his highest accomplishment is catching the last bus that will get him to the office on time. Blondie has never been held hostage by the mad Professor Querio; her chief anxiety is whether her cake will rise. Baby Dumpling is not a Little Lost Prince, but he has one adoring subject—his dog Daisy. A typical Bumstead disaster is a mosquito in their bedroom or a cake of soap that sli
Even as with you and I.

When Young was
whose heroine was a pe
an apartment in New Y
night clubs, and listen
crackers. It all fitted i
began drawing Blondie,
felt like a man in a ho
draw a meadow of butt

"The kind of people I
at," he explains, "I thi
family out in Joplin, M
band who goes to wo
comes home at six, read
out of the house. Wh
what the Broadway bo
Nothing! I was out of
audience, and as soon
blew the big town."

He blew to Great Ne
Rather mournfully, h
kind of people he's in
"My neighbors think
freaks, because we do
and don't have stenogr
our laps. Still, I know
of them don't know:
milkman really exists.
to one."

He might have ad
put one in the strip

(Continued on

All is Fair

By D. D. Beauchamp

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

ws have been devised for the protection the elk, the wild dog of Utah and even e buzzard; but man, alas, is strictly on his vn. He hasn't got a chance with a woman

N," aid, "you're crazy."
rge wis said, "No, I'm not. Yo don't know." And I had t tha s being the truth. I didn't

nly ng I knew was that I re- being anked out of bed at 7:45 lr m be I should say I would ente it, if it had been anybody rge ewis who had done the . Th is the way I felt about

sno ng when she phoned me, thos brisk, hearty snows, and a w ter morning is a dreary

" Mrge said over the phone, u co e over to the house right

in b " I said. "What do you

Geor," Marge said.
ell w George," I said.
" Ma e said, "I know how it is. he s e way at times, but not w. Y have to come, Jeff. It's nt."

ld b eve that part about its nport t, because nothing unim- woul ever get Marge Lewis out of bed at that hour, so, knowing that, I went.

I took a cold shower, and ate an orange, and walked over to Marge's. Walking through the snow, I started thinking about it, and I wondered what George had done now; and I hoped it was something awful. It is easier to understand that when I explain that George Lattimer and I had been rivals for Marge Lewis' hand for six years. We were very civilized about it, of course. It was a friendly and sporting rivalry, not counting a few dirty tricks George had pulled on me, which I will not go into here. I will simply say that George had proved to be the best man, or at least it seemed that way since he and Marge had announced their engagement and were to be married in the spring. That is why I was hoping George had done something awful.

It is about four blocks to the Lewis place from where I live, and I walked it very quickly in the cold. Marge met me at the door. She was wearing a housecoat and slippers, and in spite of George, she was looking much the same as usual, which is very good indeed.

She said, "Dear Jeff, you're so considerate and dependable, and everything. I don't know what I'd do without you. Come on in."

"I didn't come here for flattery," I said. "What about George?"

"It's too tragic," Marge said.

There was a fire burning in the fireplace in the den. I put my hat and coat on a chair and turned around just in time to see Marge pouring whisky into two glasses out of a decanter.

I said, "For the love of Pete, Marge. Eight o'clock in the morning—"

Marge said, "Please, Jeff . . . It's just too awful," and went right on pouring.

Right then I knew that George had done something awful, because it is my experience that normal people do not drink at that hour in the morning unless they have a terrific hang-over, or are suffering from some unusual emotional strain. We had the drinks, though, and that is where I made my biggest mistake. I am not accustomed to whisky for breakfast, and the unusual effect on an empty stomach was one of the reasons I let myself get roped in the way I did. Under ordinary circumstances I would have put my hat on and gone home to bed, but six fingers of Scotch will sometimes undermine my perceptions.

AFTER the second drink Marge began to cry. She said, "I'm so unhappy, Jeff. I'm losing George. He's going to break our engagement."

Needless to say I was delighted, but under such circumstances a man must be sporting. I was very sporting. I said, "Old George wouldn't do that."

"Yes, he would," Marge said. "He's infatuated with that creature."

"That happens quite often," I said. "Just don't pay any attention to it. It'll pass."

"Not with George," Marge said. "He's too romantic. He's not like you, Jeff. He's an idealist. I'm going to lose him."

I said, "I hope . . ." and then I caught myself just in time. "Not old George," I said.

Of course I knew what it was, because it wasn't exactly a family secret. There is nothing secret in this town, except perhaps a few lodge handshakes, and the ages of two or three women that I know. And then I had what you might call a primary interest in what went on, so it was natural that I should know about George Lattimer and Cass Conover.

Not that there was anything wrong about it, but when two people are together a lot it is bound to cause gossip. At least it is bound to cause gossip in this community, and George and Cass were certainly together a lot. Any time during the summer you could see them in the pool at the club, or playing golf, or shooting billiards, or banging balls back and forth on the tennis court.

Of course I have seen the same thing happen to other couples, and it has come out all right in the end, with no damage done. As far as I could see the danger lay in contrasts, and Cass was certainly the most extreme thing from Marge that I could think of right offhand. Cass is a big, strapping wench who does things. Not that she is homely. As a matter of fact, she is good-looking in an athletic way, but husky, and independent, and capable, and sort of masculine in her attitude. The good-pal type. You know: man to man. Fight, wrestle or foot race for money, marbles or chalk. And that is not Marge's style at all.

I was fairly proud of having thought that all out until I realized that it was pretty obvious and that Marge knew it,

(Continued on page 77)



After the fourth slap Marge stopped the hysterics and settled down to plain weeping, saying, "I've killed him"

LESSONS OF WAR

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY CECIL BEATO



William Penn once sat in this classroom learning Latin. Today it's just as it was in 1656. Above the blackboard is a list of Chigwell's honor students. Penn's name is not there

It's eight P. M., an hour before "lights out." German bombers are passing overhead en route to London. The shelter is well lighted and heated, the boys are catching up on their work



IN 1656 a small schoolboy was awakened every morning at five-thirty by the mellow sound of the school bell. He put on his black knee breeches, donned his high black hat, shook the sleep from his eyes and then went to morning prayers. All day long he lived by the sound of the bell. It told him when to pick up his Lilly's Grammar for his Latin lesson; when to open the Greek grammar of Cleonard; when it was time to declaim Tully and Terrence, when it was time for dinner and recess.

The boy learned well. He learned not only the classics but he learned tolerance and humility and one day when he was almost grown the bell again tolled to say that he and his schoolmates were ready to put aside their books and enter into the affairs of the world. The boy's name was William Penn, and today a state in America is named after him.

The Chigwell Grammar School, not far from London, still stands as it did when William Penn was there. For three hundred years its bell had echoed through the valley of the Roding.

A hundred years ago a vigorous middle-aged man with a dark beard came to the village of Chigwell and he liked what he saw. He rented a small cottage on the school grounds and each morning the bell chimed to wake him too, not to attend early prayers and classes but to remind him that it was time to pick up his quill. And so Charles Dickens wrote Barnaby Rudge and he never minded the soft tones of the bell which rang so often during the day.

Nothing has changed at Chigwell. It is just another English public school educating lads from eight to eighteen as it has educated them since 1629. Across the road from it is the famous King's Head Inn where Dickens, in his broadcloth and his beaver hat, used to drink mulled ale; where the great robber Dick Turpin came each day for his pint of bitter and for information about the London coach.

Nothing has changed, and yet Penn and Dickens and even Turpin would be puzzled if they returned. There would be something lacking and finally they would realize what it was—the bell no longer tolls. No church bell or school bell rings in England today. They may ring one day. When they do it will mean that the invader has come. The bells will peal all over Churchill's island and members of the Home Guard will grab their rifles; farmers will take up pitchforks; housewives will be ready with homemade bombs—the bells will tell England that she is now fighting for her life.

Bugles now summon the lads to classrooms at Chigwell School. The bell hangs forlornly in its belfry and there is a padlock on its chains. Dr. Robert James, the headmaster of Chigwell, keeps the key.

A year ago, when the possibility of air raids could no longer be ignored, the students began to build trenches. They timbered them up and made them deep. The headmaster picked "spotters" among the students. But the spring passed and summer vacation came without the dread possibility having become a reality. Then came September and England had to learn how to live in a new world.

The school term was to start September twenty-third. Dr. James knew now that the trenches would not be enough. He called in professionals and had underground shelters built. They had wooden floors and electric lights and stoves and bunks enough to accommodate all of the 260 students.

Today the school handles air raids intelligently, without hysteria and with a minimum of lost effort. I sat in a classroom (the same one in which William Penn learned Latin). The Latin master was writing the familiar verbs on the blackboard and explaining what they meant and how they should be used.

Then the wail of the siren came faintly through the windows. The boy who was reciting now never even dropped a "sic" or a "semper." This siren meant that aircraft were over London, less than twenty miles away. The lesson continued. Then the loud notes of the bugles played by the spotters filled the room. The master laid down his book. Without a word the boys filed out of the door. They ran the scant fifty feet to the shelters. German aircraft were near.

In the finely built shelter they studied or they played checkers or they just played. It was a great lark to the youngsters (even to the older ones) and then, aged to duck hour. An hour sounded and emerged from places of safety

Virtually no p been immune One bomb fell The students a their bomb crat the headmaster

Some of the members of t Guard. These eighteen-year-o learned how to handle a Lewis is over they wi branch of the se

One of th buildings at Chi morial Chapel tion of the eig who were killed day former Ch in all branches

The village proud of the s possible. Chigw are doing thei effort. They ca collect money fire fund: they num and paper do Home Guar prepare thems when England colors.

The member represents Chig ample that t school try to fo proud of their His name is Wi



The sirens have sounded and the boys are running to their shelter. Chigwell has no factories or military objectives but hundreds of bombs have fallen in the village



ing ady for bed. The boys undress in their dormitories sleep n the shelter, which is a hundred yards away. All tem ve warm boots and most of them have flashlights

ning oilet in the dormitories after a safe night under- und. espite the excitement the boys are always ready for n-o'c ck breakfast: porridge, tea, eggs, sometimes bacon



Bugles summon the boys to classes. The bell ordinarily used is padlocked. No church or school bell rings anywhere in England today—when they do ring it will mean that the invasion is on

Chigwell's boys are proud of their bomb crater on the football field. When rain washes it in, they rebuild it. They want to keep it intact so they can show it to their parents on visiting day





Cerulean is the Word

By Lynn Mon

ILLUSTRATED BY

IT WAS Saturday air was as soft as and an ingratiating the Gulf. Through th Municipal Advertisin seen a crowd of late sh row Wilson Chase about Port Leon's ret

Woodrow was thinl mate. In his capaci paced back and forth straight upward as he ing. It was, appro painted metal ceiling convolutions suggeste

"Miss Sutton," said an idea."

Abbie Ann Sutton director, reached for "Yes, Mr. Chase."

"I have an idea," a mimeographed foli of tourists will be re week and we oughtr back up north witho sage. . . . You know, s butter letter in revers and hope they'll call

He took a tighter which emphasized tl fulness of his feature face working in the and then he gave:

"Dear Mr. or Mrs be filled in from our ton—In the traditio Southern hospitality you for helping to ma a success. We hope sunshine, our blosson archal moss-hung oa will remember that i Leon EVERY WEEK IS AIR-CONDITION

Woodrow drew a lo feeling into his dictat

"Here—new para backdrop of romanti and the future are lir sive present. Here or by mailed conquista homes, smooth fairw new industries. Here grance blends with th . . . where gleaming blade-blue waters . where the—"

"Glamorous?" pron in response to his yea

Woodrow shook his it in our advance lite ton." He scanned b ceiling in search of t tive, then slumpec "Honey," he exploc

An oddity became tall, handsome stran Despite the caressing carried a tweedy ov

ha you and I got to go on this way? It's get-
I c t even work up a little copy!"
ou ow, Woodie," she said plaintively, "that
pm d to Miss and Mister each other in the

nd" groaned Woodrow. "But all week we've
or ıg evenings. Seems years since we had ■
t urselves."
e l h know," she went on, "how Sitting Bull
abo married women being city employees.
ire e if he even suspected we were engaged.
t if e could just wait till we save up that little
it p ment—!"
m desk drawer she produced a colorful bro-
ope d to Glenwood. They had decided on that
be use you could start with a living room,
n a bath, adding other rooms as needed. The
ny mply drove up in a big truck some morn-
id t workmen bolted the sections together in
or e ly dinner.
was ike playing house with toy blocks, and
An ooked unguarded and childlike whenever
oug of Glenwood. The trouble, of course, lay
ly ried in small print at the bottom of the
Fo t was there that the price was mentioned.
ver you went without glass bricks in the di-
it s I meant waiting long months before being
afd an alphabetical loan.
lay," said Abbie Ann, "by next summer we
ma ge—almost."
for ately, Woodrow had devoted more time
pur politics than literature during his college
As result he had never heard about men kill-
e th g they love, and his voice became charged
eck s bitterness:
ext mmer! I remember my old city editor in
e w ned me never to fall for a girl in the same
—"
pa ed, wondering if he had been indiscreet.
h," id Abbie Ann.
ere as a numb and quivering silence. The
nt is wide enough for quarreling or truce,
eno h even for estrangement. But just as
row ecided on truce, a cloudlike shadow ap-
d in e open doorway.
at uld mean only one thing, since Sitting Bull
rs c a shadow like a cloud. He was looking
ost lksy and with him appeared a tall, hand-
str ger.

ni name had been applied to J. Eldridge
igby because of a habit of leaning back in his
d ch r and commenting on the climate. But
was fair. For as mayor of Port Leon and pub-
of e Clarion he felt a personal responsibility
ays en the sun remained hidden. In order to
e am ds he gave away that day's issue of the
pape
This entleman," he said, "is Mr. Carver Win-
A, of Portland, Maine. He's here on vacation
joy s Vitamin D."
urin the introductions an oddity became ap-
at in he tall, handsome stranger's appearance.
ate t caressing Gulf breeze he carried a tweedy
coat well as a brief case.
Not actly on vacation," he said. "I thought
aps ight be able to locate a new territory for
irm."
Mayo Digby expanded like a pink balloon. If
e wa nything he esteemed more than ■ tourist,
as a urist who remembered to bring a new in-
ry to ort Leon.
Sple id," he beamed. "And what line did you
you re in, Mr. Winthrop?"
Mr. W throp had not said, but he showed no re-
ince. With alacrity he passed out business cards
layin the name PERFEX in rich bas-relief.
Heat g," he announced, "is my line. The Per-
peopl manufacture everything from a bathroom
lamp to an office-building furnace. Coal, gas, oil,
tric aters—a Perfex for every purpose is our
chwor"
ncon iously, though he spoke with warmth, his
ds br ght a sudden chill to the Municipal Ad-
ising Bureau. "Of course," admitted Mayor
by, "w do have a few brisk days down here. Much
your orious autumn mornings, they are."
"Yes?" said the sales manager. For such ■ young
n, he d a personality as compelling as a north
d. "In February, 1899," he smiled, "the tempera-
e in Pt Leon dropped to seven above zero. And
anuar 1886, there was ice on your bayous."
The m yor looked hurt, as only a bland, fat man
look urt. But Woodrow put in loyally, "That
s a lo time ago. I remember my grandfather
ing wh t hard times they had after the War."
Again Winthrop smiled. From his brief case he drew ■ sheaf of graphs and statistics. "I never plan ■ campaign," he said, "until I have complete government records. In January, 1917, for instance, I note a trace of snow in Port Leon. Naturally," he added, glancing at Woodrow, "you wouldn't remember. That must have been during your infancy."

CARVER WINTHROP could scarcely have been more than a kindergarten pupil himself, though doubtless ■ forceful and mature little chap. "Or for that matter," he said, brightening, "take *today*'s forecast. In the plane coming down here I read that a drop in temperature is predicted. A big drop, the papers said. A *big* one."

His three auditors had a guilty and defensive air. They, too, had read the papers.

He went on happily, "I have always been fortunate in opening up new Perfex territory. Pure coincidence, I suppose, but I usually rate a nice cold wave. The 'Winthrop luck,' they call it in our main office."

"Now see here," snapped J. Eldridge Digby. "We've got our Camellia Week to think about."

The sales manager made a note. "Fine! We can work that into our art—the carefree Southern family gathered in their undies about the new Perfex, with potted camellias in the window. I'm ■ great believer in advertising, Mr. Digby, especially at the outset of a campaign. Here in Port Leon we'll need several full-page spreads."

At the first mention of advertising it was plain that a struggle had begun in the publisher's soul. Armies of ideals surged back and forth, locked in mortal combat. But in a moment he smiled wanly, hailing the victory of industry over climate.

"I'm sure," he said, "that the Clarion would prove a helpful medium. After all, there ought to be a wide market for your product here. Invalids, children, elderly people—"

"Everybody," said Carver Winthrop, "needs Perfex comfort. Given the right sort of educational campaign, Florida and California should be among our best territories."

He zipped shut his brief case as if to hint, very tactfully, the value of time. Then he rose.

"Perhaps," suggested the (*Continued on page* 72)



After slowly skating back and forth, he chose a spot where he could pose his profile to best advantage against a semitropical background

Hustling Hal

By Kyle Crichton



JAMES S. DOOLITTLE

Warners' associate producer, Hal Wallis, and his close friend on the set and off, Director Mike Curtiz

Life is never dull for Hal Wallis, who produces about forty-five pictures a year for Warner Brothers, is married to Louise Fazenda and would eat steak every night if she'd let him

NOTHING is more dismal than a Hollywood motion-picture studio at midnight. The lights on the outside of the gigantic sound stages blink forlornly and the streets between the stages are filled with the ghosts of platinum blondes and manly heroes. Just when the tears are beginning to fill your eyes at this pathetic spectacle, a limousine will pull in at the front gate and out will crawl five bedraggled gentlemen. They have just returned from a sneak preview at Huntington or Santa Barbara and they are very weary.

If this were a section of the hired help, the situation would be bad enough, but these particular worthies are the big shots—the producer, the director, the musical director, the head publicity man, the assistant head publicity man. In short, these are the gentry who are beating their brains out through overwork and all they will get for their pains is a fortune. If the above scene takes place at Warner Brothers, the producer in question will be Hal Wallis, the object of this discussion.

Mr. Wallis is a bit of a philosopher about his profession.

"A producer," he says, "is a man who is loved by his immediate relatives on both sides of the family and by practically nobody else. The actors swear you've put them in the part to ruin them, the writers are convinced you're a moron, the director knows for certain that any good scenes will be eliminated by criminals working in the cutting room. In the midst of the shooting, the female star has a rift with her boy friend and goes into a decline; the male star falls off a horse and is dented; California, the sunny, produces a slight drizzle of rain which lasts eighty-four days."

The Result's a Headache

You can't fool the man about his job at all. As associate producer at Warners' he is responsible for approximately forty-five epics a year. A Broadway producer who puts on three shows a season invariably ends up on a tropical island being fanned by a native boy. All Mr. Wallis gets from his labors, aside from the fortune, is a headache of such bulbous nature that men have stepped off the rim of the Grand Canyon for less.

Of the making of pictures, there is no end . . . at Warners', anyhow. Mr. Wallis lives out at Van Nuys on a farm and gets to the studio around ten o'clock. From then on it's a riot. He sees writers, supervisors and directors. He checks costume designs, sets and everything else connected with a movie production. He reads his mail; he comforts one of his actresses who arrives in tears to say her husband has been beating her; he orders his secretary to go out to the reception room and throw the assembled agents into the alley. Between times he confers with Jack Warner and Harry Warner, tries to dictate his mail and has a row with the publicity department on the titling of a new picture.

At one-thirty he goes over to the private dining room and eats a salad and listens to the wisecracks of Jack Warner and Mark Hellinger and any assorted favored guests who may be around seeking a free meal. After that he gets a shave. This is the high spot of the day. He lies back in the chair and the barber puts a wet cloth over his eyes. The tonsorial gentleman warns:

"No lousy shop talk in here now; this guy is dying."

Then Wallis goes over and sees the rushes of the shooting do
fore. This is the point w
ache takes on a plain
Mike Curtiz has gone up
location for Virginia City
back nothing but scenes
trickle of water coming d

"Oh, this is going to
is going to be a Fitzgerald
says Wallis. " 'And now w
Arizona . . .' "

The rest of the afternoo
to agents, who by this time
back over the fences and
to pop up out of the waste
is a star's new contract
about; a writing team de
or else; a character acto
go back to London and
Air Force unless he can w
his next picture. At four
throws everybody out of
yells. "Oh, Lew!"

And Lew Hippe, the st
trainer, comes in and bats
bit in what is laughingly
down.

Time for Spying

Then he works throu
o'clock. If there is anoth
view scheduled, he has
studio, generally with Lo
his wife, this being one of
she can see him. If he
takes two or three scri
which he reads before
Over the week end he
fewer than ten scripts.
averages around 150,000
On Saturday and Sunday
two pictures a night in h
jection room at home a
ways pictures from other

"Those other birds are
just as steadily," he s
stealing our stuff as fas
theirs."

The whole Warner outfi
of a miracle. Take Wal
grammar-school educatio
in high school. After tha
trical supplies around C
he was born, and came ou
only because of his mothe
knowing what else to do
self into a job as manag
Garrick Theater in Los
Warner met him there a
a job in the publicity dep
studio. Three months lat
the department quit and

After inventing the ph
bitsch touch" and being s
every morning by Jack Wa
he went over to Sol Les
helped on The Mine with
the first film to be made
In 1925 he returned to W
was in the throes of on
bankruptcy periods. The
cluded Sid Chaplin, Irene
Tin, Leila Hyams, D
Charles Farrell (who pl
Rin Tin Tin), Myrna Loy
ting fifty bucks a week
Shearer.

"Don't let the names f
Hal. "That dog kept us a

About this time Darryl
Warners as a writer. Hi
practically unreadable ac
off people in one sequenc
lously came to life in the
was dramatic action up
He was a movie natural
soon made him a produc
outfit bought First Nat
Wallis in charge. This w
1931 when they merged t
and put Zanuck in charge

"Go on and laugh," says
"but it actually happened
down one morning and fo
ing my name off the doo
Zanuck's on."

(Continued on pa

nsupport

hur Mann

TEL BY JOHN POLGREN

SHORT STORY
TE ON THIS PAGE



f k w what was wrong with Hal Price. ad, ade the mistake of counting too ly juvenile tangibles—elastic youth, ren a to spare and an overpowering fast th they were trickling away, he was hc fied.

ies only human," she propounded, and ho oast liberally. "Besides, you mustn't lf—

ler first trip to town this season," the rne. He twitched his right shoulder, as but hat it was there at all. "You know nee, Audie. He'll powder every pitch. ur ters down before the game starts. alt Johnson winnin' just by tossin' his he k."

den ited me, darling," Audrey scolded. l at e clock. It was almost noon. He'd ry. I said you mustn't pace yourself by a m t pitch your own game—"

co l have bitten her tongue for saying his nd was already flashing back to "his wh n consisted of pouring fast balls and the ate with a reckless disregard for the you ıful power that made them possible. pro y. he had never learned to husband , his abulous earnings or even his affec- en began deserting him at once—his a ea ing power and his first wife—he lost

s w e Audrey had come in, and at times red ether anything could be salvaged. ing years, still ruddy and handsome, o pi n good ball and earn a comfortable wa ignificant that Manager Herrick had th ourth starting pitcher after strenu- trai g trials.

was ough for her but to Hal Price it was ose ve toward oblivion.

con ued: "Don't go in there today with om ex."

on't late, will you, Audie?" he pleaded. omis "I'll be there before you start p," s said. "Just look in the upper grand- e sa e box."

ed y on every pitch," he confessed. and "I ou're not there, Audie, I won't have pit for."

w," s whispered, amazed at his candor.

NDED by a major-league grandstand and of sp tators, Hal Price felt entirely differ- ally the beginning of a baseball game. his p sonal oyster. What was the Cleve- p? Ine palookas. No, sir, he had nothing Mor ver, he could pitch without even a the per grandstand. In fact, he didn't was in the park. He pitched carefully, thing at first one in there for a strike. That ead the batter.

they arted "first-balling" him in the fifth. cross them by pitching the first one high, to the handsome. They couldn't get hold of . He uckled. It really wasn't stuff. The didn't op crazily any more. The raw power snap eren't there to impart the terrific up- s. noc wasn't as sharp either, because his steste the nerve-jarring shock. Fear kept throw ng it with the power needed to bend

t be l d enough control to hold these Cleve- ers to pair of hits in five innings. They were rav ous in the sixth, trying to get a run or eller; nd the result was unbelievable at the e seve h—horse collars for both teams! Hal t like ing on all day. Not even a base hit m u he first part of the eighth disturbed was a atch hit with one out.

Then, wonder of wonders, Feller went haywire on the mound just long enough to bring trouble. He hit a batter, and a sacrifice put the runner on second. A clean hit scored the run and Hal Price was three put-outs from victory.

But why wasn't he dancing with joy and surging with strength enough to tear down the grandstand? Why, instead, did he suddenly feel as though all his strength had been siphoned from his massive frame? Therein was his tragedy every time. Subconsciously, Audie had explained, fear crept up his spine and assailed his brain, battered down the fortress of confidence and left him with the fallacious belief that he was an old man in baseball, a has-been, a failure. His struggle was to beat a team while telling himself, between pitches, that his arm was no good.

HE SHUFFLED to the mound feeling years older. Wondering if he could reach the plate with the ball, he caught the catcher's sign for a fast ball, wound up and threw. He ducked a flash of white over his head, then heard a groan from the grandstand. He turned to see the batter reach second in a cloud of dust.

It was no use. He felt limp and helpless again, nauseated and all creepy from the rush of hot shame to his head. What was *she* thinking? A man is supposed to make his girl proud. Instead, he looked to her for strength—

Yet, to that moment, he hadn't looked. Believing in the old arm, he hadn't wanted to. Now he had no strength. She knew it, probably saw it, but she understood. And so he surrendered as the next Cleveland batter swaggered to the plate. He peeked toward the upper grandstand where she always sat. She was there, but—

She was reading a newspaper!

More than that, a guy in the next box was gabbing with her. As they laughed, the whole ball park and its twenty thousand spectators whirled before his eyes like a giant pin wheel. Now, absolutely everything in his life was gone, because she was all that mattered. How on earth could any woman do a thing like this to him, after he had been so honest with her? Well, he could stand so much and no more. Murder was in his heart. All else shrank in importance. He had no concern for his precious elbow when he threw a hook; he threw with a savage whip of his arm. In fact, he was quite amazed a few minutes later when the third straight Cleveland batter went down on strikes, stranding the hopeful tying run on second.

Deaf to the wild congratulations of his teammates, he yanked off his uniform and jumped into street clothes without a rubdown or shower. All that mattered was his wife. He hurried into a taxicab and sped to the apartment, there to be greeted by her mask of smiles and gushing exclamations of simulated delight.

"Nix on all that!" he roared. "I'm sweatin' my heart out, dyin' a thousand deaths, sufferin' as no man ever did, an' you sit up there . . . you . . . readin' a newspaper! Audie!"

"Sitting there, darling, yes," she exclaimed, and fought to touch him with her trembling hand. "But reading a newspaper—no!"

"You were too. I saw you. An' gabbin' with a guy. Who was *he?*"

"Just a perfect stranger, dear," she chuckled, and pushed him into the kitchenette. The odor of thick, broiling steak always smoothed his ruffled temper. "He wanted to know how I managed to read with the newspaper upside down."

"Nix on all that!" he roared. "I'm dyin' a thousand deaths, and you sit up there —you—readin' a newspaper! Audie!"

SUSQUEHANNA PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Traitor

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

TOO strong a booster for aircraft, Captain Hartney, U.S.N., is exiled—given the command of a small Western naval station. There, presently, three young inventive geniuses arrive—Lieutenant Dent ("Savvy") Roberts, and Messrs. Prentice ("Dutch") and Rorabeck ("Pat"), M.I.T. graduates—and go to work on a new secret engine.

The engine causes a fire. Whereupon, Savvy Roberts risks his life by extinguishing the flames. Among those who witness Savvy's act of heroism is Phyllis Hartney, the captain's daughter. The young lady is much impressed.

A few minutes later, Phyllis, summoned by her father, goes to his office. There Captain Hartney introduces her to an officer who has just arrived from Washington: Lieutenant Commander Kirstell. Kirstell tells her that "Intelligence" has intercepted a short-wave coded message, and decoded it. He says that the message has to do with Lieutenant Roberts' transfer to Captain Hartney's station—and a new device that Roberts is testing. He quotes the concluding sentence of the message: "*We have officer there who will cover.*"

Then, while Phyllis stands there appalled, Kirstell asks her to do what she can to help him find that officer—that traitor. And, unable to think of anyone she knows who might betray his country, Phyllis promises to cooperate. She does not suspect anyone. The only man who might be guilty of such a crime is Bert Sedden, Commander Sedden's son. But Bert (a cynical, rebellious young pacifist who scoffs at everything his father holds dear) is not an officer. Nor is he now at the station—he is due to arrive, from the East, in a few hours. . . .

That evening the captain gives a small dinner party. Among the guests are: Lieutenant Commander Kirstell, Savvy Roberts and Pat Rorabeck. Also, the captain's aide, Lieutenant Roger Collins, who has fallen for Phyllis. In the course of the dinner (a masterpiece by Dolores, the Spanish-American woman who presides over the captain's kitchen) the talk veers around to an interesting subject: treason.

Suffering dreadfully (because he does not want to believe that any of his fine young officers is a traitor) Captain Hartney listens to the various comments. And, after a time, there comes a welcome interruption—a sentry, across the parade grounds, calls "Halt!" and, a moment later, fires three times.

Lieutenant Collins springs up. "Excuse me, sir!" he says. But Savvy Roberts is ahead of him—wasting no time, Savvy has leaped up and bolted through the door.



He grinned and patted my head with a gentle and lordly tolerance. "You're all right, sis," he said; "but stop worrying—or you won't grow up to be a big girl"

III

MY FATHER and Lieut. Commander Kirstell followed Savvy, Roger and Pat to the basin, leaving me with the wreckage of a dinner party. I would have trotted right after them (she runs to fires *and* shootings) but Dolores got hysterical from excitement and started dropping things. I had to stay on the job or abandon my mother's gold-banded dinner china to heavy casualties.

"He will be shot, the Lieutenant Robert!" Dolores wailed. "Shot, before you have given him one smile—and in his grave!"

"Don't be so silly."

"*You are not in love with him!*"

"Oh, shut up!"

"I, myself, am in love with him."

"Don't drop that tureen!"

"You are entirely without a heart, Señorita. I am in love with that man, but immediately! There is something of a gravity wrong with you."

"Carry that platter with both hands."

"He lies dead at this moment. You will love him in his coffin. You will cry bitter tears—"

"Pipe down!"

"I must say it—"

"No!"

"You are cruel, Señorita."

"You are a crazy Spig. Stop talking, or I will kick thee on thy lovely shins!"

"An impudence, a coarseness, an irreverence!" said Dolore

My heart should ha ously when I beheld Sav turned safe and sound t *He* had remembered would be. *He* had come tell me what had happe

"All ammunition expe alties," he said. "Sentry prowling near the fence. and fired. Enemy retrea

"Oh . . . thank you—"

"Too bad we've spoil

"N-not at all—"

"An excellent dinner. much."

"Couldn't you—have

"Afraid I'll have to hu tenant Collins is staging vestigation."

"It was good of you- mind—"

Savvy frowned.

"You look frightened.

"Maybe I know too m

"I don't quite—"

"About your job!"

"My job? Pat and D been ribbing you—"

"I got this from some

"Oh—" He nodde toward the door. "Tha there's nothing at all to Really."

I put a hand on his a note: It is a bad sign wh paw them.)

"Don't kid me, mister thing can happen to a n ness you're in. And I w warning from what has

Instead of being flatte iety, this one crossed n other off-line reaction. T the starry eye and the meant nothing to Lieu He gave a grunt of ann

"I feel so safe it bor said.

"But you aren't!"

For the first time, Sav and really saw me. I sh cord that he gave a grea nition; that affinity bloss dawned. But none of th pened. He merely shook grave disapproval.

"Maybe in ten years—

"In ten years what?"

"You'll have an adult

(Continued on p



When everyone was there, O'Malley draped the red dress across her lap. "Put it on," he directed

Red Silk

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

"No spik Inglis," the witnesses said. They hadn't counted on a Russian named O'Flaherty and a detective named O'Malley

A COP in this town don't know what kind of case he's going to get," O'Malley said, "and this is one of 'em. A guy named Androskey run a lodginghouse. He was a Russian. He got married recently to a girl a lot younger than him. Now he got shot and the claim is a young guy named Andy Dosenki knocked him off. So cops pinched Dosenki. Cops that speak Russian been working on the case and can't prove anything. Now they put me on it. I can't speak the language, so I won't learn nothing, but I got to go try."

"Do you think Dosenki did it?" I asked.

"I ain't talked with the guy."

We talked with him. They had him locked up. He was a blond youth and he spoke English all right.

"Listen," O'Malley said to him, "you claim you didn't knock that guy off but everybody else claims you did. How do you account for them saying that about you?"

"I don't know. I was asleep. Then I woke up. Then I heard a shot. Then somebody knocked on my door. I got up and went to see who it was and nobody was there, but I saw Androskey's door was open, so I thought it might have been him. I went in and Androskey had shot himself."

"What made you think it was him that done it?"

"Well, the gun was in his hand. I knew it was his gun. He kept it on the shelf in his closet. I tried to take it out of his hand, then guys from other rooms came in."

"What was it woke you up?"

"I just woke."

"Boy, we got this different. You wanted that dead guy's wife."

"No, sir; I didn't want that woman. I got a girl of my own."

Dosenki's girl was at the police station. She was very young and quite pretty. The blond widow was there too. She was twenty-three years old.

"Where was you when your husband got killed?" O'Malley asked the widow.

"I was at a picture show."

"Who with?"

"I was alone. Then I came home. My husband had been shot and the cops were there."

"Yeah? What was your idea marrying a guy more than thirty years older than you?"

"Well, he was good to me. I didn't have any job and he let me stay at his place. Then he wanted to marry me."

"You didn't love the guy, though."

"I liked him all right."

"Sure. Till you met Dosenki."

"Say, Dosenki is nothing to me. He liked me, though. He'd been bothering me."

"Is there any chance of this being suicide, as Dosenki claims, O'Malley?" I asked.

"They think not. . . . The medical office says it's unlikely a guy could shoot himself that way."

"What's the evidence against Dosenki?"

"He worked nights, so days he was around the lodginghouse. That night he didn't work. All the people that live there claim he had been making a play for Androskey's wife. She wouldn't have nothing to do with him. Then Androskey got shot. Dosenki knew where Androskey kept the gun. It looked like there had been a fight there, and a button was on the floor, and later, cops found a bathrobe in Dosenki's closet that the button come off of. Well, I suppose we got to go there."

WE WENT to the lodginghouse. It was on the East Side, a dingy place. A cop was on post at the room where Androskey had been shot. We went around and knocked on all the doors and assembled the lodgers. There were about a dozen men.

"This guy took only men lodgers," O'Malley remarked. "Then he married that kid. I guess there had to be trouble. What do you know about Androskey getting knocked off?" he inquired of the lodgers.

"No spik Inglis!" they yelled at us.

"This is a hot case!" O'Malley said.

A boy about nine years old was watching us in the hall. He had P. S. 134 on his sweater and O'Malley grabbed him.

"No spik—" the kid started.

"Yeah? What language do they speak in Public School 134? You go and get me some guy that can talk to these people for me."

The kid grinned at us. "Okay, flatfoot," he said finally.

"You think somebody knocked on Dosenki's door?" O'Malley asked me while we were waiting.

"I think he was making up a story and just put that in," I decided.

Then the boy came back with a good-looking, dark-haired youth about twenty-five years old, who said his name was Olavski.

"You live here?" O'Malley asked him.

"No. Near here."

(Continued on page 54)

First Fashions of America

By Marian Stephenson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Marian Stephenson's pictures of the qay Tyroleans started our Tyrolean fashions, and she brought back the sun-tan idea from the French Riviera. Now, with her camera focused on America, she gives us ideas for some real home-grown fashions

YOU'LL see clothes this spring and summer reminiscent of your early colonial ancestors. Gay cavalier capes, scarlet coats, Pilgrim jerkins, carefully starched ruffs.

This idea for a first American fashion was born at a dinner party and later became a reality, through the aid of designers and manufacturers who worked from pictures I made as an inspirational source.

We decided that some real American fashions could be created from the rich heritage left us by three classes of our early settlers, the Pilgrim-Puritan, Cavalier and Patroon. It seemed to us that the historical background, manners and fashions of these three would yield a vast amount of source material for fabrics, clothes, jewelry and accessories.

Loading my station wagon with cameras, films and lights, I started on a trip covering Virginia, New England and New York. I spent three weeks in New England, photographing everywhere I went. Old church spires, weather vanes, door knockers, picket fences, old gardens and houses. Even the ivy on a brick wall was the inspiration for a silk print. Buttons were designed from door knockers, pins from weather vanes.

Plymouth and Duxbury, old Pilgrim towns, and Salem, Cape Cod and Nantucket were marvelous sources of antiques, paintings and engravings. I found the jerkin, the apron and the hat of the Pilgrims all adaptable fashions.

This was followed by several weeks snapping pictures in restored Williamsburg, the cavalier capital, and other historical landmarks like Alexandria, Mount Vernon, Charlottesville, Jamestown and Fredericksburg. Here the gay Virginians carried on their gracious way of life, and old portraits, especially of men's clothes, showed us their sophisticated use of black with contrasting pale colors, their sumptuous capes and wide-brimmed hats.

Scarlet was an important color (even with the Quakers) and the scarlet cloak was popular in all the colonies for more than a century. Old wills trace the careers of scarlet cloaks through several generations.

The wealthy Dutch merchants (called "patroons") who helped develop the New Amsterdam colony as a commercial and shipping center, wore great, baggy breeches. These "knickerbockers" and their boleros are valuable design sources as are Dutch seamen's clothes of this period. The sailors wore short jackets over a collarless shirt with a colored handkerchief tied around the neck. The beautiful neckwear of the Dutch women, often having sixty yards of pleating in a carefully starched ruff, provided another fine source of inspiration.

We feel that we've only begun to work on the designing possibilities that can be derived from our early colonies. But these first American fashions that have been created can be obtained now all over the country. Many others, including play clothes and children's clothes in cotton and rayon prints, will be coming along for summer wear.







The gay Virginia cavalier's costume was the source for the 3-piece cape ensemble above. The tricorne rage of the 17th century inspired the new tricorne hat. Jewelry was designed from an old New England weather vane



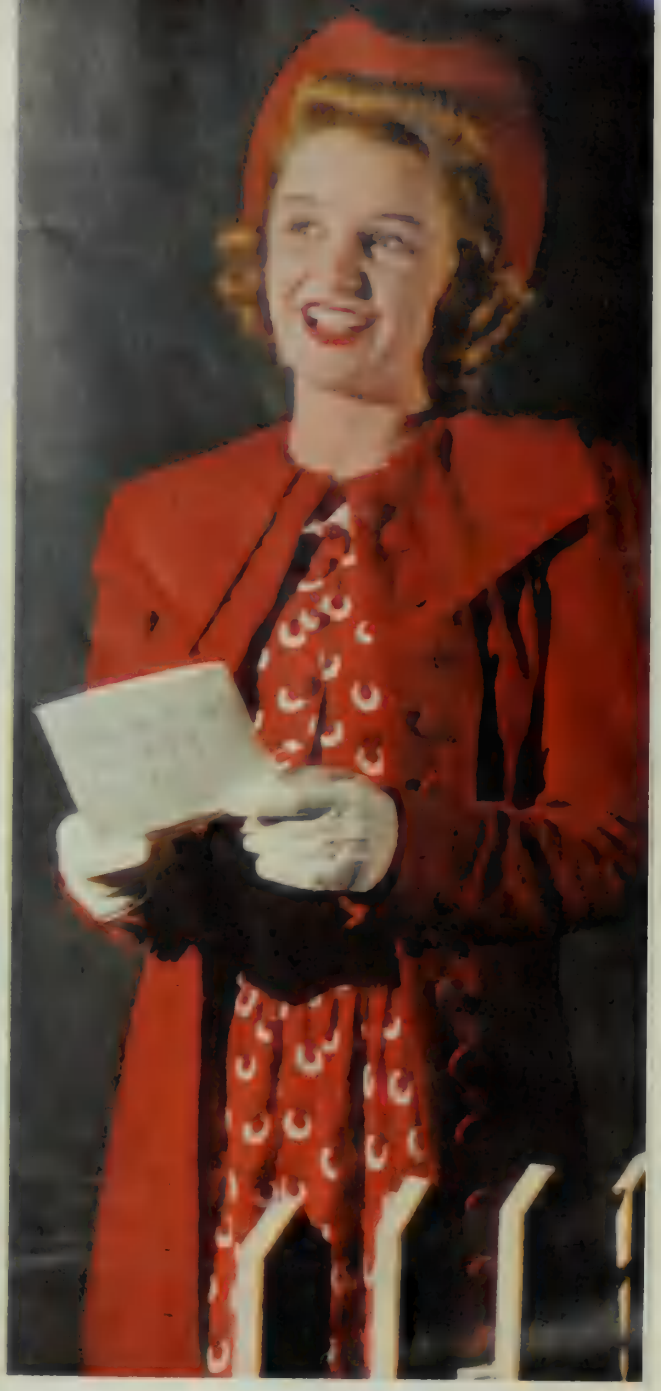
Pin (left) modeled from horse's head over a blacksmith's shop in Williamsburg, Va. Sage-green wool bolero ensemble inspired by costumes of old New York—Dutch seaman's short jacket of this period is used in this case



Men's clothes of the 18th century inspired this covert cloth coachman's coat, (right) blouse with white cotton jabot and a hand frill, and side-roll hat. Buttons were designed from an old New England door knocker

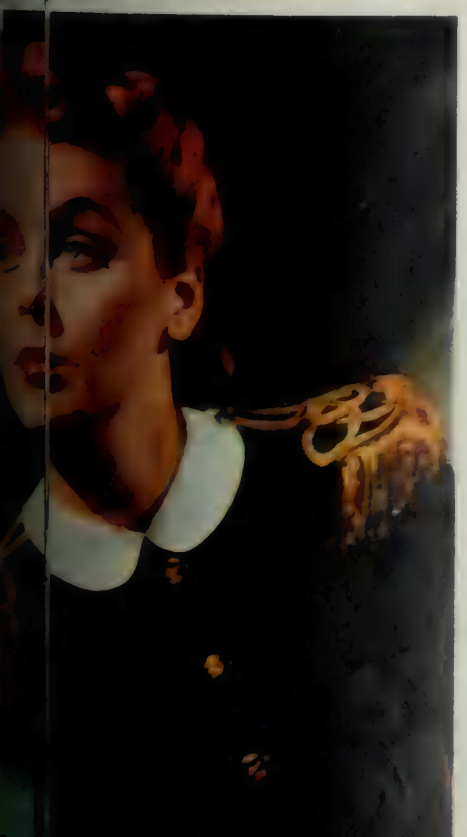








A New England lion door knocker inspired this rayon print. The straight-hanging coat with squared collar is "The Scarlet Judge," from the red coats of New England judges. The hat is a variation of the old tricorne





Jerkins of the Pilgrim men inspired the striped one above, worn over a marquisette shirtwaist evening dress. Scarlet cape is from the capes worn by Puritan men and women. With it, the versatile weather-vane pin



Left, an engraving showing the looped gold braid on George Washington's epaulets provided the designing cue for the jacket of this crepe dinner dress with a white shirtlike top. Eagle trim buttons appear on the jacket



An old dummy standing at the door of a Nantucket antique shop provided the inspiration for the frilled bonnet at the right. The crisp lingerie yoke is from the frilled neckline of dresses worn by wives of Dutch patroons





CHINA SKY

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Dr. Gray Thomison, head of a hospital in the Chinese city of Chen-li, sails for America, he leaves a young woman—Dr. Sara Durand—to carry on in his place. The war is raging and, every day, Japanese airplanes are bombing the hospital. But happy in the knowledge that the man she loves, *unknown to him*—Gray Thomison—will soon be by her side again, young Doctor Durand carries on courageously.

Her first great test comes when a noted Chinese guerrilla—Chen-ta, who is known throughout China as "the Eagle"—brings her a badly wounded Japanese prisoner and implores her to save the man's life. Wondering why he wants the Japanese to live, Sara—assisted by Dr. Chung, head of the men's ward, operates; and the Japanese—an officer of high rank, who says his name is Yasuda—does not die.

Then Sara receives a crushing blow. Doctor Thomison cables that he is returning with "Louise"—his bride! . . . The young couple arrive. And from the first, Louise (who, not understanding the Chinese, loathes them) is miserable. Also, she is terrified by the bombings.

Noting her fear, Doctor Chung (in the pay of Yasuda) assures her that there will be no more bombings *of the hospital*, if she will put her husband's Chinese seal on certain letters that he will bring her. Suspecting nothing—not dreaming that the letters will convey information of the greatest value to the Japanese military authorities—Louise agrees to do as Chung wishes.

The first of the letters goes through. And, a short time later, the bombers stop molesting the hospital—but not the city. . . . No longer afraid, but bored by life at the hospital, Dr. Thomison's wife begins writing to Harry Delafield, an attractive Englishman who is stationed at a near-by port. Presently, in answer to her entreaties, he comes over with some friends for a small dinner party.

While dressing for the party, Doctor Thomison is interrupted by Siao Fah, his cook. Siao Fah, who adores "Thomison doctor," shows him a note (which he has intercepted) from Louise to Delafield. It is to "Dearest Harry"; and, reading it, Thomison realizes that it is a love letter. . . .

In the past "the Eagle" has always been victorious. Now, he is defeated whenever he attacks. The answer (unknown to him) is that Chung Third, Doctor Chung's brother, is reporting his moves to the enemy. . . . Sara drops into Yasuda's room, unexpectedly. The Japanese is sitting up in bed. Beside him is Chung. Between them is a map. As Sara enters, the two men stare at her, transfixed.

VII

SARA, looking at the two men, did not let her eyes waver. "You are better, Mr. Yasuda," she said distinctly.

"Much better, I thank you," Mr. Yasuda replied. He folded the map carefully as he spoke.

Chung rose. "What you have said is most interesting," he remarked to Yasuda. Then he turned to Sara, his teeth very white through his smile: "Mr. Yasuda has been showing me a terrain map of the central provinces which the enemy used in their march west. Very clever!"

Sara did not answer the smile. "When did this remarkable change occur in the patient?" she asked.

Chung picked up a chart from the small table by the bed. "Mr. Yasuda has had no fever today. In fact, his temperature has been dropping for thirty-six hours. He enjoyed his noon meal."

"Very much," Yasuda murmured. The map was now in a small square and from under his mattress he pulled out a flat leather case and put the map inside it. Then he lay back against his pillows and gazed at Sara between his lids. His pale face was blank. But so was Chung's. These two faces now confronted Sara with a look so alike that for the first time an enormous possibility dawned in her mind. There was an evil connection between them. She had come upon some hidden, electric cord of communication. She suddenly felt frightened and helpless. Yasuda—perhaps he was not ill at all! He did not even look ill now. She was alone with these two men.

"I am sorry if I interrupted you," she stammered, and, turning so quickly that she stopped herself lest it seem flight, she left the room and went back along the corridors and up the stairs to her room. She must tell Gray as soon as it was morning. Twice she was sure she heard a footfall behind her, but she would not turn her head to see if Chung was following her. If it was he, then she must keep steadily on.

When she reached her room she hesitated for one moment, and in that moment she turned her head and saw not Chung, but the nurse, Ya-ching, watching her. Ya-ching had followed her, not Chung!

"What are you doing here, Ya-ching?" she called angrily.

"I came merely to see if Ling doctor's

"Let me go!" he darting and tu to break free. twisted itself in sleeve. "Be quie

light was on." Ya-ching I was going to ask her a certain thing. But her and I will wait until ton

The girl disappeared Sara waited a moment whether or not to call S cided she would not. Sh tell her except an intuit mei was in love with Ch

"I must tell Gray firs "Gray will know what t

IN HER bed Siu-mei, tant bomb had not wa herself drawn out of s upon her outflung ar dreamed for an instant then woke, startled by could not be here in her had quarreled about tha day, because he did nc her in Sara's rooms any

"You are so old-fash said, shrugging his hanc

"Then I will be old- had replied proudly.

She opened her eye

(Continued on

ost my heart to a Spinach



at Margaret's, I met the spinach of my wonderfully *garden-fresh* I had to rub my e it wasn't picked that morning! What a y flavor it had . . . like no other spinach I ever! Margaret told me her secret . . .

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4. There's never any *waste* to pay for . . . no tasteless, lifeless leaves. Why, one box of Birds Eye Spinach equals a half-peck of unwashed, untrimmed, and full-of-work spinach! It all adds up to a saving . . . since you eat every luscious ounce! Margaret's certainly smart . . .



5. She says she's read where some pretty critical scientists have proved Birds Eye Spinach has all the same important vitamins found in spinach freshly picked! So, now my family gets the *good* out of spinach the convenient Birds Eye way! (Can you blame me for boosting Birds Eye Foods? Try 'em, yourself, and you'll cheer, too!)



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"... it costs more, too—but Luckies pay the price!" says Joe Cuthrell, tobacco auctioneer

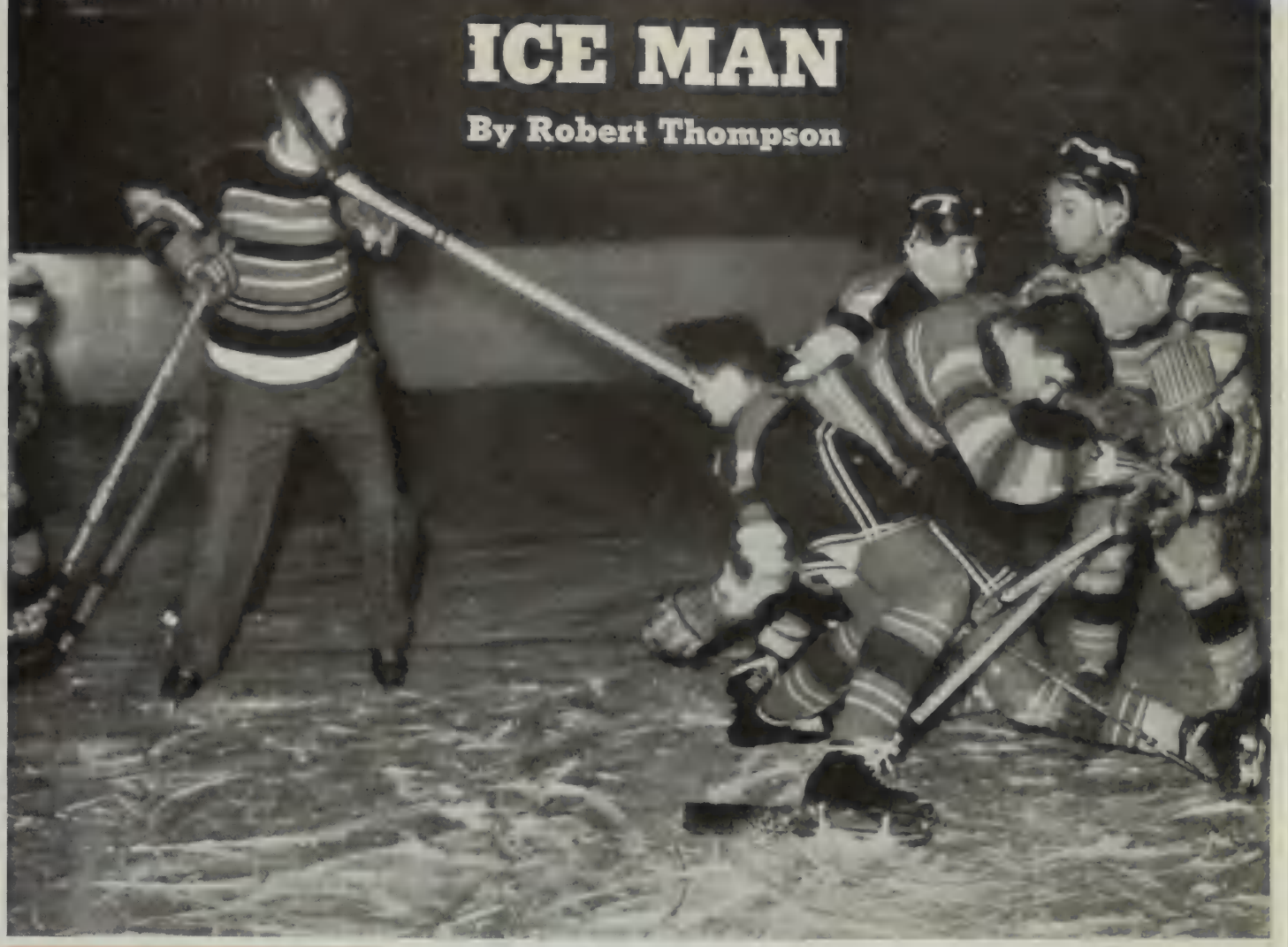
"THERE'S no two ways about it—the lighter, milder tobacco comes high, and Luckies pay the price to get it. That's why most auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—fellows like me, who actually see the sales—smoke Luckies as a matter of course!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. And independent tobacco experts tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So why not decide to smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 to

ICE MAN

By Robert Thompson



The ipson has turned tore champion hockey s ıan any other n. is system is sim- ut t rough. He takes pla rs and polishes ga ıe through high ol ıd college until en rge as pro stars

big, old, empty building he sat v up n a gallery seat. His top- coll reached unsuccessfully for s, a his breath steamed when aled Only his eyes moved. n be w, a baker's dozen of men ater swept crazily about an al ic sheet with sticks in their and ards on their shins. Sweat n th foreheads and do-or-die r fa s. All their movements, see ed like those of bugs when is ped over. They were an an sociation hockey team in on actice.

pla s, by twos, threes, fours a fiv , tore down the ice. They nd t d and tried to shoot pucks e si foot net. A bored goalie, wn m the big leagues, flicked chei shots without effort. He ma ged to keep warm.

coa whistled his skaters into ms, arted a scrimmage. Things rse. The air was full of hockey yel for passes and heels of g s ters. The big-time goalie mo contemptuous.

mar n the bleachers finally got wal d to the entrance. His eyes ed, s mouth turned down dis- y.

a-a--a-a-r-rh," he growled. le h key."

pat t the word, like a bad taste. e mi t. Since 1926, Cliff Thomp- s be coaching hockey. All that n an out of Eveleth, Minnesota, be blasting jumble hockey. a th coach that made Eveleth cuba r and cradle, if not the ace, f hockey in the United Fo fourteen winters he has run p fa ory.

Cha pions by the Dozen

at e record: From the 1926-27 thr gh 1939-1940, his Eveleth Col ge teams won 178 games, ly 3 The Eveleth High School did ven better. They won 168 an lost only 15. That's an e o one high-school and two coll e games lost per season for en sons. There were three dif- seas s when neither of his teams gam

nomally, Thompson's system rust ockey professional jobs or o portunities at a lot of boys ther se would have wound up the heavy-muscled fathers in n m s. Not every boy that went l it st for a job, but many of did.

kno Mike Karakas and Frankie ek. mmy Lopresti and Johnny cci d Paul Schafer went to the f the hicago Blackhawks. Frank ker oved from Eveleth to the n B ns. Pete Pleban, Harold on, car Almquist, Babe Mc- and Andy Toth were engaged tate y the St. Paul Saints at s ti s. Dozens of others could med

at is he system, anyway? How t wo ? Why? Thompson walked into a dressing room, turned down his coat collar. Then he gave out with three words: "No jumble hockey."

First should come his system for training goalies.

"There are three special abilities a good goalie must develop," he said. "One is courage, one is correlating his eyes and hands so he's as fast at fielding as the best shortstop in the country. The third is figuring angles—angles on the shots that come rifling for the net."

If you watch Karakas or Brimsek at work in their nets, the system will be plain to you. Either one will risk almost certain mayhem diving into bright, sharp skate blades to make a stop. You'll see their right hands or left hands dart like a snake's strike to palm a flying puck. You'll see them whip their big stick blades into the line of the rubber almost before it's been shot. They get angles faster than a flier with a bomb sight.

That's the way Cliff Thompson trains goalies. Long before there's any ice in the fall, his backstop boys are hard at it. For hours, in a dry lot, they're out as targets for a firing line of shooters.

"What about line and defense players?" is the next question.

"In the first place," he answered, "my boys go down the ice *together*. Then they come back *together*. I won't let one of them stay down while the others go back. If one stays down, there's a hole in our defense when the other team comes our way. Individual starring is fine. Any boy can be an individual star if he has it in him and still play in teamwork. If my boys don't play teamwork, they don't play at all."

This sounded a little too simple, but there is more.

"Too many coaches teach jumble hockey," he went on. "They put one stick-handler and two fast skaters in the front line, or two stick-handlers and one speed merchant. That kind of a line means the boys can't possibly get down to the goal together.

"When the play or the condition of the other team demands stick-handlers, I put three stick-handlers in the forward line. Or if it's speed, I put in three fast skaters."

Thompson grew very serious in his explanation at this point. "First of all," he said, "every hockey player has to learn to skate and do it all the time. If he doesn't skate enough, he'll never go

"Get 'em young and teach 'em your way," is Coach Thompson's system. In the top picture he is superintending an unprofessional melee of Eveleth High School kids

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL ERMISCH

There's plenty of blackboard hockey as Eveleth youngsters grow up to top professional standards. Plays to cover almost every conceivable situation in hockey are diagramed and explained by Coach Cliff Thompson





For Mary has bad breath . . .
a condition
she condemns in others,
never suspects in herself.
It's a tragic mistake,
and a common one.
Even you may be guilty of it.
Remember, dentists say . . .





"Tests show that 9 out of 10 people have bad breath. That's why dentists recommend Colgate Dental Cream. For Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath."

Don't you enjoy Colgate's
tangy flavor?
Aren't your teeth brighter,
more attractive?
And that penetrating foam—
how clean and refreshed
it makes your mouth feel!
Colgate's is the pleasant way
to combat bad breath!



Play Safe!
TWICE A DAY—
AND BEFORE EVERY
DATE—USE COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM

MAKES TEETH SPARKLE · QUICK AND FOAMY · DELICIOUS TASTE · POLISHES SAFELY · COMBATS BAD BREATH · CHILDREN LOVE IT

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

to the big leagues. Canada has a big advantage over us there. They get a couple of months' more skating every year than we do. Maybe now that we're getting so many artificial ice plants the United States will turn out more big-league hockey players."

There's another antijumble process in Cliff's coaching system. He never played basketball, but he took a lot of leaves from the basketball coaches' books and put them in his private hockey manual. There are plays doped out and diagramed to cover almost every situation that arises in a game. When play stops for a face-off, the Eveleth lads glide to positions they know as well as they know their seats at the family dinner table. When play starts, they skate, pass and shoot by the blackboard.

Cliff Thompson is forty-five and doesn't look it. You couldn't tell from his appearance that he's been bringing up hockey teams from babyhood for fourteen years. That's another part of his system. A nine-year-old stopped him on the street and said he was told Cliff wanted to see him.

"I couldn't remember anything about him," Thompson said, "so I asked his name and what it was about.

" 'I'm Freddy Gangrich,' he told me, 'and Mickey Hohalla said you're looking for a forward line.' 'Sure I am,' I said, 'I'm always looking for a line.'

" 'Well, I've got one,' he told me. 'It's me and Mickey and Johnny Pula. When can you give us a look?'

"What's more, he had one. First chance I had, I looked 'em over. The first year I was at Eveleth, I coached sixteen little kids' teams in addition to the school teams. I could bring 'em up in the right style, so they wouldn't need so much coaching in high school. Later, I cut down to six kids' teams, but I'm handling as many as I can this year. It pays."

A Record to Be Proud Of

Born in the hamlet of Lyle, Minnesota, Thompson settled with his parents in Minneapolis when he was nine. The new home was only a block from Nicollet ball park of the Minneapolis Millers. Before he was fifteen, he was bat boy for the Millers, and there developed a mutual worship between him and the team. He studied baseball more than he ever studied his lessons at school.

About this time, Cliff got some unique training on ice skates. Norval Baptie and Norris Wood, pre-World War speed champions, had a rink flooded in Nicollet park so they could practice in seclusion. Cliff spent, every spare hour with them, grinding round and round the track on workouts, long and sprints.

At Central High Sc Thompson made the b hockey teams. Both turn pionships for the four y there. His name was on th teams and he was city h high-school hockey for fou

Over his mother's prote training camp with the W roons baseball team when een. He didn't like it, came home and finished To keep his hand in, he or ball and hockey teams tha amateur titles for the tw he graduated from high s

In 1917, he turned down the Chicago White Sox to put him in an Illinois Na outfit and sent him to Fra

On the Meuse, at Amie Argonne, Cliff fought in l low gas clouds that sear The doctors expected his c lungs aren't meant to stanc

But Thompson began and in 1919 they discharg the Army. Discharge mean from an Army hospital t hospital. It was 1921 bef walk around very much.

That year, the Minneso opened the state universit veterans, and Cliff accepte He went out for hockey a university team through pionship years.

Thompson walked ba dressing room to the door the Association team at p

"I'd like to bring my b play 'em right now," he sa wouldn't play jumble h team there has three of who were on a national AA ship team a few years ag team came back to Minn championship games, we cl They thought we would cleaned up without really

It was plain he relished tion. He has another me that is even more satisfa It concerns his mother. boyhood, she thought his a waste of time.

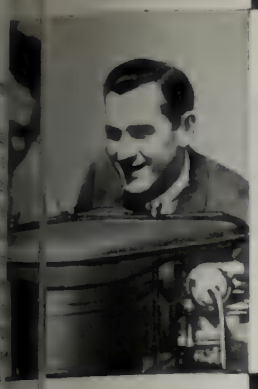
After a tough season wi Junior College team, he w of the championship his f nered.

"Those teams," he told like a lot of jumble bums we won."

"I'm glad," she said gen finally got something shinny."

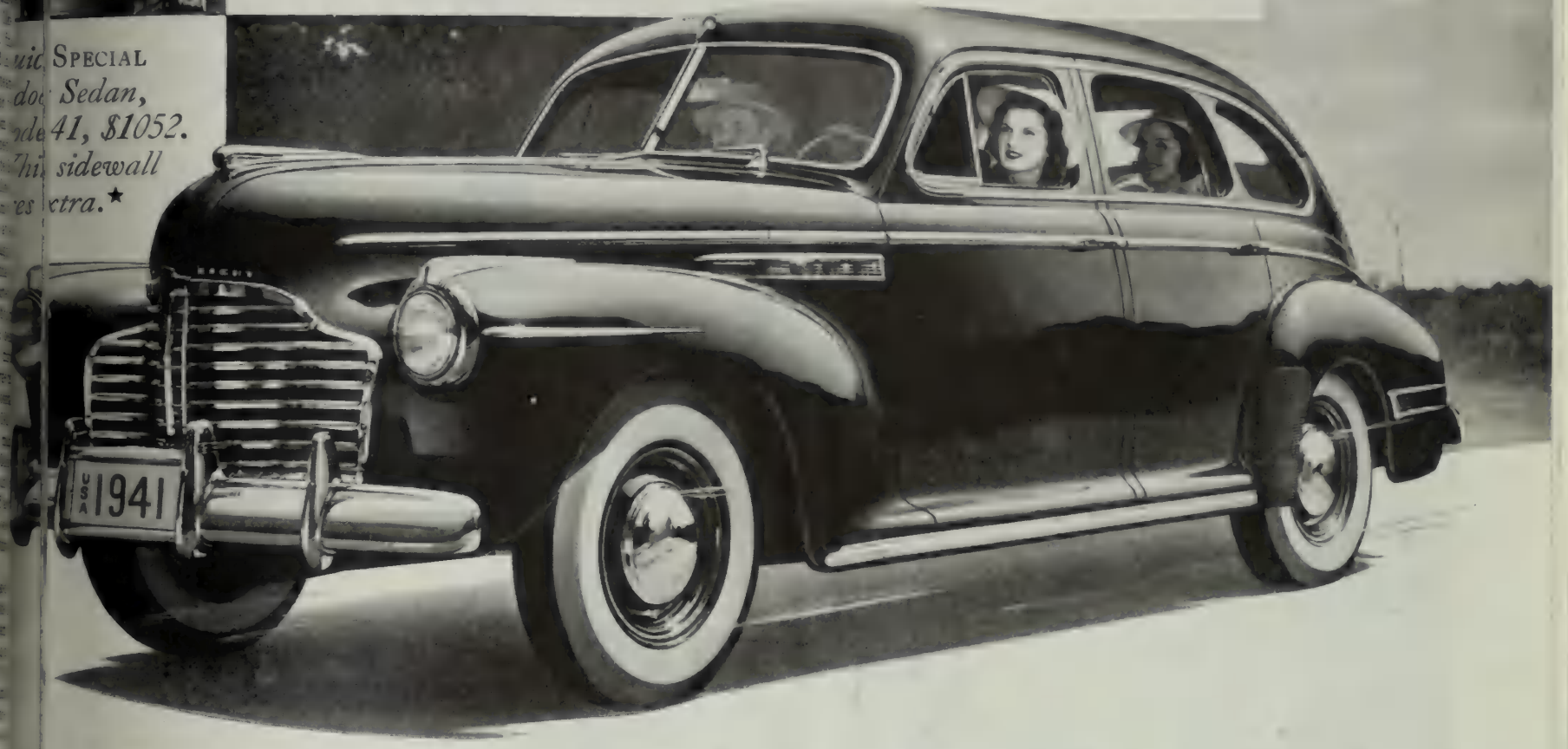


"Place us in the rear. We'll likely make a scene"



Two good mixers are better than one

SPECIAL
Sedan,
41, $1052.
sidewall
xtra.★



you sit, watching the long
ead as it dips and rises.

r feet there's a quiet whisper-
you know that all eight able
nders are happily on the job.

is light on the wheel, your
king in the pleasant landscape.
ing not a single thought to
pening under that long bonnet
in front.

ou shouldn't; driving an auto-
uld be a satisfaction, not a job.

's what's going on:

the single, compromise-size
you find on most cars, this
EBALL eight with Compound
n* has *two* good mixers on

Each one is smaller than average, more efficient and thriftier.

A single one of them—the front one—handles all your normal carburetion needs in frugal fashion—keeps you rolling smoothly, easily, quietly, on the very minimum rationing of gasoline.

But the other carburetor is alert and ready for any sudden need. Just tramp down on that accelerator pedal—it goes into instant action.

What for? To give you more fuel and more power for any emergency purpose!

To swing you up a tough hill without slacking pace—to swoop you around slow trucks with sudden power—to let you take advantage of long, open stretches where timesaving is possible.

It's almost like having *two* engines—one to handle normal requirements thriftily, another to team up with the first for extra oomph and wallop when you want it.

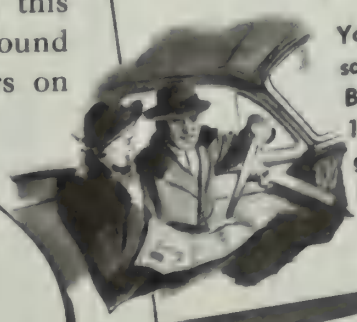
That kind of teamwork pays.

It's more *lively,* more *thrilling,* more *satisfying.*

And owners by the thousand will tell you *it's more economical too*—as much as 10% to 15% more economical.

If you haven't experienced what it feels like to have that under the bonnet of your automobile, better go have that Buick demonstration now.

ADDS A SEVENTH TO YOUR MILEAGE



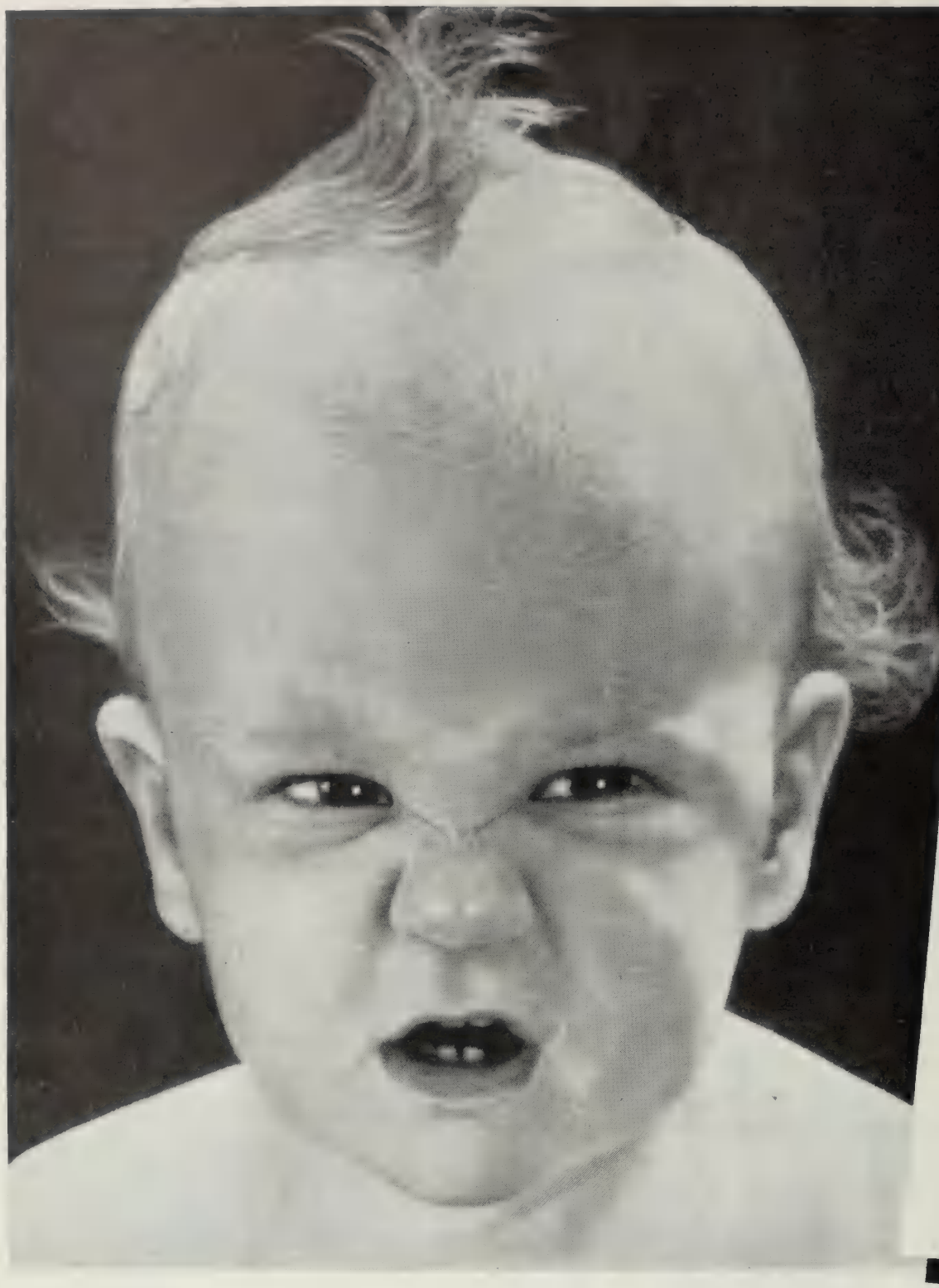
You can plan longer trips on the same gas budget in this year's Buick! Owner reports reveal 10% to 15% more miles per gallon from the Buick FIREBALL Eight with Compound Carburetion than the same size Buick engine gave them last year.

*Standard equipment on all Buick SUPER, CENTURY, ROADMASTER and LIMITED models, available at slight extra cost on all Buick SPECIAL models.

BUICK PRICES BEGIN AT
$915
for the Business Coupe
at Flint, Mich. State tax, optional equipment and accessories — extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

"Best Buick Yet"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



Johnny's pretty peeved!

He's tired of being half an orphan!

Daddy went away on business three days ago. No word since. No evening romp for Johnny. Mother's sort of lonely, too, and a wee bit worried.

Why doesn't somebody do something about it?

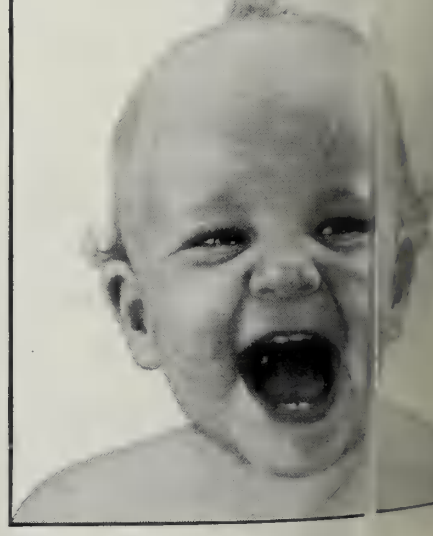
WAIT A MINUTE! When Mother misses her folks—what does she do? They live a long way from Mother. . . . Certainly Daddy misses Mother and Johnny. There *must* be a way.



THAT'S IT—the telephone! It's ringing now. Mother's hurrying to answer it. It's Daddy! He's 500 miles away, but you can hear him say, "Hi, Johnny," just as plain!



EVERYTHING'S FINE! Mother' ll cheere up. Daddy is having a good t He'll home before Johnny's bedtim tomorrow. And (shh!) he's bringing a fun uzzy dog!



LONG DISTANCE RATES TO MOST POINTS ARE REDUCED AFTER 7 P. M. AND ALL DAY SUNDAY

My Patient, Hitler

Continued from page 11

alschule. With all this in ht a small farm in Leond- urb.
was rather large. In later as so overshadowed the ey are, for the better part, re was half-brother Alois, met. He left home at an a job as a waiter in Lon- opened his own restau- He was never friendly ger brother.
was Paula, the oldest of later married Herr Rubal, the tax bureau in Linz. fter her husband's death r's rise to power, she went aden to become house- er's villa. Sister Klara for ed a restaurant for Jewish e University of Vienna; ela, youngest of the girls, fessor Hamitsch at Dres- e still lives.

b for Frau Hitler

had barely settled in their tside of Linz when Alois, d suddenly from an apo-

Frau Hitler was in her She was a simple, modest, . She was tall, had brown- she kept neatly plaited, val face with beautifully ay-blue eyes. She was orried about the respon- st upon her by her hus- Alois, twenty-three years ad always managed the the job was hers.
ly apparent that son Adolf g and altogether too frail armer. So her best move to sell the place and rent ment. This she did, soon band's death. With the is sale and the small pen- me to her because of her overnment position, she ld her family together.

In a small town in Austria poverty doesn't force upon one the indignities that it does in a large city. There are no slums and no serious overcrowding. I do not know the exact income of the Hitler family, but being familiar with the scale of government pensions I should estimate it at $25 a month. This small sum allowed them to live quietly and decently—unnoticed little people in an out-of-the-way town.

Their apartment consisted of three small rooms in the two-story house at No. 9 Bluetenstrasse, which is across the Danube from the main portion of Linz. Its windows gave an excellent view of the mountains.

My predominant impression of the simple furnished apartment was its cleanliness. It glistened; not a speck of dust on the chairs or tables, not a stray fleck of mud on the scrubbed floor, not a smudge on the panes in the windows. Frau Hitler was a superb housekeeper.

The Hitlers had only a few friends. One stood out above the others; the widow of the postmaster who lived in the same house.

The limited budget allowed not even the smallest extravagance. We had the usual provincial opera in Linz: not good, and not bad. Those who would hear the best went to Vienna. Seats in the gallery of our theater, the *Schauspielhaus,* sold for the equivalent of 10 to 15 cents in American money. Yet occupying one of these seats to hear an indifferent troupe sing Lohengrin was such a memorable occasion that Hitler records it in Mein Kampf!

For the most part the boy's recreations were limited to those things which were free: walks in the mountains, a swim in the Danube, a free band concert. He read extensively and was particularly fascinated by stories about American Indians. He devoured the books of James Fenimore Cooper, and the German writer Karl May—who never visited America and never saw an Indian.

The family diet was, of necessity,



"I te that commentator—he's so unbiased in favor of Britain"

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson



Playwright: He says the play hasn't any "whoosh." Now what does *that* mean?



Wife: No "oomph," my crestfallen celebrity. No zip. No pep appeal. And neither has its author! *Now* maybe you'll listen to me about neglecting your *vitamins!* You've got to have them all, you know, and we're making a start right now.



Wife: Lesson number one is crisp, delicious KELLOGG'S PEP. It's extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant in ordinary diets—vitamins B_1 and D.

Playwright: Say! Why didn't you tell me PEP *tastes* so good? You've been holding out on me! Why, it's marvelous!



Playwright: (sometime later) And now, my dear, that I've discovered vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become the world's "pep appeal" playwright. Why, Shakespeare himself would be green with envy to read the masterpiece I've started here.

Wife: You know what they say: "Where there's pep, there's hope."

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

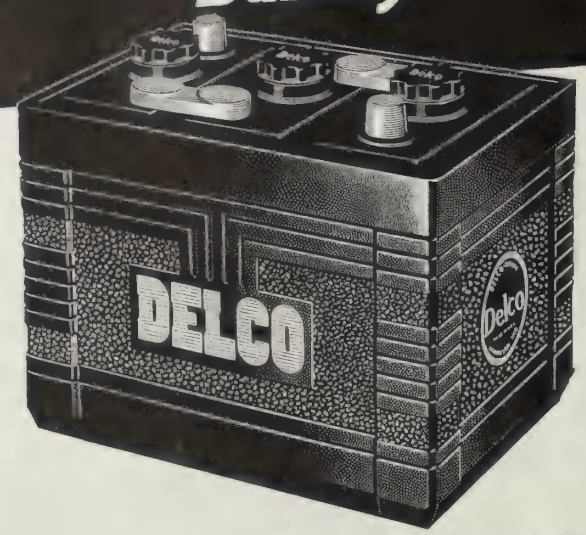
Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

Replace with a

DELCO

Battery



Let owners' experience GUIDE you



In Delco-Remy's files are hundreds of unsolicited letters* from men and women who have been so well satisfied with the Delco battery in their cars that they have taken the time and trouble to write about their experience. Here are some of the comments: ". . . Four years of service and has never been out of the car . . ." " . . . Has not failed me once in 40,000 miles . . ." " . . . The best battery I have ever owned!" That is the kind of satisfaction you want in your battery.

*Copies of letters quoted from are available to anyone.

Let leading engineers DECIDE you

As original equipment in more than 43 per cent of all new cars sold, Delco batteries have been approved by America's leading automotive engineers—for sure starting, for dependability, and for long battery life. Let the expert opinion of these battery-wise men decide your choice: Replace with a Delco battery.

Delco batteries for every make and model automobile are available through 30,000 Delco battery dealers in every section of the United States. Delco batteries are distributed nationally under the direction of United Motors Service.

PRODUCT OF Delco-Remy

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

simple and rugged. Food was cheap and plentiful in Linz; and the Hitler family ate much the same diet as other people in their circumstances. Meat would be served perhaps twice a week. Most of the meals they sat down to consisted of cabbage or potato soup, bread, dumplings and a pitcher of pear and apple cider.

For clothing, they wore the rough woolen cloth we call *Loden*. Adolf, of course, dressed in the uniform of all small boys: leather shorts, embroidered suspenders, a small green hat with a feather in its band.

A Remarkable Mother Love

What kind of boy was Adolf Hitler? Many biographers have put him down as harsh-voiced, defiant, untidy; as a young ruffian who personified all that is unattractive. This simply is not true. As a youth he was quiet, well-mannered and neatly dressed.

He records that at the age of fifteen he regarded himself as a political revolutionary. Possibly. But let us look at Adolf Hitler as he impressed people about him, not as he impressed himself.

He was tall, sallow, old for his age. He was neither robust nor sickly. Perhaps "frail looking" would best describe him. His eyes—inherited from his mother—were large, melancholy and thoughtful. To a very large extent this boy lived within himself. What dreams he dreamed I do not know.

Outwardly, his love for his mother was his most striking feature. While he was not a "mother's boy" in the usual sense, I have never witnessed a closer attachment. Some insist that this love verged on the pathological. As a former intimate of the family, I do not believe this is true.

Klara Hitler adored her son, the youngest of the family. She allowed him his own way wherever possible. His father had insisted that he become an official. He rebelled and won his mother to his side. He soon tired of school, so his mother allowed him to drop his studies.

All friends of the family know how Frau Hitler encouraged his boyish efforts to become an artist; at what cost to herself one may guess. Despite their poverty, she permitted him to reject a job which was offered in the post office, so that he could continue his painting. She admired his water colors and his sketches of the countryside. Whether this was honest admiration or whether it was merely an effort to encourage his talent I do not know.

She did her best to raise her boy well. She saw that he was neat, clean and as well fed as her purse would permit. Whenever he came to my consultation room this strange boy would sit among the other patients, awaiting his turn.

There was never anything seriously wrong. Possibly his tonsils would be inflamed. He would stand obedient and unflinching while I depressed his tongue and swabbed the trouble spots. Or, possibly, he would be suffering with a cold. I would treat him and send him on his way. Like any well-bred boy of fourteen or fifteen he would bow and thank me courteously.

I, of course, know of the stomach trouble that beset him later in life, largely as a result of bad diet while working as a common laborer in Vienna. I cannot understand the many references to his lung trouble as a youth. I was the only doctor treating him during the period in which he is supposed to have suffered from this. My records show nothing of the sort. To be sure, he didn't have the rosy cheeks and the robust good health of most of the other youngsters; but at the same time he was not sickly.

At the *Realschule* young Adolf's work was anything but brilliant. As author-

ity for this, I have the wo
teacher, Dr. Karl H
acquaintance of mine
Huemer's physician. I
Hitler records that he w
student in most subjec
loved history. This a
recollections of Professo

Desiring additional tr
ing, Hitler decided he
Vienna to study at the
was a momentous decis
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ried about how he wou
understand that she
pinching the family t
tighter to enable her to
allowance. Credit to t
fused. He even went fu
his minute inheritance o
He was eighteen at the t

I am not sure of the
what happened on that
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factory art work. Other
statement that his rejec
his failure to graduate
schule—the equivalent
high school. In any cas
again within a few week
in this year—1908—that
duty to give Hitler wh
the saddest news of his

One day Frau Hitler c
during my morning offi
complained of a pain in
spoke in a quiet, hushe
a whisper. The pain, sh
great; enough to keep h
on end. She had been
household so had neg
medical aid. Besides, s
pain would pass away.
sician hears such a st
automatically thinks of
amination showed that
an extensive tumor of t
not tell her of my diag

The Family D

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next day and stated th
Their mother, I told them
ill woman. A malignant
ous enough today; but it
serious thirty years ago.
niques were not so advan
edge of cancer not so ext

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was absolutely no hop
Even with surgery ther
slightest chance that she
family council they mu
was to be done.

Adolf Hitler's reactio
was touching. His long,
contorted. Tears flowed
Did his mother, he as
chance? Only then did I r
nitude of the attachme
between mother and so
that she did have a chan
one. Even this shred of
some comfort.

The children carried
their mother. She accep
as I was sure she would—
Deeply religious, she ass
fate was God's will. I
have occurred to her to
would submit to the ope
as I could make preparat

I explained the case
Urban, the chief of the s
the Hospital of the Siste
Linz. Urban was one of t
surgeons in Upper Austr
and is—a generous ma
his profession. He willi
undertake the operation
suggested. After examir
curred in my belief that F
very little chance of surv
surgery offered the only

It is interesting to n

"It has to be GOOD to get me so excited!"



★

When are You going to try Chrysler's Fluid Driving?

"... I had heard about *Fluid Drive* . . . who hasn't? But I didn't know it was so wonderful until we got our new Chrysler!

"... Chrysler has so much power, you just put it in 'high' and start anywhere . . . it pulls out of snow banks and mud holes . . . climbs . . . dashes away from a standing start . . . travels all day without touching clutch or gearshift!

"... course *Fluid Drive* is the magic that enables you to do all these . . . but it's the enormous power of that Spitfire engine that gives it extra thrill.

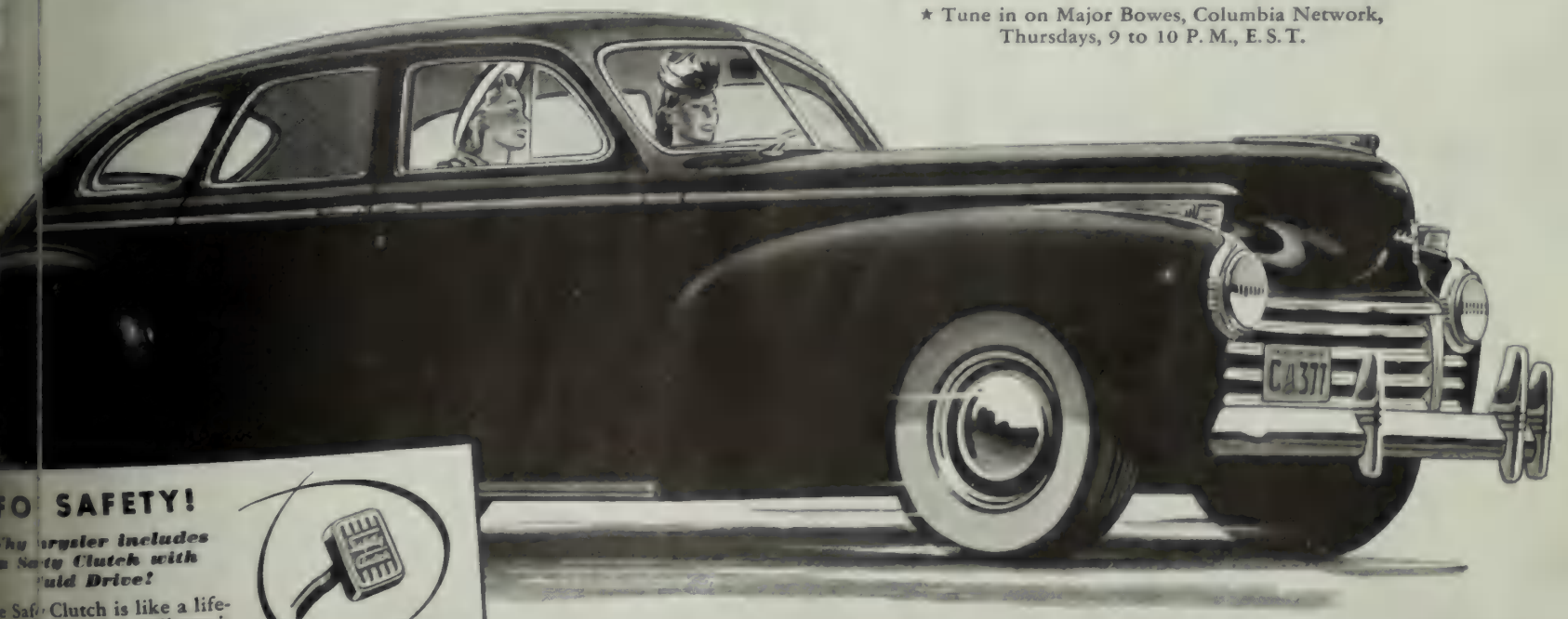
"... says that the Vacamatic transmission has something to do with it, too . . . it changes the power ratios, or something, like the variable-pitch propellers on a plane.

"Anyway, it's perfectly amazing that so much power can be so smooth and silent . . . and so economical!

"Why shift gears . . . when *Fluid Driving* is so much simpler, smoother, and easier? The minute you drive a Chrysler, you'll agree with me that there is no substitute for *Fluid Drive* . . . there just isn't anything in the world like it!

"I don't see how anybody can afford to buy any new car without seeing and driving a Chrysler!"

★ Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.



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Why Chrysler includes a Safety Clutch with Fluid Drive!

The Safety Clutch is like a life-preserver on ship. You will use it very seldom, but you're mighty glad to have it when you need it. A very valuable safeguard for parking . . . for maneuvering your car in close quarters or dangerous places!

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IT DOES NOT PAY to take unnecessary travel risks, when Rail-Pullman offers you the safest fast transportation in the world! . . . It does not pay to trust your safety to the whims of the Weather Man.

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So go the safest way! The way that provides you with more comfort, more security and conveniences than any other form of travel. The way that provides you with so much more for your travel dollar.

So, go Pullman next time and get there feeling fit. And get home safely!



YOU GET THERE looking your b... you everything you need to m... toilet! Hot water galore, plenty ... of towels, ample light. And, th... ing rooms have chairs and a dre...



Travel on new Credit Plan. Ask your ticket agent about it. Pullman service also available over certain routes in Canada and Mexico.

TRAVEL "1ST CLASS"... That means Go *Pullman*

7 Great Pull...ran Travel Adv...ntage

SAFETY *many-times-greater ... form of transportation. On ... you're protected every minute ... greatest safety system.*

DEPENDABILITY *and convenien... Fast, frequent schedules. . . Pullman trains serve Americ... gardless of the weather.*

SLEEP, *undressed, in a real b... do at home. Feel refreshed nex...*

"HOME-LIKE" COMFORTS. *Comp... dressing rooms. Individual to... private rooms. Principal trains ...*

SERVICE—*courteous, efficient, ...*

PRIVACY—*freedom from unwele... Your accommodation is your ... have to share it with anybody!*

ROOMINESS—*room to "stretch ... take it easy and move about. ... personal luggage, without extr...*

generous man nearly three
—after Anschluss with Ger-
use of his political connec-
s forced to abandon his
e hospital. His son, who
brain surgery, was likewise
everal offices.
r arrived at the hospital
n the early summer of 1908.
the exact date, for my rec-
case were placed in the
he Nazi party in Munich.
rau Hitler spent the night
tal and was operated on
morning. At the request
, harried soul I remained
perating table while Dr.
is assistant performed the

later I drove in my carriage
nube to the little house at
nstrasse, in the section of
wn as Urfahr. There the
ted me.
ceived the word I brought
d reserve. The face of the
aked with tears, and his
ed and red. He listened
nished speaking. He had
tion. In a choked voice he
s my mother suffer?"

Hitler's Worst Moment

nd months passed after the
au Hitler's strength began
l. At most she could be
or an hour or two a day.
eriod Adolf spent most of
nd the house, to which his
eturned.
the tiny bedroom adjoin-
is mother so that he could
d at any time during the
g the day he hovered about
in which she lay.
such as that suffered by
there is usually a great
ain. She bore her burden
hing and uncomplaining.
d to torture her son. An
mace would come over him
pain contract her face.
tle that could be done. An
morphine from time to time
emporary relief; but noth-
Yet Adolf seemed enor-
ful even for these short
easc.
er forget Klara Hitler dur-
ys. She was forty-eight at
l, slender and rather hand-
sted by disease. She was
patient; more concerned
ould happen to her family
is about her approaching
made no secret of these
bout the fact that most of
were for her son. "Adolf
ung," she said repeatedly.
y of December 20, 1908, I
ls. The end was approach-
ted this good woman to be
le as I could make her. I
whether she would live
k, or another month; or whether death would come in a matter of hours.

So, the word that Angela Hitler brought me the following morning came as no surprise. Her mother had died quietly in the night. The children had decided not to disturb me, knowing that their mother was beyond all medical aid. But, she asked, could I come now? Someone in an official position would have to sign the death certificate. I put on my coat and drove with her to the grief-stricken cottage.

The postmaster's widow, their closest friend, was with the children, having more or less taken charge of things. Adolf, his face showing the weariness of a sleepless night, sat beside his mother. In order to preserve a last impression, he had sketched her as she lay on her deathbed.

I sat with the family for a while, trying to ease their grief. I explained that in this case death had been a savior. They understood.

In the practice of my profession it is natural that I should have witnessed many scenes such as this one, yet none of them left me with quite the same impression. In all my career I have never seen anyone so prostrate with grief as Adolf Hitler.

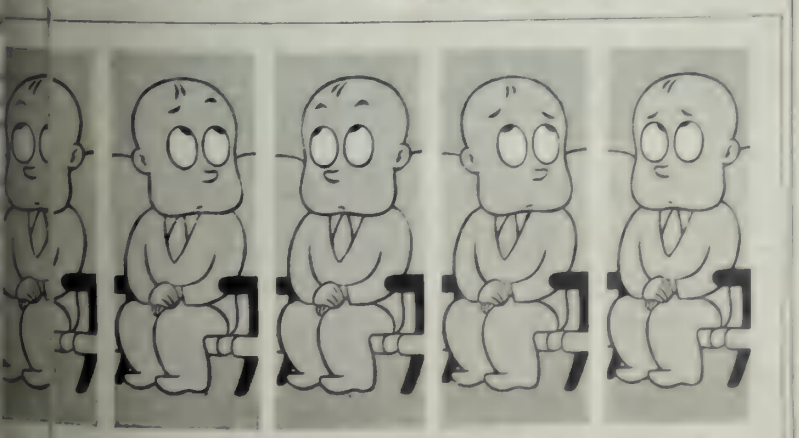
I did not attend Klara Hitler's funeral, which was held on Christmas Eve. The body was taken from Urfahr to Leonding, only a few miles distant. Klara Hitler was buried beside her husband in the Catholic cemetery, behind the small, yellow stucco church. After the others—the girls, and the postmaster's widow—had left, Adolf remained behind; unable to tear himself away from the freshly filled grave.

And so this gaunt, pale young man stood alone in the cold. Alone with his thoughts on Christmas Eve while the rest of the world was gay and happy.

A few days after the funeral the family came to my office. They wished to thank me for the help I had given them. There was Paula, fair and stocky; Angela, slender, pretty but rather anemic; Klara and Adolf. The girls spoke what was in their hearts while Adolf remained silent. I recall this particular scene as vividly as I might recall something that took place last week.

Adolf wore a dark suit and a loosely knotted cravat. Then, as now, a shock of hair tumbled over his forehead. His eyes were on the floor while his sisters were talking. Then came his turn. He stepped forward and took my hand. Looking into my eyes, he said: "I shall be grateful to you forever." That was all. Then he bowed. I wonder if today he recalls this scene. I am quite sure that he does, for in a sparing sense Adolf Hitler has kept to his promise of gratitude. Favors were granted me which I feel sure were accorded no other Jew in all Germany or Austria.

The second of Dr. Bloch's articles will appear next week.



Movies: Front Row



As swiftly as that, they're springing up . . . those new factories needed to build airplane motors, tanks, planes, guns and other defense items. They're the latest word in scientific factory construction. They're marvels of efficiency, safety and low-cost operation. Perhaps this is why, in many such plants, products will be . . . .

. . . made FASTER and BETTER with the help of

G-E Fluorescent Lighting!

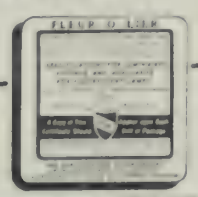
For this amazing new lighting has already proved itself. Properly installed★ G-E Fluorescent Lighting delivers new high levels of light . . . *fifty foot-candles and more* . . . that help people see better, work better, feel better. It's cooler. It's low in brightness. It's the next thing to having a layer of daylight hung from the ceiling . . . to speed production . . . decrease spoilage. You can use it 24 hours a day . . . and the cost is surprisingly reasonable. No wonder everyone is talking about G-E Fluorescent Lighting!

It has swept into stores and offices, too! Because fluorescent lighting with G-E MAZDA "F" (fluorescent) lamps offers a *practical* way to have lots more light, along with modern styling, to attract customers, speed sales, step up efficiency, reduce eyestrain. It is *doing* things in corner bakery and big office building alike.

How can it help you?

Why not see what fluorescent lighting can do to help *your* business? ★Ask your local electric service company or G-E MAZDA lamp distributor to tell you about lighting fitted to your needs, with G-E MAZDA "F" lamps . . . the kind *made to stay brighter longer.* They now cost less than ever!

NEW LARGER DISCOUNTS on purchases of G-E MAZDA lamps (all types)
$5.00 and up to $15.00 list . . 20%.
$15.00 and over, list . . . . 25%.
See your G-E MAZDA lamp supplier.



G-E MAZDA "F" lamps are recommended for use only in equipment having high power factor, such as that marked by this label or the RLM label.

For top performance from this new lighting, be sure to get certified fixtures, bearing the FLEUR-O-LIER label, shown here, or the RLM label. These lighting units, together with their ballasts and starters, when certified by Electrical Testing Laboratories to comply with exacting specifications, assure you of balanced, satisfactory service. Because certification is open to any manufacturer whose product meets these standards, you have a wide choice of styles.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC



I've checked the financing cost; the insurance we get — and what we pay for it; and the payment arrangements convenient to us. Then I figured out the total cost myself! There! You see! We figure our own time payment plan and save money, too.

WHY don't you also figure the cost yourself *before you buy!*

Just send the coupon below for your GMAC Figuring Chart. It gives you the whole financing-and-insurance story in *dollars and cents* . . . shows exactly what you get for what you pay. In a few minutes you can figure just what the cost will be to you — based on the number of months you want, and the amount you wish to pay each month.

Then, compare the General Motors Instalment Plan with others you may have thought cost less. Notice especially the broad insurance protection for your car included in this plan. It won't take you long to see just where and how you save!

So fill out and mail the coupon below. See your General Motors dealer. This plan is available only through dealers in Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac cars.



Hustling Hal

Continued from page 20

This was a blow because Wallis and his assistant, Graham Baker (now the rear end of the Towne-Baker outfit) had made some good pictures: Little Caesar, Dawn Patrol, Five Star Final and Sally. At any rate, Wallis swallowed his Adam's apple in chagrin, tried his best to hide his tears and became a supervisor, a position no decent American would take on a bet. However, it turned out well because Zanuck finally had a row with the Warners and went over to Twentieth Century-Fox. That was in 1934 and Wallis was given the big office again and has been there ever since.

But that still doesn't account for Wallis or for Warners. For years they made a series of stinkerolas, interlarded by such hard-hitting pictures as I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang and One Way Passage. Then suddenly they began making Pasteur, Zola, Juarez, Dr. Ehrlich.

When Jack Warner and Wallis started east in 1935 to tell the Warners' sales conference that one of the big productions of the next year was to be the life of Louis Pasteur, they were afraid to announce the title. They thought first of calling it The Death Fighter but when that hard-faced mob kept looking at them Jack lost his courage.

"One of our big ones for next year, boys, will be Paul Muni in The Fighter."

Hoo-ray! they howled. Muni in an action picture at last!

But they sold Pasteur and they sold the other "quality" pictures and in between they got rid of the others, the smash-bang babies that are centered around Alcatraz and Sing Sing and teach a good moral lesson that crime doesn't pay anybody but the Warners.

That's How Movies Are Made

Just what it means to keep a schedule going—and that is the job of Wallis—was shown last spring. Paul Muni was in New York doing a play: John Garfield had been suspended for refusing to take a part he didn't like and after that was settled he also headed for Broadway: Olivia de Haviland was answering no phone calls until she got the type of role she wanted: Gail Page was under suspension: Geraldine Fitzgerald was threatening to have a baby any minute. At this juncture Jeffrey Lynn also felt that life was treating him badly. He went down to Palm Springs, looked gloomily at a typewriter for two days and finally got off a thirteen-page, single-spaced complaint to Wallis. Hal wired him right back.

"It's great! Add two more pages and we'll buy it!"

Those recurrent battles are a distinguishing characteristic of the Warner establishment. At some time or other every actor in the place has been at odds with the management. That would seem to indicate a permanent state of feud that could only be fatal to production but it doesn't seem to work out that way. After a week or two of statements that make it appear only sudden and brutal death will suit either party, they get together, arrange matters, kiss all around—and start out again to make a pretty good picture. Generally at the exact spot where the fight broke out.

Wallis is one of the least-known men in Hollywood. He stays on his farm at Van Nuys. By selling walnuts and oranges, he can meet the taxes. For the rest, he is slightly mad about his boy Brent and is still living with his first wife. He is a dark-haired, thickset man of six feet and he gets his exercise from swimming. His steady friends are Paul Muni, Mike Curtiz, Henr liam Dieterle, Erich George Brent. When t right in Van Nuys, he w a letter. He goes horset ery Saturday with Blan which is said to be a sigh his gang goes bowling. I: complain, he'd have ste for dinner.

His romance with L came to a head rapidly star and he was a punk publicity department t asked for a date and ca her in an old Model T F top and the right front stay shut, so between b and holding the door, chance to protest. They soon after. Their life now the farm. They never a and never go to night clu they're in New York. E time in New York is g because if Hal likes one Jack Warner up in Holly after begins waving a c money they spend is a c

There's Always Pi

Along with that gamb have, the Warners are a throwing young players i letting them swim their Ascher signed Errol Fl for $150 a week but there him to do when he arrive Being in need of a cor scene in The Case of the Wallis put him in that. pressed by this splendi death, there was nothin Flynn into Captain Bloo else could be found for

Wallis took Brenda M a Federal Theater prod her immediately into E Rosemary and Priscilla almost before they got unpacked in Hollywood was an international Four Daughters, his firs

"Some people call it l lis. "Maybe it's desper

It's a lot of good tink money in the till, too. W having good years and i that anything will com make Hal exclusively a The trend in some studi production—that is, ea responsible for his own p is trying that system and it up in a large way. H eth Century-Fox and the old school, where through the bottlenec Warner or Wallis must c made on every picture scripts, select the write rector, put the cast toge shooting as it progresses take a hand in the cu finished.

Sometimes they have production at once. Tha but they seem to get th is the quiet one thro desk is always neat, with in separate piles—letter in another. He doesn though he can be definit good sense of humor a are part of the Wallis refuses to worry even w begin to smell and the

"At the worst, I know is buried," he says. "I over and dig up Rin Ti

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In the Army's famed fighter planes — the Bell Airacobra, the Lockheed P-38 Interceptor and the Curtiss P-40 — there's an Allison liquid-cooled engine whose in-line design helps make them the fast, fit fighters they are.

This advanced air power is the product of the American Aircraft Industry in collaboration with the U. S. Army—both pledged to the duty of arming us best.

Allison
LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

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BEHIND THOSE WORDS, there is much more than just good wishes. A whole science of navigation by air is also on the job, to deliver that "happy landing."

The pilot's instrument board bristles with delicate devices that eliminate guesswork, outwit the weather, bring his ship in on its precision schedule. Behind the scenes, but indispensable, is the storage battery—providing power for the plane's radio, navigation instruments, cabin, position and landing lights.

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WHEN IT'S AN **Exide** YOU START

The Traitor

Continued from page 22

and a little poise . . . and be a credit to your father."

Then he relented, grinned and patted the top of my head with a gentle and lordly tolerance. "You're all right, Sis," he said. "But stop worrying—or you won't grow to be a big girl!"

And then he walked out on me.

Dolores appeared from her listening post behind the pantry door. "That is much man, much, Señorita!" she said in Spanish. "What distinction . . . so tall . . . so brave! I think he is interested."

"Oh, indeed?"

"I would not deceive you."

"Not really?"

"When they pat you on the head, it is a good sign. It shows respect and control of the emotions. I am well pleased."

"It's good to know that."

"He thinks you are a child. If he could but see—"

"You go wash the dishes. Scat!"

By the time my father got home, I had worked myself into a fine state of nerves over Savvy Roberts. The skipper was no help at all. He marched in looking as if the world had collapsed.

"Lieutenant Roberts came back to tell me about the prowler," I said.

My father nodded. "I'm afraid Kirstell is right," he said. "We do have a traitor here."

"Just some tramp, wasn't it?"

"No. Whoever it was had been trying to tunnel under the fence. Right at the basin."

"Then it's known—about Sav—Lieutenant Roberts?"

"Obviously."

Sighing, my father sank into a chair. He looked old and tired. "Don't think I've ever had a service matter affect me like this, Phyl," he said. "It's damnable. I can't put a decent face on the thing. Can you imagine *any* man on this station guilty of treason?"

"No, sir," I said.

"I—I think I'd like a whisky and soda."

I got it for him. It was the first drink of liquor, ceremonial occasions excepted, I had ever seen him take.

"An able lad, young Roberts," he said, out of a tense silence. "I know what fascinates him with treason. It's an unexplored field. I've been trying to think if anyone has written an intelligent study of a traitor. Don't recall a single commentary on the subject. Murder . . . and all the other crimes . . . yes, a whole library on each one. Why does a man betray his country? And why should a man want to betray *this* country? Except for England, it is the one last hope on earth."

I WAS too upset to be patient with philosophical musings. I knew my father. He was going to try to escape into a series of bitter and literary monographs on treason. He would set case histories up in his mind—from false Sextus to Benedict Arnold and Sir Roger Casement—and seek to prove from lack of analogy and contradictions that none of *his* officers could be guilty. In the meantime, Lieut. Commander Kirstell would be ferreting out our traitor, and Savvy Roberts might—

"Listen, Dad—" I said.

"Eh? Yes?"

"I think you should tell Lieutenant Roberts about this!"

"Roberts? Oh, no."

"Why not?"

"Kirstell won't hear of it. Said you had mentioned the idea. Very emphatic in rejecting it."

"You're commanding this station."

"I'm bound to follow h dear."

"And let them kill Lie erts?"

My father set his glas clink. "How much has you?"

I explained what I knew his work. I also pointed o Pat and Dutch were the p tims of any dirty tricks attempted. Tonight's p basin was patent evidenc manded to know if it wa not to warn them of a de cific danger. It is one th take routine precautions ferent matter to be o against a traitor in you so emphatic and so dead my father looked a little

"If I didn't know that are so much interested i might think—" he broke ture dismissing the idea said. "I hope Kirstell an ing to regret our decision

I SAW there was no Navy woman before what in-line-of-duty me steel door that bangs word "Duty" is spoke takes all the kindly, smi the third year at Annap that door into their he could Navy men order and their friends out ships to the last gun?

But I said, stubbornl how it can hurt anythin tenant Roberts know. Y *him*, do you?"

All this gained for me

FUNNY-BUSIN S M

Self-Portraits of Collie Cartoo No. 50

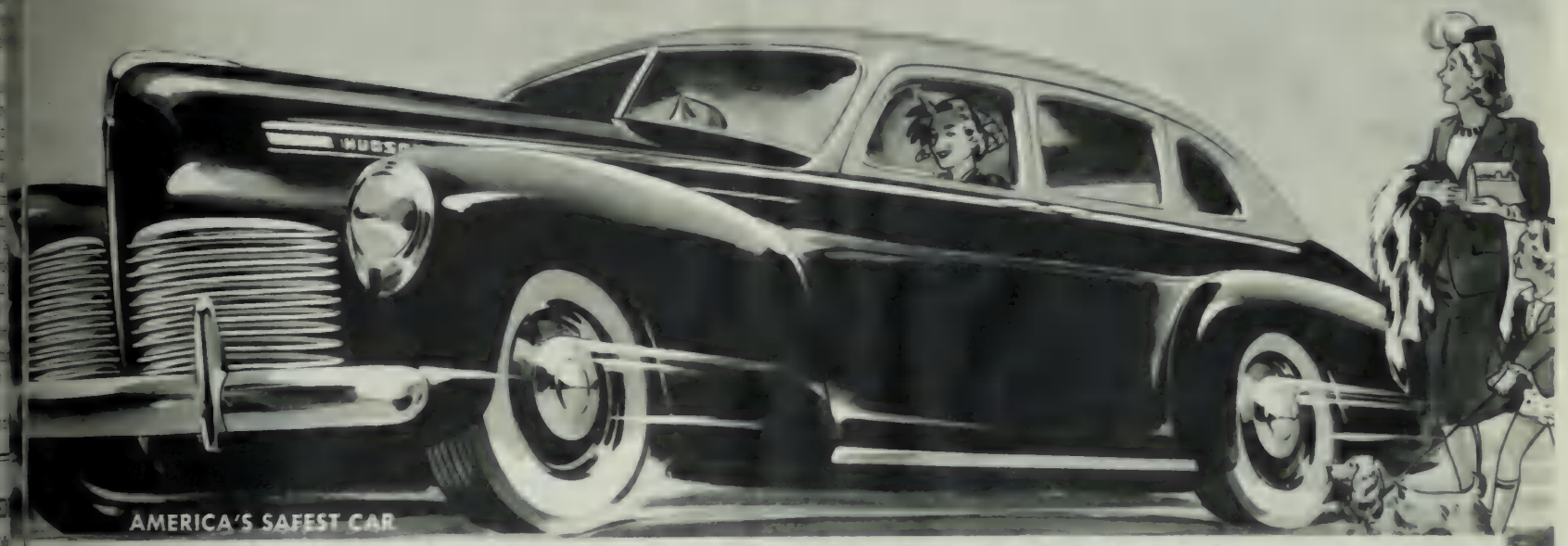


The cartoon on age 45 **one of the relativ** few **Charles Pearson** has **about horses, a** ough **was once a jock** (came **last), played bas** rum **mounted band,** I is **sergeant of the 1** t Cavalry **(Horse-Mechanize** band **Fort Devens. Bo** 28 years **ago in Brooklyn,** attended **the Grand Centra** rt School **drew miles of fi** and home **stone adventure** ps during **the Comic Book c** e, and **first gag cartoon** Collier's **last year. He hop** some day **to own a cockta** lounge or **tavern, and his h** by is on **lecting limericks**

ALL CARS ALIKE ?
NOT ON YOUR TINTYPE !

JUST DRIVE THE GREATEST PERFORMER OF THEM ALL

1941 HUDSON



The big, 92-horsepower Hudson Six Touring Sedan pictured above is one of the lowest priced sedans on the market

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If they are, how is it that Hudson won the 1941 Safety Engineering Magazine Award (pictured at right) for safest body design—with the *first perfect score ever recorded?* How is it that Hudson alone has finest hydraulic brakes *plus* a reserve mechanical system *working automatically from the same foot pedal* if ever needed? Just one of many great safety features you'll find only in AMERICA'S SAFEST CAR!



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Forget the clutch pedal! Just try driving a Hudson with Vacumotive Drive! *Go, stop, back up—without ever touching the clutch pedal!* Costs less than any other feature that completely eliminates clutch pedal pushing*, and no other car priced so low as the new Hudson Six offers anything like it. And while you're at it, see how much easier driving is with Hudson's true Center-Point Steering and new Synchronized Silent Mesh Transmission!

**Only $27.50 extra, installed at factory.*

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Take a look at *Symphonic Styling*—the big new style idea you can get *only* in a Hudson! Here's the first low priced car that ever offered a choice of beautiful interior color combinations that harmonize with exterior colors (even to such details as carpets and floor mats) *—at no extra cost.* No wonder Hudson owners are a mighty proud bunch of people!

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Ride on Hudson's improved type of independent front wheel coil springing—and *feel* the difference! Discover the luxury of Airfoam Seat Cushions—available in all 1941 Hudsons, standard in many. And year-round comfort with Hudson's Weather-Master—warm in winter, cool in summer, no drafts, no fogged windows, no drowsiness from stale air.

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If they were, how could a big 92-horsepower Hudson Six win in its price class in the 1941 Gilmore Grand Canyon Economy Run—*with more miles per gallon than any other entry in the run except two short-wheelbase, low-powered cars in another price class?* For brilliant performance with year-after-year economy, you can't beat Hudson—holder of nearly 150 *official* performance and endurance records.



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You'll be astonished at the low price for which the nearest Hudson dealer can deliver a big, beautiful 1941 Hudson (Six or Eight). See him—for a deal you can't afford to miss!

And remember:

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From its 31 years of engineering leadership, Hudson brings you the richly luxurious new Commodore models, finest cars ever to wear the Hudson nameplate . . . the brilliant new Super-Six . . . and the new Hudson Six in the lowest price field. A new high in automobile value in every important price class. Come for a look . . . go for a ride . . . today!

You'll like yeast this new way



JERRY: You've got a world of the old ziparoo today! Been eating yeast again?
HAZEL: No . . . drinking it! Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice is the most delicious drink of the year!



JERRY: I knew it! I recognize all the symptoms. I felt high, too, when I was eating yeast. But I never learned to like it.
HAZEL: Well, you can join our ranks again now, with pleasure and profit! Yeast in tomato juice has the flavor of oven-fresh bread, and mixes quickly. You can stay with it now . . . as people should do to get all the benefits.



JERRY: You're telling *me* about the benefits! I know what the authorities say is right: "Yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex."
HAZEL: Well, maybe you're not getting enough of these vitamins. Drink yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . Perhaps it will get you into the U.S.F.P., the Union of Swell-Feeling People!



MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork



STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!



Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast

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DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

ute lecture on duty. By agreeing to help Lieut. Commander Kirstell I had unofficially joined the Navy and must consider myself as much under the compulsion of unquestioning obedience as any man in the service. My word of honor was pledged not to reveal the secret of Kirstell's mission to anyone, unless he released me. This was no time for personalities, no time for feminine emotion. If every officer at Navy Station should be killed, one by one, I would still be required to say nothing. Did I understand that?

"Yes, sir," I said. "Good night, Dad."

My father jumped to his feet and walked to the door with me, his arm about my shoulders.

"I'm sorry I got you into this, Phyl," he said, gruffly; "but Kirstell insisted and I couldn't refuse full co-operation. You realize that, eh?"

"Of course," I said. "Don't let it get *you* down, Skipper."

"That's my girl! Thumbs up, eh?"

"Right."

I KISSED him good night and went upstairs to bed. But, looking back on it now, I can see that I had not been convinced of the wisdom and necessity of Kirstell's attitude. I was resentful and rebellious. I thought of Savvy and Dutch and Pat camping on their job in those army tents at the basin. Mostly, I thought of Savvy. What was our traitor planning to do to him? What would happen when Savvy started running tests of that rocket thingamajig of which Chief Nardin was so skeptical? And who was this traitor . . . who *was* he? Which man who had lived and worked with us on terms of intimate friendship actually hated us and his country? (Clinical Note: These are not thoughts that make for sound sleep. I got about two hours of intermittent dozing.)

Bright and early the next morning, things began to pop. Dolores announced Mamie Cowles, wife of Lieutenant Bob Cowles. I had just finished my breakfast.

I think I have described Mamie as Navy Station's "most vulnerable" wife. She was a frail, clingy, weepy, whiny ash blonde and reveled in it. She worked on the theory that our Mamie either had been or was about to be done wrong by; that it was no fault of hers people were such villains; and that the best way out of any trouble was to sit in a corner and wait—a man would be right over to help.

There being no man in our living room, just at the moment, Mamie was standing dramatically with a letter in her hand.

"Hello, Mamie—what can I—"

"This! Look at it!"

She held out the letter.

"You mean . . . I'm to read it?"

"Yes!"

The missive was typewritten on a single sheet of paper and unsigned. It read:

"You had better leave Jack alone. He has friends who can queer your little game. A word to the wise should be sufficient. A word to Captain Hartney would be worse."

I thought I detected the heavy Brooklyn hand of Mrs. Briscoe. But the code called for me to be disgusted and indignant.

"You're not upset about *this*, Mamie?" I said.

"It's horrible, Phyllis!" Mamie cried. "Who could be thinking such dreadful things of me?"

"I can't imagine," I said. "Throw it in the fire and forget it."

Mamie was living proof that you can take all the old clichés and make them work, simply by the process of believing in them hard enough.

"It's so *ugly*," she said.

"Yes."

"It—it sullies something
"What's that?"
"My friendship with poo
"Oh . . . yes."
"Why, he thinks of me m
sister!"
"Of course."
"But what if that woma
"Woman?"
"That Briscoe woman. S
"Oh, now—"
"She wrote it, of course s
else would have such a
mind?"

Under ordinary circumst
have let Mamie effervesce
bromides quite a while l
was in no mood to tolerat
derstood, platonic-friendsl
then.

I said, "I have a low, s
and so have you, darling!"

Mamie clutched at her t
gesture because she goes
some, collegiate styles with
and lots of buttons and be
fatale who clutches at her
be wearing a low-necked d
a jade necklace to grab at

"Oh, Phyllis—don't
Please."
"Haven't you been
Jack?"
"*Flirting?*"
"Yes."

The next shift was to a c
"I came to you because I
were capable of understan
I see I was mistaken. We'l
about it."
"Oh, yes, we will!" I sai

I grabbed her by a wri
her around.

"You've been flirting w
worse," I continued, "anc
about it. The whole darn'
it. And you're going to qu
there's a wretched scandal
folks for some money anc
Get away from here—"
"How can you, how can
"Because we've got enc
And you're not going to
worse!"

Mamie wrenched away
mouthed, languid and ar
gals save their energy for
loving men and hating wor
"You impudent, disgust
because your father is a c
shan't descend to your l
Good day."
"What if I do tell my fa
"You—you wouldn't da
"Very well, Mamie."

THAT broke her down. S
the divan and collapse
had done her wrong. How
cruel? I was her only fri
Station. (True.) She love
worshiped my father. (Fa
merely tried to be kind
because he had cracked u
crash and lost his best fr
had only wanted to help
nerve back and save him
himself to death. (Well, n
had known about it all alc
of it, and, besides, there h
ing between her and Jack
even a kiss. (A whopper.
was the way the dirty-min
Navy Station thought of s
and beautiful, why she wc
to tell Jack they coulc
friends any more.

Mamie's make-up was
over my sofa cushion, so
a handkerchief.

"I'm dirty-minded, Ma
"Put all the blame on me.
rides up the beach with Er
You may call the Moder
Villa a little paradise, but
way cops and Dolores
name for it. Shall I call I

ex ain why a self-respecting
irl on't go near that place?"
ly opped in there for sand-

m the club, after this."
y don't believe we—"
ot et."
dg testimony to her virtue
ry nough for Mamie. She
er es and gave me a brave

rig," she said. "Caesar's wife
al ve suspicion. I just can't
ny ore."
m at—today," I said.
n t." Mamie searched for
ne iché as she straightened
t. "at I shall always be proud
kn vn him!"
ou ill have your memory of
l f ndship," I said.
yll you do understand after
or I was so hateful. Didn't
gl hing I said, honey."
br e. The kiss. The smile
sha at the door. The great
ng perfect exit. Ugh!

ED o go back in the house.
nar d to look in the direction
Sec n's.
Be Sedden was home. He
g the front steps with his
s h ds.
bo, ert!" I called, and waved.
ok up and raised a hand
He ade no move.
nt er to Bert.
ly submit Bert Sedden as
of my theory that heredity
con nt have nothing to do
rod tion of problem children.
Mo Sedden were among this
est nd young Bert certainly
row p in a slum atmosphere.
ist ain contrary. I knew him
I w ten years old and he was
At oronada, that was, and
ead had been nicknamed
We avy children played in
a ld Bert had a putt-putt on
t w his favorite diversion to
ab m and try to swamp or
ou ; if he thought you timid,
you ow at full speed.
dde ook for granted that Bert
to e Academy. Bert did go,
gly, d flunked out in January
be ar. The Seddens, in the
hop that their friends at An-
oul et Bert straightened out,
a sl bank roll to keep him at
C ege. The idea was that
ld ake another try at the
ne year. But Bert decided
a lit ary genius, so Pop and
t his to another Eastern school
a "p y workshop."
shou have sent him straight
ow. it was, and he absorbed all the Communist doctrine while living in capitalist luxury, and his natural contrariness fed upon disapproval. Had he gone direct to Russia, where everyone theoretically would have agreed with him, Bert might have turned into an orthodox conservative. And maybe—perhaps this is merely wishful thinking—the Bolshies would have shot him.

"Hi-yah, Bert!" I said.

"Hullo, Red."

"Welcome home!"

"Ha!" Bert said. "Home sweet home."

"Come on, give us a smile."

"Pop won't even speak to me."

"No?"

"You haven't changed much. Married yet?"

"Not yet."

"I hear it won't be long now."

"Mom's just guessing."

"If you've fallen for Collins, you're a dope."

"Yes?"

"But then, you always were a dope."

"Thanks, Stinky."

"Quite a babe, though."

"Gee whiz!"

The trouble with stinkers is that they always have at least one redeeming trait. Bert's was a certain sharp, grimy, alley-urchin rebelliousness—a dogged, head-down determination to ram stone walls and fly in the face of all the creeds. This would have seemed only sinister in a physically powerful specimen, but it was pathetic and somehow appealing in Bert. He was short, lightly built and had a mop of kinky brown curls atop a childish, angelic face. A stranger, meeting him, would guess that he had been kicked around by cruel parents in his boyhood and suppose that his cantankerousness was due to psychic compensation.

"Definitely a babe," said Bert, solemnly, "and going to throw yourself away on a pretty boy in a uniform. All you want is a row of brass buttons and to stay in the damned Navy. Sometime when I'm feeling better, I'll tell you about Collins. But go away now. I'm an undutiful son and a nasty boy and I hate everybody's guts, including your own graceful viscera."

I sat down on the steps. "Are you *always* going to be such a stinker, Bert?"

"I'm not going to war, if that's what you mean."

"A conscientious objector, hunh?"

"Right!"

"Just because it hurts your father and mother."

"You're an imbecile."

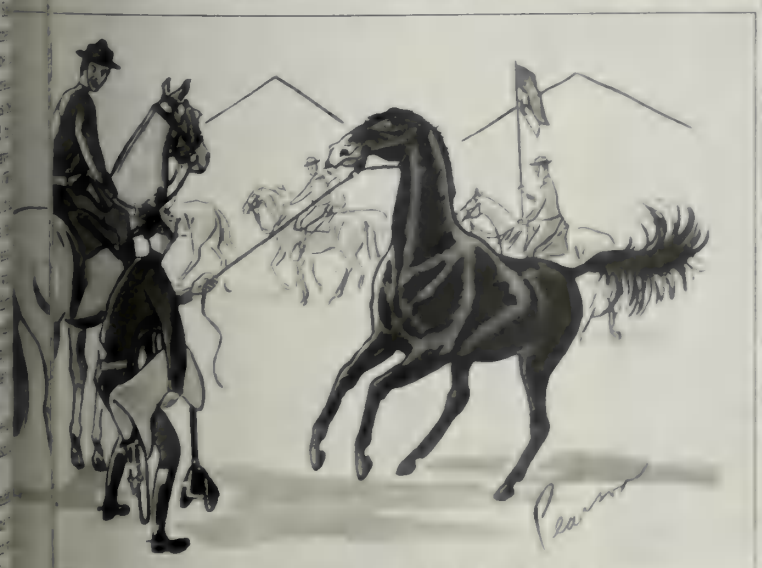
"I think you're just yellow."

"That doesn't work. Pop's tried that."

"Don't try to tell me you have moral objections."

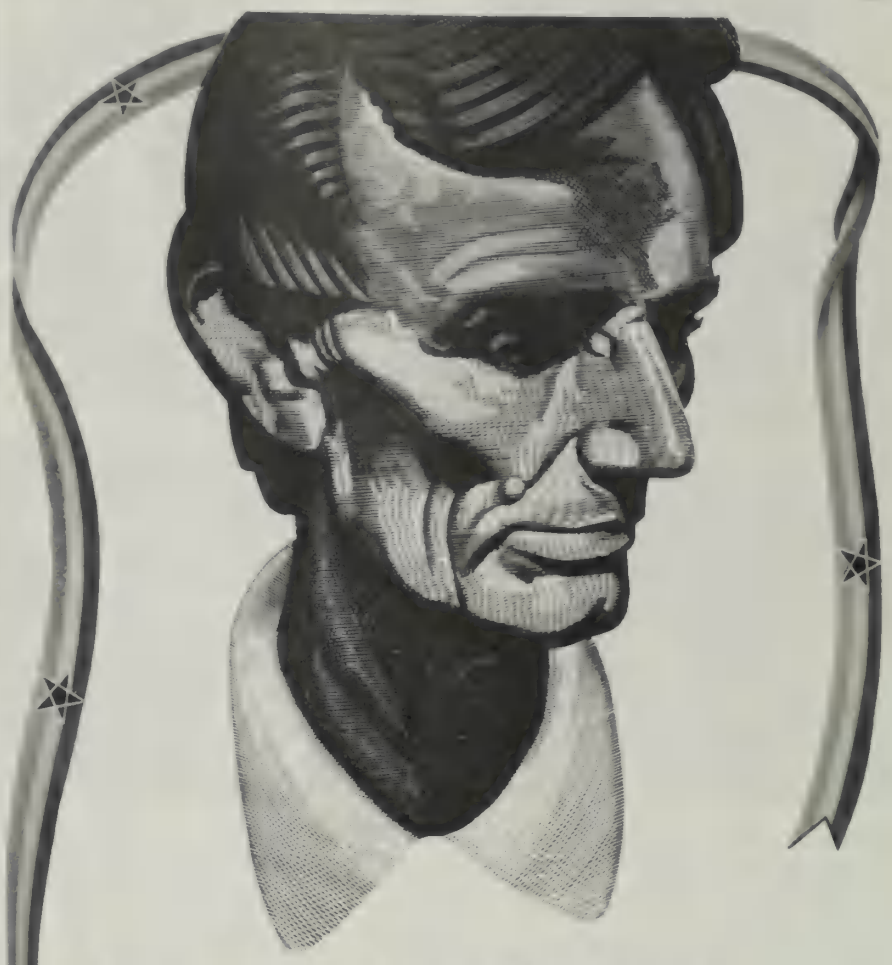
"No."

"Heresy, Bert. The party line says



"Walk right up to him and show him who's boss!"

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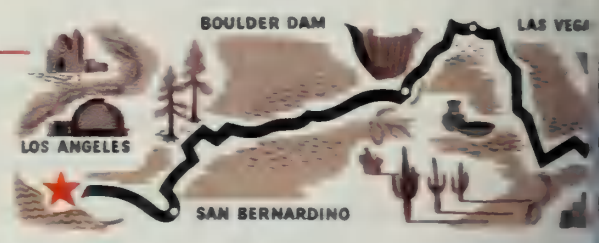
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In the A. A. A. Gil
Marvelous Fourth
other 6, 8, or 12



And $745* Buys this Big Slipstream Si

HERE IT IS—America's *more economical* full-size car—the Nash Ambassador "600"! Proved in 1941's official economy race, with a winning 25.8 miles a gallon average, in 599 miles of high-speed travel!

Never before in Gilmore competition had a car so big gone so far, *so fast* on such a small amount of gasoline.

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No other car can match its roadability, for Nash alone has Two-way Roller Steering . . . less unsprung weight than any other full-size car in America . . . absolutely the easiest steering and parking you ever experienced!

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Yes, and today thousand[s] of ow[ners] there is simply no comparis[on] with [Nash]

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*‡REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

you object to serving any country except the Soviet Union. *Their* wars are holy. Like in Finland."

Bert snorted. "I left the party a year ago."

"Liar."

"The same old Red."

"I was trying to give you credit for some logical reason, no matter how cockeyed. Oh . . . I see . . . you're a Nazi now. Sorry."

"The hell with them."

"Not a Communist . . . not a Nazi . . . not an American. I'll bite—what's the answer?"

Bert blinked, his large, blue eyes as expressionless as a doll's. "The answer is very simple. I'm not going to war because I don't want to get killed."

I stared at him. "How gallant!" I said.

Shrugging, Bert took out a cigarette. "Sarcasm's no good, either," he said. "When they ask me what I did in the great war, I'll say, 'I stayed alive,' and be damned proud of myself."

"While other men died so you could keep your own hide safe?"

"Can I help it if this country's still full of suckers?"

That left me speechless and aching with pity for Mom and Pop Sedden, especially Pop. I got slowly to my feet, and, inwardly raging, walked up the steps and into the house.

Mom Sedden was there. I suspected that she had been crying in secret, although her manner was determinedly cheerful.

"Phyllis! Have you seen Bert?" she asked.

"Yes. Just now."

"Did you talk to him?"

"Not very much. Where's Pop?"

"He went to his boat."

"I'll go see him."

She stopped me. "Did—did Bert say anything about—"

"It'll be all right."

"Oh, Phyllis, I knew you'd do it! Bert always has admired you so—"

"I'd better catch Pop before he starts fishing."

"Yes . . . and, Phyllis, try to make him understand the boy. He's behaving as if Bert had committed treason. He's cruel . . . and unfair—"

"I'll talk to Pop."

I found Pop in his small motor sailer moored to a landing stage dock. His fat, stooped fi disreputable mufti—the being a faded old canvas coat—was huddled in the seemed to be fussing with t proached, but actually, I just sitting there full of g ery.

"Oh . . . hello, Phyllis aboard?"

"Yes, if I may," I said.

He handed me down wi perceptible exaggeration which was the tip-off, if y that he had been drinki Mom, had what I call a patrician and aged and Pop should have lived a h ago; he was a huntin', sho pucka sahib made for a more wholesome world t now is.

"Cap'n Hartney very ki me from duty today," he

"Because Bert's home,"

"Yes," Pop said, and wince. "Your father is alw ful. Deeply appreciate it.'

"I've just had a talk wit

POP carefully put the co bucket, his hand shaking face, always ruddy, drair and his white mustache twi

"Sorry you had to liste rot," he said. "Can't tol more, myself."

"Maybe that's the troub

"Eh?"

"I think he does it just out of us. You, especially.'

Pop shook his head. "U that, too, Phyllis. His mo we said, 'He's young. Jus oats. Wants to show off.' enough . . . to be an officer

"He's still a kid, Pop."

"When I was his age . . . going into it. There he is he is."

"He loves you."

"Loves . . . oh, no . . . no,

"He does. He was hurt wouldn't speak to him."

"Mentioned it?"

"Yes."

"Strange . . . very stra



"—And now, gentlemen, listen to my client's tale of wo



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MERCURY "8"

has hated me, you know. We never got along."

"I think you should speak to him, Pop."

"You do?"

"Yes . . . and behave as if none of this draft and conscientious-objector argument had ever happened. And if he brings it up, just ignore everything he says."

There was a sudden, pathetic eagerness in Pop's manner. "Modern psychology, eh?"

"Yes—I suppose it is."

"You know young people. Meet a lot of 'em all the time. Know how they react to things, eh?"

"Sure do, Pop."

"I should have talked to you before—about Bert. Never wanted to admit he had me stumped. His mother kept saying, 'You're too harsh. He'll turn out all right.' *Harsh!* I didn't think I was. I gave that boy all the attention I could . . . had a good deal of sea duty, but gave him all the attention I could. But, somehow, after he was fifteen or so, he seemed to slip away from me."

"It wasn't your fault. Or Mom's, either."

"Happens to a lot of 'em, eh?"

"Yes, it does."

"But why, Phyllis? His mother and I thought we'd done a pretty good job. His home was happy. We sent him to the best schools we could afford. We tried to teach him our own viewpoint on things. It didn't seem to us to be a narrow, old-fogy viewpoint, either. Naturally, I wanted him to go to the Academy. He made no objection. He just acted . . . when he got there . . . like an alley rat. Gad . . . I woke up one morning and discovered that all the years of effort we'd put into that boy meant nothing to him at all. He hadn't listened and he hadn't observed. When it came to forming opinions, he preferred to get them from a handful of pip-squeak, parlor-pink college professors. It—it knocked me all in a heap."

WHAT could be done about Bert except to stall for time and hope for a miracle? How could I have told Pop what I really thought—that Bert wasn't worth any more tears and worry and heartsickness? Not poor, old, baffled Pop. I had to pretend that I had just the method to cure Bert.

"He's set himself against us just from sheer cussedness and exhibitionism, Pop," I said. "So the thing to do is to treat Bert with a large dose of smiling indifference."

"Think that might work, eh?"

"I'm sure of it."

"I hope you're right, Phyllis."

"You'll try it?"

"My dear, I'd try anything, anything."

"Swell!" I said. "So instead of brooding out here you go back to the house and make it up with Bert. Take the attitude that his cockeyed ideas are of no importance. Promise, Pop?"

"I . . . well . . . all right."

Pop bowed very gallantly as we shook hands on it. His sense of humor returned.

"Too bad the boy isn't a drunkard or a devil with the women," Pop said. "I'd know how to handle that!" Then, he added wryly: "I'd even prefer to have him a thief."

"We'll cure this too, Pop!" I said.

Feeling very much the little Miss Fixit, I started around the dry-dock area to take the short cut to the basin. I had an excellent excuse for dropping in on Savvy Roberts. That afternoon was the date of our regular fortnightly tea fight at the Officers' Club. All hands were supposed to attend. I knew there was little or no chance of persuading Savvy to come, but—(Clinical Note: Hartney was about to tell a lie here. The truth was she just wanted to see Savvy again.)

"Phyllis!"

"Hunh? . . . Oh, hello, Bob."

Lieutenant Bob Cowles waylaid me by the dry-dock gate. Remembering my interview with Mamie, I tried not to show any embarrassment. But it was always a bit embarrassing to talk with Bob Cowles. His Academy nickname was "Eight Ball" and it had stuck with him—horrid testimony to an unbroken string of bad breaks.

When he was an ensign there had to be an explosion in his turret; when he was a j. g. a cruiser ran aground while he was junior watch officer on duty; when he made two stripes he married Mamie. He had been sent to Navy Station to supervise overhaul of the Pearson, an old destroyer, and was up before the selection board for promotion to lieut. commander. His career hung in the balance. Either he would win promotion and command of the destroyer or be washed out of the Service.

A thin, swarthy, intense and jittery, black Irishman, Bob never had learned to conceal his frazzled nerves. His sense of shuddery fear, waiting for the next blow of fate, communicated itself to you; and you found yourself suffering with him and always ashamed that this should be so. Talking to him was like standing in an exposed place during a storm, where the lightning would be certain to strike; you fidgeted and wanted to run, yet could not decently abandon Bob to perish alone.

"Has your father had any word?" he asked now, clicking a small stack of coins together in his right hand.

"Not a thing," I said.

"I should have heard by now."

"Pooh. Not necessarily. No news is good news."

"That's what Mamie says, but—"

"For Pete's sake, stop *worrying*."

Bob clicked those infernal coins together. "I guess I'm sunk."

"Blaaah! You've a good fitness report, in spite of the tough breaks. Dad and Pop both wrote letters."

"God bless 'em. But I've a hunch—"

"Kafooey on your dog-trot Irish hunches. You'd have to be deaf, blind in one eye and crippled before they'd pass you over. There's a bad storm brewing, fella. They need you."

"Yes . . . there's that—"

"You'd better get back on the job before some hunky drops a hammer on his foot and sues the Navy."

Bob grinned. "That's "Well . . . thanks, Phyll medicine for a guy. Th

"See you at the tea fig

"I can't be there," Bo work. But Mamie'll rep ily. Thanks again."

He hurried off towar pounding and riveting. that job sixteen hours a something would go wr have been one of the started playing aroun Murphy, but I doubt it needed any good reas around.

Well, I thought that Mamie's hash. I was al Pop and Mom could do young Bert. I considere a tidy little lid-sitter t might not be of much Lieut. Commander Ki traitor, but perhaps I co Station's minor scandal ing.

MY INTERVIEW w Savvy Roberts adde of smug optimism.

They had put up a c around the Basin. The doubled. I couldn't wa sentry line with any g morning. No, sir, the guard had to go for Lieu

But Savvy appeared promptness. He was dungarees. (Romantic can look distinguished i rees under a bright sun something, gals.)

"Good morning, Miss

"Good morning, Lieu I came to invite you ar and Mr. Rorabeck to a ficers' Club this afterno

"I'm afraid we can't

"I was afraid of that,

"Sorry, but we'll be test. Expect to work u

I thought I would try sea serpent?" I asked, circuslike enclosure.

Savvy's eyes smiled. dragon—we hope," he s

"And tame?"

"Eats out of my han

"Couldn't I have just

"Not without an orde manding officer."

"Maybe I could wang Dutch Prentice's voic



"Good night, Mom, and enjoy your party. I can't kiss you, 'cause I just had my bath"



Tornado shelters are built when the wind *isn't* blowing

th a alm look ahead, the farmer in the n country builds his shelter when the on clear. He doesn't wait until an omi- bla funnel heralds the approach of ing inds. Then it would be too late.

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y. Savvy! I can't hold this day!"
ve to go. Thanks for thinking me other time."
you, sir!" I said, humbly.
rs of the night before seemed . I tripped lightly home. Savvy rried about this thingamajig. that purred. He was guarded marines to protect the gold Fort Knox. And he had come *o talk to me.* Savvy, himself. (Whoa, there, Phyllis—why e humility?) Just a look and ut that was sufficient joy for Oh, it would be all right, all

uble with me is that every t to stepping high I need a angel at my elbow to say, ow bridge!"
m Sedden, Mrs. McMatthews t to the Officers' Club an hour tea fight was to start, it being o get everything in readiness. had gone into the kitchen to ettles, and Mom and I were the dining-room table, when ngry voices in the card room. sacred to men only, was in ng adjoining the main lounge. t a teapot down hastily. "Oh, t's Bert—" she whispered.
You stay here and keep Mrs. f it!" I said.

D to the door of the card st in time to see Bert Sedden enant Roger Collins jump to while half a dozen other of- led at Bert.
taken all we can stand from er said. "The only thing that's from getting your head ff is our respect for your ay you're a worthless, yellow or your father's sake I'm go- it that you keep your mouth d here."
n't make me do that," Bert

apped him heavily across the ur conscience won't let you t, eh?" Roger said.
n lick me," Bert said, "but change my opinion of you. re a dirty Nazi bully."

Roger began slapping and cuffing him, the force of the blows causing Bert to stagger and put his hands to his face.
"Stop it!" I said.
Someone brushed me aside. It was Pop Sedden.
"Passive resister to force, are you?" Roger said. "How does this feel—"
He hit Bert with his fist, knocking him into a card table. Bert fell, blood spurting from his nose and mouth.
Pop Sedden spoke—slowly, tragically. "Get up and fight, son," he said.
Bert shook his head and wiped the back of a hand across his bloody mouth.
"Sorry, sir—" Roger said.
Pop's answer was a punch on the jaw. Roger staggered and fell, more from astonishment than from the force of the blow, I think. Anyway, he scrambled quickly to his feet.
"I'm very sorry, sir," Roger said.
He clicked his heels, bowed and walked out the veranda door.
Reaching down, Pop helped Bert to his feet. He turned to the other officers, saying, "I apologize for my son. He will not come to the club again."
Nothing more was said. Pop and Bert moved through the doorway where I was standing. Neither saw me. Pop led the way across the lounge, walking with slow, shambling steps. Bert followed him, mopping blood with a handkerchief. They went outside.
I hesitated, wretchedly, not knowing whether to run after Pop and Bert or hurry to Mom in the dining room. There was no doubt in my mind that a tragedy impended. A black flood of passions so strong as to seem like the abrupt darkening of a happy day into night had swept across Navy Station. I felt the panic of a swimmer who has recklessly underestimated the tide.
"The skipper—" I thought, "—I must go to Dad. Right away. This is too much for me—"
As I turned, I felt a hand on my arm. "Miss Hartney . . . a word with you."
It was Lieut. Commander Kirstell.
"Th-there's been a fight," I said, stupidly, "you've got to excuse me—"
Lieut. Commander Kirstell shook his head. "This can't wait," he said. "*I have a clew to our man.*"

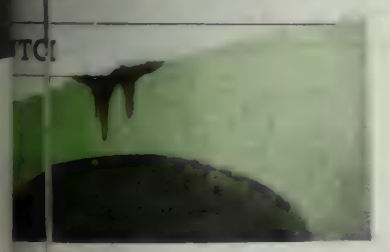
(To be continued next week)



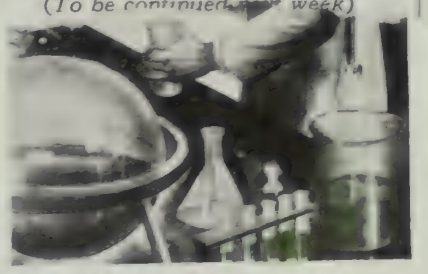
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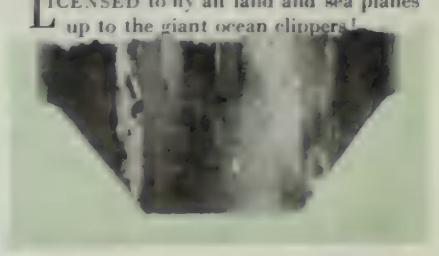


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TOASTMASTER FULLY AUTOMATIC *Toasters*

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it to and told 'em not to tell. She figured, right enough, when they heard shots, each of 'em would think he knew what was happening and would stay in his room, so he wouldn't be on the scene and get mixed up with the police.

"The afternoon of the night they killed the old man, she pulled a button off of Dosenki's bathrobe while he was out, and when she pretended to go to the picture show, she took the gun out of the closet and give it to Olavski. She'd went to that picture show before and knew what was in it, in case she got asked. Her and Olavski come in, after the old man was asleep, and Olavski hid in the closet. She woke the old man up, because they wanted it to look like there'd been a struggle, and Olavski shot him, and she left the button there and she knocked on Dosenki's door and listened to hear him getting up before they run out.

"What went wrong was that Olavski's first shot had went through her dress while she was holding the old man so he could be shot. She grabbed another dress out of the closet and took it with her and changed at Olavski's room. Then she come home like she was coming from the picture show."

"I SEE," I said. "It was at Olavski's hotel we found the dress."

"Yeah. They'd ought to have got rid of it. Well, there's almost always something a killer had ought to done but didn't. Of course, at the start, there wasn't no indication of all these things. It looked like a routine murder. An old guy had married a young girl and a young guy was a lodger there and the old guy got shot. So they pinched Dosenki. Still, it didn't look right."

"Why not?"

"Well, common report said Dosenki had been making a play for Androskey's wife, but Dosenki was in love with somebody else. Besides, he didn't act like no guy that done a murder; we know how they act. Cops that talked Russian could get only one story: Dosenki had killed him. So the idea come to the Inspector to put a cop on the job that couldn't talk Russian."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Well, guys that talk foreign languages take care what they say when they think somebody ca 'em. The idea was to h around where they would We had to have an i wasn't just luck that Ola and fixed it so we didn't The kid from P. S. 134 Olavski in was Olavski's then we found the bullet it looked like a woman m there when Androskey go women around there said skey had a red silk dress, mean nothing without we

"Well, then?"

"I thought them three on the same floor had t thing that would solve t could get 'em to tell it. W in a taxicab with 'em. T get 'em to talking among

"But—" I said again.

"Sure. The taxi driv what they said."

"O'Flaherty?" I asked

"Sure. His mother w had that cab so he could li out I was dumb. The thr know nothing and red sil ing to them. But O'Fla thing. They were wonde kid from P. S. 134 was doi lodginghouse so often. know nothing about Ola didn't know the kid was C brother. Till after the mu around there, but sinc around all the time. So come to me. If a man ar a crime together, they can from communicating wi after. It might be Olav Androskey was our peop had been carrying notes The kid didn't have nc done the murder; he was his big brother told him.

"So I and you went to didn't find no notes beca stroyed 'em, but we did and at headquarters the come out."

"Smart work!" I comp

"Well, it shows what town is up against. Mayb will be with Abyssinians and I won't know what neither. Still, it's all rig



"Throw that one out and get me a better C-sharp"



"If you had my job for just one day *you'd get a Pontiac!*"

*De Luxe "Torpedo" Six Two-Door Sedan, $874**

IAL MOTORS MASTERPIECE

S SI, it's not hard to understand why so many people are ng ontiacs these days. If you had my job for just one day, d sa the same thing—*and you'd get a Pontiac too!*

In te first place, they just don't build them any better than Pon ac. That's taking in a lot of territory, I agree, but I work ll o hem, inside and out, from the top down and the bottom and *know!*

Wh I've got customers who used to spend as much as or ree thousand dollars for their cars who tell me that Pontiac is the finest car they've ever owned—and that it gives them everything they could ever want in *any* car!

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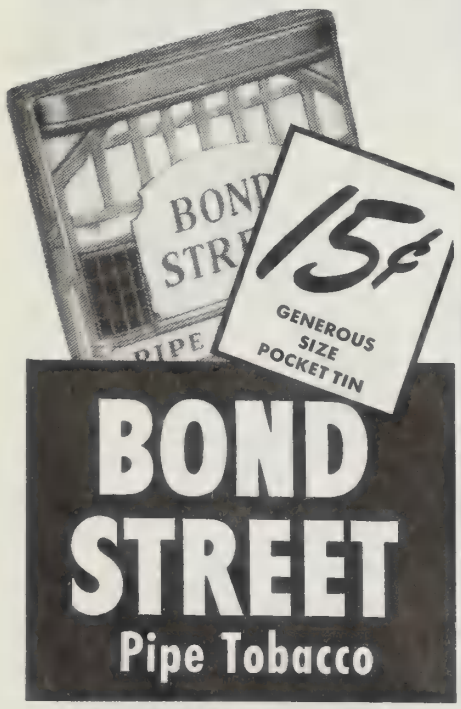
When last seen were blindly groping for a "different" pipe tobacco!

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BOND STREET is rich-tasting —bite-free—leaves no pipe odor in the room. It contains a *rare aromatic tobacco not hitherto used in a popular priced mixture.* Even the ladies like its aroma!

Buy a tin—today!



A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

China Sky

Continued from page 26

Chung but a girl, standing in the shadowy darkness of the room.

"Ya-ching!" she cried.

"It is I," Ya-ching whispered. "I am in great trouble, Ling doctor."

Siu-mei sat up and put out her hand for the light, but Ya-ching stopped her.

"Let me speak in the darkness, Ling doctor." She knelt beside the bed and began to sob softly.

"Don't cry," Siu-mei said, astonished. "Speak—tell me what is wrong."

"I cannot find words to tell you," Ya-ching said in a small voice.

"Is your family in trouble?" Siu-mei asked to help her. "Has your house been bombed?"

Ya-ching shook her head. "No, it is I, myself."

Siu-mei put aside her first quick guess. There were many young girls in trouble these days when all the usual ways of life were disturbed and changed, and war gave strange freedoms between men and women. But surely a girl with a face like Ya-ching's was safe!

"Are you ill?" she asked.

"Yes," Ya-ching said desperately. "I am sick with shame. I have no husband but I am with child. Cure me!" Ya-ching besought her eagerly. "Give me foreign drug!"

For a moment Siu-mei did not reply. "I cannot," she said at last sternly. "It is not allowed. I should forfeit all my years of work here if it were discovered I did such a thing."

"Then I will kill myself," Ya-ching said passionately.

"That you may not, either," Siu-mei said at once. "Consider reason. What you have done is a pity. But there are ways. Will the man not marry you?"

"Shall I tell him you say he ought to marry me?" Ya-ching asked. She lifted her head.

"Yes, certainly tell him so," Siu-mei said with earnestness. "And say that I will be your go-between, so all may be done decently and quickly."

For answer Ya-ching buried her head again in the silk quilt. Her shoulders shook and she made small, stifled cries. She was sobbing, Siu-mei thought, and listened again. No, this strange, ugly girl, she was not weeping—she was laughing!

She shook Ya-ching sharply. "Why do you laugh?" she cried.

And still Ya-ching would not answer. Instead she leaped to her feet and ran from the room, her cloth-shod feet silent, but the sound of her stifled laughter breaking the sudden silence of the night.

AND left alone in her room Siu-mei listened. The air raid was over. She had scarcely noticed it, so used had she grown to safety. And yet now she felt no longer safe.

And Ya-ching ran creeping along the dark corridors of the almost empty hospital, guiding herself by her hand on the walls. No one was there to see her. Not even an orderly sat in the hall now. There was no need. She went down the stairs and up again into the men's hospital to Chung's rooms. The door was locked, but she had a key and she fitted it to the keyhole and went in.

Chung was there, poring over a piece of paper with a small magnifying glass. He put the glass down as she came in and he looked up.

"Go away," he said, "I don't want you here tonight. I have work to do."

She stood before him, not moving. "I will not go until you have heard me," she replied.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I am in trouble," she said.

He took up the paper again and began to study it as though she were not there.

"Will you not ask me what trouble?" she inquired of him.

"No," he said distinctly.

She flew at him then as any common, angry woman flies at the man who stirs her to fury. She seized him by his ears and she screamed at him:

"You shall hear me—you shall know—"

Then he struck her full in the mouth and his hand, soft and smooth, was suddenly hard. She staggered and put her hand to her bleeding lips.

"Your trouble is none of my business," he said. He took out his silk handkerchief and wrapped it about his hand as he spoke: "I care nothing about any trouble of yours. You may be ill, you may be about to die, and I do not care."

"My trouble is worse than that," she faltered.

He looked at her, his eyes wide as a tiger's eyes. "Still I do not care!" he shouted.

And then she knew that he knew what her trouble was and that it was true that whatever it was he did not care. And he saw that she knew.

"I let you come here," he said contemptuously. "I never asked you to come. Now I tell you, do not come again!"

And then she cried out indeed, for she still loved him and would always love him in her stupid, desperate way, knowing she was never to have anything from him except what she had already had. She ran to his feet and fell there.

"Do not say never!" she cried, weeping. She caught his foot in her arms. "I will not complain. I take back to myself all I said—it is my trouble, it is not you who is to blame—it is all I—if only I may come here sometime say I may, only—"

"I have said never!" Ch and when she clung to hin her still clinging to his fo floor and at the door he l foot and pushed her out i and he took from the key he had given her and he s and locked her out.

And she lay there sobbin heard her in the empty h after a long time she went to her own bed and lay th until her tears were dry, lay there, plotting through til dawn. One by one she weapons and surveyed t mind. There were the pills taken that night from Y She had them still and s Chung making the same was the man creeping to hi would wait for that man a to talk. And she would tell it was that should marry h not.

SLOWLY through the h for this man grew evil in her and with all he turned to agony in her sh self against him whom sh she was ready to die if sh see him die first. . . .

Two days later Chung ing to the hospital, felt hi by the sleeve outside the dark and he was instantly went afraid all the time Chen-ta was behaving so s no one knew what he was next. He ordered all his tr and yet, willfully at the las a moment now twice when had already slipped out c



"Let's go some place where we can't talk!"



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LEWIS W. DOUGLAS, Preside

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

"First in America"

ged all he had planned. Third returned to find his e were there. Only by ning of the farmers and uld he discover where nd each time Chen-ta had vas not where he should had had to find quick lies lf. Once he had said, "I it One. I thought we were h."

e that out of all my thou- nly you misheard," Chen-

l had not dared to let his he strong, black gaze that

common, useless fellow," ered. "What I do is of no one."

o humble for yourself," replied with strange em-

t time Chung Third had e a joke of it. When the him to know why again t behind he made a noise r as he could under the eyes.

I saw a pretty woman illing-looking woman. Sir, eak, small man, so I gave u, sir, would not under- e are many like me." He like laughter again, but ed grave.

ens once more, I will say many like you," he said

t happen again," Chung mmered. "Sir, I swear, g the women are I will head."

is so," the Eagle had re-

Third had gone out of that bling like a bamboo leaf He was, he felt, a mere en these two strong ones, is own elder brother. But Eagle more and so he had th much groaning to go s once more and tell him le would strike and then tell him that he was watched and could come no more. Now that he was near the hospital he felt himself so afraid that he was not sure if after all he did not fear his brother as much as the Eagle. It was at this moment that he had felt his sleeve taken and a light flashed upon his face.

"Let me go!" he squeaked like a rat, and, darting and turning, he tried to break free.

But the hand twisted itself into a knot in his sleeve.

"Be quiet!" He heard a woman's voice and was so astonished that he stood still. A woman! He felt less afraid. What could a woman do to him?

"You go to Chung doctor?"

In the reflected glow of the flashlight he saw her face. It was the ugly girl he had seen that night outside his brother's room. Fear went out of him.

"Why should I say I do or do not?" he retorted impudently.

"You are the one I saw before," she said. She flashed her light up and down the street. No one was near. She let the light go out and they stood in darkness.

"What if I am?" he retorted.

"Are you his friend or his enemy?" she asked.

Chung Third grinned into the night. "Neither—I am his brother."

She was struck silent by this. Chung's brother! She had not dreamed of it. Then he might be coming merely with family news. Yet if that were so—

"Why do you come in the night?" she asked.

"Because he bids me not come by day," Chung Third replied.

She thought desperately: "How can I bribe him to truth? With what can I pay him?"

"Are you younger or elder than your brother?" she asked.

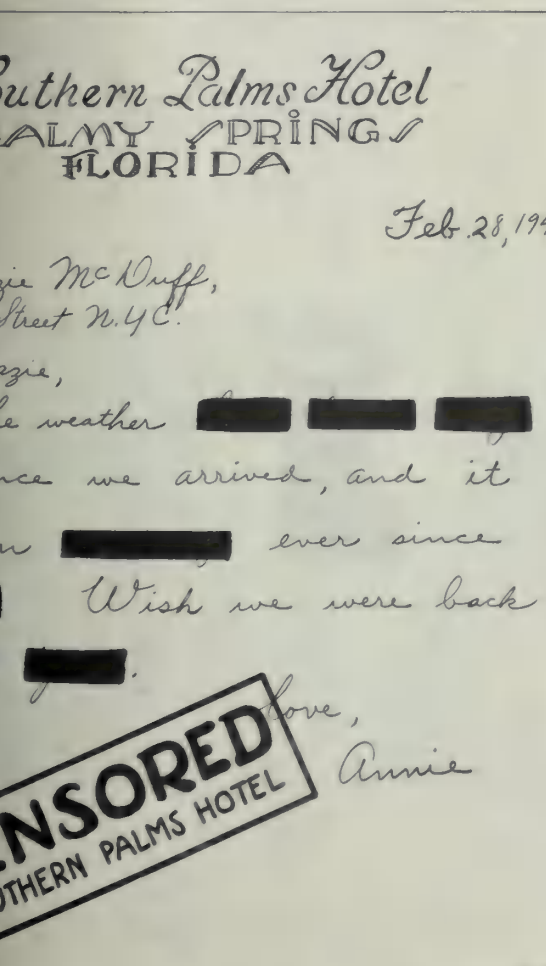
"Younger."

She hoped a little again. If this were a younger brother he would have reason to hate Chung. She made a great guess.

"The evil your brother does is known," she whispered. "I came to warn you."

Chung Third felt his sweat start. "Why warn me?" he faltered.

"Because—because why should an in-


Southern Palms Hotel
BALMY SPRINGS
FLORIDA

Feb. 28, 1941

Miss Mazie McDuff,
165 W. 18 Street N.Y.C.

Dear Mazie,

The weather [redacted] since we arrived, and it has been [redacted] ever since. [redacted] Wish we were back [redacted].

Love,
Annie

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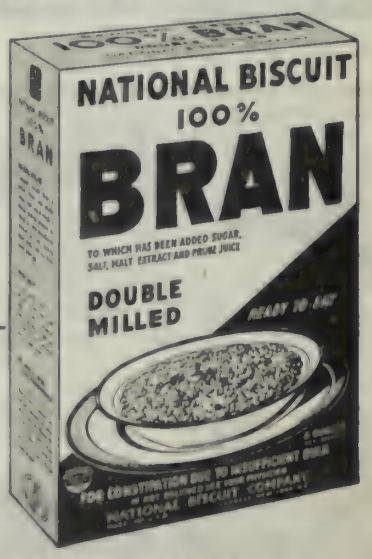
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nocent man suffer with an evil one?" she replied.

"I am innocent, truly," he groaned.

"So, I came to tell you," she whispered. "Do not go near him tonight. You may be seized when he is seized."

"But—but I have something to tell him," Chung Third stammered. "I came all this way to tell him."

"Is it written down?"

"No, it is only in my mind."

"Then tell me, and I will tell him," she said.

Now Chung Third was divided against himself. He longed to tell her and be spared meeting his brother—and what if she spoke the truth? Besides, if he got away as early as this he might return to his place before the Eagle missed him. And yet, who was this woman?

"How do I know who you are?" he asked.

"Tell me what is in your mind," she said. "Tell me, for I know already what your brother is doing. Why should you die with him?"

Her voice in the night was terrifying to him—it was so strong, so willful. He was afraid of women, after all. Though he talked much of them among his fellows, he was frightened and silly when one spoke to him. Besides, did he not fear the Eagle more than his brother? The words he was holding in his mind burst out of him like firecrackers:

"Sha-wu Mountains, tell my elder brother. Tell him just those three words. And tell him the first night of the new moon and tell him that I do not know when I can come again. That is all." He gave one great wrench and left a piece of his cotton sleeve in her hand and ran through the dark streets like a fleeing dog.

And she threw down the rag and then picked it up again and rolled it into a ball in her hand and went creeping back through the gate she had left unbolted. She had all her weapons ready now. . . .

SARA, looking out of her window the next morning, saw Gray already out in his garden. She had not slept—had he, too, not slept? She stood, her silk robe clutched about her, her long hair down her back, and watched him. It was spring again, the lovely Chinese spring, so early green with willows, so early flowering with pear and plum blossoms. Gray was planting something in a little flower bed at the side of the steps. The early sunshine struck his face, half turned toward her, and she saw it clearly. Then he turned his face, she thought, toward her, as though he felt her gaze.

No, he was not looking at her. He was lifting his face to the sky, weighing, she knew, the day. Was it clear? Would it be a good day for flying? She could catch his question. So, too, did she question the sky each morning. He searched for a moment the cloudlessness of heaven and then she could all but hear him sigh as he went back to his work. And stopping often to watch that tall figure bent over its labor, she washed and dressed herself, content creeping into her in spite of all. For he was there and she was here, and the same wall encircled them, and was not that much for content? In a world so large he might have been somewhere and she here, and the wall between them. Whatever was, they were within call, within speech, within daily meeting. And today she would have to talk long with him, for she must tell him of Yasuda.

A little later in her living room she touched a bell when she had finished breakfast and when the amah appeared she said, "Tell Thomison doctor that when he has eaten I should like to talk with him over a matter."

"So," the old woman muttered, and trotted away.

She watched the amah approach Gray and give her message and saw Gray rise and dust the earth from his hands, and to her surprise saw him come at once. She ran downstairs to meet him at her office door.

He came in, his eyes very clear, the breath of morning fresh upon him.

"But have you had your breakfast?" she cried.

"Long ago," he said. "I couldn't sleep."

"Nor I," she said quickly. "The strangest thing, Gray—I hardly know how to tell you." And then she did tell him, wondering if she had made too much of that scene in the night. He would be impatient with her and call her feminine and prone to imagination.

But now he only listened to her gravely, his eyes fixed on hers.

"That is very serious," he said when she had finished, "certainly it is very serious. I don't like it at all." He sat frowning and thinking. This was the second inexplicable thing about Chung. This morning, alone at breakfast, Gray had asked Siao Fah suddenly:

"Does the mistress still have the letters from Chung doctor?"

He had asked Siao Fah against his own will, and yet he had had to know. And Siao Fah had answered steadily, "He brings them as he always did."

And then Gray had not been able to swallow another mouthful. He had flung down his napkin and had gone outdoors to work furiously in the garden, and when Sara's old woman had come he had followed her without going in to wake Louise with his kiss as he always did every other morning. He felt very far from Louise these days. His love was quivering and wounded. What did she hide, he asked himself, when he saw her bringing in her flowers to the hospital, when he saw her about his house, when she lay in his arms? Why did she not speak? But she did not.

Now here was Chung, looking at a map with the Japanese. A sinister business, if one believed in the sinister. But he did not. There was always a reasonable explanation to everything. If he could ever bring himself to ask Louise he would probably find it was all nothing—the letters. Delafield h
the house at least twice sinc
of the dinner, each time
Louise and friendly to him.
nothing to make anyone
frowned again and tried to
mind upon this matter of
Chung.

"I had better just go
Chung," he said. "It's my inst
things out into the open. I
him you told me and ask hi
He paused, thinking. But if
how could he keep from as
about the letters? And he w
one about his own wife; Loui
him herself. He would not
through another. "I'll just
at Yasuda first," he said. "I
himself, I can get at it throug
"That might be well," Sara
I come with you?"

"Yes," he said.

TOGETHER they went t
room. The door was ope
knock by the nurse Ya-ching
there in her clean blue unifor
pocked face expressionless.

"How is he?" Gray asked.

Ya-ching gave her little cl
"Thomison doctor, he is as

"You mean he is unconsci
Sara demanded.

"If you speak loudly he
Ya-ching replied.

They went to the bed qu
Yasuda lay, his face upturn
half closed, his hands lin
palms upward at his sides.

Gray took his wrists. "P
he said after a moment.
not at all what it should be
moment later. He lifted Ya
lids. "Look at this!" he bad
looked and saw Yasuda's
were petrified and unseein
turned down until only a
showed in the white. Gray
denly on Ya-ching.

"Was he like this all night
"All night," Ya-ching sai
"But I saw him myself i



"Well, I don't want to take up any more of your time, lad

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...ls current! The bigger, roomier 1941 ...lair Sixes have 22 per cent more power to keep food ... an freeze ice faster! Yet they *cost less to operate* than ...revi...s comparable models.

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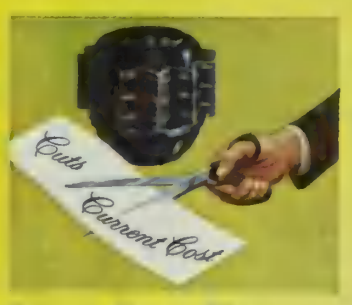
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Sara cried, "and he was not like this."

"I saw him only like this," Ya-ching insisted.

"But you were not here all night," Sara said.

"It is true that for a little while Chung doctor stayed here and sent me away," Ya-ching replied.

"I came in then," Sara told her, "and he was not like this."

Ya-ching's face did not change. "As to that, I do not know," she said. "I do not know what he is when I am not here."

Not to these two would she give her weapons, she was thinking. She would use them first on Siu-mei. This morning she had seen the one last thing needed to whet her determination to its final height. She had seen Siu-mei and Chung meet upon the stairs, the one coming down and the other coming up, and she herself looking down on both from above. And she had seen them hesitate for a moment and then Chung had taken Siu-mei into his arms. Only for a moment it was, but it was eternity for her, watching from above. It was only a moment and Chung had gone on down and Siu-mei had run upstairs, her face rosy and smiling, and that beautiful smiling face had been the last thing needful for Ya-ching. She had wanted to scream and shriek and then she remembered her weapons. She could sever those two clean, one from the other, and she would.

UNDER the eyes of the two Americans she kept her face empty. They turned from it to look at each other.

"We had better talk this over before I see Chung," Gray said. He strode out of the room and Sara followed him. "Come to my office," he told her over his shoulder. She went down the hall behind him. A siren shrieked for an air raid, but neither of them heeded it. There was something closer to them, more terrifying to them than airplanes. There was something here in the hospital, some alien, enemy thing. And Gray, walking down the corridors to his office, was cutting away from himself everything except the cold determination to discover it. Whatever it cost him he would know. He shut the door behind Sara and turned the key in the lock.

"Sit down," he commanded her. And then he sat down behind his desk and, facing her across it, he told her:

"Sara, Chung is still bringing those letters to Louise." And when she leaned forward, her face instantly intent, he said, "What has Louise to do with Chung? When I find that out I'll have the truth."

He tore Louise out of the shelter of his heart with those words and held her there to examine as he might examine anyone in this office. "I've got to stop shielding her," he muttered. "I've got to know—not for my sake, but for the sake of—the hospital."

The long wail of the siren went on and they waited for it. Soon from where she sat facing the wide window and the rocky hills she would see the long, wavering line of people climbing to their caves again.

Chen-li was nearly all in ruins now. The packed houses of the city, centuries old, had fallen like children's blocks beneath the bombs, and acres of blazing fires had crumbled wooden pillars and beams. But the people came out of their caves and searched the ashes with their bare hands and rescued fragments of goods and furniture and in the ruins opened their little shops again to sell a few loaves, a handful of cake, a half-dozen cans of American milk, a basket of damaged oranges, and from the country farmers brought their vegetables and fruits every day and from the river the fishermen their fish, and they stuck their flags into piles of broken brick and cried their wares until the air-raid warning came yet again.

Sara's eyes filled with tears suddenly and Gray saw and was shaken to the bottom of his being. He had often seen Louise cry. Her pretty eyes filled easily and he had come now to realize that those tears lay just under her eyelids, very close to the surface, very ready for her use.

Last night she had been angry with Siao Fah for disobedience. His mind flashed back over the tempestuous little scene, so like many another. She had ordered roast duck for dinner and Siao Fah had bought pheasant again, because, he said when Gray sternly questioned him, he knew his master liked pheasant better than duck.

GRAY had laughed. "You oughtn't to mind that," he said to Louise. But Louise had flown into inexplicable anger, had leaped up and run from the room and when he followed her she was crying. He had taken her in his arms.

"You always side with Siao Fah," she had sobbed on his breast.

"No, I don't, darling," he had said humbly, "but why hurt his feelings when he is so faithful?"

"Faithful only to you!" she had cried in real fury. And then she had made her old complaint against him, her real complaint, the cry with which she carried on all their quarrels into one great quarrel. "You will do anything for a Chinese—you sacrifice everything to them, even me." This was what lay between him and Louise, like a great and immovable stone. He had long ceased to give her any answer, and he gave her none last night. He had simply held her until she had stopped crying.

But he had never seen Sara cry.

"Sara, don't—" he stopped and turned his eyes away from her quivering face. He had never seen her as anything but his comrade, steady and courageous and gay.

"Don't mind me," she said brokenly. "I'm not crying for any—particular reason. I mean, when I saw the people beginning to climb those hills again—I just began to cry, senselessly."

He wheeled his chair to face those hills and they sat in silence watching. The second warning sounded and the long, thin blue line of people thickened. It was a glorious day, a warm, swelling, bursting sort of day, when leaves were unfolding quickly and bamboo shoots pressing upward and blossoms opening in an hour or two. But the people were hurrying underground.

"Here we sit," she said fiercely, the tears running down her cheeks, "perfectly safe, perfectly helpless, not knowing what to do! After the raid is over the wounded will simply—lie in the ruins. They won't come to us. They'd rather die than come to us. Gray—I haven't dared tell you. But two days ago I went out into the streets to—to them after the raid. I took some first-aid stuff."



"No sooner does he get back from his trip to Miami than he begins calling us 'Paleface'!" LEONARD DOVE

"They wouldn't let you touch them," Gray broke in.

"How did you know?" She wiped her eyes.

"Because I've tried it myself," he said grimly.

IT WAS true. Each alone had gone out, not able to bear the knowledge of suffering. And each had come back.

"Thank you, thank you," one after the other of the people had said. "We need nothing, we thank you." So even a dying man had spoken to Gray as he stood beside him and said with such dignity of death at hand that Gray had not been able to serve the man against his will, even against death.

"Gray, what shall we do?" Sara rose and came to his side and stood there and he rose, too, and stood, and they watched the thing they had watched so often before. But this time it was new and terrible to them as it had never been before. They had no part in it. That was the horror of this moment. They were here and useless. Without their knowledge they had been ma[de] of all that they loved.

The airplanes were thick now, coming in threes, in sixes over the old city. The bom[bs] and bursts of fire followed fountains of flame set free. P[lu]of smoke rolled out and t[he] dimmed. The hills were they were in the midst of [a] vided by tongues of fire [to] the sky.

Someone rattled the door it locked, but they paid no and whoever it was went Gray thought of Louise a [lo]and as though she had thought Sara said:

"You were speaking of L[ou]

"Never mind," he an[swered] doesn't matter—nothing ma[tters] way, she's as safe—as we a[re]

What mattered in the w[orld] what they now saw before suddenly out of those ro[lling] three enemy planes appeare[d] them one small Chinese small plane dove down large ones like an angry in[sect] flew upward. From its jaw[s] see against the black clou[ds] jets of fire. They were th[e] machine guns which must into the belly of their prey.

"Sara, look!" Gray sh[outed] small plane had darted up the very wings of its enem[y] saw two planes out of the and flutter downward. A[nd] smoke rolled over the in[vi]again and curtained it turned to each other, gaspin[g] ing and sobbing and cryin[g] words to each other:

"Gray, did you ever see s[uch] not to be believed—it's the that makes you want to go yourself to pieces for the just *got* to—" "You bet w[e] ing else will do—"

THEY seized each other exultation and suffering ship for all that was brave and good and in that gre[at] flung themselves into each forgetting their separate made one by this joy whic[h] than they. She was in his arms were about him an[d] pressed to cheek while th[ey] to each other. And then s[he] was aware of the other. the midst of which they h[ad] a second before ebbed a[way] waves. They were thems[elves] nothing around them.

She thought. "What I never happen has happene[d]

But he could not think. H[e] feel her in his arms—Sara he had never thought of lo[ving] did love her. Now he kn[ew] her. Oh, all the trouble t[hey] to be! He groaned at the the terrible, tangling trou[ble] he could not let her go ou[t] He had never felt such st[ill] satisfaction in his life bef[ore] now, with her in his arms.

"This is going to be a h[ard] he muttered, staring down

She looked up at him, h[er] flushed, her eyes dark, be[g]

"Let me go," she whisper[ed]

But he could not. To h[is] arms was suddenly all be[ing] world. "I can't," he said her lips for the first time what they were, he bec[ame] them.

And after a long time sh[e] are we going to do, Gray

And he said, "I don't k[now]

But he did not let her g[o] not take her arms away f[rom]

(To be continued ne[xt]



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At your Ford dealer's now is a car that shows the benefits to you of thi as no car we've ever made befor It is the product of our 39th year. Behind it are over 28 millio

Its size, comfort, quietness, driving ease surpass anything we before. How it compares with do, we leave to your own judgm

We know that we have built out, and its owners tell us that i



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...rwegians ...r Sale

...lder W. Peterson

...e Norway isn't taking ...rotection" meekly. A ...mbles mysteriously ...road, just missing a ...troop train; a loud- ...turned on at a Quis- ...ng, exploding a con- ...mb. And what they ...to Quisling himself!



GERMAN LIBRARY OF INFORMATION

Norwegian children fraternize with Luftwaffe pilots in this obviously posed propaganda photograph to suggest good feeling in smoldering Norway. German-edited legend says: "The best feelings exist between the Norwegian population and German soldiers. Here a trial is being made to see whether the flier's boot will fit a ski-binding"

...afternoon crowds that jostle ...the Karl Johansgatan ...men...e in Oslo appear gay ...refr... enough. The restau- ...are ...led, and the *akkevit* ...as ...ell. Students argue as ...ove...coffee and cigarettes at ...favori... cafés. Tramcars carry ...famil... loads of racked skis ...r wa... to the slopes at Hol- ...len, ...st outside the city.

...smo... of home fires curls ...ally ...o the early darkness of ...dina...an winter day. It's a ...ypic... of the Norway of today ...ou ...d at first glance—the ...y th... German propaganda ...you ...accept as indicative of ...new ...ler of things" for this ...Eur...e kingdom.

...the ...orway which knew its ...ivate ...ell last April, but where ...sica...vounds of war are more ...he...d by this time through ...struct...n of roads, bridges, ...gs, ...h the exception of such ...as ...msos and Narvik. The ...who ...ught for Norway last ...have...ong since come back to ...and d...k, and the graves of the ...who ...d fighting are marked ...ross... that have roughened ...mont... of wind and rain and ...It's t... Norway you are forced ...and ...rite about, if you write ...aside...he country itself, under ...ressu... and rules of German ...ship.

...the...s another Norway be- ...is t... obvious serenity of life ...thin... rough and vigorous and ...with ...e-old patience to hold it ...ethe... This is the Norway of ...e de...nce to Nazi rule, with ...nger...isible beneath the sur- ...This... the Norway that looks ...futu..., with its own contempt ...own...mmediate past. This is ...norwa... born of bombs and of ...inv...on by land and sea; of ...an ...ort made, by command ...Herl... to sweep away long- ...ned ...eas of self-government ...lf-de...rmination.

...sym...lized by such things as ...ld, s...f body of a German sol- ...ging ...agged from a canal, with ...nd ...rtridge belt missing. A ...forw..., yes, but not in the way ...erma... speak of it.

...this...s a nation, you realize, ...must ...of necessity do things ...s, but...ell. This is a nation that ...aps ...toe, figuratively, while ...g its...anger in check, because ...lency...nust be considered. This is a nation to be understood, not judged casually, and engaged in ■ unique form of passive internal revolt. A nation slow to anger, but potentially terrible in its wrath. This grows in your mind as you rub shoulders with German officers and soldiers whose booted heels strike sharply on the sidewalks; whose greetings of "Heil Hitler!" seem to hang endlessly in the crisp air.

You follow along, past posters denouncing "British-Jewish World Sickness" and proclaiming ■ "New Norway" and turn into a restaurant. Oslo citizens are indulging their habit of one big meal a day—late in the afternoon. You feel the unspoken antagonism as a German officer comes in. It's something—this antagonism—that has to do, you feel, with that rigid, water-soaked body of that German soldier.

Irritations and Annoyances

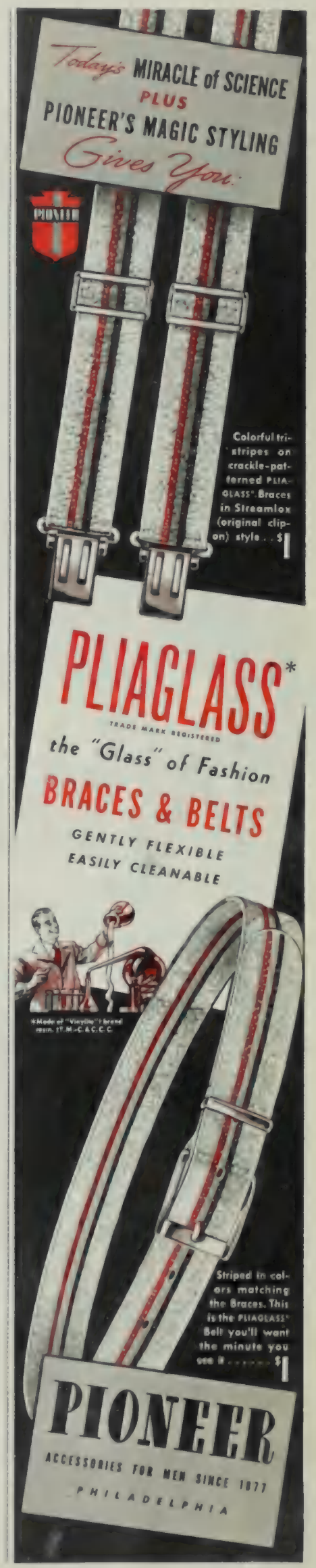
You watch closely as the officer sits down at ■ table where Norwegians are eating, and you feel no surprise when the Norwegians rise to their feet and leave the restaurant, their food unfinished. When you think it over, it's only what you expected to see. For all manner of things are happening in Norway today, you discover, as you go on, and they are things that scar the edges and poison the plan and purpose of the German program for Norway.

Briefly stated, a new program of resistance to German occupation is under way in this mountainous western side of the Scandinavian peninsula. It's a program that irritates and annoys the Germans, because it's different from anything they've encountered. It's building up steadily, with all the well-known ingredients of passive resistance, civil disobedience, violence and sabotage—plus ■ novelty of Norwegian invention.

This novelty has to do with method and attitude, rather than plan. If you think of a man being attacked at a complete disadvantage, but being passively contemptuous of the whole proceeding, you get an idea of it all. If you think of a people who accept domination because they must, but who feel superior to the people who have forced their way in, you begin to understand.

It's a form of passive as well as active civil war. And it's pinned to a new red-letter day in Norwegian history. For September 25, 1940, has been added to April 9th of last year as an unforgettable reminder of the German interruption of all Norwegians' belief that they have ■ right to govern themselves as they think best.

It was on that day that Germany found it necessary, from the German viewpoint, to "depose" King Haakon, dissolve the former Norwegian political parties, give the backing of force to the National Concentration Nazi group of Major Vidkun Quisling and otherwise take a most effective punch at the former way of things in Norway. That was the end of Part One of the Norwegian drama which began when the Nazis threw their heavy Junkers and parachute troops and mechanized columns against Haakon's people with the



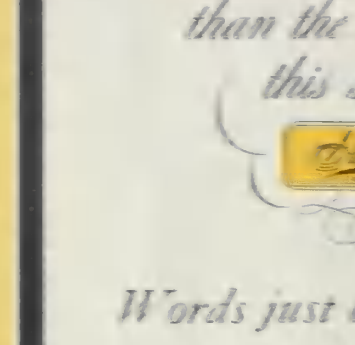
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than the one that bears this signature

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This is the home of Old Taylor and within its ivy-covered walls no other whiskey but Old Taylor has ever been made.



excuse of "protecting" them from the British.

It marked the end of whatever hopes the Norwegians had of retaining even a measure of independence of thought and action under German control. It was a new jolt to Norwegian mentality because it struck at the very foundations of the democratic traditions that made Norway a free nation at the beginning of this century. Thus it did a first-class job of clearing away doubts and illusions and confusion. It eliminated talk of compromise with Nazi ideas. It brought the Norwegians back to fundamentals, and a new unity, by accentuating, through complete loss, the ideals and principles of the old order.

What you see and hear in Norway today is Part Two of the German occupation, as far as the Norwegians are concerned, and it's going to end in a very definite amount of trouble. What you have now is a resurgence of Norwegian spirit under new stimulus.

Today, you find 2,900,000 Norwegians, excluding the handful who support Nazi control, nursing a steadily developing hatred and resentment—and scheming to give it expression. You find that a nation which reacted in horror at the thought of war and killing, in keeping with Scandinavian attitudes, is beginning to taste blood again, after the slump in spirits which followed the collapse of Norwegian military resistance, the German invasion of the Low Countries and the surrender of France.

The Germans, on the other hand, are learning that the civilized Norwegians have a nice, primitive touch about them as they react from the defeatism, the complacency, the inefficiency that aided the German occupation of Norway last spring. And this is not as surprising as you may think. The Norwegians have showed themselves a progressive people, as members of that "highly improved" state of society that was essentially Scandinavian. But there are old men in Norway who can tell from personal experience of days when men from adjoining valleys met to settle their grudge quarrels in fights to death with fists, knives and clubs.

Acceptance without Endorsement

That violence still lingers in the Norwegian temperament, but not on the surface. It has to be developed, with the patient thoroughness so typical of all Scandinavian endeavor. German propagandists who boast that the Norwegian public accepted "without violence" the sweeping changes of last September are being misleading with a purpose. Your real Norwegian replies that a man with a gun in his stomach cannot be said to have "accepted" the theft of his pocketbook.

Consider all this and it's not surprising to find Norwegian jails now crowded with persons arrested at anti-Nazi demonstrations, or to learn that people have been killed in riots—Sven Erik Rolf, for example, son of the famed stage producer, Ernst Rolf. Young Rolf, an ardent Quisling supporter, was beaten to death by an angry crowd at a political meeting.

Sabotage spreads, although still limited, because of the overwhelming possibility of punishment in which innocents may suffer. And old-time conditions of revolt no longer pertain, after all. Not with machine guns on the ground and airplanes overhead, and with an army of 300,000 Germans in a country of less than 3,000,000 population.

But it does happen that a consignment of fish for Germany is spoiled through improper refrigeration. It does happen that a large stone tumbles onto a railway track, and soldiers of a German troop train must heave it out of the way, with gratitude for the efficiency of the locomotive engineer meeting at Quisling Nazi mean protection, for never group more carefully a loud-speaker bursts and a small but effective concealed in the mecha explosion is the signal fo tion at which fire hoses store order.

In Oslo today you hav the censored press to con comprehension of how th ward violence is grow that police have recent a well-known skater from athlete has died, and the head did not come from fall. The dead man was supporter of the German ling government.

You learn that a young be a Nazi sympathizer to At a small-town hospit summoned to treat a n beaten about the face a unrecognizable. No ques and the victim offers n He fears further punish

Take It or Lea

There's a vicious sort it all, as well as a cours facts. As the Norwegian traditions of courage to spirit, he emerges as wel ity to outwit the men Germany's new setup in of bitter circumstance he ingenuity.

An official of one of clubs told me of a tele for permission for officers Reichswehr to play on th

"We cannot comply" official. "The club has cently that no visitors, ality whatsoever are to the club."

"We should dislike to The voice on the telepho Being referred to alway is something that gets u the Germans.

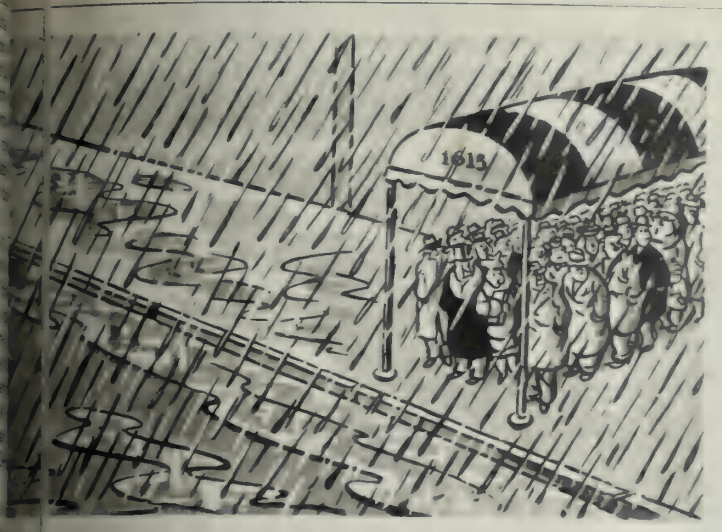
"If you do command us wegian, "the club will be you completely, includi sibility for upkeep."

"I shall consult with said the spokesman fro armed forces in Norway

That evening the direc met in emergency session workmen began plowing —for use as potato fields ment was issued. It stat had decided to forego gi ests of contribution to supply. German officer helpless, put away their Norwegians had won ano program of what can on as cold-shouldering the and officials in Norway.

And for a touch of ir which the old Vikings Valhalla must have it the incident in which Ge enhorst, chief of the G Norway, visited the h Bergen and found, seat a table in the lobby, re London Times from ani fore. Nothing, it's said, gered the German gener those newspapers came from a British submarin ferried in by a Norweg was never revealed.

To understand this p ance and passive defia wegians, and their deb started, it's necessary to April. True enough, th tain complacency about them. It was the produc



ha g been a spectator na- the /orld War, of open con- w t through the Atlantic of s ial-democratic theories will gness of dominant gov- arti to arm seriously. It nat n, as one now judges it e b kground of a warring at a ke to the challenge of a vas n. It was a soft people n pe c from Oslo. But soft face ly, and in the manner ce hatreds and desire for ach e softness.

he re They too Civilized ctu s of Norwegian soldiers ith Germans. No one can ver hat in the end the Nor- ove hat the fighting instinct here What was necessary, it par t, was that the ringside cla long and loud.

sda as a Weapon

Nor gian civilian population fro defeatism came slower. with orwegians who, weeks ern n attack, in their hearts he r stance as a mistake al- eir ny was still fighting in Th fact remains, however, rst ort of Quisling to form ver ent in Norway lasted days, spit of the civilian popula- pec as German victories t on in Norway but later on ent. o hope seemed useless. peal doomed. Black gloom ough Norway, but that gloom the sistance of the British d its f.

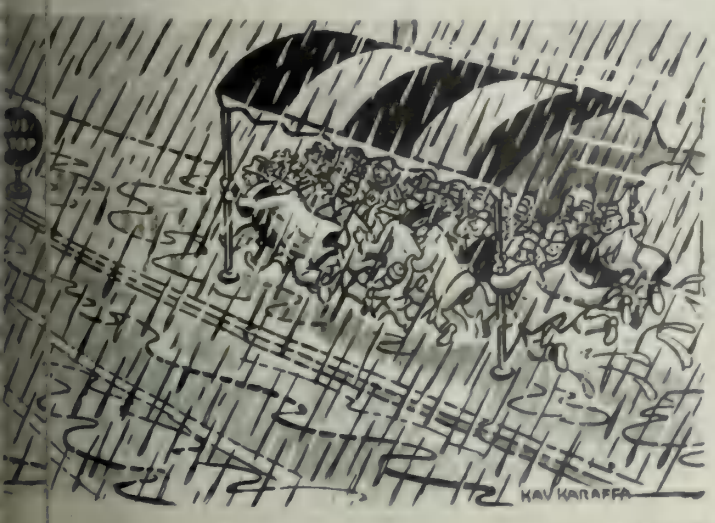
the dark months, however, egia favored by a self-gov- radi n in which community een mphasized, managed to pr am of resistance. He exce under compulsion, to h G mans. Norwegian boys me organizing a campaign to scissor the hair off Norwegian girls who associated with German soldiers. In one community a citizen was arrested for displaying a "sullen" attitude. The other residents took to passing Germans on the street with a broad grin that infuriated the "tourists."

If the Germans expected to develop a pleasant social life in Norway, with people of blue-ribbon standards as far as being Nordic and Aryan is concerned, they have been greatly disappointed. They encounter nothing but social disdain. German officers who requisition living quarters in luxurious homes — a common practice — usually find themselves in possession of the entire house.

In vain have the Germans tried to overcome this program of making them feel like social lepers. Only small children and irresponsible hangers-on listen to the military band which plays outside the Parliament building at noon each day, in an effort to charm the Norwegians with music. And when the band marches away, the small boys are likely to trot along singing, "Thieves, thieves, who stole our Fatherland," in untutored adaptation of an old song. The only spectators along the flag-decked street when Goebbels arrived in Oslo were German soldiers, although streets only two blocks away were crowded with pedestrians.

Meanwhile, the affection of the Norwegian public for the king and royal family reached a new level after the Germans announced, last September 25th, that the Norwegians no longer had a king. German propagandists emphasized that the Norwegians accepted "without protest" this dethronement of their monarch. But the Quisling regime has found it necessary to issue a decree making it punishable by up to three years' imprisonment to write or speak publicly about King Haakon.

At a recent benefit performance in Oslo for a retiring actress, the audience saw a member of the Quisling govern-



THEY'VE GOT THE IDEA—

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

TRUE SMOKING PLEASURE—WITHOUT SMOKING PENALTIES!



DO YOU INHALE?

All smokers do—some of the time

IT'S easy to understand that when you do inhale — consciously or unconsciously—there's increased exposure to irritation! Here's something vital—long known to eminent medical authorities:

4 other leading brands of cigarettes were found to average 235% more irritant than the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris—and further, the irritation was found to last more than five times as long!

So—especially if you inhale—Call for Philip Morris—*complete* smoking pleasure, unmarred by throat irritation! Philip Morris' superiority for the nose and throat is *recognized* by eminent medical authorities: *no other cigarette can make that statement!*

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE



CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 93 YEARS. ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME

ment and his party enter the royal box. The audience didn't hesitate. They came to their feet, hurled everything they had at the people in the royal box, from umbrellas to rolled-up programs, and left the theater.

At a football game, a sport often attended by Haakon, the spectators, in keeping with old custom, began singing the King's Song as though heralding the entrance of the king. Through loudspeakers the German officials practically threatened death to the entire assembly. For the words of the King's Song are sung to the same tune as the British national anthem.

Fruitlessly, the Germans try to turn aside this affection for king and royal family. That Haakon has been "deposed" only makes the Norwegians chuckle. And in Norway there exists good proof today of the success of monarchy as the Scandinavian peoples have indulged it. If a royal family before satisfied the need for poesy in the life of the Norwegians, it stands now as a symbol of a way of life that has been lost to aggression.

Norway Bides Its Time

The German propagandists, working through the Quisling government, are no more successful in their unrelenting efforts to win over the Norwegians to Nazi ideology. They have had some success, but only where force and compulsion can have full effect. Of Quisling himself it can be said that most Norwegians would hate him more if their hatred were not so tempered by amusement. There have been various rumors, so far not confirmed, of attempts on Quisling's life. Known Quislingites are careful where they walk. And the Germans themselves realize that this former Norwegian army officer, with his heavy, nonclassical features, his posturing in a manner most reminiscent of Hitler, has no hold on the sympathies of the Norwegian people. That he has been unable to bring men of any real standing and repute into his government is even more to the point. In the last election to the Stortinget (parliament) in 1936, Quisling's party polled only 26,000 votes or about 2 per cent of the total. In some areas today anti-Quisling posters are being slapped up faster than the police can take them down—when the police bother about it.

Where will it all lead to—this growing campaign of the Norwegians against their German invaders?

First, to a further development of the very spirit of resistance, and the development as well of real un: rection, so far lacking.

Second, an increase in ance, as circumstances pe

Third, and most importa ment, a continuation of th fiance that sees trade unic voluntarily, trained civil signing, and educators re cept Nazi doctrine in traini

The Norwegian workma litical training has been can only dimly compreh idea of things, is contribu by doing just enough work feels that his trade union ganized role as a worker. In education a program c teachers and professors w cept Nazi ideology and m to riots, demonstrations brought the suspension nine-year-old boys. They ink pots at a photograph o

Yes, the 1941 Norwegi in many ways, although i that it's just the real Norw ing. He hears Quisling Norwegian "has the right wish that Britain will win cause that is high treasor tens to British broadcas and chuckles when Quislir paper declares there is se tact for military inform Norway and Britain.

He only smiles at Q ganda to the effect that "living space" includes Iceland. He explains wi Norwegian youths are tra even though, obviously, it a thing as yet against strength in Norway; how out of the ground at nig and put back again; hov marines can move abou gian coast and always helping hand for fresh w if needed.

He listens to Germa Norway will lose her in government completely- protectorate—if Quisling ported, but he knows the confessing failure when th such threats. That's why the German invasion, a S paper dared to print an "No Norwegians For Sal brought, as the editors the arrest of the entire

There's plenty of evic is true today—that Norw for sale.

Not to Germany.



"It's his own idea. He's tired of the men asking for sec ls"

Setting the fashion



Blackie: "Everybody's looking at us, Whitey"

Whitey: "Naturally, Blackie—we're setting the fashion"



EIGHT YEARS OLD

● It takes individuality to set a fashion. That's why Black & White is the order of the day. For this great Scotch has character—distinguished by magnificent flavor and rare bouquet. So if you want complete satisfaction in Scotch—follow the fashion—ask for Black & White.

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

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Our New Army

Continued from page 12

or co municable diseases he's at th reception center, where ty, f nily history and Army re lis d at the top of a twelve- re n ter file card. On this nterv wing group of college- en l among other things, a reco of his education, skills, oyer hobbies, favorite sports ous ilitary experience; and up asking him what type e wa s. Officers and enlisted go i a huddle and classify for e of the 266 specialist s. I he hasn't any special ility s the majority haven't, ed as basic trainee—ordinary

the dge of the card are 58 l le round holes. As the mple d and classified a clerk a sl or slots from certain to t edge, each slot repre- skill r ability.

Let's suppose the 7th Corps iquar rs wants an account- erk t es all the cards out of acks em neatly together in ewer okes a combination of iles t ough a combination of he ds, then picks up the sines The right cards fall n th est of the file and the acc tants end up in the slot lo the trick.

is s em the draftee can be e th if he's a rigger, uphol- butc r, he won't be put to rvis a rock quarry, running ne s tchboard or chauffeur- elba w.

●

EA , MARYLAND: Go- OL ese days is no simple s a object lesson for new Arm s really bearing down es. e other day an enlisted two llow veterans stole the land went screeching down nd h the misfortune to un- calm an officer coming from direc n. In a near-by tavern ked the celebrants and the sed em into the clink for ths. t hard labor.

they anted to ship 400 men ort eade to Fort Sam Hous- , it k the Army only a few onv a railroad train into a y eq pped camp on wheels. car as used for storage; two cam rolling kitchens. Pull- r ber s were made up to sleep com rtably, thus permitting o ho e forty-eight instead of thir -two customers. Thirty rmy ficers went along. But e ri . There was no sign of

EE rry M. Sugarman got a f th kind of Army hurry. He t of e Bethlehem Steel plant imor to report for induction, ickin up his pay. Next thing he w in the Army—and had ecial ave of absence to col- ough om the steel company's r.

●

DIX, NEW JERSEY: More 0,000 fficers and men occupy June he number may reach rafte who arrived yesterday stand y and watch this morn- pou n. "New guys," mutter lay s diers scornfully.

ONE company may eat well; the one across the muddy street may wonder what the hell is coming next. Fault lies with the mess sergeants and cooks, not the commissary. The boys use individual mess kits which they clean by dunking in thirty-gallon cans of hot water. Every man will be a dishwasher until plates are provided—and the lads on K.P. aren't looking forward to that with any degree of glee whatever.

LAST October the Army condemned miles of territory near the camp for a new artillery range, duly evicted the residents of various farmhouses and now sends two-man patrols by truck nightly over every one of the lightless miles. When one of these units spotted a blaze of light from a second-story window of an abandoned house deep in the woods the sergeant summoned two more patrols, just in case. They abandoned their trucks at a distance, surrounded the joint and two of the men crept stealthily up the stairway. These two gentlemen listened at the closed door whence light streamed, heard nothing, agreed in whispers to bash down the door and see what came. Bash they did. Inside the room a private was pumping air for an old reed organ; his sergeant, hands poised above the keyboard, was ready to give out with something. The sergeant said (forty-seven words deleted here).

SGT. CHARLES MARSH, Co. H recreation center, has earned those three stripes. An Army man for nearly twenty-eight years, has served in practically every spot recognized by the Atlas manufacturers. In the present emergency he has found only one man who wasn't particularly willing to play ball. This was a rookie who, at the conclusion of a disciplinary bawling-out, plopped his rifle butt on the ground and assumed the mien of a gorilla. "Look, fella," growled the gorilla. "I just done six months for what I done to one guy and I could easy do six months for you." Sgt. Marsh lifted one eyebrow slightly. "All right, buddy," he said. "But first you got to do twelve months for the Army. That's all, brother."

●

RECOIL: The 250th Coast Artillery at Fort Ord, California, may be out for the Army basketball championship, as we reported, but Pvt. Edward Scott Taylor of the 147th Field Artillery doesn't think the 250th has a chance. "Undefeated so far this season," he writes, "we beat the 250th by ten points —37 to 27. It wasn't the lead we expected, but our team wasn't told it was going to play that night until after mess, which had included wienies and sauerkraut for some of the guys and large gobs of baked beans for the others. They weren't in the best shape but they got around the floor anyhow."

That's traveling on the old full stomach.

THERE were two things wrong in our anecdote about the recruit on work detail who was yapped at by a colonel for not saluting and who retorted: "You're just a mess sergeant. I can tell by the chicken on your collar." Several colonels here and there made haste to tell us we ought to get wise. (1) Men on work detail don't have to salute officers, (2) a colonel's spread eagle is worn on the shoulders.

Shucks. That spoils the story.

G. W.

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



STANLEY CUP. In major league hockey the Stanley Cup has for 47 years been the emblem of the World Hockey Championship Title. As shown in the picture at the right, the rings that make up the base have been added to the original cup to provide room for engraving the names of the team and players annually winning this coveted trophy. To get its name on the cup a team has to be *good*.



ETHYL EMBLEM. There is a "Stanley Cup" for gasolines too. A gasoline in a pump which bears the Ethyl emblem has to be *good*. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane) rating and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a quicker-starting engine in cold weather; a cooler-running engine in summer; extra power and economy the whole year through. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

WHAT SECRETARIES REALLY THINK...



29% longer lasting flavor in Beech-Nut Gum, tests with 615 secretaries show

IN 26 CITIES throughout the country, 615 secretaries tested peppermint chewing gum. They reported that Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor lasted, on an average, 29% longer than the peppermint flavor of all the other brands tested. In addition, 2 out of 3 said that they preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brands. When *you* buy chewing gum, get the *yellow* package of Beech-Nut. *It's delicious.* Discover how long and how much you enjoy its better, stronger peppermint flavor.

An independent consumer research organization made the tests*

615 secretaries in 26 cities were tested. Various brands of peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and re-wrapped in *plain* wrappers. Each secretary was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other), asked to report how long she thought the flavor of each stick lasted and which stick tasted better. Beech-Nut was thus tested against all the other brands.

**Name on request.*

They said:
more minutes of flavor



Cerulean is the Word

Continued from page 19

mayor, "you'd enjoy seeing our spots of historical interest? I know that Woodrow and Miss Sutton would like to drive you around tomorrow."

"Thank you," Winthrop said warmly. "I'd be glad to accept."

AT NINE the next morning a mockingbird swore at a blue jay in the magnolia outside Woodrow's bedroom window. Never an impulsive riser, he opened one eye cautiously. Then as he groped into consciousness he realized that the weatherman was a liar. For the sky was unclouded and the Southern sun poured forth golden energy.

It struck Woodrow as a good omen. He yawned optimistically, and just at that moment his landlady's voice carried upstairs:

"Woodie, somebody to see you. . . . Gentleman, name of Mr. Winthrop, says you made an appointment."

Woodrow groaned. He had, to be sure, used the word "early," but without supposing that anyone would take it seriously on Sunday morning.

Still drowsy after his shower, he dressed and came downstairs to find Carver Winthrop bursting with vitality. "I always take a brisk morning walk," he explained. "So I looked up your address instead of waiting at the hotel."

The colored girl served Woodrow a sketchy breakfast, and when he returned to the living room Winthrop wore a masterful smirk. "Your landlady," he announced, "has become Port Leon's first Perfex client! I just signed her up for a new oil heater."

Mrs. Dulcie Simcoe had the dazed and slightly silly expression of a hypnosis subject. Woodrow was awed, knowing her convictions against extravagance and Sabbath breaking. He reflected gloomily that she might raise her rents.

Upon relaxing in the 1934 coupé, Carver Winthrop observed that a sales manager, like a general, should never lose touch with the firing line. "Of course," he said, "I shall credit my sales to the local representative I hire. It gives him an incentive and keeps me from growing lax."

They stopped in front of Abbie Ann's home and after a wait of forty minutes she emerged, looking deliciously sleepy. "Why, Mr. Winthrop!" she exclaimed. "You've brought your overcoat."

"I haven't forgotten the weather forecast," he said hopefully. But his eyes paid tribute to her zephyr-weight sweater.

Woodrow drove first to the bayou, pulling up near the bathing beach to display the view. The blue water looked inviting, and on the opposite shore the tender green of the palmettos stood out against live oaks draped with Spanish moss.

Winthrop seemed impressed. He leaned forward, his eyes half closed, until at last he was moved to speech. "At Dartmouth," he remarked dreamily, "I liked skating and skiing most of all."

Woodrow felt that he had never met a more repulsive character. The sales manager was not fascinated by the oak under which Andrew Jackson had once paused to rest. Nor did he show any enthusiasm about the buried pirate treasure. In disgust Woodrow drove out into the country, expertly dodging the cows, pigs and goats which disputed the highway with motorists in a free-range commonwealth.

On open stretches it became evident that the growing chill was not entirely due to Carver Winthrop's personality. The sky had turned a steely blue, and the broken window of admitted a breeze that caressed.

For the first time th tive appeared intereste Abbie Ann with knig "Why, you poor little th dressed for this weathe

She hesitated, suppr Then she allowed him t coat about her shoul tweedy collar framing looked like an adorable

"You're just *terribl* said Abbie Ann, lifting

Woodrow drove for bay shore, but the sal was not entranced. At station he professed ur to the temperature. H inquire, leaving the love gether.

Once it might have but now Woodrow sca mood. He gazed stonil the silence accumulate, lent tone he said: "I su apologize. You know, made about falling for a office—"

But it was too late. moment Carver Winthr ing out like a happy ar "Hey!" he cried. "It's and the radio predicts going to phone our A have some demonstra express."

They drove him to h row looked forward a terval of decent priva reckoned without his g said the sales manager, Abbie Ann, "you'd lun like to tell you more As an afterthought he row in the invitation. Chase?"

"No, thanks," said equal stiffness, "I have

Both young men w Ann wavered. Her mo ingly young and soft, between her teeth ga touching innocence. "I tered. "That is, if I'm office—?"

"Not at all," said quickly.

He left them after a gulped down a har Greek's. Then he lig kerosene heater in th vertising Bureau and phone.

"Mrs. Jefferson Wi ma'am, would you m camellias in the icebo them from freezing? . . the exhibitors."

He hung up and cou ing names on the list saw, forty-two more c

AT NINE the follow Leon resembled a the plague. The temp teen, having risen a f dawn. Overworked madly about their bu out pipes, and the firen with kitchen chimne wise the residence stre except for an uncouth

In this wind every like the skeleton in the For it seemed only a dream that oranges h in such a desolate a The cold seemed alw present, forerunner o

s were too numbed to
d his desk Woodrow
od at bay, besieged by
ourists.
ardware dealers, as-
ir annual convention,
s allied with soulful
in flower arrangement.
night cabins grumbled
in hotel suites. All
use against Woodrow,
rsonal account.
Sunny South!"
her . . . *yeah?*"
ld, it's the humility."
s native politeness to
g to bear up smiling.
trouble he had donned
ring suit, but even this
was penetrated by
rom New Hampshire.
rieked, raising Wood-
ection. "Goose flesh!"
e was left to face the
ke a soldier deserted
ttle. Abbie Ann might
thed the bitter hard-
but at ten o'clock she
d. Sitting Bull, that
l of course taken to

mystery was solved
Harris reported, shiv-
larion business office.
he," she explained, "to
r secretary. He loaned
to a gentleman start-
y. He said you would

understand. He re-
n the venality of the

ad tinkered with the
until it shed a feeble
imes. The stress was
as tourists exhausted
nd retired to the hotel
ow, too, attracted the
ng them, since enough
llia japonica had sur-
able exhibit.
middle of the after-
y of the home folks
arion had just come

out and the newsboys were passing out free copies. Woodrow glanced at the first page, observing that a two-inch Iowa snowfall had inspired the banner headline:

BLIZZARD THREATENS NORTH

He had discovered the Perfex spread on page six when the Clarion publisher entered with Winthrop and Abbie Ann. Smiles wreathed his plump features, giving him the hypnotized look Woodrow had already seen on the landlady's face.

"Mr. Winthrop," he said, "has kindly consented to sell us one of his demonstrators."

As if conferring a boon, the sales manager produced the papers. "Indelible pencil, if you please," he said as Mayor Digby reached for a fountain pen. "A minor precaution, but I try to guard against accident." He glanced at his watch, then turned to Abbie Ann. "Now," he said briskly, "we have six minutes before our appointment with the school board."

Carver Winthrop thought of everything.

As they went out, the mayor stood by Woodrow's desk with a doting expression. For he was a romanticist at heart, despite his edict against married women on the city pay roll.

"A splendid couple!" he murmured huskily. "They remind me a little of a movie I saw once. . . . A movie about a Northern spy and a beautiful Southern girl."

ON TUESDAY morning the mercury fell to new and strange levels. The skies were still hostile and the wind continued to rattle the palmettos with the effect of chattering teeth.

Yet, after recovering from the first shock, Port Leon reacted with perverse pride. People bragged of their frozen plumbing as overcoats shamelessly appeared out of storage. School children, awarded a holiday because of inadequate heating, ran whooping to the bayou to slide on the first natural ice of their lives.

The carnival spirit seized tourists for



"There! Now for a quiet week end"

GARDNER REA



PRIVATE KELLY'S PIPE WAS SMELLY

—but he's out of the dog house now!



"NO BLANKETY-BLANK rookie whosmokessuchblankety-blankety-blank tobacco can ever marry *my* daughter! Phew! *Get* out and *stay* out, before I lose my temper!"



"THE OLD WALRUS sure told me off!" gloomed Kelly. "Wonder what dollar a pound mixture *he* smokes? Fat chance I could afford such like on the slim pay *I* get around here."



"LOVE HIM, DO YOU?" growled the Colonel. "Tell him the Army's favorite pipe tobacco is Sir Walter Raleigh. Men ought to be *ordered* to smoke this mild blend of burleys!"



KELLY GOT DECORATED for fragrance under fire! You can, too! You puff Sir Walter in your pipe and every nose agrees it's the brand of grand aroma! Two full ounces, 15¢.



Tune in... **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE**

EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT ★ NBC ★ PRIZES FOR YOUR "DOG HOUSE" EXPERIENCE

Here's that SHARP cheese yo'all has been hankerin' foh-



● No need *now* to search for long-aged cheddar . . . nor to "gamble" on its flavor! Kraft has arranged it so you *always* get the teasing sharp flavor you long for—*and get it in a cheese that always cooks perfectly!* Taste "Old English" Pasteurized Process Cheddar—answer to many a cheeselover's prayer!



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ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

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A Correspondence Institution

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Treat yourself to a super-keen, super-thrifty Marlin shave today!

Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES

DOUBLE EDGE 20 FOR 25¢
Single Edge 15 for 25¢

GUARANTEED BY MARLIN FIREARMS CO.—FINE GUNS SINCE 1870

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

whom winter was ordinarily no treat. Sales resistance dropped with the thermometer, and before noon the shops and bars of Main Street were doing an exuberant commerce.

Woodrow Wilson Chase, alone of all his townsmen, took neither ease nor joy in Camellia Week. Though the new Perfex exuded a genial warmth, he remained cold and indifferent to it. He was morbidly watching the gay crowds on the sidewalk when the sales manager burst into the office, followed as usual by the mayor and Abbie Ann.

"Chase," he said abruptly, "could you dig me up a pair of skates?"

"Skates?" echoed Woodrow, too stunned for resentment.

"Skates. The radio says fair and warmer tomorrow, and I want to have my picture taken on the bayou before the ice melts."

Mayor Digby chuckled fatuously. "You know, with palms and Spanish moss in the background. Mr. Winthrop is leaving us tonight and the photo will help future sales campaigns. He's already sold nearly everybody in town a Perfex."

Port Leon's greeter was obviously helpless in the toils of a crushing personality. Abbie Ann, too, seemed to betray her climate. She had never looked more achingly young and deluded.

Woodrow stood up. He stared with peculiar interest for a moment at Carver Winthrop's early colonial nose. Then he relaxed.

"I'll see," he said.

He tried first on Main Street. The quest reminded him of freshman days when he was sent to borrow a left-handed monkey wrench. People responded with the same mixture of pity and mirth, but to a man they denied knowledge of a pair of skates within the borders of Port Leon.

Woodrow persisted in a spirit of dark fatalism. He had slept but little the night before, nor had his wakefulness been due to scorning the hot brick proffered by his landlady. Now, chilled and weary, beset by grins and quips, he was in a mood for martyrdom.

AFTER lunch it seemed a good idea to inquire at the flower show. But in the hotel lobby he was almost trampled by ladies deserting the camellias for a rush to doors and windows. A few scattered snowflakes were falling outside, and nobody in Port Leon cared to miss such a spectacle.

At last he discovered a pair of skates cherished as an heirloom by an orange grower lately removed from Minnesota. It was midafternoon when Woodrow drove back to town, and the headlines of the Clarion were stripped naked of civic pride:

COLD BREAKS LOCAL RECORDS.

In this atmosphere of insanity it did not surprise him to find a large crowd waiting at the bayou. A dozen youngsters scrambled for the honor of bearing the skates to Winthrop, and a moment of anxiety followed as he tried them on. Several people applauded when the Perfex executive nodded approval.

It was like him not to trust the ice until he had chipped a hole near the edge and paused for mental arithmetic. He took a few tentative strokes ending in a tricky reverse. He bent over to study one of the runners with calm interest. And then, without warning, Carver Winthrop exploded into a series of figures so dazzling that they could have been compared only to fireworks.

The usual laws of balance were repealed as he wheeled, dipped and swayed in widening circles. Woodrow watched with sick absorption. Though he had won Boy Scout swimming honors on this beach, his medals tarnished when he caught a glimpse of Abbie Ann. She was holding Winthrop's coat, her lips parted devoutly.

Still, the sales manager was too good a showman not to leave his audience in suspense. At the height of his exhibition he stopped to beckon the photographer. After slowly skating back and forth, he chose a spot where he could pose his profile to advantage against a semitropical background.

An impulsive shout of warning stuck midway in Woodrow's throat as he remembered a warm spring near that very spot. He had discovered it years ago while diving, and now his conscience struggled with an overpowering fascination.

The contest was close, considering the odds against his conscience. But before the moral issue could be decided, the ice shattered and the black waters of the bayou leaped up to embrace Carver Winthrop.

THERE was an awful silence, rent by the first shrieks from the crowd. Above them all could be heard the imploring bellow of J. Eldridge Digby.

Afterward, Woodrow credited himself with honest intentions, but his townsmen did not give him time to put them into effect. As a champion swimmer, he was nominated by popular acclaim to be Port Leon's hero. His last impression was one of melancholy self-sacrifice, then the icy water engulfed him and Winthrop clutched with both arms.

In the emergency Woodrow proved faithful to his life-saving training. He held his breath to the surface, and his numb fist seemed to travel with the deliberation of a slow-motion picture. Yet it connected solidly and he landed another just to make sure. The white, frantic face blurred and the arms loosened. After that it was easy to catch the rope thrown out to them.

They were dragged to shore by a newer generation of scouts who found Carver Winthrop a prize. It was long since the boys had enjoyed a real first-aid victim, and they began pummeling and kneading his unconscious form with enthusiasm.

Nobody paid any attention to Woodrow. Feeling alone and friendless, he was halfway to his car before Abbie Ann caught up. He noted with wonder that it was Carver Winthrop's overcoat she wrapped about him.

She tucked him into the seat and took the wheel. "Honey," she said, "don't talk! Abbie Ann's taking care of you."

At the rooming hou
mitted scarcely enough
tub. Abbie Ann and hi
waiting at the bathroom
hustled him into bed wi
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he had partaken of ging
a more potent restorati

For a long time Wo
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closed. At last Mrs. Du
toed out of the room
"You're not mad at me

"No girl," said Ab
stayed mad because a
tient to marry her."

His face clouded as r
back. "Anyhow, you did
such a fuss over that

"Oh, but I did," she
"You don't know how m
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happened to Mr. Winth

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and that tiny gap be
supplied the final touch

"Mr. Winthrop," she
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had drowned?"

Woodrow blinked
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"Wasn't it efficient o
she asked, "to insist on
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SHE paused. For jus
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and triumphant, and
room with the efful
Woodrow drew a long

"Then we can be m
"Then we can be m

She patted his han
the sunset with a thou
next summer," said Al
maybe I can get the
good air-cooling syste



"I wish a crowd would collect so we could push ther ack!"



The Historic Home Defense of Colonial Days . . .

. . . through the years marches the [illegible] — *Home Defense!* [illegible] many an old Colonial [illegible] — protected [illegible] of the Nation by [illegible] of Pure White Lead.

. . . *the time-tested protection of*

PURE WHITE LEAD . . .



Ready for the Brush!

Today, the home defense of the Minute Man is ready in a new, up-to-the-minute form. DUTCH BOY PURE WHITE LEAD PAINT—*ready to brush on*—steps into line beside the Dutch Boy's famous *paste* white lead!

★ ★ ★

The new paint is Pure White Lead—all ready to spread! New in form but proved in performance. Yes, if these old New England homes could talk they'd tell you white lead paint's time-tried secret of keeping houses young. How it hugs tight, hugs *long*...wearing down slowly, *smoothly*, instead of cracking and scaling off. Ask your painting contractor what this means to you. He'll tell you it makes white lead paint cost less by the year. And says the expense of burning and scraping off the old paint when you finally do repaint.

"You're Money Ahead When You Paint With White Lead"



Yes, the new Dutch Boy Pure White Lead Paint is *news!* You bet it's news—for now you can get real Dutch Boy White Lead *all ready to brush on!* In addition to this new convenience, you'll also get gleaming whiteness and great hiding power, at a gallon price no higher than that of regular quality paint.

★ ★ ★

Want to make yourself a smart paint buyer? Then send for free booklet, "Styling with Paint the Dutch Boy Way" containing 32 illustrations in color. Address Dept. 361 care of nearest branch office listed at right.



2 COAT WORK. The new Dutch Boy comes in two forms—Exterior Primer and Outside White—specially designed to do a real white lead job on new or old work in 2 coats.

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KATHARINE BRUSH returns



YOUR BROTHER'S IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP! Not much doubt about what you'd do if a Nazi agent told you that $500 would free him. But it doesn't stop there. Not until the foreign-born resident is forced into active Fifth-Column groups. Don't miss Keyhoe and Daly's "Hitler's Slave-Spies in America."

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Half a Hundred **THRILLS—LAUGHS—PROFITABLE FEATURES**
in the Big April American Magazine

WHEN YOU TELL A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN "*You Go Your Way*" BE SURE YOU MEAN IT!

CONNIE WAS EVERYTHING people think a beautiful Young Woman of Manhattan should be. She lived for parties, people, clothes—oceans of clothes. And nobody knew how Bill, her husband, hated to tell her she couldn't have them. But he needn't have dreaded it so much. Connie was going to have what she wanted, anyway.

Bill had been gay enough when they married. But after trying for four years to cope with all their expenses, he made a mistake. He grew up, he grew older. Connie never aged a day.

For awhile he continued to take Connie to all the parties but it was no use. Even staying awake became a problem after twelve o'clock. And so he took to telling Connie, "You go without me." Connie did.

Then it was amazing how many beaux and boy-friends simply sprang into action. Of course, Bill couldn't be jealous of these pip-squeaks, Connie said. Everything was quite okay. But was it? As Bill looked back he realized that you could be so civilized it made a sap out of you.

You'll love Connie. And you can't help liking square-jawed, genial Bill though you may want to kick him just once where it would do the most good. Don't miss this gay and deeply moving story of mad Manhattan, "You Go Your Way."

by KATHARINE BRUSH



NOW ON SALE

A FULL-LENGTH NOVEL STARTING IN THIS ISSUE

THE American MAGAZINE

All is Fair

Continued from page 15

opped crying, and all of ood up and said, "Look

lways been easy for me rge whether I am re- t, because red hair and e been a weakness of Ever since I met Marge, ct.

e average," I said.

Iarge said. "I know my t I'm not the type any tired of femininity. I'm leal, Jeff. The clinging doesn't want that. He and tough and ugly, like ry her, Jeff."

oped so. "Old George t," I said.

" Marge said. "Unless . . ." She reached into er housecoat and drew scrap of paper. "I was ve dinner with George ight, and he didn't show nine o'clock and finally rought me this note.

s easy enough to recog- iting, big and awkward, self. The note said:

over on the street this suggested that I come with him and his sister unting. I'm afraid this and I'd like to get in a ng before it melts, so I them. I couldn't reach and am sending this to ssenger. Be back in a ys.

GEORGE

e liked to have framed George's, but I was still rting. I said, "Just a

ing trip," Marge said. tell me in person? Why creep away like a . . . night?"

said.

an excuse," Marge said. He'll be ten days up s alone with—"

"Not alone," I said. "Tim'll be there, and the caretaker."

"Alone in the mountains," Marge went on, "with that woman. Hunting all day with her, and then being alone with her at night with the moonlight and things. You know how romantic and impressionable George is."

"It isn't that bad," I said.

"Yes, it is," Marge said. "I know George."

"In that case," I said, "being a man of direct action I would say there is only one thing left to do. We could go up to Conovers' and bring him back."

"And let that woman know I'm jealous of her?" Marge looked at me as though she doubted my intelligence. "No . . . not that. I have an idea. That's why I called you up because you have to help me with it, and it's the only way. You have to take me hunting, Jeff."

"Hunting?" I said.

"Hunting," Marge said. "I have to win back George's respect in the only way I can. I'll have to try and be the thing he wants now. If I could just kill something. Something big that he'd admire. . . ."

I said, "Dear, dear, dear. . . ."

Marge began to cry again. "Don't make fun, Jeff, please. I'm desperate and it's the only way I can think of. If I could just kill a bigger elk or moose or something than he does, maybe he'd respect me again. If I can only do things the way Cass does. You can see that, can't you, Jeff?"

It was a very crackpot scheme in my opinion, and I couldn't see it at all. But I said, "All right, Marge, I'll see you through on this. But we have to have a chaperon."

"I thought of that," Marge said. Apparently she had thought of everything. "We can go up to Stewart's and stay there with Pop and his wife."

I said, "Stewart's?"

I didn't like that idea, because Stewart's is only across the divide from the Conovers', say three or four miles; and anything less than a hundred miles is uncomfortable proximity to me if I am escorting another man's fiancée without his knowledge or consent.

"Why not?" Marge said.



op bothering Alvin! He came over to play cards with you"

JOE EASLEY

I didn't say anything and she said, "You have to do it, Jeff. You can't refuse."

She started to cry again, and maybe it was her crying, or maybe it was the Scotch that did it. Anyway, I finally said I'd take her hunting. She cheered up immediately.

"When do you want to go?"

"This afternoon," she said. "As soon as we can."

So, considering the lack of breakfast and the Scotch, it was with something resembling surprise that I came to about thirty minutes later to find myself prowling through two inches of dust in my attic and littering up the floor with hunting gear. I had all the trunks open and was pulling out odd lots of hobnailed boots, and skinning knives, and wool pants, and rifles and ammunition. And last, but hardly least, I rustled around finding two shirts of a very violent red because some of the sportsmen in these parts are not very discerning and will shoot anything that moves unless it is identified in some way that is unmistakable at a distance.

SO, TO be brief about it, we went hunting and there I was, and I didn't like it. Or I suppose I should say there we were, because Marge was with me, of course, but I still didn't like it. I still thought Marge was crazy, and in spite of all her assurances to the contrary, I had a very definite suspicion that George and I would not be the best of friends after he found out about our little excursion. There are limitations even to friendship.

I tried to console myself with the thought that I valued Marge's opinion of me more than I did George's, and that I was helping Marge, or at least she thought I was helping her, which amounted to the same thing; but in spite of that I wasn't in the mood for the enjoyment of a perfect outing. And it would have been perfect under other circumstances. The weather was ideal. The air was keen and bracing, and six inches of snow on the ground made it fine for tracking.

We ate a big breakfast, and Mom Stewart put up some sandwiches for us, and when we started out Marge said, "Can you pray, Jeff? We just have to get something. Something big."

"Don't you worry," I said. "This is fine game country. We'll get something."

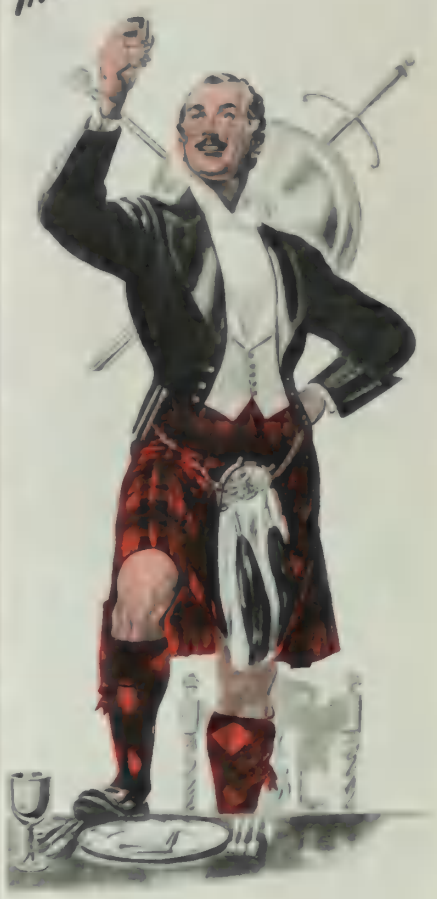
We did, too!

It happened up on top of the divide. We had picked up the trail of some deer about two miles above Stewart's and followed them until the tracks split going up a pass over the range. Some of the tracks went up one side and some up the other, and I suggested that we part company and follow both bunches. That was all right with Marge. She took the left side going up, and I took the right side, and just before we split I said, "We can meet up on top, and if we don't jump them by that time we can eat lunch and hunt back along the ridge."

The sun was high by that time, and the glare of it on the snow almost blinded us. Marge turned away and started off up the hill and after she was out of sight in the timber I started up my side.

I can see now that the time element was important in view of what occurred, but I had never hunted that country before, and it was pure accident that I happened to get the side where the going was toughest, and that Marge beat me to the top. Or you can call it fate,

"May we aye th' Truth an' Faith defend"



Just as it has been good form, since the clans began, to offer a toast with one foot resting on the bare oaken table, it is good form today to raise a glass of Teacher's. Good form *and* good taste; for in Teacher's a host presents one of Scotland's finer whiskies.

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"It's the flavour"



TEACHER'S
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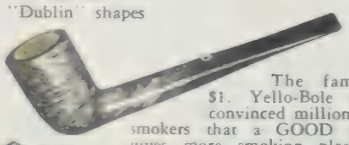
You don't have to break it in!

No difference between your *first* smoke and *later* smokes! This finely-made Imperial Pipe tastes better, milder, smoother, more fragrant than other pipes *because* real Sage honey is sprayed and brushed into the bowl! When your tobacco touches this honeyed interior, a *blending* and "mellowing" begins! Your first puff tells you! And right away the honey starts a soft, flavory "cake" . . . that keeps all subsequent smokes sweet as a nut. (Now pull out the stem . . . and see the little invention that condenses and purifies the smoke, keeps it clean—and guess what! A little bowl reamer, too!) Get Imperial—*the best-smoking pipe you can buy for $1.50.*



See the "Dublin" shapes

See the "Curved" shapes



The famous $1. Yello-Bole that convinced millions of smokers that a GOOD pipe gives more smoking pleasure than cheap pipes. This is the Medium Dublin shape, at all dealers. *The best smoking pipe that $1 will buy!*

YELLO-BOLE $1

There's More Pleasure in a Good Pipe

if you prefer being poetic about it, but that is what happened.

I don't suppose it was more than two miles to the top from where we parted, but it took me better than two hours to make it. It was almost noon by then. I was getting hungry, and the minute I hit the top I began bearing off to the left to meet Marge.

I found her after the first half mile. There was a gale blowing on the ridge and when I first saw her she was almost out of sight in a clump of timber, out of the wind. I started to yell at her but she saw me at the same time, and started making motions that I translated as meaning keep quiet, and hurry. I ran as fast as I could through the snow, and when I reached the timber she said, "Jeff, dear, I saw something. Something moved in the brush."

THE tracks she had been following went over the brow of the hill and down to a line of timber and buckbrush that followed the bottom of a draw. The glare of the sun was in my eyes, and I couldn't see very well.

"I can't see it," I said.

"I can," Marge said. "It's something brown. It isn't moving now but I can see it. What do I do now?"

I said, "Shoot."

"I'm so excited," Marge said. She had the gun up and was squinting along the barrel. I still couldn't see what she was shooting at.

"It has to be a big one," Marge said. "It must be a big one!"

"Go on and shoot," I said.

She handled a gun very competently for a woman. I had had my doubts about that at first, but she took the gun down from her shoulder and set the rear elevation at two-fifty, and settled down with a double arm rest in a sitting position and went to work.

The crack of the gun whipped out across the valley. Marge fell back under the force of the recoil and I saw a commotion in the brush.

I yelled, "You got him," and started running down the hill with a great deal of disregard for my anatomy. Marge was coming behind me but I had a head start and I was at least fifty yards in front when I hit the brush. I plowed through to the spot where I'd seen the movement and then I stopped with my mouth hanging open, because what I saw wasn't exactly what I had expected to see. For a minute I was so surprised I couldn't even speak. I heard Marge coming through the brush calling to me, and her voice sounded anxious.

"Did I hit him, Jeff?"

"Yes," I said, "you hit him."

"How lovely," Marge said. "Did I kill him?"

I said, "No. No, you didn't kill him. He's still able to sit up and swear." And then things began happening all at once.

George looked up from where he was sitting holding his leg, and said, "Don't stand there like a fool idiot. Do something!" And I said, "What?" And then Marge came through the brush and took one look and fainted, and altogether it was a fine situation.

I am a man who can usually collect himself in a crisis, but in the face of two crises I was completely bewildered. As far as I could remember, the situation had never been paralleled in my experience, and there I was with a wounded man, and a swooning woman, and not knowing which one to help first when Cass Conover came through the brush. I had never been a great admirer of Cass' type of woman, but at that moment I could have kissed her, especially when I thought what a mess it would have been if she had been a weak-female type and had fainted, too.

It didn't feaze her a bit. She looked at me and said, "Hello, Jeff." Then looking at George she said, "Who did it?"

For some reason I said, "I did."

"He did not," George said. "Marge did it. I heard her say so."

"Oh, Marge . . ." Cass said. "Let me see it. It can't be very bad."

It wasn't. It turned out to be just a superficial wound in the fleshy part of the thigh, but from the way George carried on you would have thought he'd been shot through the stomach. Cass took a skinning knife out of her belt, and cut the pants away from the leg, and then started dressing it from a pocket first-aid kit that she carried. She did it very efficiently, too, in spite of the fact that George was howling at the top of his lungs, and squirming and kicking.

"George," Cass said, "you sound like a kid with the croup."

"Croup," George yelled. "Listen, I'm shot."

"If you don't shut up," Cass said, "I'm going to finish the job with a knife."

I was rubbing snow in Marge's face but it hadn't had any effect up to date. I said, "What do you do for a fainting woman?"

Cass came over and propped Marge's feet up higher than her head, and then she went over to a little creek that ran down the draw and came back and dumped a hatful of water in Marge's face. Marge came out of it sputtering, and stared at George for a minute and said, "Oh, I've killed him. Oh, George!"

That went on for a while, and then she proceeded to develop one of the most A-1, triple-action cases of hysterics it has ever been my misfortune to witness. She started laughing and crying all at once, and Cass Conover slapped her so hard you could have heard it smack clear back to Pop Stewart's. Her teeth clicked together, and when she opened her mouth to whoop, Cass slapped her again.

"Hey," George said, "don't you dare slap Marge."

"You keep your nose out of this," Cass said.

After the fourth slap Marge stopped the hysterics and settled down to just a plain, everyday, garden variety of weeping, saying, "I've killed him," at intervals.

Cass said, "Don't be an idiot. He isn't hurt."

George yelled, "Hurt," in a very grieved tone. "I'm dying. Get me to a doctor."

He insisted that he couldn't get up and Cass said, "Come over here, Jeff. Grab an arm."

WE GOT him to his feet, and then he insisted he couldn't walk. Cass was getting pretty disgusted by that time, and she was all in favor of leaving him and letting him get home by himself, but Marge started crying at that, so we compromised. We got one of George's arms around me, and one around Cass, and started down the gulch, half carrying, and half dragging him. He weighs about two hundred and ten, and it was tough work. Marge was coming along behind crying, and George was groaning, and I was panting, and Cass was swearing, but we made it all right.

We made it a mile and a half down to Conovers', and got George in the car and took him in to town to a hospital. We dropped Marge off at her house on the way. They gave George a shot of antitetanus serum, and put him to bed. By that time I was pretty tired.

Cass came out of the room and lit a cigarette and said, "A good hunting trip spoiled. Take me home, Jeff. I need a drink."

I needed a drink, too. I took Cass home and had two or three drinks there, and then I went home and had another drink, and went to bed.

I woke up some time after noon the next day, and the phone was ringing.



ed it Marge said, "Jeff
to help me."
ow?" I said.
again. And it's simply
s I did it on purpose."

Marge said. "He thinks
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' I said. "Maybe he'll
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d wailing: "Oh, Jeff, I
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ou have to convince him,

," Marge said. "You're
I can turn to in my time
this one little thing. . . .
you, Jeff."

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I'll never, never forget

said.
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to the hospital. I paid
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George said. "Give me

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Cass as much as he used
on the cigarette and
d that was fine. He was
t Marge.
d, "accidents will hap-

George said.
ll do you expect?" I said.

"Going hunting in a dun-colored coat and playing around in the brush. Of course, it was an accident."

George just looked at me. "I might have known you'd lie about it," he said. "Accident!"

Right then I saw my chance to torpedo a beautiful romance below the water line. It is all right to be sporting, but there are limits even to sportsmanship. I remembered all the dirty things George had done to me during the course of our rivalry, and I thought, "All is fair in love and war."

"George," I said, "I can see there is no use in trying to deceive you further. Marge told me she would rather see you dead than in the clutches of a designing woman. Although," I said, "I didn't think she meant it literally at the time."

George sat straight up in bed. "I knew it," he said, but the outburst I had expected didn't take place. Instead of that he began to look dreamy and romantic. "The eternal woman," he said. "The mate. The mother. Tender and gracious, but fierce in her protectiveness. . . . That's love, Jeff."

He was lying there perfectly contented, and he didn't even notice me when I went out.

THAT all happened a year ago, and it is now water under the bridge; but I will never understand emotional reactions. George and Marge Lattimer are known as the most devoted couple in our town, and I can still get a feeling of satisfaction out of knowing that I was responsible for their reconciliation; yet it goes further than that.

It has made a new man of George. He has grown in moral stature and he now has an air of confidence and a feeling of his own worth that he never had before. It is a marvelous thing. I often think of it when I meet George at the club and we have a drink or two on the porch, and I know that his happiness and increased success are my doing.

And as I said before it is a fine thing; but the part that strikes me as being the most singular thing about the whole affair is that although George and I are the best of friends I never go to the Lattimer home for dinner, or to visit in the evenings the way you might think I would. I don't go because Marge Lattimer won't let me set foot in the house.



just little idea of mine, Mr. Barns—to get you perfectly relaxed"

ROLAND COE

With 300 Gins to choose from:

The Advantage is with Gordon's



BECAUSE...
Gordon's has the advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4.

and BECAUSE...
Drinks never taste thin with Gordon's Gin.

• Because there's no gin like Gordon's, it naturally costs a little more—but you get the advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4. That means richer flavor, velvety smoothness—drinks that never taste thin!

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100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

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TASTE THE DIFFERENCE
CAPTURED FLAVOR



Three of the famous "Taylor Family." You'll like the soft, smooth flavor of Tawny Port . . . an all-occasion favorite. For cocktails that make friends exclaim, "That's delicious" . . . use Taylor's Vermouth (dry or sweet) that ranks with the world's finest. And for bridge or dinner serve Taylor's Sherry . . . another popular member of the famous Taylor family of still wines and Champagne.

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"Pedigreed" wine-grapes, at their peak, are plundered of a rich treasure in flavor. The secret Taylor Cellar Treatment "captures" that flavor, blends it into Wines of Character. Ask for Taylor's when you dine out . . . Buy Taylor's for home use . . . at your local package store.

★ Alcohol 18-20% by vol.

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free 44-page booklet—"Leaves from the Table of George and Martha Washington" . . . an addition to Americana! Favorite wine-flavored recipes of Martha Washington. Write today to The Taylor Wine Company, Hammondsport, New York.



His Girl Blondie

Continued from page 14

Bumsteads' milkman is a stock character. So is their mailman. Both are drawn from life, and both are celebrities in Great Neck.

"Everything goes into the strip that goes into an American middle-class home," Young says. "The milkman and the mailman go into every such home every day. That's why Daisy is there. Almost everybody who lives in a house has a dog—at least, it sounds like it at night.

"The three things of universal interest are sex, food and sleep. Sex is out of my strips, but a great many of them deal with food and sleep. The first thing Dagwood does when he comes home is peek into the pot, to see what he's going to get for supper. And when he isn't thinking about eating, he's taking a nap. I know that's true to life, because I'm always eating and taking naps myself."

Young is like Dagwood in more respects than those. Like Dagwood, he has a pretty young wife—the former Athel Lindorf, of Rock Island, Illinois, a member of a harp ensemble. Like Dagwood (soon), he has a boy and a girl—Dean, two, and Jeanne, one. Like Dagwood, he has a dog—Rod, a Boston bull terrier. Like Dagwood, he lives in a suburb. But there the resemblance stops. Dagwood has one foot on the ladder. Young is already close to the top. In a few months his is expected to be the biggest-selling comic strip in the world. Right now it brings him more than $100,000 a year.

Chic Young was born in Chicago forty years ago. His mother calls him by his real name, Murat, but everybody else calls him Chic.

The Young family all drew but father. He ran a shoe store. Mother and brother Walter painted in oils. Sister Jamar became a fashion artist. You've seen the strip called Tim Tyler's Luck; it's drawn by brother Lyman. Chic studied shorthand and got a daytime job—as secretary to the general freight agent of the Illinois Central—so that he could go to art school at night. He had been there five weeks before anyone noticed him. Then an instructor stopped by his board, shook his head and walked away.

A Gag that Wasn't Funny

His tuition fee wasn't wasted, though, because one of his fellow students was "Abe" Martin, who now draws Boots and Her Buddies. Even then, in 1922, Martin was good enough to graduate into a job with the Newspaper Enterprise Association, a feature service whose headquarters were in Cleveland, and presently he wired Chic to hurry over with samples of his work.

Chic stayed home from the office for a day, hacked out three strips called The Affairs of Jane—"when I think of them now, they give me the shudders"—coaxed a railroad pass out of his boss, and headed east. N.E.A. hired him at once. Salary, $22 a week.

The boys at N.E.A. had a favorite gag. They'd phone a newcomer and tell him they represented Marlen Pew, an executive in King Features Syndicate, and that Hearst, who owned it, wanted him to sign up.

Chic was wise when his turn came. "That's wonderful!" he said. "I can't discuss it over the phone, so why don't you drop in at the apartment tonight?"—and gave a fake address.

That night his phone rang again. It seems that the caller really did represent Marlen Pew and was, at the moment, somewhere out in the wilds of West Cleveland. When Chic had finished apologizing, he managed to explain that he had a year's contract with N.E.A. and couldn't leave. By the time his year was up, The Affairs of Jane was being syndicated to a hundred papers. Chic didn't care. He bequeathed it to the company and rushed to New York, to King Features.

"Mr. Pew?" they repeated. "He's gone on to another job. Who wants to see him? Chic Young?" Nobody in the office had ever heard of Chic Young.

Another year passed before he finally landed with the outfit. His springboard was Dumb Dora, a strip which is now memorable chiefly for the fact that one of the characters, Rod Ruckett, was a caricature of the artist. He drew Dora from 1924 until 1930. It was on September 8, 1930, that Blondie first appeared.

The Bumstead Saga

For the benefit of friends who came in late. Dagwood is the son of J. Bolling Bumstead, who owns five railroads, and Blondie is the daughter of a Mrs. Boopadoop. Dagwood's family disowned him when he eloped, and they haven't been in the strip since. Neither has Blondie's mother. The date of the wedding was February 13, 1933. Baby Dumpling was born on April 15, 1934. He was christened Alexander, in honor of Flash Gordon's creator, Alex Raymond, who was Chic's assistant at the time.

A name has not yet been chosen for the new baby sister. Chic looks no farther into the future than her birth. She will age normally, of course, as Baby Dumpling has, and their parents will become stout as they grow older—Chic thinks of Dagwood as twenty-nine now, and Blondie as twenty-seven. A new reader can pick up the strip and be right in the swim.

The simple truth is, Chic has no plans at all, even when he sits down to his drawing board at nine o'clock Monday morning. He says, "After doing this work for eighteen years, I'm still starting with a blank piece of paper, and there's nothing so blank as a blank piece of paper at nine o'clock Monday morning."

He does all six of his week-day strips at a stretch. The first is the hardest. The second comes a little easier, because something in the first may suggest it. The six must be finished by Tuesday evening, if he has to work straight through Monday night.

Wednesday he answers his mail in the morning and plays golf in the afternoon.

He gets fifty to a hundred letters a week in the summer, a hundred to two hundred in the winter, and he answers every one. Most are from fans requesting autographs or original drawings, novice cartoonists begging for criticism or advice, and people offering ideas. Usable ideas are few. Chic doesn't think he's been given two dozen in his career. Occasionally the mail brings him a present, prompted by something in the strip—a flashlight, a cake mixer, a pipe, a can of insecticide. When Dagwood observed, "A sandwich isn't any good without cheese," the Minnesota Cheese Association appreciatively came through with a ten-pounder.

Chic's advice to novices is short but valuable: You can tell if your drawing ink is dry by rubbing it with your hand, and you can remove inkstains from a rug by soaking the spot in milk and then cutting around it with scissors.

Thursday and Friday are for the Sunday page. Saturday morning he draws

A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN WHO SHAVES

It Needs No Not Greasy or

Modern life now dem
1 man in 7 shave ex
daily shaving often
scrape—irritation.

To help men solve
we perfected Glider—
ing cream—not greasy

BUFFER BETWEEN BLA

You first wash your fa
with hot water and so
grit and oily sebum th
whiskers every 24 hours
on Glider quickly an
your fingers. Never a br
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ESPECIALLY FOR THE
7 WHO SHAVE

For men in responsib
doctors, lawyers, bus
others who must shav
Glider is invaluable. It
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TRY A TUBE AT OUR EXP
positive that *Glider* will
shaving comfort than a
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tube ABSOLUTELY *FR*
—no cartons—no dimes.
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Co., Dept. EG-2, Glaston
this FREE trial test, we
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SCA
MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST



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...her Blondie business
...and novelties. "And
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... or refer to children
...man as a "guy," or to a woman as a "battle-ax." He never makes fun of a representative of a group or a profession. Plumbers, for instance, don't forget their tools.

"I don't think of people as stupid or ornery," he explains. "I'd rather say something nice about them."

When his week's stint is completed (he has to keep four weeks ahead of publication with the daily strip, eight weeks with the Sunday), it goes to the syndicate office where it is scrutinized for misspellings and technical mistakes. The only time the editors had to revise a Blondie strip was when Dagwood brought home a potted zinnia which, they felt, looked more like a camellia.

The office also does the translating for foreign distribution. In France, Dagwood is known as Emile, Baby Dumpling as Papouli, Daisy as Titus. In Sweden, Dagwood is Dagobert and Baby Dumpling is Putte. In Latin America, Blondie is Pepita, Dagwood is Lorenzo, Baby Dumpling is Goyito and Daisy is Turco.

Chic pretends to know nothing, however, of the daily squawks that his strip causes. Squawks? Rather, they are downright riots. And they spring, of course, from "friendly" discussions of which is the funniest strip he ever drew.

Group A favors the one in which Dagwood comes home and finds a plate of those silly little bridge-party sandwiches, left over from Blondie's game that afternoon. He looks at them contemptuously, then gets two big slices of bread (Group A's spokesman has to wipe his eyes and catch his breath at this point), claps a dozen between them, and munches a sandwich-sandwich.

Group B, which has been waiting impatiently to have its turn, now shouts, "Okay, but how about *this* one—!"

Dagwood tops his six-decker sandwich with a thick sprinkling of pepper. Just as he is about to bite in, the pepper gets up his nose and he sneezes. A slice of ham lights in Blondie's lap, pickles and ketchup and onion fly all over the room, a piece of cheese hits Daisy (here the narrator collapses and has to have his collar loosened), and a fried egg spatters on a chair. Blondie's line is, "I always knew one of your sandwiches would explode!"

Well, they're both pretty funny strips. In fact, *very* funny. But if you want to know the absolutely funniest strip Chic ever drew, it was the one about the time Dagwood was taking a bath, and Baby Dumpling—

Bam! Splat! Oof! Zowie!



"Look out, Joe! She's gonna do something!" KIRK STILES



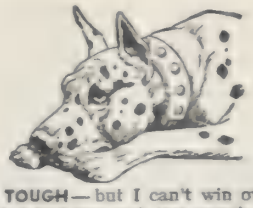
Wearing pants with baggy knees
Throws good appearance to the breeze;
As bad, the careful dresser feels,
As wearing shoes with RUN-DOWN HEELS!

IF your heels soon wear down lopsided, don't blame it entirely on the way you walk. Maybe you're buying the wrong kind of rubber heels! Try a pair of Goodyear's new G-50's and see how *long* and how *evenly* they wear. That's because they're made of tough, live, *springy* rubber. You'll like the smart appearance of G-50 heels, too. They're neat and trim, with "invisible" nail holes, and they look like part of the shoe. Only 50¢ at any good shoe-repair shop. Get a pair today!

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the greatest name in rubber



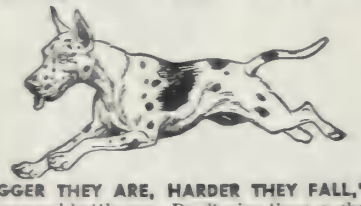
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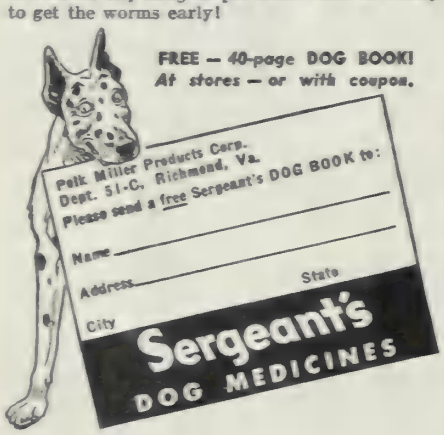
SURE I'M TOUGH—but I can't win over worms by myself! I had 'em bad, last month. "They're nothing," says the Boss. "Oh yeah?" I groans, and he finally gets wise that they're dangerous.

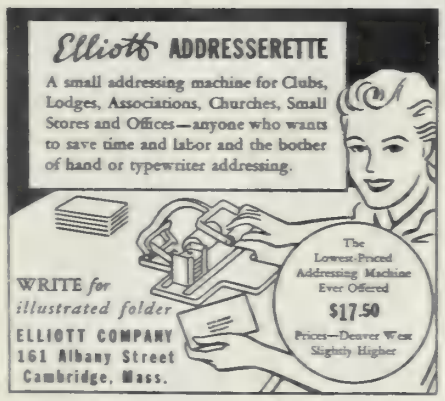


"THIS'LL SLAY 'EM," he says, bringing out some Sergeant's SURE SHOT CAPSULES. He's right! "You should've learned to read," he grins. "I got the dope from the Sergeant's DOG BOOK!"



"BIGGER THEY ARE, HARDER THEY FALL," is the worms' battle-cry. Don't give them a chance at *your* dog. Get SURE SHOT or PUPPY CAPSULES at any drug or pet store—and be ready to get the worms early!





MEN WANTED

especially late sleepers
to join the army
of men enjoying
simplified, speedier shaving.

ENDERS SPEED RAZOR

Standard of the airlines

A product of

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Mystic, Conn.

GIVE WINGS TO YOUR SHAVE



Pink elephants may vanish with surprising speed when B-1 is added to the old soak's taperi

Hungry Nerves

By Hannah Lees

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Thiamin may be the answer to the doctor's—and patient's—prayer. Still in the experimental stage, it already has helped cure neuralgia, shingles, D. T.'s, heart disease and indigestion. Not a bad start

A MAN came into a well-known New England hospital recently in bad shape. Very bad shape. Trees, he said, were growing out of his bureau drawers. Lampposts were walking around the room spitting at him, and there were soldiers shooting and a little boy with his legs cut off. The doctors in charge didn't need to smell his breath to know that his trouble was delirium tremens, and they started treatment. They prescribed a quart of whisky a day; four ounces every three hours awake or asleep, whether he wanted it or not. And at the end of three days he was cured.

Now the doctors who gave this remarkable treatment weren't trying to prove the hair-of-the-dog theory, or even just to make the patient happy. It probably didn't make him happy at all, but they didn't care. What they were interested in proving was that it isn't basically liquor that causes delirium tremens; that too much whisky doesn't have nearly as much to do with the trouble as too little of something else, too little vitamin B_1.

Along with his quart a day they gave their D. T. patient large intravenous injections of vitamin B_1, and almost as soon as he began getting the shots his brain began to clear, whisky and all. They tried this quart a day plus shots of vitamin B_1 on four other patients with delirium tremens and they all got well in an average of two and a half days. To make extra sure they took five other D. T. patients—sober old New England is apparently full of
their liquor entirel
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extra vitamin B_1. T
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cause butter and
and egg yolks are
only vitamin that

SMOKE MEANS TROUBLE!



SMOKE from the ironing-board—and smoke from your car's exhaust—both mean trouble! Next time you're trailing a car with a smoking exhaust, keep this in mind: Smoke is a common symptom of excessive engine wear, wear that squanders gas, oil and power—wear that only costly repairs can correct.

And this needless wear all too often results from nothing more or less than failure of *ordinary* oil—due to heat, due to cold, due to impurities.

Before it's too late, save yourself worry, trouble, expense. *Before your car becomes a "smoker",* change to Insulated Havoline Motor Oil.

For Insulated Havoline is especially made to resist the higher temperatures to which oil is subjected by the modern, high-efficiency engine.

Even at zero, Insulated Havoline flows freely, prevents those cold, "dry" starts that can damage pistons and cylinders.

No carbon-forming impurities in Insulated Havoline either, thanks to a special distilling process that removes them.

Change to Insulated Havoline now at Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.



DISTILLED AND

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... AGAINST HEAT ... AGAINST COLD



DON'T WAIT TILL YOUR CAR SMOKES!

Don't be one of America's caravan of 3,000,000 "smokers."
Help reduce needless, expensive wear in *your* car.
Change *now* to Insulated Havoline Motor Oil.



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FRED ALLEN in a full-hour program every Wednesday night. CBS, 9:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.S.T., 10:00 M.S.T., 9:00 P.S.T.

METROPOLITAN OPERA every Saturday afternoon, NBC. See local newspaper for time and station.



NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE RUFFED GROUSE

BELOW: If the Ruffed Grouse stayed out in the open like this, they wouldn't last long. The fox, the hawk, the hunter would soon make the species as extinct as the dodo bird.

RIGHT: Nesting on the ground in the brush and forest—the Ruffed Grouse defies detection. Nature's Protective Blending here achieves its highest perfection—almost complete invisibility.



CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

makes possible the most highly refined kind of Whiskey



STAN: What are you drinking these days, Dan? I don't seem to be able to find a whiskey that—

DAN: I'm way ahead of you—you're looking for a whiskey that *tastes* good. Well, your troubles are nearly over. Here! Try Calvert.



STAN: Hey! You've got something! Makes a swell highball. How's it in a "Sour"?

DAN: Perfect! My barman at the Club says Calvert tastes better any way you take it. And he ought to know—says he's tried 'em all.

P.S. *Dan's barman knows his whiskey. Calvert's exclusive Protective Blending makes possible the most highly refined whiskey—that's why Calvert tastes better...any way you take it. Just try it and see for yourself.*

CLEAR HEADS (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS) CALL FOR Calvert



BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

amin B_1. Only nobody knew

ed back in the gay nineties, we used to look back to with cension and now look back longing. An inquisitive Ger- t named Eijkman, knowing illed beriberi was common iese who lived mostly on , tried feeding polished rice lished rice to fine, healthy vl promptly developed beri- m of it at least, which for er-sounding oriental name iat we would call polyneu- mmation of the nerves in of the body all at the same here wasn't anything in the that could hurt the fowl, Eijkman, it must be some- asn't in the rice, something was thrown away when the ished that the birds didn't i must be a deficiency dis- ybe if people just ate those gs . . .

e world about it but in the ay of the world it was ten his words began even to en another man, an Ameri- by the name of Funk, took rice polishings and began and experimenting with it, oon he found—remember ing the last war when vita- oke on a receptive world? und something in the rice at he called vitamine or mine because he thought the amino group in chem- because it was apparently ife. And he didn't know it iat he'd really found was

Vitamins Aren't Simple

r not go into vitamins A . In the first place it would and in the second you're ting to get back to the man lampposts spitting at him All that the other vitamins you didn't get your vita- ting enough butter you'd dness. If you didn't take ge juice or tomato juice, is time, you'd get scurvy, so on. And after a while discovering that a good e single-lettered vitamins complicated groups, until a vitamin researcher said s were shaping now there be enough letters in the ame all the vitamins and o switch to the Chinese.

we'll do well to stick to ht now, because, the world plex place it is, vitamin B be at least eight different nd again about the only ht different vitamins have that they are all found in and in other rough grains, liver and yeast. They're ether like one big happy pretty assorted family.

tinic acid for one impor- of the family, and if you tinic acid you get pellagra re's vitamin B_2 with the e of riboflavin, and if this m your diet for very long pleasant kind of sore lip st beginning to be able to ere's vitamin B_4. It hasn't human experiment stage, are deprived of this little lie down on their sides, turn cartwheels and die, or so I'm told on good authority. There are several others they are just beginning to separate out of the complex they used just to call vitamin B. And then there is vitamin B_1, which can bring men out of delirium tremens even while they're still getting a quart of rye a day.

Vitamin B_1, by the way, if you'd rather call it by its name than by its letter and number, has been officially christened thiamin. Thia for the sulphur which it contains and amin for the amino group that it is in. Want to see what it looks like chemically? Okay. $C_{12}H_{16}N_4SO_2$. Think of needing infinitesimal quantities of all that so you won't see pink elephants!

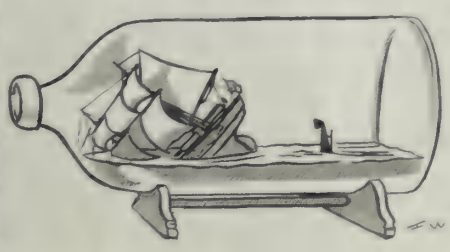
Anyway, It Worked

What made those New England psychiatrists think that maybe lack of vitamin B_1 had something to do with pink elephants was one of those trains of thought that are always leading scientists to strange places. Lack of thiamin caused polyneuritis. Everybody knew that by now. But one of the commonest other forms of neuritis was alcoholic neuritis. People had always thought it was the alcohol that caused this neuritis. But now look, there was diabetic neuritis too, and neuritis of pregnancy. And diabetics were very apt to live on limited diets low in starches. And pregnant women were apt to eat strange and unbalanced diets and burn up a lot more nourishment than normal individuals besides.

And here came the final link: People who drank too much were usually too busy drinking to eat. In fact, people who drank enough to get alcoholic neuritis—or D. T.'s—often didn't eat at all but just lived for days on alcohol, which, after all, is almost as full of calories as chocolate fudge but singularly lacking in vitamins of any kind. However, if they did eat their digestive systems were likely to be so upset by the alcohol that they didn't absorb much food, including vitamin B_1.

What it comes down to is that vitamin B_1 is turning out to be a sort of universal nerve food, the kind of thing the country-fair medicine men used to love to sell at a dollar a bottle without any vitamins in it at all. Because if all these things are due to lack of vitamin B_1 they ought to respond to treatment with vitamin B_1 and they all do. For some time, in fact, before these New England doctors tried their quart a day plus treatment, other doctors had been giving B_1 to people with alcoholic and diabetic and interesting-condition neuritis, and in each case getting rid of the aches and pains. And then other doctors began wondering, if this little vitamin was good for all those troubles due to undernourished nerve ends, why mightn't it be good for other nerve troubles that nobody'd ever been able to do much with?

Some began trying it on shingles, that unpleasant disease that starts with intense pain along a nerve path and then develops into whole rows of horrid fever blisters following the trail of the nerve along the skin. And they found that shingles, which they might have expected to last for a matter of painful weeks, when treated with vitamin B_1 became a matter of much less painful days.



Other doctors have used B_1 to treat tic douloureux. Tic douloureux is that excruciating tri-facial neuralgia that you're apt to run across in detective stories as giving the suspect a legitimate right to take dope and contort his face and act in a generally suspicious manner. And the detective stories aren't exaggerating. I know of at least one man who committed suicide because the pain of it was so unbearable. Until recently the only really useful treatment has been a difficult operation that actually severed the offending nerve. But some doctors are reporting that shots of vitamin B_1 do a good deal to relieve the excruciating pain.

Another doctor I know has been using thiamin for migraine. Not for any very logical reason; migraine has been considered chiefly allergic, though nobody really knows. Not with any very logical system, he gives far, far larger doses of the stuff than you'd ever run across in any normal diet, larger amounts than any human body could possibly be deficient in. But nobody has proved that migraine is allergic. Migraine headaches might just as well be nervous, and perhaps they are. At least several very miserable people with migraine headaches whom this doctor has injected with tremendous doses of vitamin B_1 are sure of it, for their headaches have disappeared.

Anything as new as thiamin, especially anything that has done such spectacular things, as it has in the various neuritises, is bound to be used to death. Some authorities are advocating putting a small quantity of it in all liquor just to counteract any possible alcoholic neuritises or spitting lampposts, and not a bad idea either except that it might make too much of a virtue of drinking. Another authority with an adding-machine mind has calculated that exactly three million, forty-six thousand, seven hundred and twenty symptoms can be due to deficiency of the vitamin B complex in all its many combinations.

And No Harm Done

Most sensible doctors won't go that far, but a good many of them are beginning to think that a lot of our vague aches and pains may be from not enough thiamin in our diet. And they're probably right, for where would we get it? How many of us ever eat any rice but polished rice and how much brown or whole-wheat bread compared to the nice, refined white kind. Unless we have pernicious anemia we don't eat much liver compared to other meats. And as for yeast, we certainly don't get enough of that to amount to much. Maybe this idea of putting thiamin in liquor and more practically still in white bread, as one company has been advertising recently, isn't such a bad one. Particularly since, as far as anyone can find out, too much thiamin can't do you any harm even if you don't need it.

Animals have been cut off from thiamin and their digestions have been seen under X-rays to get all sluggish and torpid and then speed right up when they were given a shot of the stuff. Doctors are beginning to think that perhaps that bankers' ailment called Wall Street colic or LaSalle Street colic may not be as much a result of the hectic lives they lead as of the deficient lunches they eat—or drink. And lots of poor appetites seem to be just a vicious circle, the less you eat the less vitamin B_1 you get; the less B_1 you get the less you eat. At least many of the unexplained variety of poor appetites vanish under shots of vitamin B_1.

As for heart disease, well, it may seem a far cry from neuritis to an enlarged heart but the Chinese don't think so. As long as there has been beriberi there have been two kinds: dry beriberi, which



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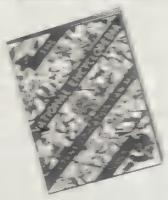
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is polyneuritis, and wet beriberi, which is an enlarged heart with shortness of breath and a rapid pulse and general puffiness. Nobody can tell me why they both have the same name, but now what they seem to have in common is a crying need for thiamin. The aches and pains of dry beriberi vanish away under thiamin, and so does the enlarged heart of wet beriberi. Melts away, as one scientific writer poetically puts it, like snow under the summer sun. I have actually seen X-rays of a patient with this sort of tremendously enlarged heart taken before and after. The one taken after three weeks of thiamin dosing was amazingly smaller, right down to normal again, and with no digitalis, which is usually the first thing given in heart disease.

I can't explain these heart and digestive symptoms from thiamin deficiency as plausibly as I could the nerve symptoms. Hundreds of research workers are doing hundreds of experiments to try to find out the whys and wherefores: experiments with plants, with human tissue, with guinea pigs and with human guinea pigs. And all they can tell us is that thiamin, when it is ab into certain specific enzyn as catalysts to help cell promote growth. Which vague to me but will have morrow. They're probabl out a lot more about th next few years or even may find out that some of just been telling you abo after all, but they're almo to find out that a great m remarkable things are tru

I heard a horticultural-i at a cocktail party th solemnly assuring her since she had been feed with vitamin B_1 they h much longer stems and b When I cornered her on th tail and taxed her with assured me that all intell ers were using vitamin plants.

So step right up, ladie men, get your Universal cine.

And it certainly is, but brown rice and whole-w

A Brother Offended

Continued from page 13

the shine of their hide got to do with the way they pull?"

"I dunno." Sandy said. "Maybe a horse likes to look nice, same as a man."

Red roared with angry mirth at that, and in the days and weeks that followed he continued to ridicule Sandy's solicitude for his team. As though to prove his point, he somewhat neglected his own; yet that was a winter when a man needed a good team. They were cutting spruce and hemlock on the high ground north of the river, and every stick of it had to be hauled down to the landing to wait till the ice went out in the spring.

The men, routed out long before dawn, struck the first ax into the tall trees as soon as it was light enough to see. Camp was on the edge of the intervale, at the foot of the hill; but twice a day old Ike Marner, the cook, hauled a robust meal of pork and beans and biscuits and pie and coffee up to them, in a two-wheeled cart with a pair of birch poles lashed to the axle and trailing behind to hold the cart on the steep grade when the team stopped to breathe.

The hill was a quarter mile long, and it was a bad one. If it had been a few degrees steeper, Jock MacIlroy would have built a slide and let the great logs go down by gravity; but as it was, they used a snub line. This was a hawser a full three inches thick and long enough to reach from the top of the hill to the bottom, with some to spare. When a teamster reached the top of the pitch with his sled loaded high with logs, he stopped and took the end of the hawser and passed it around the load, throwing two or three half hitches so that it would draw tight and hold. With the bight of the line he laid four or five coils around a three-foot hemlock stump at the head of the grade, and then started his team down the hill. The weight of the heavy hawser kept a pressure on those coils around the stump sufficient to check the load.

EXCEPT on the hill itself, the road was glare ice, sprinkled every night; and on this glassy footing a team could move a tremendous load. But on the hill, there was no ice, and whenever snow fell the men cleared the worst of it away; and dirt and sand and small boughs were thrown in the way to give friction that helped check the heavy descending loads. The road down the hill ran as straight as possible; but left turn near the top, and gradual near the botto turns were well banked to to hold the heavy sleds pointed path.

The heavier the load came down the hill, but S that his own sled loads w reasonable bounds; and wore on, Red began to der excess of caution. Also b scure reasons it had bec to his own self-respect himself a better man every way, he handled loads, working his team t ing them cruelly hard.

ON a day in January, F from the cutting, st legged atop his tremend above the ground; and a post he checked the hor down. He threw the end around the load and mad he mounted the load aga whip to his horses, and the traces, their feet flyi the load down the hill.

The first pitch was They passed the first t into the steepest part of were halfway down it wh hawser jerk like a pluck felt the shock run th under his feet. Instant his horses, shouting at t but behind him the we parted, and suddenly t logs was sliding free.

There was another t descent below them. T massive burden gathe horses breaking into a r their heels, and Red jur a flying leap and lande and feet, sprawling in sled plunged on. The d raced to outrun it, but w ing hand upon the reins and the sled overtook th them scream, and the m below heard them scre at the cutting, half a m the high land, heard the piled into them, the ch the great logs cascaded fallen horses, smashin bloody pulp.

...ock ...acIlroy had been tramping up
...tra ...from camp to the cutting; and
...was ...st to reach them. The one that
...s sti...live, he killed with his ax, put-
...g the ...east out of its wretched agony.
...en R...l came racing down the hill.
...The ...amned snub line parted!" he
...red.
...Aye Jock agreed. "I c'n see that,
...i." ...e asked: "Hurt, are you?"
...No, ...jumped clear."
...It w...s a good team," Jock com-
...nted "But you loaded them too
...vy ...ce too often!"
...led, ...nowing himself in the wrong,
...the ...ore angry for that knowledge.
...on't ...ou try to tell me!" he cried
...ous... and he lunged at Jock Mac-
...y, h... fists swinging.
...o a...ck Jock was not considered
..., a... in his calmer moments Red
...w it ...ut rage drove him witless, and
...uffe...d for it now. Jock was twenty
...rs o...r, and twenty pounds lighter;
...he ...eversed his ax and with the
...dle ...t Red's scalp to the bone and
...him ...enseless. He kicked snow on
...l's h...d to fetch him around, and
...n th... other could sit up Jock told
...cal...y:
...And ...e next time, I'll use the other
...of ...e ax, Red; so don't cut your
...b at...e!"
...hen ...s the men, drawn by the
...ams... the dying horses, came troop-
...dow...he hill, he faced them mildly.
...rig... boys," he said. "Red sluiced
...ean...so we've got this mess to clear
...y."
...ow ...nub line may break with any
..., ar... when one breaks death takes
...and... So no one blamed Red for
...ping ...but Red blamed himself, and
...ead ...ame in their eyes where there
...nor... Also, he had tackled Jock
...llro... and Jock had handled him,
...sinc...he had come to manhood no
...had...ested Red in any physical en-
...ter...When a man has been used to
...ess,...ilure is a bitter pill. Red took
...thin...hard; and because they saw
..., so... of the men kept him re-
...ded ... what had happened. Sandy
... his...nly open defender, but Red
...nted...hat too; and he bade Sandy
...! his...wn affairs, and Sandy held his
...ue a...d hoped Red would be better
...nd b...
...ed ...s still—next to Sandy—the
... tea...ster in the crew; so Jock put
...gus ...acConnell to work as a
...mpe...nd gave his team to Red. But
...gus h...d an ill-mated pair of horses,
...ver ...uealing and nipping at each
...r; a... Red, always heavy-handed,
... con...antly in trouble with them.
... fact...hat Sandy continued to move
...e th... his share of logs, in a calm,
...urrie... way, keeping his horses al-
...a in... fine temper and condition,
...ned ... Red like a deliberate affront.
...beca...e surly and morose, working in
...ur si...nce.

...TE...the accident, the work inevita-
...bly s...wed. Jock MacIlroy sent down-
...t for...nother team, but till it could
...ve, ...e horses still working could
...kee...p with the rest of the crew.
..., R... had always been the pace
...er, b... now he lagged, and the work
...ed t... Then one day his ugly humor
...e to...head. At the cutting, loading
...sled...ith logs, he had trouble with
...hors... The temper in him comu-
...nicat... itself to them, and they
...ealed...nd bridled, and one of them
...ed c... and his hoof brushed Red's
...aser ...g. His whip was not heavy
...ugh ... punish them as he wished,
... he c...ght up a stave beside the load
... swu... it high.
...andy... sled, waiting to be loaded,
... just...ehind Red's; and Sandy, lov-
...hors... too well to see them abused,
...ched...e big man before he could
...ke a ...cond blow. He dove at Red

like a bull and rolled him in the snow; and then Jock MacIlroy was on top of them, spinning Sandy away while Red scrambled to his feet. Red was raging to get at Sandy, but Jock had his ax in his hand; and he said curtly:

"That's enough, Red." He called old Fergus MacConnell, whose team this had been. "Gentle those horses, Ferg," he said, "and take that load down. You'll drive from now on. Red, get your ax and go to swamping." He added flatly: "Or roll your bed and get out of camp!"

Some thought for a minute that Red would jump Jock again. He stood with lowering eyes, taut and scowling. But then Fergus tried to swing the team, and the nigh horse squealed and bit his mate and reared and straddled the traces; and half a dozen men leaped to steady them, and Red grinned maliciously.

"Go it, Ferg!" he called to the man who had displaced him on the load. "You're welcome to 'em, for all of me!"

He was laughing, but when he caught Sandy's eye he stopped laughing; for it was Sandy who had rolled him in the snow. "I'll teach you to keep yore hands off of me, farmer," he said grimly. "But that can wait a spell." He clambered on Ferg's load to ride down and fetch his ax; and the team headed away for the landing.

SANDY did not speak. He went on to get his load of logs. They were cutting a vein of big spruce, two feet and better at the butt, sawing the stuff to fourteen and sixteen feet where it fell. Sandy helped load four logs, and three atop them, and two, and one to cap the pile. He saw them snugly nested and chained. Ten logs of that size would have been too much load for some teams, but Sandy's team in Sandy's hands could handle them.

As far as the snubbing post at the head of the steep pitch he brought them briskly. The road was glare ice, banked at the edges with old snow long since packed and frozen hard. On the level they moved the sled easily; and for the occasional short upward slope Sandy gave them a flying start.

At the top of the hill he halted them. The snub line lay loosely coiled around the old hemlock stump, one end of it in sight four or five rods down the first pitch, the other end going on down the hill to where Fergus on his last descent had loosed it from his load when he reached the level intervale. Sandy hauled in the short end and bent it around his load and threw the hitches to hold it. He ordered the coils on the snubbing post, taking up what slack there was; then climbed up to stand poised on the single log which topped his load, eight or nine feet above the ground. He spoke to his horses, cheerfully yet briskly, gathering the reins.

"So Blackie! Mike! Take it away!"

They chose their vantage with mincing hoofs, tightened the traces and threw their weight into it. The sled lurched forward, slewed a little sidewise, then started down the hill. Here there was no ice under them, and little snow; and they had at first to work to keep the sled moving, till the grade increased and helped them. The long end of the snub line, sliding up the hill as they went down, was on Sandy's left. He kept the team to the right to leave it clear.

As the grade increased, the road made an easy left turn to clear a boulder that had been too big to move. A young hemlock, three or four inches through, grew there and fended the snub line away from the boulder; and Sandy noticed as he approached the spot that the winter's work had worn that hemlock through. It was broken off since his last trip, and the line was running now against the ice that sheathed the side of the boulder. The hemlock must



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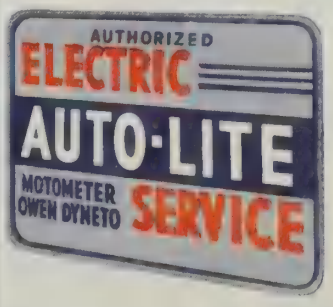
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have fallen under the strain of the last descending load. Sandy made a mental note that something must be put to replace it before the line should begin to rasp against the naked boulder itself.

He saw Red, just below the turn, tramping back up the hill to the cutting with his ax over his shoulder. He hoped Red would lift a hand in greeting, but Red did not even look up as Sandy and the team went by.

Below the turn, the steepest part of the descent began. The sled slid almost of its own weight, and the horses needed only to give it a twitch now and then to keep it moving. Sandy guided them with a light, sure hand; a quiet word.

He was five or six rods below the turn when the sled under him vibrated to a sharp flip of the line; it lurched forward more sharply, then checked again. Sandy knew what had happened. Somewhere up the hill behind him, between him and the snub post, a strand in the hawser had parted.

THERE was still a chance that the remaining strands might hold, or that the sled might check sufficiently so that he could swing the horses sidewise off the road and twitch the sled around and bring it to a halt. He gathered the reins to take that chance if it came.

But it did not come. A second strand let go, and the sled plunged ahead as the third strand straightened. Then it too broke under the heavy strain, and the sled was free. It began inexorably to gather speed.

Sandy yelled sharply to the horses. He flipped the reins, and they felt the sled upon their heels and leaped into a headlong run. Sandy, high above them, might have jumped; but he did not. He settled his calks into the great log he rode and steadied Big Mike and Blackie with firm hands upon the reins and took his chance with them.

Within three rods, the sled was in full career, the horses racing headlong, hurling themselves down the sharp descent with an avalanche of death upon their heels. They tried to swerve aside, but Sandy held them in the road. If they swerved, the sled plunging straight on would whip them off their feet, roll them under and crush them utterly. Speed was their only chance, and Sandy's steadying hand upon the reins.

So they ran, and Sandy atop the load, crouching a little to hold his balance, spoke to them in low, pleading tones that yet were clear and bold, urging them on. The steepest part of the descent was perhaps twenty rods in length. Beyond that, the grade became progressively less as the road made out into the intervale for the half-mile pull to the landing by the river side. If they could keep ahead of the sled till the grade began to ease, they might win through; but till then any slackening of their pace, or a stumble by either one, and the sled would run them under as a liner runs down a helpless fisherman in a foggy night on the banks.

Sandy did not think of his own danger, though that was real enough. If the horses fell—or even if the chains which held the logs should break—he would be caught and crushed as easily as a fly; but he forgot that, intent only on doing all a man could do to help his team win through.

It seemed to him a long time before the grade flattened out ahead of them. After that there was still ten or twelve rods to go to reach the level intervale, but now the pace of the sled was no longer accelerating, and presently it would begin to slow down. Yet the horses by this time were running so fast, in blind and desperate flight from the sure destruction on their heels, that as the sled slowed they began to bring the traces taut again, to put some traction on the load. Sandy swung them around the last turn, and saw th of the wood ahead, and the i beyond; and then they burst the cover of the trees and hit t iced road across the level to the

The horses were still in ful and the sled here needed lit Its own momentum was so gr when it hit the ice it seemed ahead. Sandy began to gather t to check by ever so little, and w more than with hands, their race. The great pile of log landing seemed to leap towa In their panic they might plung into it, to be crushed by the hind; but Sandy little by littl them and he swung them at las soft snow, not deep, beside t The snow checked the sled traces lent their pull to Sandy reins. He stopped them safe a

When they were still, Sand to the ground and came to the speaking to them easily, so steadiness might steady them.

"So, Blackie," he said. "S Good running, boys! You do

Then men were crowding arc clapping him on the back, a him and praising the team; the bunk house old Ike Ma white cook's apron flapping, c ning across the intervale, an MacConnell and other men we heels.

It was Fergus who stopped o to look at the broken end of line, and when he came on, h the hawser after him, and whe near enough he shouted: "S been cut. Look a-here!"

The men trooped to meet hi last of all. Sandy walked sl his face was white, and he wa legged as a dog. They made him, and Fergus put the fray the hawser in his hands.

The evidence was plain eno hawser, dragging down the h wake of Sandy's headlong f raveled out; but it was still p see here and there strands that sliced across at an angle by s edge. Sandy, looking at it, wa snow.

Then he looked yonder tow the road came out of the w they all saw Red Fowler app Red was running. His ax v hands. Sandy went to meet h

After a few steps, Sandy to run, like a thirsty man in sigh The others followed on. Red coming, and he slowed, and wh near, some of them saw tha were shining as though with a faction; and he shouted: "B down, did ye, Sandy? Good

Sandy, still running, answ He did not shout, but every him plain.

"You cut the snub line, called in icy tones. "You t my team!"

And with the word, and b could speak, he drove home He hit Red fair, his fist la looping overhand blow tha Red's nose and sent him ree ward. Red's ax flew out of and the bigger man went do

RED, after Jock took his t from him, had been in rage against Sandy and the by the time he had ridden do and tramped halfway up t was almost himself again. met Sandy's sled, descending Sandy would call a word t Sandy did not, and Red pass lifting his eyes.

He had reached the snu when, down the hill below hi the hawser let go, one stran another. He turned to shout

ndy He yelled to the other to
But e knew Sandy would not
nd raced down the hill, ex-
to ar the crash of the sled,
g to ag Sandy from the wreck-
help im if there was help any
ild ve. His heart in him was
h s ething like prayer that
nigh go unhurt, and as he ran
ed S dy for a fool to risk his
sti ng to the sled.
he ssed the turn by the hem-
cau t a glimpse of the career-
l as t rounded the curve far
im; nd since the horses thus
nelc eir own, he began to hope
nigh bring them through. He
do the hill, slipping and slid-
stun ling, and emerged into the
e a saw the horses and the
a ar sound. He raced toward
out hen the men clustered
bega to run to meet him, Sandy
ad.
the ere near, he called a glee-
l to ndy, and then Sandy ac-
im cutting the hawser; and
ppe still in a blank astonish-
nd ndy hit him like a pro-
ad k cked him down.

olov leared Red's head. Fight-
as a ing he understood. Sandy
o ju o at him on the ground, to
me is calks, but Red rolled
d ca to his feet, and they met
ace ain.
as t w the aggressor, and after
at h weight and strength began
San gave ground, a little and
nore No one interfered. Jock
y m t have stopped them, but
it th cutting, a mile away. Of
m. n e chose to part these two.
ed I at Sandy down. Oh, Sandy
ight it! For a while it seemed
col rage in the smaller man
ven rry him through to vic-
t it c not. Red beat him back,
dy b an to sag, and at last, not
e blo but from many, his knees

d n fall. He clung limply
Red, nd those who watched ex-
o se Red fling him down and
boo to him; and they surged
all them Sandy's partisans,
ready to pull Red away from the beaten man.

But when Sandy could no longer strike a blow, Red caught him, and then as gently as a woman he eased Sandy down till he himself was on his knees, holding his brother in his arms. Sandy still fought weakly to be free; but Red held him and he said in a fierce tenderness:

"Hush now, little man! Hush! Be easy! Have some sense, Sandy! You know well I'd never want to hurt you nor your team!"

THEY found the answer when they went up the trail to see. Where that small hemlock had been chafed through, letting the hawser rasp against the boulder, someone had tossed aside, in the fall when the camp was young, a bottle that had held rum. The bottle broke against the boulder, and the bottom half of it had been buried these weeks since in packed ice and snow till the sliding hawser wore the ice away and laid the keen edge bare. The broken glass had cut into the hemp in fifty places; and when the cut places slid around the snub post and took the weight of the load, these severed strands began the break that the weight of Sandy's load finished.

Sandy was contrite when he knew. "I'm sorry, Red. I was an awful fool to think you'd do a thing like that! Now I've busted your nose and all." He grinned at himself. "And I was a bigger fool to think I could handle you!"

Red chuckled. He was feeling fine! Lusty violence had purged the ugly humors out of him, and it was good to be in the right again, and—he had always loved this little man. "You nigh had me," he proudly confessed. "You were plumb numerous for a while. I didn't know if there was one of you or ten, and the church bells were ringing in my head!"

"You filled my dish!" said Sandy. "But I needed worse than I got, for blaming you at all. I'll find a way to make it up to you."

Red grinned and clapped the other's shoulder. "Why, that's easy done," he said. "Just let me stand up with you and Molly when the drive is down!"



You can't wear that to a picnic, dear. Keep it for a formal party where you don't take off your coat"

GEORGE SHELLHASE



There are approximately umpteen thousand people in this photograph of Coney Island beach. (You have our permission to count them, if you doubt our figure.)

There are approximately 100,000,000,000,000,000,000 grains of sand in Coney Island beach. (If you doubt it, we refer you to that delightful and intriguing book, *Mathematics and the Imagination.)*

But it really isn't very important, to us or to you, exactly how many people there are in the photograph, or how many grains of sand comprise Coney Island beach. In cases such as this, figures of the roughly-speaking or it-is-estimated variety do very well.

Not so in the case of Business and Industry!

Management needs accurate figures—on profit and loss, sales and markets, production and inventory—and it needs those figures fast. For figures—accurate, up to date and objectively interpreted—are the basis for many of Management's most important decisions.

That fact explains why Comptometer adding-calculating machines, and modern Comptometer methods of handling vital figure work, play such an essential role in the theater of American enterprise . . . why the phrase "Comptometer Economy" is becoming synonymous with *"more figure work handled in less time at lower cost."*

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COMPTOMETER
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ADDING-CALCULATING MACHINES

Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor • CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor • THOMAS H. BECK,



"Their Finest Hour"

ANY dawning now, Hitler's invasion forces may sneak across the Channel or the North Sea or both and hammer at the walls of Britain's island fortress.

Hitler is said by some military authorities, although there are no trustworthy figures available for publication, to have as many as 36,000 to 70,000 planes, 225 divisions of soldiers (ten to twenty of them armored, with 450 tanks apiece); fleets of ingenious barges and deadly little torpedo boats; heavy complements of parachute troops and air-borne infantry; perhaps some tank-carrier planes; bombs of unheard-of explosive power, a silent airplane engine, aircraft-detection gadgets of all but human intelligence.

Against this array, the British from general report can pit an army of about 2,000,000 soldiers, 2,000,000 home guards, a Royal Air Force inferior in quantity but superior in quality to the Luftwaffe, a huge and intricate system of beach and coast defenses and most of the superb fighting ships of the British navy. Perhaps the British also have a "blue wonder" up their sleeves—a mechanical "blue wonder."

There is one "blue wonder" (Hitler's phrase) which the world knows the British have—their eternal courage and stubbornness; their downright mental inability to be frightened by bluff or propaganda or to know when they're licked. And it may be that that quality will win for them in the end.

As to that, we don't attempt to
dictions are worse than foolish.

We do want to pass along, thou
tation that we ran across the oth
John Bunyan's (1628-88) "Holy

For here lay the excellent wisdo
built Mansoul, that the walls could n
down nor hurt by the most mighty ad
unless the townsmen gave consent th

As nears what Churchill said w
finest hour, we feel that we vo
ments of at least 90% of the Am
when we wish the British peopl
in the world in meeting this m
lenge in all their history.

How to Teach Democracy

LAWRENCEVILLE, famous prep school, announces a new course for all its fourth-formers—a course in the fundamentals of democracy.

That sounds bad at first: calls up memories of high-school textbooks in civics, than which earth knows no drier, to the best of our recollection. But the Alma Mater of Owen Johnson's Tennessee Shad, Doc MacNooder and Dink Stover doesn't plan this course to work out that way.

Lawrenceville intends henceforth to show its fourth-formers how democracy's essential wheels go around. There will be open forums, field work, outside reading, lectures by informed and interesting experts rather than by professional patriots, some social-service work—all designed to show the students how our democracy really works today, instead of pumping them full of hoary theories on how it ought to work.

It sounds good to us. This is obviously the way to propagandize for democracy inside a democracy. Make it interesting. Let the facts speak for themselves, and show the boys just how and why their lives are more livable in a democracy than they would be under some other kind of government. And above all, hire persons of imagination, vision and enthusiasm to do the teaching.

In which connection we remem
fession of a young reformed R
printed some months ago by our
league, The American Magazine.
the main reason why he had joi
munist party was that at no tim
been taught, either in school or
very things that Lawrenceville p
its students.

We expect to follow this exper
terest, we wish it every success.
it turns in the answer to the prob
make democracy come alive in t
hearts of the young people of at le
cratic nation.

Freedom for Saboteurs

IT APPEARS that our key labor law, the Wagner Act, can be so interpreted as to forbid employers to hire detectives to track down saboteurs in their own plants. That seems passing thick to us.

One of the original objects of the Wagner Act, of course, was to wipe out the labor-spy racket. That was and is an excellent object. The practice of hiring spies, finks, stool pigeons, etc., to bulldoze workers out of joining unions is a vicious practice. In its prime it worked perhaps a thousand injustices and tyrannies for each genuine labor faker or racketeer that it thwarted.

But when the Wagner Act is used to keep employers who are actually menaced by sabotage artists from hiring detectives to ferret out wreckers and jerk them into criminal court, that is going too far. That can't have been the intention of Congress when it adopted the Wagner Act. Now, with defense the
special No. 1 Item on the natio
Wagner Act loophole for sabot
through is intolerable.

Amendment of the act in th
Congress is strongly indicated—
rulings on the point by the Natio
lations Board. We can't see a
fooling around about it, either.
too critical for dilatory tactics.

ollier's

:H 22, 1941 FIVE CENTS

PUBLIC LIBRARY

'RE
THE ARMY NOW

General
igh A. Drum

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Is it True what I Hear?

Is Plymouth actually the Lowest-Priced of "All Three" Leading Low-Priced Cars on Many Models?

1

Is it True that 4 out of 10 New Plymouth Buyers are Switching Cars—Trading in Other Makes?

2

Does the Old Saying "Look at All Three" mean More Than Ever Before to Thrifty New-Car Buyers?

3



Yes—IT'S ALL TRUE!

IT WILL PAY YOU to make a few comparisons...and ride in the beautiful new Plymouth...before you decide on any 1941 car! *You'll be money ahead!*

Plymouth's 117-inch wheelbase is longest of "All 3" low-priced cars. You enjoy a spacious Fashion-Tone Interior—and new smoothness on the road.

Plymouth's new High-Torque Performance with new power-gearing means less shifting. And you get the great new Safety Rim Wheels (exclusive with Plymouth in the low-price field)...designed to prevent a flat tire from rolling off the wheel.

You get an Oil Bath Air Cleaner, new High-Duty Engine Bearings, Front Coil Springs—on even lowest-priced models. See your Plymouth dealer! *Prices subject to change without notice.* Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

Tune in Major Bowes, C. B. S., Thurs., 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

SEE THE NEW 1941 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Lowest-Priced of "All Three" on Many Models!

Collier's

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MARCH 22, 1941

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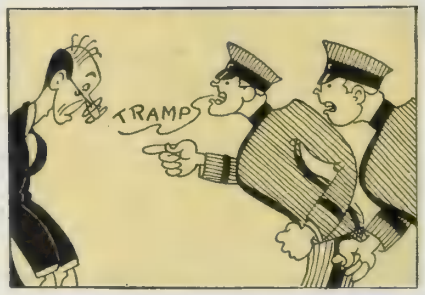
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COVER REA IRVIN

ANY WEEK

TO OUR amazement we find that this is not the first time a threat of war has come to an unprepared America. But that's what comes of spending too much time in Washington, listening to too many politicians. Why, in 1917 one of the outstanding naval commanders of the day issued orders to an ensign to proceed to Square Twenty, wherever that was, and do something about submarines. We get the whole story from Mr. W. H. Thomas of Neosho, Missouri, and Mr. Thomas got it from the record. The ensign reported to the commander that the ship in which he was ordered to capture submarines was without guns—therefore would the commander install a gun or so at once. The commander became haughty—the guns were not needed; proceed at once, sir. Whereat the ensign went to the supply officer and made requisition for one dozen boat hooks. The supply officer, properly enough, wanted to know what the young man wanted twelve boat hooks for. Said the ensign: "I am ordered to report to station and look for subs. But the vessel has no guns and I am ordered to proceed without them. I am therefore ordering the boat hooks so that we will have something with which to catch the subs and bring them in."



AMONG others, Mr. Lewis Simons, of The Citadel, a military college in Charleston, South Carolina, makes protest against the place given the name of that school in our recent editorial By Bits and Pieces. As everybody recalls, the editorial urged the integration of our various military schools that our Army might break the officer bottleneck that's now worrying the general staff. The editorial said nothing about bottlenecked officers. Nor is that what The Citadel complains of. The trouble is context. The editor cited the schools in the following order: "V.M.I., Norwich, Culver, Shattuck, New Mexico M.I., New York Military Academy, The Citadel, Staunton, Augusta, etc." Says Mr. Simons: "Because of the tremendous circulation of Collier's, a definite harm has been done this institution by the place it was given in the editorial. Our 1,300 cadets are scandalized but I trust none of them will be discourteous in his effort to set right the editorial staff of Collier's." Thus far only two of the scandalized cadets have made any effort to set us right, both of them informing us as officers and gentlemen that the writer of that editorial is a tramp who would be the better for a smack in the kisser. So, adjusting our old school tie, we're sorry. The Citadel is a front-rank military college with deservedly lofty traditions.

THE moment we get time we shall consider the case of a young lady who confesses that she is "almost three years back on Deanna Durbin." She explains that she collects articles about Miss Durbin and photographs too. Three years ago this magazine published a piece about Miss Durbin, with photograph, and our young lady has just caught up with it. She'd like to have copies. "I have 1052 articles about Miss Durbin," she writes, "and 983 photographs and reproductions. I have three personal letters from her too. I hope I haven't got you confused."

A FRIEND of ours who's a member of a draft board received a reassuring letter from a young man whose number was getting pretty well up on the list of selectees: "Dear sir. I am an electrician who is very busy. If my number comes up and things are in bad shape and you can't wait till I get home at night, send somebody around to Kelly's on Front Street. I'll be working there for the next two weeks."

WE HAVE returned to Mr. Bert B. Hogan of Grand Rapids, Michigan, the sum of one dollar. We hope that his contribution eventually reaches the proper hands. We can't take the responsibility. "Please send this buck to the Greek army," writes Mr. Hogan. "Tell them it's from me and is to be used to buy ten scups coffee and ten pieces strumberry pie for the boys."

PERHAPS we'd better speak to our editorial writers. People are reading what they write. We haven't had such a week for weeks. There was one —Nova's Novel Notion; a plug for Mr. Lou Nova's thumbless boxing glove ideas. The idea seems to be that if there were no thumbs on boxing gloves, there would be no thumbs stuck in boxers' eyes. For some reason, boxers don't like to have thumbs stuck in their eyes. This is very silly and, according to the Honorable George H. Watson, mayor of Romantic Alta, Utah, and Big Brave of the Roaring Gulch Lode of the Great American Prospectors Association, very pantypants. We are, of course, using Mr. Watson's own words. "What good would a man without thumbs be in a fight anyway?" demands Mr. Watson. "The boys of Romantic Alta and Roaring Gulch spend two weeks getting their thumbs in shape before every meeting of the GAPA. I am now organizing a company of thumb fighters in case we have to fight Popeye Hitler. These boys won't want any mechan and they don't want ar out thumbs either. Yo been out here last electi zens had to be led h thumbed in. And fou southpaw fighters had thumbs reset for the Ch ties."



BEING patriotic, Mr Chawder of Oakland, C like to know "what par America will play in the It was while we were answer that we got a l Howard Keller of Ki suggesting that all con houses, go home and t take their places in W don't know whether it an improvement," sig "except that the wome to F.D.R. and that'll b admit that the noise v bad. I was wondering be like if Congress wa tirely of lady Senator V on the same subject M rich of Little Rock, Ar with a really startling suppose the Honorabl Long were still with us

AND speaking of Huey lusck of Fort Wayne, I that under the cover furor many of our r ing politicians will be be unable to resist t they spurned before th switched from them t "Nobody's paying an our governors, legisla local patriots, and for twenty-five years they says Mr. Bellusck. "F one of them has alread eight vacuum cleaner feet of copper tubing, a five rugs and an autom me too that another twelve dollars for a twenty-eight acres of the poor farm and t country's busiest ma stolen a tractor. All I hear but if I was in poli smart guys looking th kinda think how nice would look in the old

WE'RE not surprised.

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EACH CAN SAY



"I WAS A CLERK"



"I WAS A LINEMAN"



"I WAS A DRAFTSMAN"

RTY-EVEN years ago, in 1904, the presi-
of the American Telephone and Telegraph
pany went to work as a clerk in one of the
System companies.

bout that time, the 18 men who are now
ores ents of the Bell telephone companies
sta ing their careers. For, like the head
he System, they have worked many years in the business — an average of 38 years each. Each of them can say: "I was a clerk," "I was a lineman," "I was a draftsman" — and so on.

The "know how" is here—for the every-day job of running the telephone business or to serve you in emergency. Up-from-the-ranks management is doubly important these days.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE BELL SYSTEM IS DOING ITS PART IN THE COUNTRY'S PROGRAM OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

You'll like yeast this new way







BOB: Drinking it! . . . By golly, I got a notion to take it up again. I felt swell when I was eating yeast, but I never liked the taste.

SOPHY: Go ahead. Now you can stay with it long enough to get the good out of it . . . and there's more pleasin'. Tastes like yeast-fresh bread, easy to mix. What more do you want?



BOB: Sure! I always knew the authorities were right when they said "yeast is one of the richest sources of the amazing vitamin B complex," and "more vitamins" is my favorite motto.

SOPHY: But maybe you won't get enough of those vitamins. So try yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . And we'll bet you don't find a seat on top of the world!



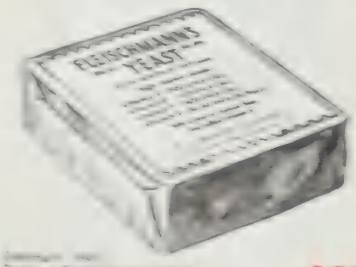
MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a big glass with a fork.



STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way! It's quick, too . . . while business takes less than a minute!



Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast

DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!



Stewardess Margaret Mellon serves a C. & S. Air Lines passenger—food aloft matches that of the best restaurants nowadays

YOUR doctor has always told you that you eat too much. Your wife has always told you that you eat too quickly. It was inevitable that airline stewardesses—being trained nurses who, in their professional solicitude for your welfare aloft, usurp certain attributes of both physician and wife—would critically analyze your plane food. So now comes Miss Margaret Mellon to confirm the worst fears of the Missus and your family doctor.

Miss Mellon (she is "Miss American Aviation" to her publicity department because of a national-contest title she won) flies between Chicago and New Orleans—both well-known gourmet paradises—for C. & S. Air Lines. She has "timetabled" your eating habits in the air.

It takes the average traveler, Miss Mellon observes, only half an hour—or "100 miles," as they say in the air where time is calculated by distance—to finish off a whole meal, from bouillon to burps. The schedule:

Twenty-five miles for a bowl of soup—and dainty pecks at the olives, pickles, and celery with Roquefort.

Forty miles for the main dish—although spring chicken à la Louisianne might take a few miles longer than steak or lamb because of the bones to be picked.

Twenty miles for the salad. Meanwhile, of course, you're munching along on the rolls, corn sticks and butter.

Fifteen miles for the dessert—ice cream or gooseberry chiffon tart, or whatever.

One hundred miles is average. Miss Mellon reports with considerable misgivings that far too many of us reach the mints, toothpick and nap in 85 miles or less. She doesn't know quite what to say about one fellow who ate for 401 miles.

IT REMINDS us of the first time this problem of feeding customers was faced by American commercial aviation. That was back in the mid-twenties, when the old Western Air Express began to fly the so-called "Guggenheim Model Airway" from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

There were no stewardesses in those days and the management could turn to no one but pilots to get firsthand advice on what to serve in flight. Pilots are always hungry—those of 15 years ago especially so, and they arranged menus that would founder a fullback. Pea soup, breaded veal cutlets with boiled potatoes and thick gr... pie with store cheese. A d... too snack. There were no ... the planes; no way to keep th... It came aboard in cardbo... thrown back with the mail sac... cans, until the copilot, an ho... after take-off, had a chance ... By that time rough air, ... and other factors had welded ... ful into one indistinguishable ...

The way those green-fac... gers had to be assisted from ... at journey's end was not g... tising for air travel!

STEWARDESSES, extensio... ules, medical studies of ... increase in size of planes an... for preserving food, ... brought changes.

For years—after the "M... way" experience—airlines se... greaseless, balanced, acid-all... during meals: tomato, orang... fruit juices, hot clear bouill... salad, lady fingers, tea, asp...

Nowadays, however, meals ... make-up to those you get ... restaurants aground are sem... fear. Several reasons. Tod... cept flight as commonplace ... longer nervous. Again, plane... and more smoothly away fro... bulent air currents near t... Your stomach doesn't have ... pered—only filled.

Meals are served free on ... States airlines.

This custom is not univer... eign lines. For example on ... mous biplane "flying bowl... Heracles type which used to ... London and Paris there we... pantries and a pair of wa... the table and take your or... printed and priced menu ... a cocktail and wine list, also...

You can't buy drinks or ... American planes. Not even ... will you be accepted as a p... you're under the influence.

Fair enough, too! If you d... night long ago when Pilot A... pushing an old B-40 up th... River passes, bound from ... Salt Lake, suddenly discov... passenger seated out upon ... He had one leg and one a... for dear life around a str... shouting "Yippee" and w... hand, waving a bottle—

Getting alcohol stains a ... nice wing.



SAFETY? There's

19 FEET OF GRIP

in every foot of this tread!

...new improved first-line "G-3" All-Weather . . . 20% longer-wearing . . . yet it costs you less per mile than ever before!

In these days of rising material costs, the ability of manufacturers to maintain values is being put to acid test.

Many are the solution to raise prices, or cut quality. But Goodyear is doing neither.

Instead, you pay less for the new edition of our famed first-line tire, "All-Weather—the world's standard of tire value—*but you get a better tire.*

How much better? Well, down the years we've been running leading makes of tires until they wore down to the fabric—with these results:

Under identical conditions our "G-3" quality construction averages 20% longer mileage than the popular first-line tires of 1939.

A 19 to 1 safety factor

But what this longer wear means to you in *safety* can be plainly seen, right in the "G-3" tread.

Look how those deep-cut diamonds slant across the tread; how their sharp edges bite in all directions to brake against both skidding and slipping.

Run a finger over it and you'll discover that all these sharp skid edges add up to more than NINETEEN feet of grip in every single foot of the All-Weather tread—nineteen feet of safety in every foot of tread.

That's a 19 to 1 safety factor—that will grip in any direction, as millions of car owners have learned in 30 years' experience.



STAR FEATURES of the first-line "G-3" All-Weather—WORLD STANDARD OF TIRE VALUE

ALL-WEATHER CENTER TRACTION—proved safest for a quarter century.

LONGER NON-SKID MILEAGE—from tougher thick flat tread—more rubber on the road.

QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING—deep non-skid blocks in center of tread for firm grip.

NO SLIP ON CURVES—heavy shoulder blocks resist sliding.

FORTIFIED TREAD—new improved rubber compound gives increased resistance to cuts and bruises.

GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION—new stronger higher-tensile Supertwist cord in every ply.

SMART APPEARANCE—prismed sidewalls, wide decorative ribs.

New low cost in mileage

How can we offer so much more value for less money? Because savings from new streamlined manufacturing and distribution methods are being given back to you in higher-quality tires.

This means you can still ride on safe, first-quality rubber without penny-pinching. See this great "G-3" All-Weather and you'll see why it's true *"You get the most for your money in a Goodyear!"*

All-Weather, Supertwist—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



One by One they let him go— Danny had the double-O

OFFENSIVE BREATH—OFFENSIVE-LOOKING TEETH

Of course they dropped him! Offensive breath is bad enough, but offensive-looking teeth also? Well . . . that's the "Double O," and the combination is too much for any woman to put up with.

But why risk "Double O"? There are two trustworthy products that offer you a delightful double precaution against the frequent causes of this double offense.

One you know about—Listerine with its amazing antiseptic and deodorant power. Listerine Antiseptic is famous for its wonderful action against halitosis (bad breath) due to food fermentation in the mouth—the major cause, in the opinion of some authorities, of this condition.

The other is the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Here, at last, is a real aid against offensive-looking teeth. For 3 years our skilled experts worked to achieve this new, finer dentifrice, specially created to help restore lustre to dull enamel . . . personality to your smile.

You'll be literally astounded when you see how it goes to work on tooth surfaces . . . cleansing, brightening, gold-lustre! Why not see for yourself how much it does to bring out the true sparkle of teeth and smile?

If you want to put your best foot forward, use Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Antiseptic, night and morning, and before every social engagement. It's the ideal pair for oral care—the double precaution against the "Double O" (offensive breath and offensive teeth).

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

MAKE YOURSELF MORE ALLURING . . . with this double precaution against DOUBLE "O"



Listerine Antiseptic
FOR THE BREATH

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
FOR THE TEETH



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Mexico still stages spectacles in which savage beasts fight to the death. Such combats, between bulls and lions, were presented in the city of Acapulco in the spring of 1940.

In some Latin-American countries, such as Bolivia, Costa Rica, Honduras and Nicaragua, telephone calls to and from the United States can be sent or received only in certain booths in certain cities.

One of the greatest feats in maritime history was performed by a Captain Samuel Samuels in the Atlantic in 1862, after his ship, the Dreadnought, had lost her rudder in a terrific gale. Unable to turn the vessel around, he succeeded in getting the two-hundred-foot clipper to the Azores, a distance of 182 miles, in fifty-two hours, steering her backward by manipulating the sails.—*By Amy Z. Krochmal, Washington, D. C.*

As late as the 1880's, freight rates on some American railroads were so high that the cost of sending a large shipment of nails from New York to San Francisco was greater than the cost of sending it to England and having it reshipped in a British vessel down around Cape Horn and up the Pacific Coast.—*By John P. Anderson, Worcester, Massachusetts.*

Two small pieces of United States territory can be reached by land only through Canada. One is a section of Washington, located on a British Columbia peninsula that projects into Puget Sound; the other is a section of Minnesota, located on a Manitoba peninsula that projects into Lake of the Woods.—*By Hilda Thordarson, Seattle, Washington.*

"*The* Little Brown Church in the Vale," located two miles outside of Nashua, Iowa, is so famous, through having been made the subject of a hymn, that it not only attracts a weekly average of eight hundred visitors, but also thirty weddings, excluding those of couples who bring their own minister to perform the ceremony.—*By John F. Myers, Des Moines, Iowa.*

Some tobacco auctioneers in the South gather such speed [illegible] have to be slowed down to the standard rate of 360 sales per hour, or an average of one every two seconds.—*By J. G. McNeely, Airy, North Carolina.*

The crumpled aluminum foil in some types of bulbs used in flashlight photographs is so extremely thin that 175 sheets would be required to make the thickness of one sheet of ordinary newspaper.—*By Albert Roberts, Watertown, Massachusetts.*

The world's largest [illegible] the Casa de Ventas [illegible] Aires. Owned and [illegible] the municipal government, employing more than [illegible] it has been known to [illegible] 500,000 loans outstanding at one time, among them [illegible] on 2,500 pianos and [illegible] machines.

New inventions include [illegible] machine needle that [illegible] a rubber tire that [illegible] electricity and a violin [illegible] through the means of [illegible] plifier and headphones [illegible] musician to practice [illegible] anyone except himself.—*By H. Word, Abilene, Texas.*

The custom of marrying in the homes of the [illegible] is carried to such extremes [illegible] that it is not uncommon [illegible] families consisting of [illegible] tions and three hundred [illegible] —under one roof.

New York City has [illegible] vate power plants, as [illegible] lic electric stations, [illegible] would have to be pulled [illegible] 30,000 switchboards to [illegible] plete black-out.—*By P. [illegible] rett, Dobbs Ferry, New York.*

Five dollars will be paid for [illegible] or unusual facts accepted [illegible] Contributions must be accompanied [illegible] factory proof. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted [illegible] The National Weekly. None of [illegible] be reproduced without express [illegible] the publisher.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

...EW! Vegetables kept garden fresh behind glass!



Yes, a refrigerator with glass shelves—and a glass-enclosed Cold-mist Freshener to guard precious vitamins—typical of the 1941 Extras made possible by Kelvinator's new way of doing business.

...ow when I've seen women so thrilled as ... about the 1941 Kelvinators. And, I've ... refrigerators for years.

... instance, at the magnificent Moist-... el (illustrated) that keeps all foods fresh-... t has a brand-new kind of refrigerating system with cooling coils concealed within the walls of the refrigerator.

Shelves are of crystal-clear glass . . . a super-moist Cold-mist Freshener keeps vegetables garden fresh and protects precious vitamins.

...Kelvinator "Extra"— ...the new Cold-Ban"

...w Kelvinator's new, less expensive way ...doing business saves you up to $30 more

... year Kelvinator developed a new, less expensive ... of doing business—that saved buyers from $30 to ... each year previous year's prices—and sales were ... times those of the year before.

... this year Kelvinator has carried this program a step ...ther. Result: even lower prices (with savings up to ...over last year)—even better values—and more ...features than ever before.

...it any wonder that consumer groups both last year ...this year have hailed the new Kelvinator program ...courageous move in the public interest? Write ...Dept. C-1 for a beautiful full-color catalog.

Yet this Moist-Master Model . . . the newest and finest Kelvinator . . . costs no more than the ordinary refrigerator of a year or two ago.

And it is only one of nine beautiful, big Kelvinators you can choose from. Each offers a variety of "extras".

There's the shining Stainless Steel Cold-Ban that eliminates over 80 unsightly, hard-to-clean screwheads. It's an *exclusive* Kelvinator *extra*.



Moist-Master Model M-6—**$179.95***—Eight other models including 6¾ cubic foot SS-6—**$119.75***—And beautiful, completely equipped S-6—**$144.95***

And a Magic Shelf—another *exclusive* extra—gives you five different interior arrangements in a jiffy—makes extra room for tall bottles and bulky foods.



A Kelvinator "Extra"—"5-Way Magic Shelf"

Still *more extras!* A big Vegetable Bin for dry vegetables . . . big Moonstone Meat Chest . . . new Polar Light . . . oversize Crispers . . . the economical Polarsphere Sealed Unit. And extra! extra! Every "6 ft." model has actually 6¾ cubic feet of space.

And value? In cold figures, you save up to $30 *on these new Kelvinators*, thanks to Kelvinator's new, less expensive way of doing business.

We Kelvinator dealers are anxious to show you these big values. Won't you stop in soon?



A Kelvinator "Extra"—"Big Vegetable Bin"

• • •

Kelvinator Division
NASH-KELVINATOR CORP.
DETROIT, MICH.

**Prices suggested are for delivery in your kitchen with 5 Year Protection Plan. State and local taxes extra. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies. In view of rising costs prices subject to change without notice.*

Look at the Beauty! Look at the Extras! Look at the Price!

Get More—Get KELVINATOR



HOME TOWN PLAY

An Old American Institution

THAT Pilgrim costume didn't fool us a bit. We knew Jim McBride, the hardware man, the minute he stepped before the footlights. Yet Jim had only to declaim his first few noble lines to have illusion and romance cloak us 'round with dreams.

WE COULD well believe that Nan Gimmick was the Chieftain's daughter for tonight; Joe Petz, our grocery clerk, a wily redskin; Tom Black, true to life, the horny-handed smith and charcoal burner...

NOW and then, as the play progressed, a friendly giggle would sweep through the house as the prompter's hoarse whisper could be heard from the wings; or when Tim Murphy's sword fell with a great clattering to the floor. But mostly the lordly strutting and great declaiming were taken in good part. And at just a tragic climax, as the muted strains of "Hearts and Flowers" rose from the pit, more than one furtive pocket handkerchief was seen to dab its owner's eyes.

ONE smiles today at memories like these. But it's a wistful smile. For you know now how rich in happiness the simple pleasures of those times really were. Thank goodness America still holds firmly to the grand things that have given it character . . . the old customs, the old songs, the old feasts and the foods that made them famous!

ITSELF a venerable old American institution, the famous House of Heinz has long played a leading role in bringing delicious "home talent" fare to millions of American families.

FOR a long time back, folks have recognized in our beans, our ketchup, our jellies and pickles the true old-fashioned home flavor they up to know and love. And you, today toothsome goodness in our many puddings, and rich, spicy minceme

YEAR after year, for more than thr we have been helping to set a good ican families—using the finest metho ingredients, the most treasured re find. We are proud of our role to a great nation. And we trust that children, too, will fondly recall th meals you serve today . . . just as yo look back to "Way Back When".

H. J. HEINZ CO

An Old American Insti



"Shock," he thought. It was a funny word. It could mean so many things

The Hands of a Great Horse Player

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

said in the hospital
your Doctor Corbett
ough was completely
dive about his work.
stor will show you
wron they all were

WAS admorning and they had
ed o into the corridor the
eled etcher with the blond girl
he ch ty ward on it. They were
o wo in an amphitheater when
perat on her, because students
terne would be there to observe.
such ornings there was always some confusion and for a moment the nurses had left the girl alone in the corridor. She was sitting on the stretcher and the bandage around her head didn't look unlike a fashionable turban except for the big lump of bandage behind the ear where they had gone into the mastoid. All she had on was a hospital gown and when the nurses left her she grew annoyed and a little uneasy there in the midst of so many men, and she made some effort to close the gap in the gown where her back showed.

The students and internes stood quietly by, the students self-conscious in their masks and talking through them unnecessarily. They all felt a little superior because they knew it was a charity patient, but some of them noticed how pretty the girl was, despite the slightly fixed quality of the muscles on one side of her face.

Corbett came along the hall, hurrying a little as he saw the girl on the stretcher. He was the senior resident in surgery at the hospital, an assured but pleasant man of about thirty. The chiefs of the medical center, who were not sentimental men, thought well of Corbett, and Haggerty, the chief in surgery, thought that Corbett might some day even be great. Corbett had fine, sensitive hands. They had one or two crooked fingers and didn't look like anything special but Haggerty and the others had seen them with a scalpel in the fingers.

NOW, coming along the corridor, Corbett noticed the girl's awkward attempt to close the gap in the gown. She had a fine back, he saw, thin but white and smooth. He felt sorry for her again, and told himself that he shouldn't feel that way. Not if he was going to operate on her this morning as Haggerty might want him to do. But she was a fine girl and he had liked her. On his rounds, when he came to her they would talk about horses—her brother was a gyp trainer at one of the New England tracks now—and what a bore the hospital was to her. She wanted to get out as quickly as she could.

The hospital seemed to fret her and they had operated the first time in an emergency and postponed this second one until she could be built up a little by diet; but she didn't seem to respond and Haggerty had said it would be better to get it over with. There was always



pressure on Haggerty to move charity patients along. He fought against the pressure when he was conscious of it; but when he wasn't, it affected him subtly.

Corbett dropped his hand to the girl's shoulder. He had forgotten her name for the moment. She turned as though struck, then smiled when she saw it was Corbett. "Take it easy," he said gently. "How do you feel?"

"I'm all right. I just wish it were over and I could get out of here."

"It'll be ten days or two weeks before you get out, even if no complications develop."

"I'll go haywire by then," the girl said, smiling a little. "What will you do then?"

"We won't mind. We don't have many people here as pretty as you."

"Trying to make me feel good?"

"No. . . . I wish you had more weight on you, but we don't seem to be able to put it on you with food."

"It's being shut up," she said.

"That's what we thought," he said. He noticed suddenly the others watching him, some with faint, cynical smiles. He became grave. He knew the way they were. It was only a little while since he had been one of them and he knew what apostles of doubt the new medical schools made of their students; made them so with design, teaching them to doubt, if they chose, their own teachers. The nurses were there, too, now, waiting for him to stop talking, waiting with faint, supercilious impatience as if they had never left the patient for a moment.

"All right," Corbett said to them.

"Are you and Dr. Haggerty going to the track today?" the girl said.

"We always do after operating," he said. "Unless there's some reason to stay around the hospital."

"Then don't forget about Barnstormer," she said. He's going today."

"I won't," Corbett said.

AS THEY wheeled her down the corridor, Corbett noticed her face change but he couldn't read it. He wished abruptly that he could have said more to her, something of consolation, perhaps. But consolation for what? he wondered. He recalled, almost impersonally, as he would the figures of a chart, that she had had no visitors since entering the hospital. And she had barely mentioned the brother in the East.

The wheeled stretcher and the nurses disappeared around a corner, the cloud of white coats attending. Corbett waited for Haggerty. He came down the hall, a big man in his fifties. He was all in white, a white skull cap on. Together, they walked toward the amphitheater.

"What do you think?" Corbett said.

"About what?"

"About this girl we're going to operate on?"

"Then say so. I don't know who you're talking about. We had two operations this morning and now we have this one. I don't know which one you're talking about."

"That's right," Corbett said. "Well, what do you think?"

"Sounds to me like you might like her or something."

"Don't be foolish."

"I don't think anything. She's apparently in about as good shape as we can get her, and that isn't good. Not bad, understand, but not good."

"You think we ought to operate, then?" Corbett said.

"What else? We've been trying for weeks to build her up [illegible] sult. And, meanwhile, t[illegible] that open wound in th[illegible] nerve gone. If we wait [illegible] nerve'll be entirely gone [illegible] muscles paralyzed for g[illegible]

THE corridors were [illegible] walked for a few s[illegible] speaking. Then Hagger[illegible] "You can't be sentimen[illegible] If a doctor's sentimenta[illegible] any place. It's as easy to [illegible] and marry money as it i[illegible] I married money. An[illegible] right. I've lived right. [illegible] big family and I do my [illegible] Some other guy, he ma[illegible] he's always worrying. [illegible] kid. If you're going to [illegible] this business, you've got [illegible] behind you."

"I know. I'm not m[illegible] just yet. Why are you [illegible] this again?"

"Just that all of us in [illegible] seen to it that you've me[illegible] ple, but it doesn't seem [illegible] girl is glad to marry a d[illegible] have to do is take your [illegible] like is for our big shots [illegible] to have no financial wo[illegible] you marry, marry dough."

"When I marry, I'll [illegible] Corbett said. "I waited [illegible] to get through school th[illegible] when I'm tired, I can fee[illegible] my hands."

"The Martins have as[illegible] their box at the track t[illegible] Haggerty said. "I can't [illegible] than that for you. He's [illegible] governor of the state a[illegible] even good-looking."

"I know," Corbett sai[illegible] for his own uncertainty a[illegible] ment eluded him.

The little rooms off th[illegible] had green tiles and in[illegible] They washed their hand[illegible] or sixth time that mornin[illegible] to do it?" Haggerty said, [illegible] the rubber gloves on.

"No, you."

"As surgeons go," Hagg[illegible] no kid any more. And [illegible] jobs this morning. I'd [illegible] this one."

"I think you'd better. [illegible]

Haggerty looked at hi[illegible] didn't notice.

IN THE amphitheater t[illegible] ready under the anesthe[illegible] administering it had her h[illegible] little tent and looked bor[illegible]

"Is everything all ri[illegible] said. His sharpness surpr[illegible] as well as himself.

"She fought a little a[illegible] nurse said.

The girl was strappe[illegible] head turned sidewise un[illegible] ing. Haggerty pulled ba[illegible] it and they could see the [illegible] the spongy bone of the [illegible] prisingly deep. "All righ[illegible] Corbett, "you do it."

It was no place to arg[illegible] anger was slight and obscu[illegible] to move quickly, deftly. [illegible] little patch of loose banda[illegible] leg. He removed it and [illegible] not unlike a segment of [illegible] was the nerve they had b[illegible] vious day. He clipped th[illegible] tached to the leg, then we[illegible] mastoid. Haggerty held [illegible] ceps with the nerve in th[illegible] probed and couldn't get th[illegible] the bone. He saw he w[illegible] chip, and grew excessively [illegible] hands weren't too good a[illegible] The girl's breathing was l[illegible] ing and he had to tell [illegible] that was only natural w[illegible]

(Continued on pa[illegible]

Corbett had forgotten her name for the moment. "Take it easy," he said gently. "How do you feel?"





e Fly a Bomber to England

ra Gervasi

The American PBY flying boat, in one of which the author and a British crew "ferried" to England

WIDE WORLD

**erva returns to Eng-
to re ort for Collier's.
ew t e Atlantic in an
ican bombing plane
del ered to the Royal
rce. ere is his first dis-
, by able from London**

E W RE somewhere over the North Atlantic. Below us the sea w like hard, polished lava; ack, t acherous and almost evil. ad w a heavy overcast, gray rd. A the pilot lifted the ship to roug it to the quiet air above, fted ong the fuselage with the ushir noise of sand slithering on t ou notors turned with a full- d, in erturbable moan and so ied ey seemed, so sure of lves, hat each of us silently the illed hands that had made

navi tor was an earnest young n his early twenties who had l shy nd diffident on land but s no as self-assured and poised inter nder its master's gun. He e st with his sextant, made calcu tions on a pad of paper ade pencil point on the chart. rrow he said, "we will be in d," d he said "England" with ice.

exc s baggage and I envied the They ad something to do, all of The ilot, after he'd taken off, wat George. George was the atic iator—the gyropilot, and is early perfect. But every n a hile an unexpected wind- an draft or a down current the ontrols ever so slightly out mec nical hands and the flesh and blood pilot had to make minute corrections with four or five knobs on the instrument panel.

The navigator was the busiest man aboard. Our two radio operators never left their instruments, and the engineers watched those motors, one on duty, one off and asleep on the single bunk aft. I envied the younger of the two engineers. He was very young and when he slept he slept soundly and the flight was for him a great adventure. The rest of us had families to whom we'd written "last" letters. We wanted to live and we knew that we might not and there was no use doping ourselves with false heroics. We had twenty-four hours of flying ahead of us, through heavy weather and through German air patrols off the coast of England, and we were, except for that bright-eyed kid with the smooth face and sandy hair and clear blue eyes, cognizant of our danger.

It was cold in the big plane. The ship had none of the refinements of a transatlantic clipper. No heater, no soundproofing. We had donned soft flying suits, like overalls, and over these a windproof, waterproof jumper and a "Mae West"—life jacket—in case we crashed into the sea. We didn't bother about parachutes, figuring if we'd ever need them anywhere west of Land's End they wouldn't do us any good anyhow. Nobody could survive hitting that undulating slab of blue-black lava below.

I wish I could tell you more about those men in that ship or about the plane or where we started from and where we eventually landed, but I cannot. It isn't a matter of censorship, but I can't say more because to do so would expose those who fly behind us to death from the guns of Heinkels and Messerschmitts sent to intercept them. I should like to prove to you how brave and how skilled they were by telling you about the small things they did that proved their selflessness and their craftsmanship and their airmanship. But I can't. I'll say only that they weren't American pilots hired at one thousand dollars a month plus expenses to ferry American planes across to England, but just plain Englishmen doing a job.

What they do every day would have been epochal ten years ago; would have made Lindbergh's flight seem puny.

When there's nothing to keep your hands busy and when you know with cold, mechanical reasoning that you may die, you think. It's amazing what warm peace there is when you are able to face the possibility of death without a quiver in your diaphragm. You pack into every moment an exquisite enjoyment—you press your elbows close to yourself and feel the flex of your biceps. You open and shut your hand in front of your face and the warmth inside your flying suit is good to feel. You slide back the panel of the hood over the co-pilot's seat and glory in the zero wind whipping your face, and all the time you're thinking of small, familiar things —of the sounds a quarrelsome fire makes in a fireplace, the turmoil of children upstairs just before they go to bed, the tap of a dog's tail on the carpet, a table set with white linen and silver and crystal and the smell of earth in the spring.

You think of your wife, warm and dear in your arms, or of your son's quivering excitement when you gave him the thing he wanted most in life—a wire-haired pup. You think of your younger son and the feel of his pudgy arms about your neck and you smile to yourself as you remember how unaware he was you were leaving him.

You think of friends and how much they've meant to you and you wonder

(Continued on page 63)

Frank Gervasi, Collier's Staff Correspondent in England

MONAHAN



Mr. Bildig's Bird

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Something designed to lighten the solemnity of the times—the success story of a little man who hasn't got a chance to fail. Not after this

BALSAM MANOR is one of those suburban towns where every family is quite rich or comfortably well-to-do. Everything is glossy and well-kept—the streets are cleaned, sidewalks smooth, lawns green, houses neat and expensive.

Everyone knows everyone else, belongs to the same golf, social and business clubs, goes to the same dances and shares in a joyous social life in which there are no leaders or petty jealousies. They say it is the nicest town on the railroad. Its men are solid business leaders, and its ladies play bridge for the highest stakes on the line.

But there was one exception in Balsam Manor and that was Mr. Bildig. Bildig lived with his wife in a small gray house on Oak Street, a short street on the very edge of town. It would have been a back street in Hoboken. Mr. Bildig made fifty dollars a week, did not belong in Balsam Manor and was not known there but, years before, his father built this small home and lived in it and now it belonged to Bildig. He moved from the New York flat with alacrity and with his plump, cheery wife. They did not know that fifty dollars a week was unheard of in this town. They did know that now they had a small front yard, a back yard and a gate.

Mr. Bildig viewed life serenely, calmly and without emotion. He never got angry or got drunk, had no vices and was simple in his ways and orderly. He had wispy, thin hair and a blank countenance, from which smiled a pair of guileless eyes. He even liked his job in town and found nothing to complain about.

His job was writing figures on large, square sheets of yellow paper. The figures concerned prices and quotations on bottled goods. That's all Mr. Bildig knew about the business. Nor did he know what the firm bottled. He hadn't made a mistake in two years, so he felt that his job was secure.

For four years, he caught the eight-o'clock train into town and came home promptly at six. And nobody ever spoke to him. It wasn't that the club-car men were snobs. They just didn't know who he was, a situation which he accepted without any feeling whatever.

The cars filled up with the healthy, well-clad men of Balsam Manor, all going in to their day's business. They



shouted gaily, called George, Bill, Pete ar bridge, talked politics, had a fine time into where they made hast gagements and later ca phone.

Coming home at nig same thing and depart amid a hullabaloo of ch tion, gentlemen shouting ing merrily.

THEN one evening you aged nine, strolled in sat down with the family father was Larry Trent of his company.

"I was in Mr. Bildig announced, "and he's go The bird talks to him. bird, too. 'How are yo says."

Nobody paying any news, Edgar said it agai

"Who's Mr. Bildig?" h glancing up.

"He lives near here. house."

"What did you say he

"A little bird, about so black. He sits at a tabl on his wrist and it talks talks back."

"Listen, son," said "never make up tales. I not talk."

"I heard him."

"I would like to read father remarked and the with Edgar making indig his mother.

IN THE morning, th crowd was on the statio Larry Trent was chatti George Lehman, the pu

"George," said Trent, ping back to the dinn see that little man ove truck, the one reading. a Mr. Bildig?"

"Don't know him. Wh

"If it is, he's got a bi him."

"Who says he has?"

"My son Edgar. He talking to him yesterday

George glanced at La was joking and observed ing a man of action, Geo ask the fellow about it strolled over.

"Pardon me," George are you Mr. Bildig?"

"Yes, sir," said Bildig, per he was reading and ant.

"Do you happen to bird?"

"Why, yes, I do. How

"This is Mr. Trent," Ge son was in your yard an I never knew little bir What does he say?"

"Oh, he says anything," "His name is Peewee. three years."

"Talks words?" Trent lously.

"Talks about anythi owner. "He's what they Burger and a very rare t takes about all my spare you would call it a hobb

Trent shook his head a the most remarkable thin heard in his life. The train they told Mr. Bildig they

(Continued on pa

Greenspoon stopped sud was that?" he asked. "W "Why, that was Peewee, torn between pride and e

We're in the Army Now

By Lieutenant General Hugh A. Drum, U.S.A.

, un ained men died essl in 1918. It won't en a ain. The Army ng share, but part e r ponsibility for ficie t fighting force nds on you whose on the home front

CNTY THREE years ago we sent o the iring line in France men o ha never fired a rifle. Men g th uniform of the United Arm vere thrown into the front men o had never shoved a clip ridge into a magazine. That desp ate foe might have no rest at an pportunity for immediate victory might be grasped, men who were only a few weeks away from the safe routine of civilian life were packed aboard transports, given a few days' rest, and rushed into battle in trucks and trains.

This was necessary, but costly in lives. Considering the short time we were in the first World War, our casualties were excessive. Had our armies been divisions of trained men, conditioned men, our casualty lists would have been very much lower. Untrained men, led by inexperienced officers, died because they didn't know how to protect themselves. They had raw courage and an undisciplined will to fight and that, because we had youth and numbers, won. But the price we paid was cruel. Inexperience and the lack of training in 1918 were unfortunate causes for excessive and unnecessary losses.

It is because this squandering of the lives of American boys must not happen again that the United States is now training its sons to fight. Whether they will have to fight, or where, is no question to be discussed here. If war is forced upon us we have no alternative other than to accept. Having accepted, we must have trained, disciplined, equipped men to give the challenger his answer.

I am writing to the mothers and fathers, the wives and sweethearts of the men who are now being trained to meet such an emergency. The new trainees have been quick to understand. True enough, all of the young men who have been drafted into service have not found the transition from civil to military life easy. You are receiving blue and homesick letters, which are to be expected when a young fellow first leaves the home fireside. To a certain extent the experiences are somewhat similar to those of a boy in his first year of boarding school. The trainee will have trouble, perhaps, adjusting himself to mass living, to the pranks, banter and even bullyragging of his comrades. He may object to what he regards as undue severity in drill and mess sergeants. Resentful, he is tempted to break military rules, to give away to excessive indulgences in near-by towns and to consort with certain so-called sporting groups which should be avoided as in civil life. Writing to you parents and others who are likely to worry about all this, let me assure you that special provisions are always available to meet these conditions.

(Continued on page 60)



Lieut. General Hugh A. Drum, commander of the First Army, chats with three brand-new selectees at his Governors Island headquarters

W. EUGENE SMITH



SKEETER FLEET

By Frank D. Morris

The Navy calls it a shakedown cruise, but the boys on our new motor torpedo boats bouncing around in the Caribbean call that an understatement. The idea is to find out if 4,000 horsepower is enough to tear these skimmers apart

SHORTLY after midnight a small, walnut-shaped boat slithered across New York harbor. Its one-man crew, a Captain Bushnell of the Revolutionary Army, took a last look about before closing the top half of the walnut, the boat's only hatch. He knew then he had enough fresh air to keep him alive a half-hour.

With a single oar pierced through the stern he sculled quietly toward a British ship of the line and slipped unnoticed under its poop. Next he lighted a candle, sending a soft glow upward through a glass port in the hatch. That was his working light as he reached overhead in his cramped quarters and started turning a crank. The crank revolved the boat's mast—a peculiar mast. The top end of it was threaded like a screw and, halfway down its length, attached like a crow's-nest, was a metal box—full of gunpowder.

As the captain cranked, the screw slowly buried itself in the hull of the Britisher. When he figured he had bored deeply enough for the deadly barnacle to hold, he detached the crank, set a crude clockwork mechanism on the metal box and sculled away to a safe listening post.

From then on history lets us down. The intrepid captain's homemade weapon did not send the British admiral and his flagship to visit Davy Jones. No, unfortunately, the screw business failed to hold and the box of gunpowder dropped harmlessly to the bottom of the harbor. Nevertheless, Captain Bushnell had earned his naval spurs as the first American torpedo hero.

On another dark night the Confederate ram Albemarle was lying at anchor off Charleston. The year was 1865, and just to forestall any Yankee monkeyshines, a cordon of floating logs had been strung around her anchorage.

Suddenly a warning cry from the crow's-nest sent the crew scurrying to their guns. The lookout had spotted a small, open launch steaming straight toward his ship at too much speed for the Albemarle's comfort. Jutting from the launch's bow, like a jousting pole, was a long spar tipped with a metal cylinder. Inside the cylinder was an unhealthy charge of explosive.

Without slackening her speed a whit the launch lunged at the log barricade; her bow curved heavenward as she hit it and swerved aside. Simultaneously the jousting pole was heaved directly at the Albemarle. Before any of her guns could be brought to bear on the attacker, the ram had a huge hole torn in her side by the exploding torpedo. A geyser of water tossed up by the blast also swamped the launch and both vessels sank immediately.

One survivor of this engagement promptly became a hero north of the Mason-Dixon line. He was Lieutenant Cushing, commander of the torpedo launch, and a grateful Union Navy made him, at 21, its youngest lieutenant commander.

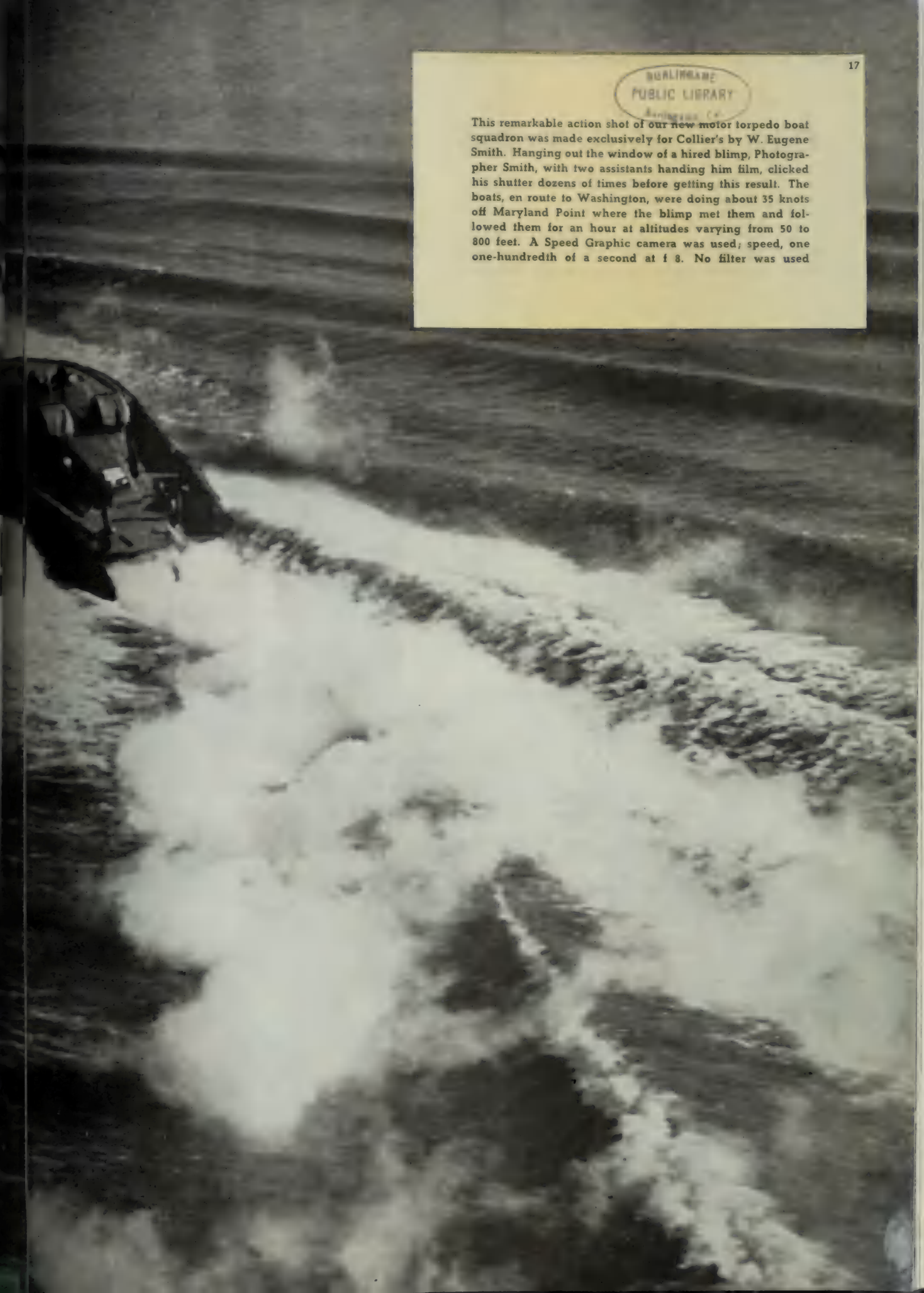
When history reports on our next torpedo-boat daredevils, their names doubtless will be taken from the roster of a PT boat, the Navy's newest weapon. Some seventy candidates for medals slid their boats alongside Santee Dock at Annapolis one night not long ago after a breathless, record-breaking run from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. They had brought ten of our new motor torpedo boats safely into port after twelve hours of being battered around on the January Atlantic and in the choppy waters of Chesapeake Bay. Salt spray froze on decks, faces and clothes, but no one in the squadron minded this as long as they could hear the rhythmic roar of the motors astern, pushing them along at thirty-five knots.

The PT squadron was on the first leg of what is most appropriately called a shakedown cruise and, as you read this, they are still giving their boats and themselves the beating of their lives somewhere in the Caribbean.

At Annapolis they paused overnight, just long enough to gas up and give the crews some rest. The trim little fighters were berthed incongruously in the shadow of the Reina Mercedes, a naval matriarch we captured from the Spanish in 1898. Early the next morning, chins high, they roared off to Washington and tied up right under the snooty bow of President Roosevelt's official yacht, the Potomac. And while the navy-yard band is lining up on the dock in preparation for a formal inspection of the PT (patrol torpedo) boats, here's a good chance to see one for yourself.

Seventy feet *(Continued on page 55)*

BURLINGAME
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This remarkable action shot of our new motor torpedo boat squadron was made exclusively for Collier's by W. Eugene Smith. Hanging out the window of a hired blimp, Photographer Smith, with two assistants handing him film, clicked his shutter dozens of times before getting this result. The boats, en route to Washington, were doing about 35 knots off Maryland Point where the blimp met them and followed them for an hour at altitudes varying from 50 to 800 feet. A Speed Graphic camera was used; speed, one one-hundredth of a second at f 8. No filter was used

Consolation Prize

By Robert Spafford

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

A week end of skiing with a proficient lady named Elyse. Only a champion could come up to her speed

STEVE ADAMS wrestled his skis and poles and duffel out of the taxi, and the uniformed doorman came to help him. Together they packed everything neatly in the rear of the longest, shiniest convertible Steve had ever seen, which was parked before the marquee. Then he turned around and Elyse was just coming out of the apartment house.

Grinning, he walked fast across the sidewalk. Elyse held out her hands, and as he came to her, Steve saw that she was as beautiful as ever—even more so than five years ago when he first fell in love with her—and that she would always be beautiful. Her features were strong and clear, exactly chiseled, with the clear, velvety tan of many expensive suns, and hair that was thick and heavy, like a smooth tassel of gold threads.

Unashamedly, with laughter on her lips, she walked into his arms, her hands against the back of his head as he kissed her. Steve said weakly: "Gosh, it's been a long six months!"

"But I always come back to you—don't I, darling?"

Soberly he held her away to look at her. "Yes," he said gruffly, "but when we're married you won't be away from me at all."

That startled her. She said, "Steve! That—that sounds like a—a *proposal!*"

"It is." His voice cracked in excitement, but they didn't laugh. He said, "They gave it to me, Elyse. Finally. Sales manager, good raise." This was his big surprise, and she was taking it big. Watching her face for an answer, he had utterly forgotten where they were, until she suddenly smiled wryly.

"I like privacy for this sort of thing!"

They got into the car, with Steve behind the wheel and headed north on Fifth Avenue. It was a bright, cold morning and to Steve the world was perfect. . . . He had come down from Dartmouth and gone into a large box company where he defied the New York tradition by remaining ever since, instead of changing jobs, like apartments, every October. And for five of those eight years he had been in love with Elyse, but she had too much money. Now it was different; he could manage his end of it.

At a stop light he said, "I still love you. The one habit I can't break."

"Don't ever try," she whispered, her glance slanting up at him. But something in her face disturbed Steve and he frowned. "You love me?"

Looking straight ahead, she slowly nodded. Yet he persisted, "You didn't get all involved in Hawaii?"

A fleeting unhappiness shaded her eyes. "No."

"Well, then," he breathed in relief. "Say 'Yes, Steve, I'll marry you,' like a good girl."

She said nothing. Horns blared behind them. He shifted and stepped on the gas, but when he could look again, her face was blurred with tears.

"Oh, Steve!" she said. "Steve, darling! Bless you. . . . I've played so long and I'm so horribly tired!"

Instinctively he patted her knee and at once her bright head came over against his shoulder. "Time to settle down," he suggested. "You've got to stop pulling yourself apart over every man that falls for you."

"Yes!" said Elyse. "Yes!"

He knew then there had been someone in Honolulu, but it was over, and it made no difference between them now. He thought compassionately: *You were always too sensitive, too sympathetic for your own good, Elyse.* . . . Many men had loved her and it never failed to touch her profoundly, causing a peculiar sort of anguish that afterward left her briefly exhausted. . . . He said, "Then it's all settled?"

She gave him a tremulous smile. "Only let me get my breath first, Steve. Until we get back to New York." She let it drop there, but he was satisfied. It meant she was ready to say yes, ready for a safe mooring. It was enough for now.

THEY came over the frozen roads as darkness cloaked the small hotel in Jackson village. Inside, it was too hot, and crowded with young people in ski clothes. Steve stood at the desk, writing down his name and Elyse's beneath it, while she stared expectantly into the adjacent bar and lounge, from which a wave of argument and laughter and music from a juke organ flooded out at them.

Steve accepted the two keys from the clerk. "What's it like in the Ravine, Joe?"

"Perfect!" said Joe. "You here for the Inferno?"

"Not me," Steve grinned. "My racing days are over." As he turned away, Elyse caught his arm excitedly.

"Steve, give me a quarter!" From the handful of coins he produced, she selected one, and walked across the lobby.

Two slot machines stood in the far corner and a man and a girl were play-

It was glorious. He was drunk with the thrill, possessed of a frenzy to keep her in sight

...er one; or had been, but ... to be out of quarters. ... up behind them, reached ... shoulder and dropped the ...lot. "This one's on me," ... might be lucky."

... turned around and the ...tically pulled the lever. ...icked, and with a sudden ...s poured from the machine ...bout the floor. The man ...e to pick them up, but said ...eign voice, "*Elyse!*" And ... looking at her.

... seen that look too many ... He went over to them as ..., Hannes, how in the world ...ut of Germany?"

... Hannes up. He said, ...on, Miss Smith. It was ... father who arranged it."

"Deal me in. I'm Steve ...

...der Schafft," Elyse mur... men shook hands soberly, ... Then Steve looked at the ... "he name was Smith?" ...e said. "And no cracks."

...ughed then, and Steve and ... girl watched the other two ... their knees to collect the ... "ey were speaking German. ...eve said, "Let's have a ... on, Smithy."

...garded him thoughtfully, ... silence and walked ahead ... She was small and well ... a piquant face and mink... But she was no match for ... knew that Smithy knew ...ddenly he felt very sorry ...use he knew with a clear ...r exactly what would hap...

... down and to the waiter ... "Hot buttered rum, which ...an drink."

... Hannes came into the bar ... the juke box began a med... ...s waltzes, and all of a sud-den they were in each other's arms and they were dancing beautifully. Hannes was not tall, perhaps only five eight, but Steve recognized the dream build of the expert skier—incredibly broad shoulders and no hips at all. He and Elyse were exactly the same height, exactly as beautiful. Even their perfect ski costumes matched in impeccability.

Smithy looked at Steve. "There goes your girl," she said. "What are you going to do about it?"

Stung, Steve glared at her. "And there goes your man. What are *you* going to do about it?"

"He's of age," Smithy said. "Anyway, we're just friends. He's a refugee, busted, so he wants to teach skiing over here, because it's the best thing he does—"

"I can think of others."

She smiled at that, and while it wasn't like Elyse's, it was still a very good smile. She continued, "But you need a big build-up for a good job, so he's going into the Inferno race next Saturday."

"I wish him luck," said Steve.

The music stopped and Elyse and Hannes joined them, his eyes never leaving her, his fingers touching her shoulders as he held the chair for her. And excitement glowing in Elyse's face made her more beautiful than ever. There was a lot of talk, which didn't exactly include Steve, although it washed up against him in constant ebb and flow.

Smithy kicked him under the table. "I remember you now. Didn't you win the Inferno once?"

"Ouch," he said absently. Then: "Third. I never was really one of the top boys, Smithy. Too big, for one thing. And too scared most of the time, for another."

Smithy's glance darted at Elyse; then back to Steve. She said slyly, "And too lazy, maybe."

He half closed his eyes and looked at her.

After dinner he waited in the music room for Elyse and when she came in, he said, "Come sit here by the fire—I thought you'd never be able to shake them!"

"Oh," she said guiltily. "I told them we'd go down to the movies in Conway with them."

"Elyse," he said.

She caught his hand. "I'm so sorry. But poor Hannes has been through such hell, and he feels so strange and alone over here."

"What's the matter with Smithy?"

Elyse shook her head. "Smithy doesn't speak his language, Steve. He's just been staying with them in Boston because her father and Hannes' father had business dealings years ago."

Steve said, "He's in love with you."

Her eyes clouded with dark distress. Softly she whispered, "Oh, my dear! You're not going to be jealous—"

"No," he said, feeling helpless. "I just wanted to make sure you knew it."

"I'll tell him we can't go," Elyse offered.

He shook his head, forcing a grin. "No need to be rude. It's a good picture and I've seen it, but you go. And make my excuses. I've really got some letters to write."

Swiftly Elyse reached up and kissed him. "Dear Steve, you're always so kind and understanding—I don't know what I'd do without you."

Huskily he answered, "That's the point—you don't have to."

Again her lips touched his, lightly. "Night, dearest." Then she was gone. Steve lighted a cigarette and tried to read a magazine, but finally had to throw it down. He went out in the hall and started up the stairs just as Smithy was coming down. "Hey," he said, "you better hurry, hadn't you? I'm not going, myself. Letters to write—"

"I'm not going, too." Smithy frowned "They've left."

"Oh," said Steve.

"But I would have gone," she said slowly, "if I'd known you weren't chaperoning them."

Suspiciously, Steve remarked, "For anyone not supposed to be in love, you seem to do a lot of worrying about him."

Smithy flushed, retorting with sudden grimness, "I just don't want him to get hurt!"

"Yeah?" said Steve, and went past her and upstairs.

TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE is an awesome place. It is like a sugar bowl with one half missing, and it is more than a thousand feet from the bottom of the bowl up to the rim, which is called the Headwall. It had taken three hours of steady climbing for Steve and Elyse to cover the distance—three miles—from the Toll Road at the base of Mount Washington, up into the bowl. They stopped at the rock ledges two thirds of the way up the Headwall and sat down to rest. This was the place to stow superfluous gear; the place to smoke and meet people—a combined clearinghouse and gallery.

"My binding's loose," Elyse said. She looked very happy, and they had not mentioned last night at all. Hannes and Smithy had made a much earlier start, so he had had her all to himself. Steve knelt in the packed powder snow and took up the slack in the harness. When he was finished, he looked up at her shining face. "Gee, you're lovely!"

"Think so?"

"Um."

His eye caught a hurtling speck schussing the nearly perpendicular Headwall.

(Continued on page 51)

Steve said, "He's in love with you." Her eyes clouded. Softly she whispered, "Oh, my dear! You're not going to be jealous—"



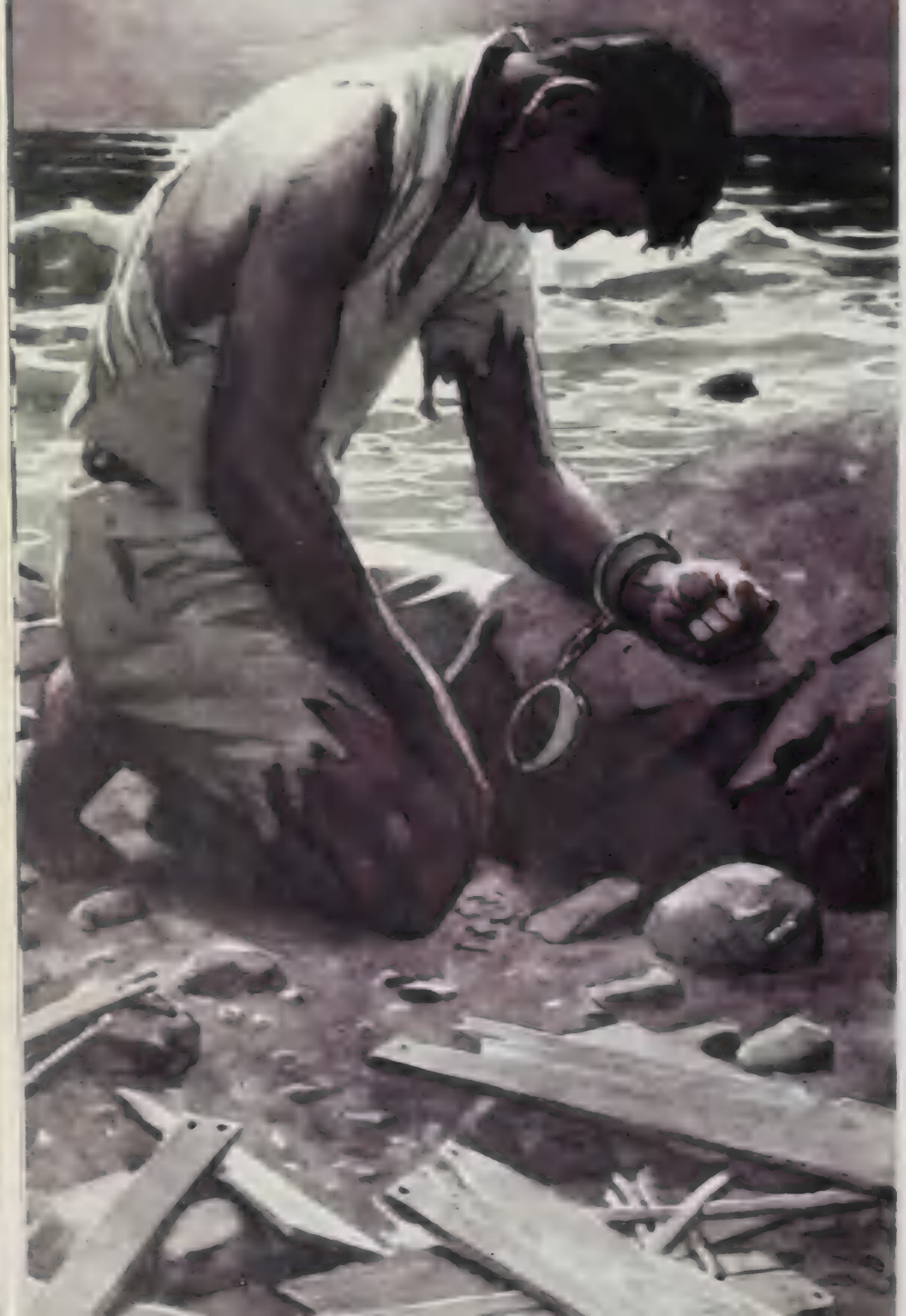
20

Fate Doesn't Care

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The dramatic story of a hunted man who comes face to face with his nemesis on a lifeless island



THE man had the battered and defiant air of one who feels that fate and chance make sport of him. Now, to be sure, the last of the storm clouds went scurrying over the horizon and the waves under his feet were merely monstrous. It was very early morning, and he was safe on a rocky island some fifty feet high and quite a hundred yards long. He was the sole survivor of the coastal steamer, as far as he could discover. But his expression was definitely suspicious as he looked down at the scrap of wave-swept beach which was the island's only landing place.

Foam-mottled green water swept back and forth, bearing bits of wreckage. On either side of the small beach the sea hit directly on the island's wall, creating thunderous impacts and towering fountains of spray and foam. Nothing could land living anywhere except here, but the man searched warily before he descended the cliff, using hands and feet together. His clothing was tattered and rent. His shirt was half torn from his body and his duck trousers had a long slit down one leg and only half of the other leg remaining. He had no shoes, or hat. On his left wrist a handcuff was locked fast, with its fellow dangling empty from a four-link chain.

He reached the beach and surveyed the surging water. There was a shipping crate floating awash. He waded for it, and it swept away, coquettishly. He stood stock-still, eying it. Presently it floated daringly near. He pounced, and waded back to fling it up on the narrow strip of wetted sand. There was a waterlogged cask which was not full and was not empty and might contain anything. He captured it by the same tactics. Something like a spar pounded up and down. But it was heavy and would be dangerous. He left it alone and went to the shipping crate. He tore off one of the flimsy boards such crates are made of. Cabbages. He thrust one inside his shirt and climbed up to the top of the island again.

The sun was definitely clear of the horizon, now, and from this fifty-foot height the sea was infinitely blue. Far away, a thin haze rose above the water —the smoke of a steamer below the horizon.

THE man on the island fumbled at the handcuff on his wrist, eying the smoke. Then he turned back to the island. He had been certain that there was no food or water on it, but now he made doubly sure. Presently he peeled off the outer, withered leaves of the cabbage he had salvaged. He filled his mouth with the crisper inner leaves, and chewed vigorously as he continued the survey of his situation. The ship from which he had come was under water, somewhere out on the shoals. A comparatively small boat, it had capsized after it struck, and it would be found best by looking for changes in waves that broke over it. There would be no survivors there! But the three pinnacles of stone, not so far from the wrecked ship—

The largest was fifteen or twenty feet above the wave tips and all of thirty feet wide. It streamed with wetness from the spray, but it was in some sense shelter from the sea. There was a mass of half-submerged broken rock about its base. The other two pinnacles were mere needles of stone that reared upward for ten feet and at most might furnish resting places for a few sea birds in calm weather.

He saw spouting water that might rise over the steamer's
He'd been on the ship for
It ran a precarious smal
the coast; putting in at
managing to land freight a
watching the weather an
perately for shelter when
ened. The man had beer
to one of its landing p
strictly rural community i
were no facilities for ar
thentic execution. He wa
He had been hustled c
steamer, handcuffed to a
the cargo deck and left t
other tethered animal w
ance of the freight and s
came on board. When
puffed out to sea he remai
nostrils savoring all the m
of cargo and steamer an
and his ears filled with
was so soon to hear no m

Now he heard other no
Surf. Seabirds. Wind. A
else on the steamer wa
dead. Even the deputy sh
carried him on board. H
place from which he had
was nobody who could ide
murderer who had been c
execution. In fact, if he co
island he would be a free

EXCEPT that he had a ha
wrist, and its mate dang
locked cuff by a four-link
would cause suspicion and
ultimate execution.

He regarded the handc
It might be that this was
sport that fate and chance
with him. All the way th
been that same malevoler
of his motives to begin wit
been good enough but had
der, of his victim who eve
cuting attorney had admitt
in need of killing, of every
cident leading to this m
might be more mockery h
that had sported with him
he looked at the handcu
Two of them, with four li
between. Bright steel, file-
without ornament. A curv
thick metal, with a keyhol
That was the lock. Anoth
which fitted in to close it.
any tightness to which
pushed, with no way of r
the key.

He was known to have
steamer, of course, and
certainly be a search for
when it failed to make p
could wait for the search
he could get the handcuffs
the only survivor. He coul
was a deck passenger nam
Jones or—anything at a
would question it. They'd
him on his safety—not d
he was—and he would be

If he could get the hand

He hunted grimly for a s
He found one. He found
ledge on which to rest hi
wrist. He raised the stone
savagely.

Nothing happened. He
Presently the rotted rock cr
stared stupidly at the hand
were a few scratches on it.
The lock was not even dent

He flung the stone asid
restlessly to the edge of the
blue seas, and breakers
surf and the three pinnacle
the west. At the foot of t
the three there was an ir
shape which might be w
awash, or might be a huma
man stared at it with hot ey
jest, perhaps. But the dist
not move. . . . Or did it?

(Continued on pag

He rubbed all during the afternoon, looking ever more defiant. The sun set, but the rasping sound went on. The air grew chill

The Traitor

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Sto Thus Far:

RKE... under cover at the small West-... station commanded by Captain ... S.N., three young inventive ... ers. Prentice and Rorabeck ... l "Pat"), M.I.T. graduates, and ...nt ("Savvy") Roberts—are un... traitor is spying upon them as ...antically to perfect a new secret ...own to them, a man from Wash... Commander Kirstell—is on the ...raitor (*an officer!*); and Phyllis ...captain's daughter, is assisting ...

...as an aide: Lieutenant Roger ...ants to marry Phyllis, who, how...sted in Savvy Roberts. . . . ... Sedden—"Pop" Sedden, Cap... executive officer—and his wife, ...ve word that their son, Bert, is ...om an Eastern college. The news ...est Phyllis—she knows Bert; she ... is a parlor-pink, a conscientious ...

...les (a flirt) calls on Phyllis and ... anonymous note wherein she, ... wife of Lieutenant Bob Cowles, ... lay off Jack Murphy, a young ...is is not surprised. She hopes ... the lady will give heed to the ... leave poor Jack alone. ...n arrives. In the course of a talk ...yllis is appalled by his cynicism, pacifism (attributable, she feels sure, to cowardice) and contempt for everything the Navy stands for. She gives the boy a piece of her mind, and leaves him. A short time later, she is at the Officers' Club when Roger Collins—following a heated altercation—calls Bert a "worthless, yellow pup," slaps him and knocks him down. Bert's father enters. Pop gives Roger a punch on the jaw. But Roger does not retaliate—he says, "I'm very sorry, sir," bows, and goes out. As he does so, Phyllis turns. Lieut. Commander Kirstell is beside her. *"I have a clue to our man,"* he says quietly.

IV

BEFORE I could say anything more, Lieut. Commander Kirstell remarked in a casual tone, "Could you arrange an errand in the village? I'll walk toward No. 1 gate and you can pick me up in your car."

"Very well," I said. trying not to show any excitement. "Right away?"

"Yes."

I motioned to Bosey, the colored boy who doubled as janitor and waiter at the club, and asked him to tell Mrs. McMatthews that we were out of cube sugar and I was going to the village for some.

Kirstell was silent until we had driven half a block from the yard. I was, by this time, sick with suspense. But I forced myself to talk about the crotchets of my four-year-old roadster. This Kirstell was a very cold fish, indeed. He sat looking at the road, completely relaxed and matter-of-course.

At long last: "I don't think we should discuss what I'm going to say with your father, Miss Hartney. It would deeply distress him, and I may be wrong."

"Just as you say," I replied.

I spoke calmly, but I wanted to shriek at him, "Who is it? Tell me his name!" First, however, he asked my permission to smoke and lighted a cigar, fiddling interminably with a penknife and lighter. Then, he had to consult some notes which he kept stuffed like paper money in a wallet. So when he did come out with it, the name sounded anticlimactic: "You know Bert Sedden?"

"*Bert*—oh yes—you think he—"

"Young Sedden came home on a visit without much notice in advance, didn't he?"

"Yes, but—"

"Have you met Mr. Prentice? He's one of the civilian engineers—"

"With Lieutenant Roberts. But how could Bert—"

"Just got an F.B.I. report on him. Bert is a pretty bad boy. He was a Communist spy until five or six months ago."

"Why, he told me he left the party a year ago!"

"Did he tell you that he and Prentice are good friends?"

"No."

"Or explain why he should have abruptly decided to visit his folks just after Prentice got here?"

"No, but—"

My voice quit on me. So this is it, I thought miserably. So Bert is our "officer spy" at Navy Station. Poor Pop and Mom. It will kill them; they will die of shame. Oh, Bert, you horrible little beast. I heard Kirstell's words as from a distance:

"The coincidence is all I have to go on thus far. We have no information at all about Prentice. He may be entirely innocent of any connection with young Sedden. It is the fact that he came here under secret orders and that Bert followed—may be significant, eh? I think it calls for a full investigation. Do you agree?"

Although I believed Bert capable of any infamy, treason not excluded, and had no very high opinion of Dutch Prentice, my loyalty to Pop and Mom stirred me to rebellion against the probable truth.

"The German radio mentioned an *officer*," I said.

"That could have been a trick."

"Yes—"

"An officer's son would be close enough to it for them to brag."

"I'm afraid that you are right," I said slowly. "But I love Pop and Mom Sedden. If this is true, it will break their hearts. I want to give Bert the benefit of every doubt."

(Continued on page 43)



"This woman was trying to get me drunk, sir!" Dutch said. Savvy looked at me with a little start of surprise and, perhaps, disapproval



School D

By Edwar

There was another loud explosion and he staggered and went to his knees

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY C. C.

ALMOST every night the planes roar over Oxford, which is northwest of London and on the way to Coventry and those big midland industrial cities. Sometimes the planes drop their bombs. Every now and then one falls on the Spessard School for Boys and does a lot of damage.

John-William didn't mind it at first. It was exciting for a ten-year-old to watch the searchlights and the antiaircraft and the explosions and the fires burning. After a while, though, after the novelty wore off a little, it got to be a nuisance. He had asked Mr. Gregg how long it was going to last, and he had written his mother, too, and asked her and, oddly enough, both their answers were the same: "When the war is won, John-William."

Sunday night was the time set aside each week for the boys to write home to their parents. It was dark out and drizzling this Sunday night as John-William left the dining hall and turned right toward the west wing of the dormitory. He hunched his shoulders to the cold and took several steps before he remembered. The west wing was no more. His room was a pile of rubble now where a bomb had sheared off the side of the building last week.

He turned left and followed the stream of boys returning through the dark to the east wing. He climbed the four flights of stairs to the attic storeroom that he shared temporarily with Alec Pembroke and Richard Hale. It was cold and drafty in the long halls and staircases. There were fireplaces in the rooms below but a small charcoal heater was all they had in the storeroom. It was a bare room with three chairs grouped about a single big table, three cots, three wash basins, an oil lamp and one window heavily curtained to keep the light from showing on the outside.

Pembroke and Hale were already at work on their letters, chewing on the ends of their pens. "What's there to say?" Pembroke looked up at John-William and frowned.

"You might ask your mother for another cake," Hale suggested. "The last one was very good, I thought."

John-William sat down in the third chair. He didn't take off his overcoat. "Did you write about the west wing?" he asked, and Pembroke nodded.

JOHN-WILLIAM had written his mother all about it the next day and in her return letter she had sounded a little provoked because he had lost all his clothing and all his books, though he didn't think it was his fault entirely. He really couldn't take everything down into the shelter when the bombs started falling.

Pembroke and Hale were still chewing on the ends of their pens by the time John-William had finished the first page of his letter. He told his mother about the new master who had taken Mr. Terrill's place when he joined the R.A.F. He was sorry to see Mr. Terrill go—

And then the sirens started blowing. The three boys looked at one another. And almost in the same breath they heard the planes. The roar of hundreds of motors like thunder, growing louder and louder until they seemed directly overhead.

Pembroke and Hale put down their pens and jumped to their feet. It was a strict rule of the school that all boys go to the shelter at the first alarm. They shouted something and, snatching up their caps, went out the door. John-William didn't look up. He was writing as fast as his hand could move back and forth across the page. He wanted to finish this letter.

Then the first explosion came. It wasn't very near but it shook the whole building and made the water pitchers dance in the basins. At the second explosion John-William rose to his feet, still writing. At the third, nearer this time, he gave up. He screwed the top on the ink bottle and crammed it and the pen in one pocket, stuffed the unfinished letter in the other pocket and, turning out the light, hurried downstairs. The corridors were deserted. He reached the ground floor and ran out into the night.

On the dormitory steps he stopped short, amazed. It was the biggest and noisiest raid they had had yet. The sky in every direction was aflame. Searchlights swept the clouds, stabbed through the smoke from scores of raging fires. The short flashes were from the antiaircraft guns; the longer flashes were the bombs exploding. The planes and the sirens and the guns and the explosions were deafening. John-William put his hands over his ears and started running across the yard.

Halfway across, the ground suddenly rose up in his face. There was a blinding flash of light and he felt himself being hurled backward through the air. He landed on his side, rolled over twice. For a moment he lay stunned, then he scrambled to his feet. He wa covered with dirt. It was in his hair id eye and mouth. It tasted gritty b een in teeth. Smoke burned his nos s.

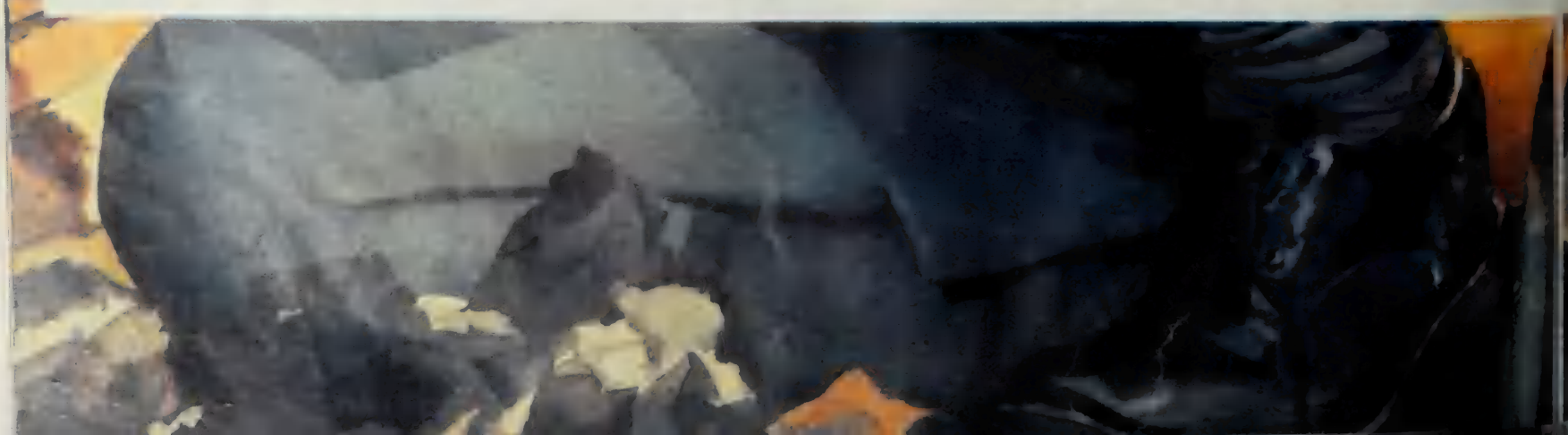
Picking his way gingerly a nd the big crater in the middle of e yard. John-William ran past the c ng ba and into the field where the sl er was. There was another loud exp on be- hind him and he staggered ar went to his knees. But he rose quicki nd ran on and reached the shelter. Gregg was checking the list of boys. closed the big iron door behind them.

THE inside of the shelter wa ounded like the inside of a tube. re was little room. It was hot and fy and the hundred and fifty boys an nasters were sitting about on cots and irs an on the floor. There were ma ines to read, games to play. Someone ned on the wireless and they had mus

Mrs. Quimby, the nurse, pu band age on the deep gash in John- lliam's cheek. The sound of the bomb nd the roar of planes was muffled h in the shelter and after he had reg ed his wind a bit he sat down to fini his let- ter. It was all done except the nature and—oh, yes, he had almost gotten. At the bottom of the page h rote a short P. S.:

"And, please, Mummy, will u send me some gunpowder to help ebrate Guy Fawkes Day."

Very carefully he folded letter and slid it into an envelope. wrote the address on the cover and e it to Mr. Gregg for mailing after the id was over. Other boys were writing ir let- ters, too. Outside, the guns roa d.



China Sky

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

TEMPORARILY in charge of a hospital in the Chinese city of Chen-li while her chief is in America, Dr. Sara Durand carries on courageously—despite frequent bombings by Japanese airplanes. Her first real test comes when a noted Chinese guerrilla—Chen-ta, commonly known as "the Eagle"—brings in a seriously wounded Japanese prisoner. Assisted by Doctor Chung, of the men's ward, she operates. And the Japanese ("Mr. Yasuda," an officer of high rank) does not die.

Then Sara receives a crushing blow. The man she loves—Dr. Gray Thomison—returns from America *with his bride!* . . . From the first, Louise Thomison is miserable; she loathes the Chinese, she is terrified by the bombings. Also, she is lonely and bored—from time to time, she invites Harry Delafield, an attractive Englishman, to come over from a near-by port. . . .

Working through Doctor Chung (whom he bribes) Yasuda succeeds in inveigling Louise into getting his letters through, unopened. Assured by Chung that the letters are harmless, and that there will be no more bombings *of the hospital*, if they go through, Louise co-operates—quite innocently. And, to the mystification of everyone, there are no more attacks on the hospital! . . . The letters contain outlines of Chen-ta's battle plans, brought to Chung by his brother, Chung Third (one of Chen-ta's men). . . .

Two women are in love with Doctor Chung: Doctor Siu-mei and a nurse, Ya-ching. Regarding Ya-ching as just another woman, Chung amuses himself with her for a time, then drops her brutally. Unfortunately for Chung, Ya-ching knows too much. She knows that Chung is giving certain pills to Yasuda—pills that enable the Japanese to have frequent relapses. She knows about Chung's brother. . . .

Together, at the hospital Sara and Gray watch a tiny Chinese airplane bring down two Japanese aircraft. Overcome with joy, they throw their arms about each other. And suddenly Gray knows that he loves this woman—this young physician who has worked beside him for so many months. As he stands there holding Sara close, Gray bends and kisses her. The kiss ended, he does not take his arms away. Nor does Sara take hers away.



VIII

them apart at last. No one came to
o open it, no voice called to startle
: Louise came between them. Slowly
the hold of his arms about Sara, and
less close and for one fierce instant
er own arm about Gray's shoulder. It
uise had come in through Gray's mind
She was there as really as though she
ring at them. There was no denying
So Sara, too, dropped her arm and
lean against the desk with both hands
she fall. She felt numb and dazed ex-
rn of her mouth. Her lips were sting-
ed them with the tip of her tongue and
y. He looked at her, his dark eyes

e," he said slowly.
too late, so long as we're both alive,"

answer and she saw that he was strug-
thought of Louise. He would have to
ourse. Deceit would be intolerable to
ed her own conscience. It was as clear
shine. If Louise had really been able
she thought, then she would have felt
ise loved no one but herself. And to
new, she had done no hurt.
ut, "Whatever you decide to say to
emember that I am glad that this hap-
you. And I'm glad. It's as simple as

—a long time?" His eyes were steady
she could see the dark red stain un-

ow how long," she said, "but I know I
ay your cable came, saying you were
e."
away from him. She was a woman
and she had spoken with an honesty
. She could do it because in some deep,
e was fighting for her life against Lou-
for Gray's. "I can make him happy,"
nd Louise never can."
out of the window behind Gray. The
ne and there remained only the rolling
smoke. The room was full of the ter-
at always followed an air raid. In that
e sounded too loud, too bold, but what
as said. Nothing was hidden. She was
eyes.
king at her, felt nothing done and noth-
r. He was full of distress and tumult.
ean that he could kiss Sara and find in
kiss the deepest union he had ever
other human being? But the kiss was
elf—it was full of the knowledge of
working at his side at the operating ta-
ining slides with him with eyes trou-
nt diagnosis, of Sara eager and quick in
together, forgetting herself to be his
his other brain, his eyes and now his

d into his chair, and leaned his head
s, frightened at the terrible clarity of
perceived. Whatever he had given to
t what bound him and Sara into one.
e had never been one. There had been
gether of their separate beings. Mar-
made them one. Nevertheless, there
Louise was his wife, not Sara. The fact
m, mountain high.
time Sara stood at the window, wait-
speak. The quiet wind was moving the
away now, and between the dark, drift-
e could see the hillsides. The people
out of their caverns and down again to
to take up their lives again as best they
ould search the ruins and the ashes for
mething usable and, with that, take up
in, as they had so many times.
ot I?" she thought. She felt the old rush
nd admiration for them hot under her
Gray decide (*Continued on page* 34)

Gray decide what he must do, she thought,
I she ould bear it somehow. Then he spoke.
hat s ll we do, Sara?" he asked. "Anything
a thi is best, Gray," she answered quietly



The cast of Meet the People literally meets the people by coming down into the aisles to shake hands with the audience during the opening number. The girl in the foreground is Marie DeForest



Not enough money to marry Sue Robin Jack ment. She talks him into it, singing A I ow

"Elmer's Wedding Day" satirizes small-town life. The bride is Patty Brilhante, the effervescent groom is Eddie Johnson. Like nearly everyone else in the cast, they double in the other skits



Elizabeth Talbot-Martin shows perplex Jack a ballet step. His job is to work it i



eet the People

By Robert Andrews

TO APHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

f the American thea- People musical re- l under the heading: hese are the young est Coast who made -show town. They od, dallied in San Denver, tarried in sailed brightly on a year late! It has ce any show had the nd the outcry might g except that they as night when every- good intentions and s it turned out to be .

ual anybody in New rd of was Jack Gil- ary comedian who ceremonies at Down- and had managed to dway by the simple ing his way to the his way into the in- is little pearl. The of youngsters, aver- who could sing and funny. The august verred that the girls ted but "just about folks the town has g month," and there ment that if there still running around r was not dead and lie and Hoo-ray for

said the company e 'em the New York probably made the venty-five apiece for the costumes, instead of the original dollar six bits."

When the show was put on in Hollywood it cost $350 for scenery and $400 for the costumes—and almost didn't get on at all because of financial troubles. A lot of people headed by Florence Sage had organized the Hollywood Theater Alliance because they had a vague feeling "something ought to be done about something." The Federal Theater Project had shown that the town reeked with talent and that, further, there was an audience for medium-priced entertainment. So they got stuffed up with big ideas and rented the old Writers' Club on Sunset Boulevard for $300 a month and started hacking it into the semblance of a theater. Just as they were beginning to feel pretty righteous about this along came a little man who nudged them sharply with his thumb and said:

"How's about the rent this month?"

After that it became a race and a nightmare. The Alliance held a series of rent parties, at all of which they raised just enough money to make preparations for the next party. So they got donations and loans. They bothered their best friends; they became public menaces. Just a little dough for the rent; come on, come across. In the meantime they were tearing some extra insides out of the Writers' Club, which was merely an old rambling bungalow. But no matter how loudly the hammers rang or the members lamented, there would be a distant voice crying: "Rent. Rent. How's about the rent?"

The committee that finally put the

(Continued on page 33)



Even Southerners don't get up and leave as Jack Albertson and Eddie Johnson sing It's the Same Old South during their old-fashioned music-hall skit

"The Jitterbusters" number is an astonishing whirlwind dance by Dorothy Roberts and Ted Arkin, who get more exercise than anyone else in the cast

ease is carried to its illogical conclusion in the "Union The boys strip down to their union-made shorts. Girl Virginia Bryan, Peggy Ryan, Fay McKenzie, Beryl Ca- Colby. Bottom, the lecture audience's struggle to keep ng author delivers his lecture Wake Up, America! pro- ilarity. Jack Gilford (center) is a standout in this skit







OUR NEW ARMY



Laundry prices seemed high to three privates at Camp Robinson, Arkansas, so they bought themselves a washing machine. At left, Paul Anderson and Robert McCracken operate the wringer while Harold Lynn rinses the shorts. All are with Headquarters Company, 69th Infantry, Kansas National Guard

MAYBE you'd like to take a whirl at an Army psychological test for mechanical aptitude. Easy. Get a friend to take apart a lot of doorbells, hinges, locks and mousetraps and mix up all the parts in a box. Your job is to try to reassemble the gadgets swiftly and efficiently. . . . How's your sensitivity of touch? To find out, take five small steel cylinders, varying in diameter so slightly that the difference can't be detected by sight, and try to sort them into proper order: largest one first, smallest last. . . . Then you might have a go at taking a round lead bar and hammering it into a square—without changing its length. . . . After that you can retire to the booby hatch.

The idea of these tests is that the Army doesn't want—any more than it can help—repetitions of World War I incidents, like the one about the tough top kick who spent half an hour explaining the workings of a rifle to a recruit only to find out he was lecturing a gunsmith.

●

FORT LEONARD WOOD, MISSOURI: This 7th Corps Area training center is climbing out of the Ozark mud and will be operating full blast within a month or two. Right now, 12,000 workmen are putting up and laying out 1,550 buildings and fifty-five miles of roads. When they've finished, the $30,000,000 camp will accommodate 37,500 men on its 65,000 acres. Greatest obstacle to construction is the mud—a thin layer of topsoil on a thick layer of clay on a bed of hardpan. The latter blocks drainage and the mud is so gooey that a workman run over by a truck wasn't seriously hurt; just pressed into the mud. Carpenters range from good workmen to dim-wits who haven't the faintest idea. A foreman asked one of the latter how long he had been on the job. "Hour and a half," replied the workman, examining a hammer with great interest. "How long you been a carpenter?" the foreman pursued. "Hour and a half," said the workman, laying down the hammer, baffled by its complexity.

●

CAMP JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, ARKANSAS: Boast of the post is that it has the best mud any army ever had the privilege of wallowing in, and there's a plan afoot to ship sample carloads to other camps. The reddish, sandy Camp Robinson product can easily be scraped off shoes and uniforms, and its gravel base so hastens water drainage that two hours after a heavy rain the terra is firma.

ROBINSON covers 39,000 acres containing rifle and pistol ranges, 6,000 tents, 500 wood buildings and 20,000 Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri and North Arkansas guardsmen. But there's no





Unlike the Arabs, Camp Robinson soldiers can't fold their tents but move them anyway (center). Officers of the 35th Division call for their dates in an Army truck (left) to attend a dance given by Little Rock debutantes

parade ground. F
developments don'
Officers have a reac
"We didn't come he

IF 35th Division e
for sick call in a
doesn't necessarily
to "gold brick." Ge
tal is the only way t
ing with any of th
nurses hold the rel
lieutenant they do
mingling socially wi
can't entertain the
and other swank spo

THERE'S suppose
red tape now tha
at camp headquart
wonder. "This cou
any war," drawled a
of paper work. "H
paper mills and mi
than any other nati

●

ADAMS FIELD,
Little Rock fire
about enough of t
Missouri National G
ago the squadron h
and an excited sv
called the Little Roc
chief, glad to co-ope
roared out to the fi
paratus and was sor
he found no flames.
there was another
telephone operator
a near-by resident,
from a smoke bomb
ment into motion
later Chemical Wa
Harry Johansen ca
warned him not to
scheduled smoke a
yeah?" growled the
Rock F. D.

●

CAMP UPTON, N
ing of fires, 5th
Capt. Lyman F. Ba
a bad-luck reputat
portions. Worried a
of tent fires, he hac
on fire prevention.
the 5th Recruit Co
Upton's first confla
mind still keen on
Barry next applied
ter's office for a str
Just in time to have
son with a broken
The personnel of the
pany is awaiting
move with somethir
interest.

●

FORT SILL, OKI
158th Infantry,
Guard, goes into co
ligence officers will
to unscramble the 45
telephone messages.
—Pvts. Stephen Kr
Herbert Emerson,
Wesley Antone—hav
communications s
orders in their own u
They call it "walkie-

(Continued o

PUBLIC LIBRARY



"Streamlined smoking!—a basic new design, Colonel!"



● HERE'S THE MOST important cigarette improvement in 25 years — streamlined smoking.

It's Pall Mall—a cigarette deliberately designed for better smoking! Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer than the old-style cigarette. And this additional length is important.

Because it travels the smoke further—the smoke reaches you cooler. Because it filters the smoke through more tobacco—the smoke is definitely milder.

Important, too, is BULKING.

Because this careful Pall Mall process mellows tobaccos as nothing else can.

In BULKING, the traditionally fine Pall Mall tobaccos acquire a new character. The delicate flavors blend together. All harshness is gradually softened. Pall Mall becomes a noticeably smoother cigarette.

The smoke of these fine tobaccos—enriched by BULKING, traveled and filtered through Pall Mall's greater length—gives you a combination of advantages no other cigarette can offer.

"Streamlined smoking!—a basic new design, Colonel!"

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

1941 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

"Fan Mail" IS POURING IN PRAISING HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE



"GREATEST DEVELOPMENT IN AUTOMOBILE HISTORY"

"I have driven my '90' Hydra-Matic Olds approximately 20,000 miles—on long, fast drives and hard ones. On one particular trip, I traveled a distance of 152 miles in 2 hours and 10 minutes with an average gasoline consumption of 18.1 miles per gallon. I consider Oldsmobile the greatest automobile built today and Hydra-Matic Drive the greatest development in the history of automobile manufacture."

H. G. G., TENNESSEE

"NEVER DREAMED DRIVING COULD BE SO MUCH FUN"

"I am nearly 70 and have been driving since cars came out—but I never dreamed there could be so much fun in driving till I stepped on the throttle of an Olds Hydra-Matic . . . Talk about power and get-away, I never saw anything like it!"

E. A. M., NEW MEXICO

"NO AMOUNT OF MONEY COU

"Have just returned from a 6,000 Olds Hydra-Matic Coupe. I could h the coast for a good deal more tha but no amount of money could buy could not get another."

MRS. A. B.

"WON'T LET ANYONE ELSE

"After two months, I am reminde bought my son his first electric train one else run it. You're too modest i Hydra-Matic Drive!"

"ALMOST TOO GOOD TO B

"I think Hydra-Matic Drive is the ment the automobile industry has years . . . it's almost too good to be

J. W., S



Oldsmobile Custom Cruiser 4-Door Sedan, Available as Either a Six or an Eight.



NEVER in Oldsmobile's 43-year history has any new development inspired such enthusiastic owner letters as Hydra-Matic Drive! From mountain regions, open plains and congested city areas, the "fan mail" is pouring in—voluntarily and unsolicited. Owners *everywhere* are unanimous in their endorsement of America's first car without a clutch pedal or gear shifter. Hydra-Matic Drive is the world's only combination of fluid coupling and 4-speed, fully-automatic transmission. It eliminates the clutch pedal *completely*—does away with manual shifting of gears. It steps up performance and saves on gas. And it's been *proved* in the hands of more than 80,000 owners. Try Hydra-Matic Drive today—and you'll never be satisfied with anything else!

STYLED
BUILT

PRICED JUS ABOVE THE LOWEST

Whatever lowest-p have in mind—esp *de luxe* model—co the big luxurious Six or Eight. You' ference in price rel but the difference dous. So why not

★ Optional at

THE CAR *Ahead!*

IT'S OLDSMOBILE

The Hands of a Great Horse Player

Continued from page 12

ini ring that kind of anesthetic. he ne had both nerve ends bared ne, he took the piece of nerve H gerty, and seeing that one of ur s had gold leaf ready, asked in- d a l sharply for black silk and a lle. They got it for him, but not kly nough to please him and he ed them. Take it easy, he told el you'd think it was a brain op- on e way you're carrying on. He v i was not an operation in which e s imperative.

he he tried to suture the fresh e c erve in, the ends of the mas- ne e were not firm and the thread e ough. He had to chip back e t get firmer nerve tissue and n h was ready again for the suture an were shaking. "You finish it," aid Haggerty. The big man took nee e and thread and did it quickly we

E were again in the little rooms nn g into each other with their n t and indirect lighting, and were hin their hands.

Tha was a good idea," Haggerty , "u g a suture instead of wrapping g leaf."

d k w just what they were think- " C bett said; "that we were grand- adin and doing it the hard way."

Sur some of those guys are going e s ne place one day where there 't any gold leaf and they'll be d th saw a good suture today. But t n they're all wise guys."

It's ot their fault," Corbett said. s w t they teach us today. At Yale wa t was, there wasn't a textbook use except maybe something on tom but that the professors didn't r h out of it. They wanted us dou everything, even them. It's

lthy

It's ealthy if you don't take it too ." H gerty said, "and that's what a of k s have a tendency to do. Let's to t races. You need them today. don't know why you folded up in there." He spoke without malice, almost, as though to himself. When Corbett didn't speak, Haggerty went on: "The Martins will be glad to see you. They like you."

"I like the girl, Ellen," Corbett said. "But the old lady talks too much."

"No one's asking you to marry the old lady," Haggerty said.

"You'd think I was a tout," Corbett said, "the way the old lady hangs on me for what to bet. Hell, I don't know."

"You know the horses well," Haggerty said. "You've got a good mind for it. What do they call it, objective? That's it. To be a good gambler or a good doctor you got to be objective. Cold. It's nice. I have to work to be objective. You got it naturally."

Corbett didn't speak. Going down to the car, Haggerty noticed the younger man looked tired. He said, "We'll have to hurry if we're going to make the first race."

"We'll make it, all right."

"What do you mean?"

"You just like to drive fast."

"Got to have some relaxation," Haggerty said. He liked to drive and, because when he was young he had been poor, he liked expensive cars. The big car they were in moved quickly and easily through traffic as if it were flexible, even sentient. The doctor's license, the deputy police commissioner's marker over it, got them waved on. It was a Saturday and a little crowded when they came to the suburban roads. A state policeman saw the car, saluted Haggerty, picked them up and led them, siren screaming, through the traffic.

"See," Haggerty said. Then, almost to himself: "I've come a long way."

Corbett nodded but didn't speak. He liked Haggerty. The chief's delight in the obvious was balanced by his delicacy in the operating room, and nothing he did could more than make Corbett laugh at him, indulgently as at a child.

While Haggerty parked the car, Corbett walked ahead and bought a form sheet. The first race was for two-year-



"He's even made up a poem about it—'Rickety Rax, Rickety Rax, tomorrow I work on my income tax'"

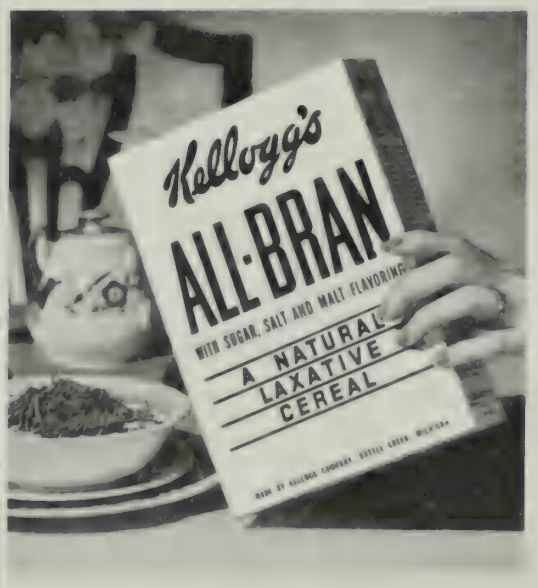
People differ about constipation



FIRST, there are those who always want to get it over with *quick*. "Take a good strong dose," they tell you. Only, like the hare in the fable, these people rarely win. They make endless stops and starts; never get at the heart of the trouble.



OTHERS SAY that quick results aren't enough. After all, history says the *tortoise* won the race. With constipation, as with any ailment, it's better to get at the *cause* and *correct* it—then you won't *have* to resort to emergency measures.



WE SAY that if your trouble is the common kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet, this crunchy toasted cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, *will* go right to the cause and correct it. And by one of the pleasantest means you ever knew! But you must keep at it. Make ALL-BRAN your steady breakfast cereal, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't leave constipation miles behind!

Join the "Regulars" with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG IN BATTLE CREEK

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Carter

Scores again
with a brilliant new ink

"AMERICAN BLUE"



It's an entirely new ink, brilliant, deep toned and permanent, to add real distinction to your writing . . . It's smooth flowing, too—easy to start—it dries almost as quickly as you can write. And you'll like the attractive, colorful and timely "streamlined" bottle with wide mouth for easy dipping and filling.



NEW CUBE-WELL with large cube of ink and hard rubber base . . . self-starting pen that writes pages at one dipping.

old maidens at five-and-a-half furlongs. A horse named Pot Luck was in it; he had run only twice before and had shown early speed. Corbett thought it was reasonable to suppose he might stay this time. He'd been training well and you never knew about two-year-olds. He'd be a price.

Corbett went slowly through the clubhouse, reading the form. He came into the sun. It felt good on his face and neck. A bugle was sounding and he looked up. The horses were coming out, nervous, unsure, the boys keeping a firm hold on them. Pot Luck looked to be in good shape. He had the hindquarters of a sprinter, powerful and short-coupled. It wouldn't take him long to untrack. Someone called and Corbett looked up. Haggerty was with the Martins in their box.

"What do you like, Doctor?" Mr. Martin said, after the greetings.

"It's a scramble, but I think Pot Luck might be a good bet across the board."

"He was last both times out," Mr. Martin said.

"But he has early speed and he seems to have been training well. He might last this time."

"I have to go against you this time," Mr. Martin said. "I like the favorite, Abbeyville."

"I'm going with the doctor," Mrs. Martin said, smiling fondly at Corbett. The four-carat diamond on her finger winked in the sun. It was something, Corbett supposed, that she wore only one. He turned to the daughter. He liked her for being quiet. She had fine, clear skin, he saw; it looked good even in the strong sunlight. "Which do you like, Ellen?" he said.

"I just like to see them run," she said. He saw she was a nice-looking girl, although that hadn't been his memory of her; most girls with the kind of looks she had would be smiling a lot to give people the full benefit of those fine, high cheeks and the delicate way the skin crinkled around the good eyes.

"You ought to bet Pot Luck across," he said. "He's twenty-three to one. He ought to be about sixty. Someone's betting him."

"All right, if you are," she said.

Going down to get the tickets, he thought that her mamma had certainly given her instructions. Away from the fine skin and the quietness, he told himself, he was not impressed by her.

Pot Luck broke on top and led almost all the way. Fifty yards out he hung and Abbeyville, running at him all down the stretch, caught him on the wire.

"See," Mr. Martin said. "I liked the favorite."

"We'll get more money across the board than you will," Corbett said, smiling.

"That's a hell of a way to bet," Mr. Martin said. "But you certainly picked a long one out of the hat."

CORBETT had the second winner at nine to two and the third at ten to one. He was better than a hundred dollars ahead.

"This is certainly your day, Doctor," Mrs. Martin said.

"Who do you like in this one?" Mr. Martin said.

"There's a horse in it called Barnstormer. A girl the doctor and I operated on this morning gave me a tip. What's her name, Doctor?" Corbett said to Haggerty.

"I forget," Haggerty said.

"Well, we certainly have to bet on that, then," Mrs. Martin said.

"Not me," Mr. Martin said. "I never bet hunches or tips. I like the favorite."

Anderson, a good jockey, was up on the horse. He rated Barnstormer along in third place, moved into second place on the backstretch and, going into the far turn, went inside the favorite, took the lead and held it all the way in under a hand ride. The price was a big one. Corbett had him ten dollars across the board for himself and five for the girl in the hospital.

"He'd never have gotten through," Mr. Martin said, "if the boy on that favorite had been on the rail. As it is, I don't know why he didn't close in on Anderson when he tried to get through."

"Anderson waited until they were in front of a patrol judge," Corbett said. "The boy on the favorite wouldn't dare to come over on him in front of the judge."

They looked at him respectfully. Haggerty said, "Did you bet something for the kid at the hospital?"

"Five across. I'll wire and tell her."

"Better wire and ask how she is, first."

Corbett went downstairs and cashed the tickets. With what he had, the tens and twenties made a big roll. He went from the clubhouse to the telegraph office under the stands and sent a wire to the nurse in charge of the floor the ward was on. He still couldn't think of the girl's name, but since the other two operations he had assisted Haggerty with that day had been on men, he just asked in the wire about the condition of the girl they had operated on that day.

He went back up to the box. Ellen Martin smiled at him without speaking and he saw she was a very pretty girl. It wouldn't do any harm to see her now and then, he thought. As a resident at the hospital he was getting a hundred a month and the roll in his pocket made him feel powerful. It was the most money he had ever had.

"I'm going to go with you, this time," Mr. Martin said. "But I hope you like the favorite."

"He's the best horse in the race, but he's tailing off, I think. He won three straight and was second last out."

"But his workouts are good."

"Too good, maybe."

He had the winner again, the second choice, at five to two. He had horses in the money in the sixth and seventh races.

"You people are having dinner with us, you know," Mrs. Martin said.

"I have rounds to make," Haggerty said, "but Corbett has the r
off."

"I thought you migh
around," Corbett said.

"You'll be better if you
ning off," Haggerty said.

Going below to bet on th
last race, Corbett remembe
he had sent. He found, c
he was actually tired of w
had never been a day as
one. He bet on a long s
didn't have a chance and w
stands again to the wire
name was chalked on the
board outside it.

The wire read: "Miss Bu
3:57 P. M. R. M. Turnbull, (

IT SEEMED to Corbett th
reaction. He scratched h
as might a man puzzled an
gent than himself. He th
ironic, but that was about
cific word he could think of
back to the clubhouse, b
people. When he got to th
gerty asked him what was t

"That girl we operated
she died."

Haggerty cursed. Mrs. M
mildly displeased; at the b
Corbett was sure. He felt
watching him but he
watched the horses going ir
ing-gate on the backstretch
the infield. Haggerty sat o
near Corbett. "I don't kı
could have been," Corbett
relatively simple operation

"It's only one thing," H
quietly, still looking throug
at the horses. "Shock. Th
we could have done abou
have to tell you that we do
much about shock."

I know about shock, Cor
suddenly. He realized he
foolishly. *Shock,* he thoug
*funny word. It could me
things.*

He didn't hear the roar o
Someone brushed against
ing up, and Corbett turned
track. The horses were run
the bare infield, dark unde
swept in a silent press alon

BUTCH By Larry



"It's a nuisance, though; my wife's always tellin' her relatives: 'Oh, Butch can get it for you for practically nothing'

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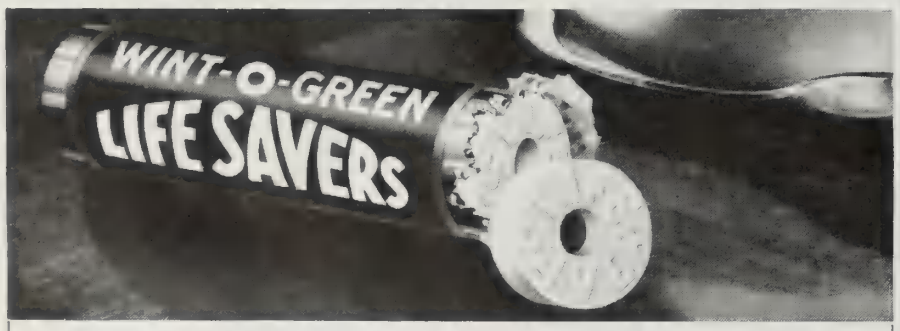
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4. Wint-O-Green counts one word, Life Savers count two.
5. Prizes are awarded for answers best for advertising purposes, in opinion of the judges.
6. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be given. Decisions of judges will be final. Contest open to residents of U. S. and Canada. All entries become property of Life Savers.
7. Each week's contest closes Saturday midnight. The date your entry is received at post office in Port Chester, N. Y., is official date of entry. Prize winners will be notified by mail.
8. Employees of Life Savers or their advertising agency, or their families may NOT enter.

stretch, too far away to give more than a hint of their individual motion. Silent and unfretful, with some of the mystical quality of a cloud, they moved in a dark mass topped by a flecking foam of color. At their head now, separated by less than daylight, a single horse ran, like the tip of a spearhead. As Corbett watched, this horse slowly, almost painfully, detached himself from the mass and moved out in front of it.

The horses bent into the far turn at a brief and bitter angle. Foreshortened as they came off it, they were a single mass again, coming quickly apart as they swung into the long stretch. The leader had two lengths, a length and a half. A black horse was at the leader's flank, the withers, the neck. Then the horses were galloping away again.

"Some day for long shots," Mr. Martin said. "I bet you had that one, Doctor Corbett?"

CORBETT looked at his ticket. He had it, all right. He had everything, he thought. He felt lousy. "I think I'd better go back to the hospital with you," he said to Haggerty.

"No, you go with Ellen. There's nothing you can do. I won't have an autopsy before tomorrow, probably. And I'm telling you what it was. Shock. Now you go along with Ellen."

"Maybe it was a hemorrhage."

"No," Haggerty said. "Shock. I know. It's one of those things. There's no need for *you* to feel too bad. *I* finished the operation."

It seemed to Corbett that nothing made sense, that they were talking at cross-purposes. *There was shock, all right.* He didn't speak. They were walking slowly in the scattering crowd going to the cars. Mr. and Mrs. Martin and Haggerty were ahead. The girl walked with Corbett. It was a little while before he noticed her.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"It's all right."

"I suppose it is nice that you do feel bad. One somehow gets the idea of a doctor's feeling impersonal about his patients, impersonal to the point of coldness as regards death."

"Oh, sometimes," he said. "Sometimes." He felt vague and as though harassed.

"But Dr. Haggerty said he finished the operation and wasn't much you could do. It's really not your fault. There's nothing you could have done."

No. Nothing. He looked up. They were at the Martins' car. Ellen was telling the chauffeur to take the train; he wanted to drive.

"I'd like to go back with Dr. Corbett," she said in a low voice. He was trying to control what he felt.

"And I say no," Mr. Martin said. "You go out."

When Haggerty got into the Martins' car, Corbett got in with Ellen and father were in front. The chauffeur's glass screen was on the rolling landscape, clumps of trees as they sat facing forward, their backs loosely and flatly opposite.

"You have good hands," he said. "The hands of a fine surgeon."

"The hands of a good doctor at home," he said.

"You mustn't talk that way. I wish there were something I could do. What makes it difficult is that it wasn't your fault."

He turned to her, his face wanting to hurt her. He wanted to hurt her because he felt so helpless and insensitive as he said, "I'm sorry it's not my fault," he said. He wanted to see the effect on her face. Her face seemed even paler as she looking at him and he knew she was crying without sound.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm sorry. I hardly knew her. You don't remember her name, even. What did you . . . liked her?"

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know myself. That's the way like being crazy."

They looked at each other. They would go, he knew, but it did not seem that way. He could believe there was no one else. Ellen put her arms around his face to draw it to her. She held him against the loss, against was wrong so often, in the kind of mind he was in. He'd been wrong about Ellen, let her hold him a little time.



"The board of directors decided you must learn to rumba, Captain, if you're to handle a Southern c

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Meet the People

Continued from page 25

gether was composed of Jay and Henry Myers, who did s e l sketches; Dannie Dare, who in arge of the production and put he ances; Mortimer Offner, who te the sketches; and Edward zu, ho was sort of editor of the le ng.

ey started auditions while the ter vere still at work on the innards e c wreck. They auditioned from nin till night; they tried to force che out of Hollywood writers who dn e bothered; they rehearsed the terial they had. When the ati cast forgot a line in doing a ch annie Dare yelled:

Ne what was it? Don't stand there ing umb. What was the line?"

he swer came from a tall guy who st ding on a ladder, painting the ng: "I love you very dearly, Mrs. if. said the painter, he knowing lin by this time better than any- y e in the joint.

FU NY-BUSINESS MEN

Sel ortraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 31



s father wanted him to be musician, but Louis Prisci began to draw in public school and has been at it ever since (see opposite page). Art school and two years of sketching in Mexico and South America smoothed his technique and he finally settled down in New York, to marry Artist Margot Cook (see page 56) whose conception of her husband's profile is depicted herewith. Their ambition is to see the world—when things calm down.

Wh rehearsals went on endlessly nside mothers, fathers and stray relatives waited patiently for their darings get through. Fay McKenzie, who plays Miss Hollywood in the revue, had particular trouble with her father, an old rouper himself.

"I can smell 'em a mile away," said Papa cKenzie flatly. "A turkey. It'll never open."

Wh the directors got through their day's ork, they had to spend the rest of the night getting people out of bed and p ting the bite on them for money. Sid Fuller and Ray Golden were particularly adept at lifting the wallets of such friends as they could back into alleys and make listen.

Wh opening day neared, Dannie Dare found a new face in his chorus—the young painter who knew the lines when the cast forgot them, one Angus Hopkins, a six-foot giant.

"The old story," says Dare. "I thought Gorney had hired him; Gorney thought Myers had signed him. He's one of the best guys in the company."

But just when everything was ready, disaster smacked them. . . . The fire department refused to let them open in their newly painted house. The troupe pranced down to city hall to see the mayor.

The mayor was too busy to see them, so they stood outside his office and sang The Bill of Rights, one of the eventual song hits of the show, to the mayor's secretary. She was properly moved and took them by the hand to the fire chief and asked him to do what he could for these nice young people. He said he'd come out and see a dress rehearsal of the show.

"Nice performance," the chief agreed after he had seen it—and then he kicked his foot right through the side of the building. "See? A fire hazard. You can't use it."

This was a real blow because the show had originally started out to be a sort of cabaret business with waiters wandering among the tables while the performance was going on. They even had a first-act curtain built around sandwiches and Hollywood drive-ins. In short they had no theater and none of that intimate sort was available and their money was now definitely gone. Faced with this disaster, the directors sped off into the night at the report that a theater might be available at Palm Springs. Their car suffered a broken axle at a point in the desert so far from human habitation that they were not heard from for thirty-six hours.

"It's all over," said the cast. "Even the guys that wrote it are running away from it."

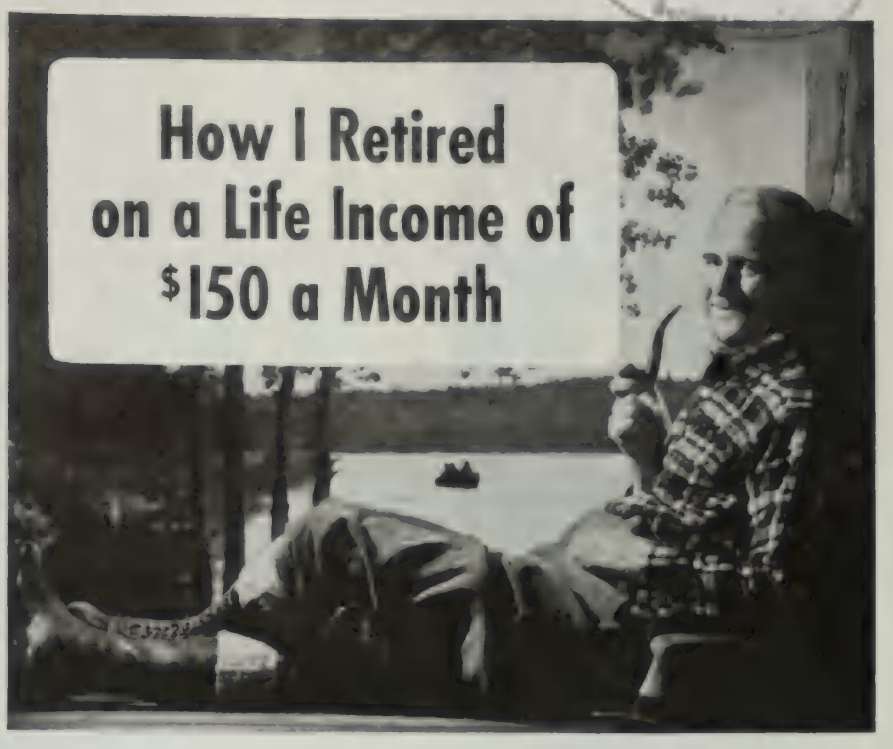
As a last resort they found they could get the tiny theater of the Hollywood Assistance League for two weeks because it was the holiday season and it wasn't being used. When they picked on Christmas night to open, that was considered the last straw.

"A plain case of insanity," said Mr. McKenzie, father of the luscious Fay. "There'll never be a second performance."

Too Close for Comfort

He was nearly right. The notices next day were fair but nothing to get excited about, the theater was miles from anywhere and was hidden around a corner and word-of-mouth discussion was slow in getting started. On the second night the theater, seating 400, was only one third filled. The third night was no better, but one of the invited guests turned out to be Billy Wilkerson of the Hollywood Reporter. He wrote a column of elaborate praise and the fighting was all over. The theater was soon a sellout and when the Assistance League people began to ask plaintively when they could get their hall back, the show leased the Hollywood Playhouse, capacity 1,132, and began turning them away.

Since the twenty-four members of the cast double as principals and chorus, the changes of costume are rapid enough to confuse a candid cameraman and conditions were beautiful for brain concussions at the Assistance League, where there were only two small dressing rooms. It was here that the girls, acting in their role as a democratically organized faction of the show (and clinging rigorously to all the rights that sta-



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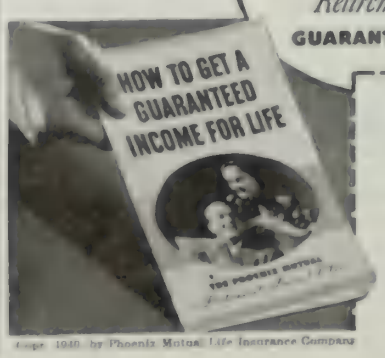
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tion can bring) posted an indignant notice on the bulletin board:

"Will Angus Hopkins kindly not take off his pants in the corridor?

"The Girls."

The cast votes on everything that happens to the show. When Jack Gilford, acting on advice from a drunk at the Café Society, came West with the thought that the company was waiting with open arms for him, he found that he could get into that choice delegation only if the cast wanted him. They gave him an audition, voted him in unanimously and he has been the mainstay of the show ever since. In addition to illustrating the anguish of a putt that just doesn't get up to the hole and the frenzy of a windshield wiper that tries to keep up with a gale, he does another act in which he tries to fight off sleep while listening to a long-winded visiting author. There are people who will go to their graves believing this is the most hilarious sketch ever done in an American revue.

Scared Into a Job

Then there was Virginia O'Brien. She showed up for one of the early auditions and said she was a singer. They asked her to prove it. She was so frightened she could hardly open her mouth and stood rigid, dead pan, and sang a hot torch tune. The laughter that followed could be heard over in Pasadena and she turned to leave.

"No, no, little Virginia," said the boys. "There is a Santa Claus and he has brought you to us and you will keep on doing your songs just that way and we will be very happy."

She was sensational, was signed by Metro, and was brought East by the Shuberts for Keep Off the Grass. Marion Colby took her place and is doing it now in New York. When a second company was formed in Hollywood after the first went on tour, a young Negro girl named Dorothy Dandrich did the number. Wild arguments sprang up all over town as to which was better—and certain families are still a-feudin'.

Bill Orr had been batting around Hollywood for several years before somebody headed him toward Meet the People, which was just casting. Metro had almost hired him to imitate a parrot, but there was a lady who did it better and he didn't get the job. The boys had been swearing that the one thing they wouldn't have was an imitator; this show wouldn't have an imitator. So they hired Bill because he was so good they couldn't help hiring him and he imitated F.D.R. and George Arliss and others and Warners' signed him almost immediately at one grand a week. He's still there, having left the show, and now the imitations are done by an enormously tall and talented lady named Elizabeth Talbot-Martin, who stops the show every night and brings on that usual fight in the families between Orr fans and Talbot-Martin addicts.

It is literally true that the show has become a cult wherever it has appeared. People go to it dozens of times and take it as an insult if all their friends haven't gone. The championship belongs to a Hollywood dentist, Dr. C. W. Solier. He came the opening night and liked the show so much he came the next night, and the next night, and all in all he and his wife have seen something like 187 performances on paid-for tickets. Toward the end of the doctor's run, the Alliance felt guilty about charging him and slipped him a pass or two, so he and Mrs. Solier got to be godfather and godmother of the show. They went up to San Francisco twice to see the show and then went on to Chicago for the opening. In Hollywood he got to be ashamed of being there all the time and used to wait till the house lights dimmed before sneaking in.

When the show toured, it carried twenty-seven people — not including eight mothers, four fathers and two wives. The youngest of the lot is Peggy Ryan, who has just turned sixteen. She has been in the movies and will be back in again if she ever gets through the stage where her voice sounds like a pipsqueak.

Although some of the sketches are very tart about political foibles the cast is not necessarily up on all the twists of international and national events. Eddie Johnson, the shorter membe that sings that biting tune Old South, was confused about a rhyme that coupled pellagra.

"Mr. Gorney," he said, lookin' but I can't find it. W Pellagra River?"

In addition to Jack Gilfo depends for comedy on a fab man with the fabulous name Weaver. He looks like son has been invented, and his ty verges on the supernatura overtones of catalepsy. In h he is exactly as wacky, sm with "Doodles" scrawled on stands and watches the Ti electric signs for hours, put gers to his ears and wiggling tervals to reveal his astonish

Mr. McKenzie's Conv

Since the Meet the Peop went on tour, the Alliance second company at the Music Box, a 900-seat house their permanent home. The on a drama, Zero Hour, by A and George Sklar, and will ha revue in shape by the time gets tired of the present one. already started a series orchestral concerts and are a Negro revue. The active now is J. Edward Bromberg, actor. They will soon have a theater and a mobile theater play-off-the-end-of-a-truck s which can be taken to farms and mining towns.

In brief, the whole busine an unreal air about it from ning. By all laws of nature never have started and surel never have lasted. Papa Mc been finally convinced. He Week would definitely see t them—and Holy Week brok ords for the show's attendanc either that Hollywood is rea moral city or that the pe starved for stage entertainn McKenzie has now taken a ne insists that under no circumst Meet the People run longer bacco Road. On that he star

What the regular professi about it may be taken from th of George White, who left his production of the Scandals, dying a lingering death in Los Angeles, and came out famous children of Hollywoo

"If this is show business," White. "I'm going to get the he

Well, it's show business. M business.



China Sky

Continued from page 23

what he must do, she thought, and she could bear it somehow. Then he spoke:

"What shall we do, Sara?"

"Anything you think is best, Gray."

"No, not only what I think, Sara. How can I decide for—three?"

"Decide for two, that's all, Gray—you and Louise. I have decided for myself."

They looked at each other, honest eyes upon honest faces. Then he groaned:

"Why didn't I see it long ago—before I ever went away from you?"

She shook her head. She could not speak. She bent and kissed his hair and went quickly away.

. . . Louise in her pretty living room was enjoying herself. Harry Delafield had come to tea. She felt it a small triumph, for he had put her off twice with pleas of unexpected work. This morning his chit came asking if he could drop in this afternoon.

He had come rather early and they had sat through the raid feeling nearly perfectly safe and making signs to each other. In the silences between the explosions they talked a little, watchful of the next thudding boom.

He said, "I say, it's very strange the hospital's never hit any more."

She made a little face at him. "You know why it is—we have an important Japanese patient!"

"So I've heard," he said, and grinned at her daring. "I say, do you know the Jap?"

"Yes, he's quite nice," she said. "I take him flowers."

"You're nervy, aren't you?"

"How?"

"The Chinese have it in for who's nice to a Jap."

"It doesn't matter what the think of one," she said.

"Oh, I see," he replied.

The booming began again the room filled suddenly with They sprang up to go to the wi stood watching it.

"Lucky the wind's the other said.

"They usually get the fires she replied.

"Yes, and with buckets a hand pumps," he said. "One h mire them, you know."

But she did not answer thi watched until the flames bega down and only the black p slowly swirling smoke remai then the quiet wind began p



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away. They went back to their seats.

"I'm glad you were here," she said, smiling gently across the little fireside table. "I know we are safe here, but still I'm afraid."

"Then I'm glad I was here," he said. He took the cup of tea from her and their hands touched and they smiled at each other again. He felt reckless today because he felt safe. He was going to be moved to a higher post. He had come especially to tell her and then had put it off because it was so pleasant to feel safe enough to make a little gay love to her. It was perfectly safe, since now he had his promotion and would be going away. He was glad he had not let himself fall in love with her, but still it was exciting to realize he actually did love her a little, enough to make him feel sentimental and sorry to think there would be no more of these times.

"You're looking prettier than ever, Louise," he said.

She flung back her bright hair. "I'm hideous," she declared. "What wouldn't I give for a few hours at Armand's on my hair and my skin! I'm a fright."

"A lovely fright," he said, laughing. He put out his hand and lifted a curl of her hair. It was soft and he let it wind about his fingers, conscious of a certain teasing excitement in the act. Then she tossed her head and leaned back in her chair beyond his reach. She would wait for his lead, she thought, smiling. She was so restless, so pent up in this little house, so bored in this ruined, stupid city that she would take any excitement. But she was not prepared for what he said suddenly after a moment.

"I say, Louise—I have to go away, you know."

She leaned forward. "Oh, why, Harry?" she said.

"Orders," he said. "I'm going to move up a peg. It's a promotion."

HE WAS elated to see the disappointment upon the pretty face. Since he was going away, why shouldn't they perhaps— The pretty face turned hard under his eyes.

"If you go, I'll simply die I'll be so bored," she said bitterly.

He felt dashed. "I'm glad I've been of use," he said a trifle coldly.

She felt the coldness and put out her hand to him. "You've simply saved me," she said. "There hasn't been anyone I could—play with. I love so to play. I'm not a bit serious, Harry. I've always had a good time until I came here."

Something broke in two in him. One part thought, "Still, her husband's a decent sort," the other smiled at Louise, comprehending her very well.

"I know—I rather like a good time myself," he said.

They sat measuring each other with their eyes. How far did play go?

"Where are you going?" she asked, delaying answer to that question.

"To Peking," he said, accepting the delay.

"Shall you mind being in Japanese territory?" she asked.

"Not a bit," he said. "What do I care? Besides, it'll be jolly getting out of raids."

"I wish I were going," she said.

"I wish you were," he replied. "Especially Peking. There's jolly riding there in the western hills. We could have some fun. I'll miss you, Louise."

"Will you truly, Harry?"

"Cross my heart."

Their hands clung together now and neither pulled away.

"Do you know, Harry, I've often thought perhaps the Japanese weren't so bad as Gray thinks."

"Japan's rather decent," he admitted. "I've been there quite a lot."

"Have you? Do you think I'd like it?"

"I believe you would," he said; "everything's small and pretty and frightfully clean—not a bit like China. It's all organized, like Germany."

"I was in Germany once," she said, "and I had such a good time. I liked the way the men clicked their heels and kissed my hand."

"Well, you always know where you are there," he said easily, "and it's just the same in Japan. Here, of course, it's every fellow as he's able. They're rather corking, though—take that guerrilla chap, the Eagle they call him—"

"I hate it here," she cried out. "I don't dare tell Gray how much I hate it!"

"It is rather rotten for foreign women," he agreed. But what he was thinking was whether or not he would kiss her. It had been fearfully long since he had kissed a white woman. He began to pull her toward him ever so gently.

He sat down without bending, as he always did, to kiss her cheek. It would be absolutely impossible for him to touch her, he had decided.

"It's cold," she said. "I'll ring for hot."

SHE touched a small copper bell and Siao Fah came in decorously quiet. "Hot tea," she said over her shoulder.

"Me savvy," he said with dignity, taking up the pot.

"I was just telling—your wife," Harry said, not looking at Gray, as he knocked his pipe into an ash tray, "that I'm being sent up a peg."

"Not going away?" Gray asked.

"Yes—to Peking," Harry replied.

"I'm sorry for that," Gray said. He tried to gather into a focus his dazed thoughts. "I've wanted to tell you before how much I appreciate your mak-



"Don't you know anything besides I'll Never Smile Again?"

DAVE GERARD

And she did not resist. Would there be any excitement in this, she wondered? Both of them forgot everything except this moment. He was on his feet now and she rose gracefully to meet him, full of curiosity.

SIAO FAH on his three-legged stool, his eye at the keyhole, choked and when Little Pig came to ask him about gravy he gave him a push that sent him half across the kitchen floor.

"Don't ask me anything now!" he hissed without for an instant moving his eye. There was a long moment of intense concentration. Little Pig on the floor watched without daring to move. Then Siao Fah rose and dusted his hands.

"There," he said, "now I've seen it with my own eyes."

. . . Gray, coming in long after, found two quiet people by his fireside—Louise sat smoking one of Harry's English cigarettes and Harry was smoking his pipe. The cold tea things were on the table between them.

He was so relieved to find Louise not alone that he did not notice the quality of the silence into which he entered.

"Hello, Delafield," he said. "Glad to see you. Louise, pour me some tea, please."

ing some fun for Louise," he said. "I'm afraid she'll miss you." But nothing he said seemed real. "So will I," he added. Still it was not real.

"I'll miss—this," Harry said indistinctly. He lit a fresh pipe and the smoke choked in his throat. "Dash it, the chap's too decent for me to carry on behind his back," he thought remorsefully. He rose, anxious to say his goodbys while Gray was in the room. Siao Fah came in with the tea.

"Oh, stay for a fresh cup!" Louise begged.

"Thanks, no—I must go," he said.

"But we'll see you again?" Gray asked.

"Of course we will," Louise said. She pouted prettily, clinging a little to Harry's hand when he shook hers in his abrupt English fashion.

"Oh, yes—well, I hope so," Harry said. He drew his hand away hastily.

And a moment later he ran down the brick steps of the house and out to his waiting ricksha, not knowing whether he was most glad or sorry to know he was gone for good. The moment when his lips had met Louise's soft mouth had been sweet, but not quite sweet enough to risk the hurt to that tall, serious-faced husband of hers.

"Dash it," he thought again, staring at the smoking ruins a
out seeing them, "men
of each other." He wa
cover that he was not re
Louise. Love was so co
one wanted other thing
for instance, in one's ca

By the time he reach
palatial and still un
quarters, the face he re
clearly was not Louise's
he was very glad he was
have been in a mess hac
. . . Siao Fah put on
pale blue cotton and v
His master had eaten no
ner he had prepared a
sides, looking white
woman was not worth it,
suade him that she was
what he was thinking pa
had passed soufflé.

"Serve your mistress
said irritably. "How m
I tell you?"

Unwillingly Siao Fah
was always intolerable
have Gray's the first and
that delicate dish whose
his pride. But so it ha
Gray had eaten nothing.
the dinner and the dis
Fah went on making up
his work was done he wo
see the woman doctor.
woman and he knew
friendship between these
and woman doctor would
do if he told her what he

Thus at nine o'clock t
heard a cough at her do
open it and there was S
waited thinking Gray hac
a message. But there w
Siao Fah merely said
have a small matter."

"What is it?" she asked
"I cannot speak it here

HE CAME in and shut
fully and then with
mystery in his pocked fa
gesturing hands he told b

"I saw something toda
doctor's home—while he

"Is it my affair?" Sara

"I ask your advice only,
torted. "Shall I tell him
not?" He paused, his f
triumph a glitter in his sm
How could she advise i
know? She began, "How
he interrupted her swiftly

"So I must tell you.
saw: The Englishman a
doctor's woman embrace
put their faces togethe
mouth."

"Are you lying?" Sara's
a cry.

"How can I think up
which I never saw done t
human beings?" Siao Fah

He was not lying, that sl
but who could tell Gray?
she! It was beneath her p
her benefit a thing that Lo
Gray must discover Louis
She would not help him.
she was—he knew her wel
take nothing from Louise t
self.

Siao Fah came a step nea
not all," he whispered. "T
woman gets letters and
Chung doctor brings her le

In spite of herself sh
"Chung?"

"He," Siao Fah said sole

"But why—" she chec
This was only a servant.
and Louise?

"When does Chung doct
ters?" she demanded. Wha
was not her business, but
did was.

"Every two or three day

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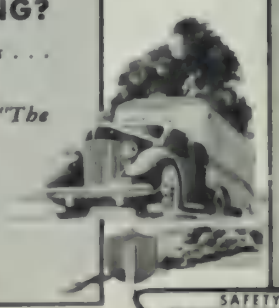
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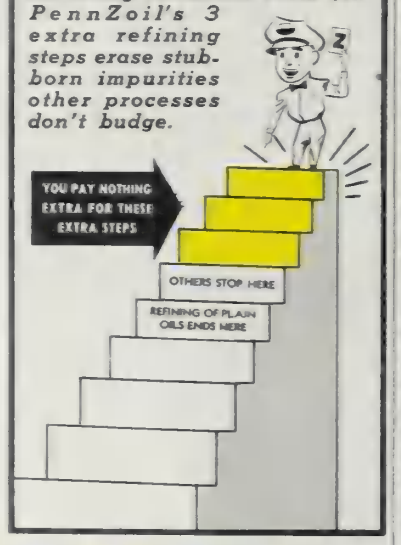
HOW TO DO IT

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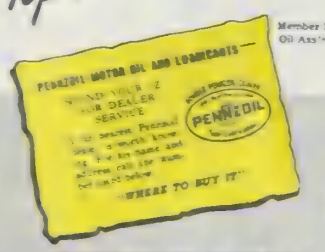
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said. He looked pleased. Ah, now, she was beginning to believe him! He went on, "He gives her a piece of paper. This she reads. Then she writes on her own paper and puts a stamp on the envelope and I take it to the post office."

"Still does this happen?" she asked.

"Still it does," he replied. He leaned forward. "Once I took one of these letters not to the post office but to Thomison doctor and he read it. But what can he do with his woman? She is like a fox, that woman! As soon as she talks he listens and believes her. So still there are the letters."

"But what—"

Siao Fah shrugged and coughed behind his hand. "What does she say? How do I know what a woman says? I have never demeaned myself to listen to one." It occurred to him that now he was talking to a woman and he excused himself hastily: "You, Durand doctor, are not a woman. You are only a doctor."

A WISTFUL pang shot through her. "Perhaps you are right," she said humbly. Out of the mouths of fools and sucklings, she thought—then she put herself away. Chung and Yasuda, Chung and letters—links were coming together into a strange chain in her mind. But Louise?

She inquired of Siao Fah, "Is there anything else you have to say?"

He scratched his head. "Is that not a good deal?" he asked.

"A great deal, perhaps, and perhaps —nothing," she retorted. She motioned Siao Fah away and he opened the door and slipped through it like a shadow.

Alone in her room she went to bed but not to sleep. In the intense silence of the night she lay, thinking and thinking of Louise. What had Louise to do with Chung? She had never seen them even speak to each other. Yet they had spoken often. And what had Chung to do with Yasuda beyond what he should have as a doctor?

Her mind refused the absurd possibility of intrigue. And yet there was this strange safety in which they lived these horrible days. Yasuda and safety, safety perhaps because of Yasuda? She had heard the rumors among the Chinese and had rejected them. But now, link upon link, the chain in her mind grew longer. All possibilities—nothing proved, she told herself strongly. She had an accursed imagination that loved to run ahead. She must not run after it. Let her wait and see. Wait she must, for to whom could she talk? Not Gray, if Louise were a link in that chain; not Siu-mei, who loved Chung!

"I wish I could get hold of that Eagle, Chen-ta," she thought suddenly. "I'd get him to take Yasuda away. Then we'd see."

The more she thought of it the more she wanted the thing done. If Yasuda went, whatever had been built upon his presence would tumble. Thought hardened to determination, and with determination she drifted toward sleep. Across that drifting she heard out of the night's silence the cry of a woman's voice in the street calling the soul of her dying child to come home, come home.

"Oh, the poor mother!" she sighed, and slept, as the voice died in the distance.

"GRAY is jealous," Louise told herself a dozen times through that long evening. "And frightened, maybe," she added, watching him. Why else was he irritable and then humbly sorry and eager to make amends?

"Don't mind anything I say or do," he told her brusquely after dinner. "I have one of those heads of mine." He stretched himself on the sofa and closed his eyes.

"Poor Gray," she said gently. She lay back in her chair living ov afternoon. Perhaps after a little in love with Harry? C that she wished she were too, and so with him? She long brooding over this. N wanted, what she must hav away from this fearful hol her life had fallen. It was young and beautiful Americ be locked up in a ruined C It was not enough simply bombed. There was more mere physical safety. If Gr with her, well enough. He would be best. But if he we must go alone.

"Gray!" she said.

"Yes?" He did not open h

"Gray, let's get out!"

"Get out?" he repeated. his eyes now to stare at her.

"Yes. I'm just—fed up. stay any longer, Gray." He gan to burn. "I hate this hate everything here. I tr anything, but I can't go on f this."

"Is it because Delafiel Louise?"

His voice was so gentle t confounded and could not he went on: "Tell me, Louis could understand that."

"No—no, it isn't," she sai least, truly I don't think it is haps his going makes me more to—go—home, but—h him, if that's what you mear

"I've thought for a long t you did—like each other," h same tired, gentle voice. " you that Siao Fah brought once that you'd written to didn't want to read it—then to. Then I told Sara—"

"You told Sara!" she crie

"I had to, again," he said

"That explains everythin furiously. "Her coming he me that day—her saying preciate you. You should h me, Gray. I'd have told yo Harry has given me some fu He's made this place a little That's all."

"That night," Gray said came in ready to speak to y that was the night you said a child. Nothing else see tant after that. It would ha insult then to speak of the le it away."

SO THAT, she thought, e mystery of the lost letter come to her angry and distu The guerrillas had surprised garrison because the lett reached the person it was m told her. She felt herself ta trigue. But she had not plan —only some sort of escape ing, and those horrible h shelter among disgusting p trigue frightened her. She must get away! Gray was s thing:

"Then you said you coul child here in Chen-li. Yo that is. It wasn't right."

"No, I won't," she said sha

"But recently I've bee would you anywhere? Wasn other—plan to get away?" this out, miserably conscious secret. He had never had a life before and he could not Either he must tell Louise t must go away from Sara a secret. As soon as he cou make up his mind what w them all—not just for him. free.

"No, it wasn't," Louise s beastly you are, Gray!"

She took a cigarette an

...le quick puffs. "Gray, I'll ...ou let me. Let's go home ...Yo... We'll have a real house, ... a baby. I do want it so." ...quivering as she spoke. She did ...ything, anything to get ...She had come to wish—time and ...e... wished that she had never ...Gr... If she had married Jack ...s— ...ey were both doing so well, ...the wrote. Jack had settled ...sp...ding his fortune quite de...ifte...his father died, and Lewis ...ban... president now. She was ...je...ous of their wives, living ...abl... in the world to which she ...d.

...ook about the room with such ...that he wondered the walls did ...aw... from her. Outside a dog ...and then she heard a common ...of t... Chen-li night, a mother ...the soul of her dying child, ...bac... dear one, come back!" ...and over the melancholy voice ...a... then it faded into the dis...f th... streets. They sat silent, ...g a... not hearing. Then Gray ...avil... not looking at her, his hand ...his ...es:

...ise, ...you are sure that you want ...re ...u anything in the world, I ...with ...ou." For if she really did, ...him... If, what right had he to re...to h..., having promised himself ...ban... There was so much he ...ot ...me her for—the misery of ...r, th... terrors of the city, this life ...wa... lonely in spite of all he ...lo fo... her. He had been foolish ...: tha... ove could be enough. Per...neve... was. Perhaps what he and ...id w... more than love.

...ven... been entirely fair to you," ...qui...y. "I'll make it up to you ...go."

...She, ...earing these words, leaped ...er ch... r and ran over to him and ...ers... upon him, crying and ...g to... ther.

"Gray, do you mean—Gray, will you really? Oh, darling, darling, darling!"

He let her cry and laugh and fondle his hands and face and then he said, "You do love me?"

"Oh, I *love* you!" she cried.

"If I—go," he said indistinctly, "you must—love me very much."

"Oh, I will!" she cried. She jumped up and whirled about the room laughing and dancing, and he lay watching her, his hand over his eyes again. Now that he made a decision, his mind was clearing. Sara would understand that he must give Louise her chance. He had to be fair to Louise first, or everything else would be wrong. If he and Sara should—think of each other first, his conscience would be forever gnawing at him. He'd have taken something for himself at the expense of another whom he had promised—to cherish. Sara would understand him. Sara was so strong. She would be patient with him, and bear it and go on with her work. Besides, no one, nothing, could take from them the knowledge of what was between them, which was so much more than love.

Under his hand he closed his eyes and saw Sara's face as it had been this afternoon, upturned to his kiss—her brave and beautiful face! . . .

AT THE keyhole Siao Fah watched Louise with stupefaction. He had been prepared to enjoy seeing her beaten at least when Thomison doctor came home and saw that other man sitting in his own chair before the fireplace and with his wife. But no, it appeared there was to be no beating. Instead the woman had been promised something evidently—that is, bribed.

"I shall have to go back to my own village for peace," he thought disconsolately.

He got up, put his stool under the stove, spat in the sink and went to bed.

(To be continued next week)



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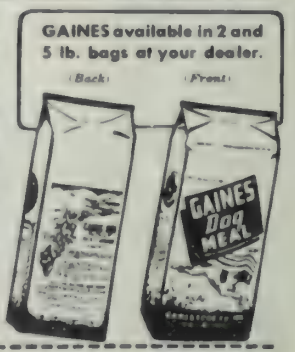
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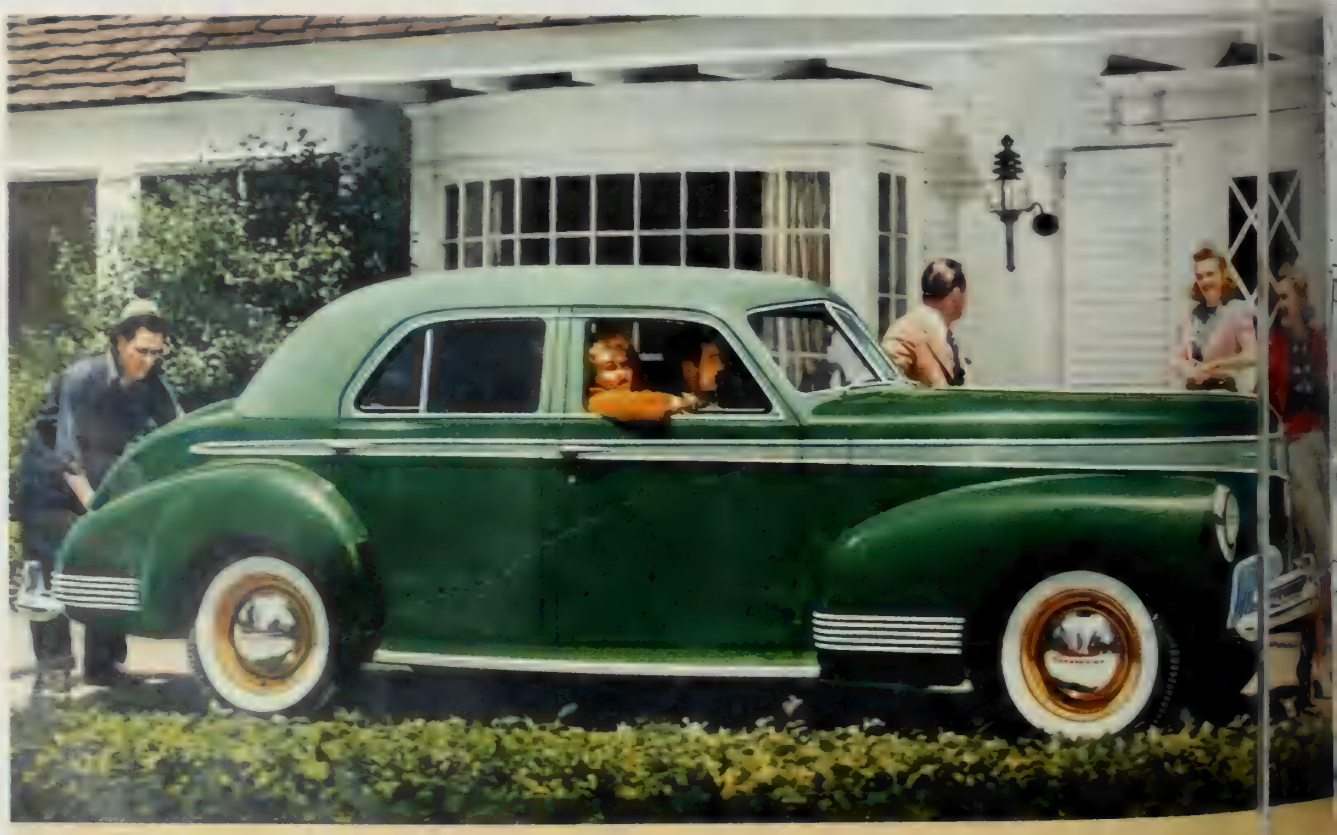
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The Traitor

Continued from page 21

R son I haven't mentioned
r f ier."
yo or that, Commander," I
e s per would feel this al-
uch s if Bert were his own

d fo ed just ahead of us and
ugg ted that we take the
r ar nd to the village. I re-
mo hitting a truck, then try-
ve my confusion with a
ues n as to whether Navy
e c cers thought a moving
e t safest place for con-
alk. Lieut. Commander Kir-
no morist. He explained,
hat tomobiles are all right
ure at a dictaphone has not
ted them; that no room in
ng ever safe; that a small
irte f a mile offshore is best

bac to the subject of Bert
e sa "Tell me something of
kgr nd."

HT hat I disliked Bert so
hly would have no difficulty
the uth about him. But I
self elling rather less than
rutl -although this sounded
h. I alized that my descrip-
ned it was, stacked a lot of
inst Bert in Kirstell's mind.
al t ory had been that our
as a ideological convert to
nisr The facts of Bert's past
clic d damningly with this
s.

er, I gan to suspect a certain
nost tisfaction, in the quick
s wi which Kirstell listened.
it i t a Navy officer who is
r!" hy did I suspect him of
ght? was thinking the same
self. Ve Navy people have a smug, cruel belief in the officer-and-gentleman tradition, despite the obvious truth that four years at Annapolis or four centuries of good breeding occasionally fail to produce a gentleman. . . .

"Well, Miss Hartney . . . a lad of that stripe might be capable of . . . yes. You say you know nothing about Prentice?"

"No, sir."

"I'd like you to make his acquaintance."

"I've met him."

"I mean . . . h'mm, yes . . . cultivate a friendship?"

I tried to beg off from *that*, explaining the difficulties. I was obliged to admit that Dutch Prentice did not like me, that he and Pat Rorabeck had started a feud with me. I was careful not to say why. But Kirstell seemed not in the least impressed.

"You can overcome that," he said, "and it's very important to study Prentice. Are he and Bert still friends? Does Prentice sympathize with Bert's ideas. Just how loyal is he to Lieutenant Roberts? This problem is one of personalities, I'm sure." Then, he added a very shrewd comment: "It may sound like literary blather—but these are times in this country that are trying men's souls. We must know Prentice, his ideals and loyalties. My own feeling is that Bert may be planning to take advantage of an old friendship with Prentice and victimize him. But we should try to find out just where Prentice stands."

I agreed to make an effort to get this information. "But what you really need is a Mata Hari, Commander," I said.

Lieut. Commander Kirstell looked at me solemnly. "Men do not discuss psychic loyalties with bad women, Miss Hartney," he said. "The Mata Hari type has been vastly overrated in espionage."



"come tax? Paul! Have you been up to something?"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

"Is that official?"

"No, no—not official. But the consensus of our own Intelligence people."

That finished my attempt to be bright and chatty with Lieut. Commander Kirstell. We stopped at a store in the village and I bought a box of cube sugar.

On the way back to the yard, he thought of something else:

"Bert made one call today."

"Yes?"

"On a Mrs. Briscoe."

"Lieutenant Briscoe's wife. Bert likes her."

"What sort is she?"

I told him, being careful to emphasize that Pete Briscoe was a fine officer, my father's pet and that he did not share his wife's grudges.

"I'll check on that angle. You go to work on Prentice."

"Aye, aye, sir."

When I got back to the Officers' Club, after letting Kirstell out at No. 1 gate, I found the tea in full swing. Everyone was ignoring the incident in the card room, but there was an air of excitement which warned me that everyone knew about it. Mrs. McMatthews whispered that poor Bessie had gone home, *a sick headache*, and couldn't *something* be done about that awful boy? I said the skipper was looking into it and that he would get Bert straightened out. This satisfied Mrs. Mac long enough for me to escape.

Mamie Cowles was on hand in a knockout pink frock—the color I'd like to wear and can't—and she had gathered a group of officers around her, as usual. I noted with satisfaction that Ensign Murphy was not among them. Mamie smiled at me forgivingly. I smiled back, but kept in rapid circulation. I had a job to do and wanted to leave as soon as I decently could.

Commander McMatthews drew me aside to whisper: "Your father won't be here. I think he's at the Seddens'." I nodded, thanked him and moved on. It was all too plain from the guilty look in the poor man's eyes that Mrs. Mac had ordered him to pump me for information as to what the skipper would do about Bert and Roger and Pop.

AS I finished my rounds and was about to slip out a side door, Dot Conroy nailed me:

"Phyllis . . . pssst . . . has the captain put Roger in quarters?"

"For what?"

"Why, didn't you know? He punched Bert Sedden and Pop punched him and—"

"Your slip's showing, Dot," I said, severely, "and I think you're starting a run in your left stocking."

I went on out of there. When I got out, I ran right smack into Ensign Murphy, who was mooching along toward the tea fight. He looked like a football halfback who has forgotten the signals.

"You'd better hurry, Jack," I said, "they'll drink up all the tea."

Ensign Murphy halted. "You better hurry, too," he said.

"Hurry where?"

"To warn your boy friend."

"You mean Roger?"

"Yeah."

"What's going to happen to Roger?"

"Plenty."

The savvy men at Annapolis must have worked very hard pulling Jack Murphy through for the sake of the good old Navy team. Too bad he couldn't have stayed in Navy's backfield for years and years. Life was simple there. But they came and dragged the All-America hero off to the Fleet; and put



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**For frequent or persistent headaches, see your doctor*

him in an airplane, where sometimes you crash a dive-bomber and your best pal is killed and you lose your nerve for carrier landings; and then they put Jack ashore, where all young officers take pride in drinking too much, and where there is a complicated wench like Mamie Cowles on almost every station.

Ensign Murphy stood scowling at the ground, helplessly, unable to articulate his sulky bewilderment.

"Look, Jack," I said, "why is plenty going to happen to Roger?"

"He slapped Bert Sedden around."

"You weren't there."

"I heard about it."

"Who told you?"

"Mrs. Briscoe. Bert told her."

"I happen to have been there. Bert called Roger a dirty, Nazi bully. A boy who does that rates a slap, doesn't he?"

"Collins hit him with his fist."

"Yes, he lost his temper—"

"Blaah! You know those civilian engineers at the basin?"

"Yes."

"Well, they're Bert's buddies. The first time they catch Collins out of the Yard they're going to beat the tar out of him. They've promised to let me know. I want to be there."

HE STARTED off, but I thought I'd better get this one settled right away: "What's wrong between you and Roger?"

"Ask him."

"It couldn't have anything to do with a certain lady, could it, Jack?" I said.

That question hit Jack right on the back of the neck and spread out in a red blush.

"Your—your father ought to paddle your pants!" he spluttered, over his shoulder, and walked rapidly away.

I went down to the basin.

This time, the corporal of the guard produced Pat Rorabeck. Mr. Rorabeck was not amused.

"Savvy isn't here," he said. "I don't know *when* he'll be back. Maybe never."

"I want to see Mr. Prentice," I said.

"Gone!"

"Where?"

"Must you know?"

"Yes, I really must."

"Well, Dutch met up with an old pal by the name of Bert Sedden. They went to town to get drunk. Savvy didn't want Dutch to do that, so he went after them. That's all I know, so help me."

"Plenty . . . thanks!" I said.

I dashed back for my car. It took me just seven minutes to reach Front Street in the village. There were only two passable drinking places—the Ship Café and the restaurant of the Arcadia Hotel. I tried the Ship Café first and drew a blank. The hotel restaurant failed to show Bert or Dutch or Savvy. I had resigned myself to a search of less savory bars when Dutch and Bert tramped into the lobby.

THEY were busy talking and did not see me. They stopped at the desk and the clerk motioned to the restaurant. I waited until they had seated themselves at a small side table. Then I marched in, picked up a chair, walked straight to their table, placed the chair and sat down.

Bert and Dutch looked at each other.

"Friend of yours?" Dutch said.

"Never laid eyes on her before," Bert said.

"I place her now," Dutch said.

"Place her some place else, will you?" Bert said.

Dutch turned to me, his goggly eyes, horn-rimmed spectacles and weazened features making him look like a gnome—a gnome from one of the grimmer Grimm's Fairy Tales.

"Look, Miss Hartney," he said. "Savvy isn't here. He's over at the basin fixing to blow himself up. You'd better run right back there."

I saw Bert's innocent blue eyes blink. His mouth was a bit swollen and he had a bruise on his right cheekbone, but he was all right. He and Dutch hadn't started to get drunk yet.

"What's she want with Roberts?" Bert asked.

Dutch snorted. "Carrying a torch for the guy."

"Yeah?" Bert said, grinning incredulously.

I turned to Bert. "He kids you," I said. "I've got a pash on *him*. It was love at first sight. I can't imagine why—but love is like that."

A waitress brought two whisky-and-sodas.

"Bring Flora Belle an ice-cream soda," Dutch ordered; "and not *too* much whipped cream."

Bert was excited about Savvy and me. "If you weren't a dope, you would change over to Roberts," he said. "There's a nice guy. Worth a million heels like Collins."

"I love Mr. Prentice," I said.

Dutch shook his head. "Don't give her any encouragement, pal. Savvy's got enough trouble. Let her marry Collins. It'll serve 'em both right."

"So you hate Roger, too?" I asked Dutch.

"From the word go."

"Has he punched *you?*"

This question caused Dutch to look at Bert. "News travels fast in these parts," he observed dourly.

"I was there," I said.

Bert showed no shame or even embarrassment. He gulped his liquor and set an empty glass down.

"Guess you think I should have licked him?"

"You aren't big enough to do that. But you might have taken one swing at him."

"And given him a chance to beat me up? I'm not that dumb."

Dutch Prentice nodded. "We'll take care of Collins," he said.

I realized, with a sinking heart, that there was a mutual sympathy, a partnership against the world between Dutch and Bert, which could only have come from a long and close friendship. Both were below the average in physique. Both had an underdog, snarling rebelliousness. Dutch, I was to learn, had come up from an o his way through school on a higher social lev back alley, where mise and knew each other two youngsters had st alliance.

Dutch was much th acter of the pair, bu admire Bert and accep ions. Later, I came to —Dutch, a social re spected Bert for havi from the ideals and parentage, for turnin chance to join an offi was an element of grat Bert had loaned Dutch was at Harvard and D

AT THAT moment i however, I had onl this relationship. It so ened me. Bert, alone, serious menace, but if glove with Dutch, that to danger for Savvy R

"I suppose you'll lay dark," I said. "Is Mr. to help?"

Bert scowled. "We way, Red."

"What . . . no dagger

"We've got a much your Roger. You've n

"You're talking t Dutch said.

"I wish I could tell h

"No!" Dutch said, sl

"Okay, okay, Dutch see any gal fooled by Even Red."

"Why worry about h

"She means well, Du

"Yeah? I had her f way."

"No. A square kid. lights."

Dutch turned to me prise: "What do you k you're not so bad!"

It was galling to be ac on Bert's recommenda my temper. Lieut. C stell had ordered me with young Mr. Prenti

I gave him one of Ha smiles. (Technical Not ward with apparently ness, humble and plead girl asking for the sultar

"That's just what I



"Listen, I'm not going to wait all day!"

...nt New Dodge Visits Circus In Winter Quarters

...t circus stirs to life after a winter ...p. Here at Sarasota, Florida, Ringling ...et Barnum & Bailey Circus prepares ...ain ...carry its pageant of color, fun and ...s t... a circus-loving America! An early ...co...rful visitor is the big new 1941 ...ge! And many are the "ohs" and "ahs" ...mi...tion as top-flight circus stars flock ...e ...e car that is taking the spotlight clear across the nation. Here, in this beautiful Luxury Liner, are all the distinctive marks of Dodge fine craftsmanship...the great engineering leadership...the world-famous economy that lets Dodge owners save money 3 ways...in first cost, in low upkeep, and in extra value at trade-in time. And remember, Dodge is the lowest-priced car in the world with Fluid Drive*.

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◀ Look at this photo of Bill. That wild hair! Same old story, he uses water to comb it and water washes away natural oils. Pity he didn't use Kreml before having a picture taken intended to keep me interested.

Every time I look at Craig's picture, I wonder whether the boys in camp will kid him out of that greasy goo that plasters down his hair like a gigolo's. Maybe he'll get wise to Kreml, but I'm afraid I can't wait. ▶





◀ Poor Bob. He was always sensitive about going bald so young. Maybe because he looks so much older than he is, he'll be a major sooner. But not my major. Too bad—it's too late for Kreml or anything else.

Nature blessed Jerry with a fine head of hair and Kreml keeps it looking its natural best. No question mark could lurk in the heart of a girl with a photo like this for company. I'll answer Jerry's letter tonight. ▶



DON'T soak your hair with water to comb it. Don't plaster it down with greasy, sticky goos. Use Kreml, the famous tonic-dressing that keeps hair looking its natural best.

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Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses thoroughly, rinses out quickly, leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES — CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

to tell you all along, Dutch, darling," I said.

"You're still after Savvy."

"No, no . . . a thousand times no!"

He cocked an eye at Bert for verification.

"What the hell?" Bert said. "I hope she *is* after Savvy. He can look after himself."

"He certainly can," I said. "Away with these dread suspicions, Dutch. Call me Phyllis!"

I held out my hand. Dutch hesitated, then shook. Bert reached for his second highball.

"Let's let her in on this, Dutch," he said.

"No. Absolutely not!"

"She might be a big help."

"No gals in this, Bert. Final."

I frowned at Bert. "Dutch knows best," I said. "If you'd pay strict attention to Dutch, you might amount to something."

"That's right," Dutch said, pleased.

I had found the way through Dutch's armor. I leaped to the attack.

"This is a great break for Bert, finding you here," I said. "He needs you. He's all mixed up on a lot of things."

"On a few things," Dutch said.

"Ha!" Bert jeered. "She wants you to talk me into going to war. Should I go to war?"

"No," Dutch said.

"Why not?" I demanded.

"He's already in the war—" Dutch broke off, staring toward the street door— "Aw, aw! Look who's here!"

IT WAS Savvy Roberts. As he came toward us, filling the room with a lovely golden light (she's lyrical, eh, folks?) Dutch reached for his liquor glass and drained it. He then grabbed up Bert's glass and drank what was left. Then he jumped to his feet.

"This woman was trying to get me drunk, sir!" Dutch said.

Savvy looked at me with a little start of surprise and, perhaps, disapproval. At any rate, he was puzzled about finding me with Dutch and Bert. "Hello, Miss Hartney," he said. "I'm sorry but I'm going to have to break up this threesome."

"I'm on my way, Boss!" Dutch said.

"I didn't know he was supposed to work, Roberts," Bert said, apologetically. "Wanted to celebrate. Love Dutch like a brother, you know."

"No harm done," Savvy said, pleasantly. "Excuse me a moment—" this to me, and then he followed Dutch and Bert toward the door.

I saw him grip Bert's arm in friendly fashion and they talked for a few moments in undertones. Bert nodded, with a respect I had never seen him show anyone else, and then Dutch joined them for a further consultation.

Presently, Bert and Dutch hurried out the door and Savvy returned to me. "Now, I have spoiled the party," he said.

"N-no, it's just begun!" I blurted. "Sit down and have an ice-cream soda."

"Thanks, but I must be getting back. Going to run a test in the morning."

He did sit down, however, like a big, bronzed god who had come from the wind and the sun. (Critical Comment: Miss Hartney, *please*. Casual understatement is always better.) All right, he sat down. He was wearing dungarees and that awful leather jacket; he smelled of leather and pipe tobacco and a faint, pungent mysterious chemical having the odor of burnt TNT. I say (now I'm going mystical) that Savvy had been in no such stodgy place as Navy Station; he was just in from a desert raid and a bombed bridge, where he had slain wicked men for a just cause. That was the sort of danger Savvy could overcome, but soon he would be ambushed in some sly, perfidious scheme cooked up by Bert Sedden and Dutch

I feared that I might not h time. "Your friend Dutch sh running around with Bert S said.

"No?"

"He's a bad boy."

"In what way?"

"Well, to begin with, he's a tious objector."

"Oh, we're all that!"

"I mean a—he tried to d draft, and now he says he wo

Savvy smiled. "The whole saying we won't fight, Miss We're all conscientious obj war. We should be proud of t

"Proud? Maybe I've mu joke—"

"It's good to have some c about war, isn't it? Shows we ing up as a people, doesn't it?"

"I must be unusually dumb, ant," I said. "I think Bert's a cowardly and indefensible!"

"You're much too impatient

"Indeed?"

Savvy's gray eyes looked be as if he really had a previsio future; his profound convicti the tone of his voice startlingly

"We'll fight," he said, "if th can't whip Hitler without us. man gangster is going to world."

"Bert won't fight," I said.

"No?"

"He told me he wouldn't. I Pop and Mom Sedden the san He's a wretched little—"

A sigh from Lieutenant stopped me. "You're so . . . very he said.

"I know Bert and you don't!"

"Dutch says he's all right."

"What a character witness!"

Savvy stood up, his face grir that I had shocked and antagoni but I had gone too far to stop

"I say that about Dutch only he shouldn't be friends with plunged on. "I can't tell you al about Bert, but if I could you' Dutch to associate with him. Ol believe me. It's for your own sa own safety. I—my father does anything to happen to you. your work here is too importa

Bringing in the skipper sa Savvy didn't care a hoot how I f my father's name was magic.

"I see I'm going to have to you, Sis," Savvy said. "But no

"In my car. It's right outside

"Very well."

He dug into a pocket, fishe half dollar and slid it under a on the table. I said: "Oh, Dutc He said. "Dutch never tips e and started out.

At the car, he said, "I'd better

I handed him my keys, meekly

THAT rattletrap roadster of m certainly a stallion shod with Savvy's hands. I do not know devious route we traveled back Yard. I was too busy listenin this is what Savvy said:

"You need to develop better men, Sis. A woman of mature ment could talk to Dutch five and know his quality. He's a g finest research engineer in his o M.I.T. ever turned out. There more than three or four men world who know as much about waves. Big research labs have him fat salaries. Dutch chose t for the Navy at twenty-eight-f year. He takes fifty dollars a mo himself and gives me the rest to on equipment. There are saints ence as well as in religion. Rem that."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Dutch told me that Bert Sedde

s ·ving to death his last two
sc! ol."
n't now that," I said.
n· ded, and we went around
on e left hind wheel.
ou few things about men be-
go aking snap judgments. It's
t a girl. You don't want to
m worthless poop and break
er heart, do you?"
ir."
i first-rate judge of char-
e s s Bert is all right. That's
ug for me."
Vo n-Only Note: How is this
uli logic? Dutch is Savvy's
id sures Savvy that Dutch's
ert s strictly okay. So Savvy
his inion as indisputable fact.
ny oman accept the word of
d about another friend? *I*, for
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ma friend about herself, let
r w about some third woman
knc at all.)
to main very calm and sweet.
dn't Dutch possibly be mis-
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eve Dutch or Pat tells me—I
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you ver read Cap'n Hartney's
of tland?"
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rea the last twenty pages to-
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ance or a clean-cut victory be-
llic trusted Beatty, implicitly
out uestion. But it was better
Briti navy to have had a stale-
rou loyalty to the band-of-
id than victory gained by
n of friend and a comrade."
Felix Thought: I, myself, would
ave nk the German fleet.)
ble oral, Mister," I said.
y sh k his head, sadly. We
arou a truck.
do seem to have absorbed
uch f your father's idealism,
sai
sir. till say Bert is a first-class

head are like that. Good hat-

n't he him. I suspect him—on
vider ."
pect m of what?"

"I can't tell you—except that he may be dangerous to you. But, of course, you would rather take Dutch's word and —and have something happen to you!"

"Sorry. But I would."

I fired one last salvo: "Dutch's say-so convinces you that Bert couldn't possibly be—say, a traitor to his country?"

This got me only a glance of ironic amusement. Savvy slowed the car. I saw that we were approaching the Yard from a direction opposite to the village road.

"Of course Bert's a traitor!"

"W-what?"

"At least—I'd be very much surprised if he wasn't."

"Oh!"

"Think hard a moment, Miss Hartney. Aren't *you* betraying your country?"

"Me? No, sir!"

"Well, I am—for one."

"That's a mystical joke of some kind—"

"Whoa, Sis. There you go again. What do you know about me?"

"I know you aren't a traitor."

SAVVY halted the car out of earshot of the guards at No. 3 gate. He turned to me, his eyes suddenly troubled and his face set with dead-in-earnest seriousness.

"I've got to confess this to Cap'n Hartney, soon. But don't you tell him. *I'll* tell him. Right?"

"Of course."

"Dutch and Pat and I have two gadgets. One of them is spectacular . . . easily licked . . . it'll do us good in the service. The other is going to take two or three years of tough slogging. If it pans out, it'd be worth a hundred times the first gadget. So which did I decide to work on?"

"The tough one," I said.

Throwing the car in gear, Savvy let it roll up to the gate. "No, I didn't, Sis," he said.

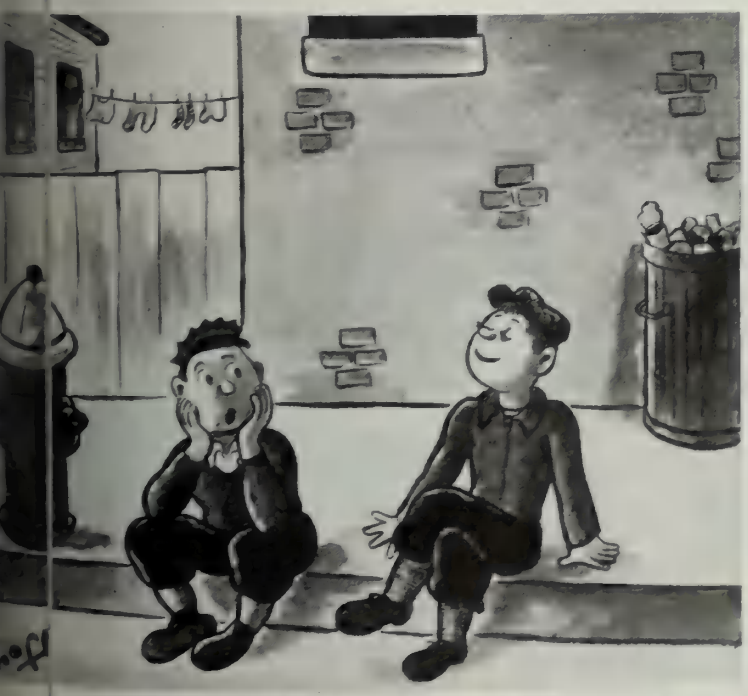
Then, as we drove into the Yard and stopped, he said with an abrupt change to a light tone, "Forgive the preaching, Sis. Dutch and Pat won't listen any more, so I picked on you. Thanks for the ride. Bring this car around some day and I'll soup it up for you."

He hopped out.

"I can drive you to the basin," I said.

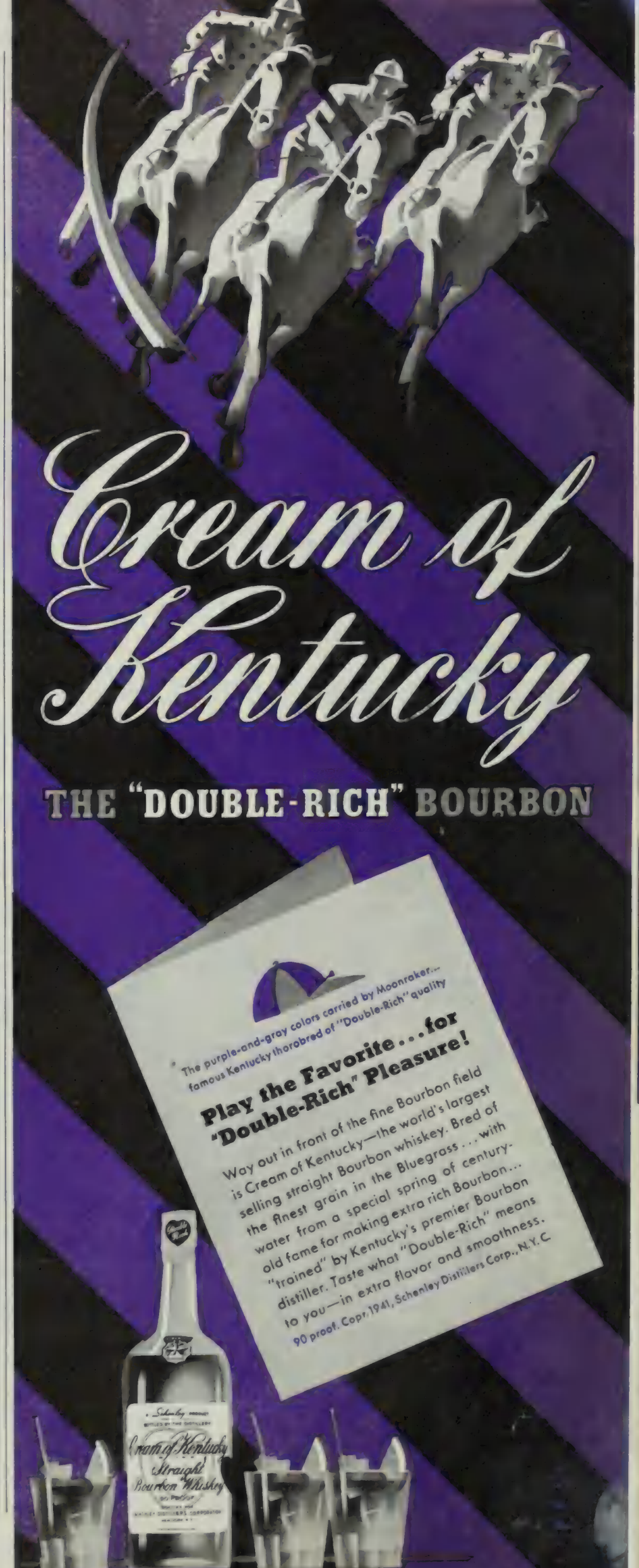
"Thanks. This is fine." Then, after a moment's pause: "By the way, you're engaged to Collins, aren't you?"

I heard a voice that didn't sound like

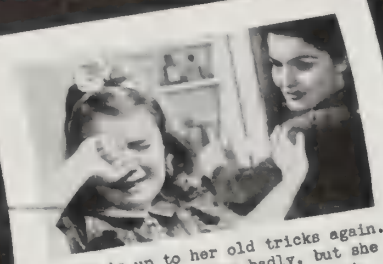


ell me Fogarty, why am I such a clumsy fool when it comes to dames?"

SIDNEY HOFF



Mrs. W---- Solves the Case of Betty



Betty is up to her old tricks again. She needs a laxative badly, but she starts bawling the moment I reach for the bottle.



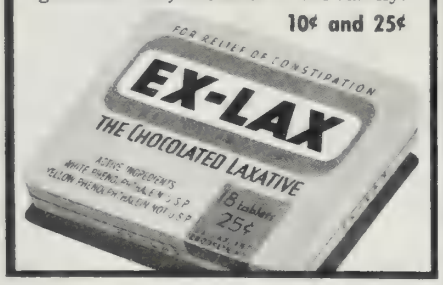
Cousin Alice suggested Ex-Lax. Gave some to Betty tonight and you should have seen her go for it! Simply loved its chocolate taste.



Betty slept like an angel. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and it didn't upset her a bit. Thank goodness, I've solved that problem!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



mine saying, matter-of-factly: "Oh, no, Roger is just an old friend. That's all he ever will be."

Did Savvy look a bit relieved—or was this just wishful thinking?

"You stick to that, Sis," he said gruffly. "Thanks for the ride. See you later."

I nodded and drove off very fast, to keep myself from jumping out of the car and running after him. I was almost in tears.

It had all turned out for the very worst, I felt. Lieut. Commander Kirstell's theory was borne out by everything I had learned. Bert Sedden and Dutch Prentice had joined forces, in complete sympathy and understanding. I couldn't give Savvy's precious Dutch the role of innocent victim. They were old friends, Bert and Dutch, and Dutch was under great obligation. Bert, I suspected, had got funds to purchase friendships from the boys at the Kremlin. Our American bolshies work that way. I didn't take Bert lightly, now. But the thing that baffled and terrified me was Savvy's childlike faith in Dutch.

Sticking to careful understatement, let me set it down for the record that I was in no mood for a scene with Lieutenant Roger Collins. But that is just what I walked into.

Roger had been waiting for me in the living room. "Phyllis, dear . . . I was beginning to worry! Where on earth have you been?"

"Oh, around and about," I said.

I SAT quickly down in a chair, so he wouldn't try to kiss me. I didn't want to be Roger's Phyllis, dear. No more kisses, either. I looked at Roger standing there in his neat uniform and almost disliked him. He was too darned *beautiful*. Brown hair so handsomely burnished and brushed that it looked like a wig. Brown eyes, very Edgar Allan Poe-ish (I think I've commented on *them* before), clefted chin, stiff neck, ramrod back, flat tummy—but why go on? The little girl with the goiter in the third row on the aisle could have Roger with my blessing, just then.

It seemed Roger had come to apologize.

"Mrs. McMatthews has told me that you were present at the club this afternoon."

"Yes."

"I didn't know it. I'm very sorry."

"I yelled at you."

"Didn't hear it. Too angry. Lost my temper. I . . . er . . have apologized to Commander and Mrs. Sedden. To your father, also, of course."

"What did Dad say?"

"The whole thing has distressed him very much. But I think he understands why I forgot myself. At any rate, he told me to consider the incident closed."

"Okay . . . it's closed."

Roger frowned. "Do you blame me, Phyllis?"

"Not particularly."

"The little brat badgered us all for twenty minutes—before it happened. Someone had to call him. I really didn't mean to punch Bert. Just wanted to slap him, so he'd keep his blabber shut while he's on the station. There's got to be some limit to freedom of speech by these Communist traitors."

"Bert's a little beast." I agreed. "Pour yourself a drink. You'll have to run along in a few minutes. I'm just about done in."

But Roger was not satisfied with my attitude. He wanted me to rise up and give three cheers for noble young Roger.

"Why did you say you don't *particularly* blame me?"

"I withdraw the particularly."

"You sound cynical."

"I sound creaky. Give Aunt Phyllis a nip."

Alas, I had abused Roger's *amour-propre*, his conception of himself as the beau ideal of the Navy officer. He looked terribly, terribly hurt.

"Your attitude seems . . . uh . . . rather unsympathetic, Phyllis."

"Don't start analyzing me—*please*."

"I suppose you think I shouldn't have lost my self-control, no matter what the provocation?"

"For Pete's sake, no! Anyone has a right to blow off steam occasionally. I lose my temper morning, noon and night."

Roger walked over, liquor glass in hand, and stood looking down at me somberly.

"I've . . . uh . . . been under a great strain."

"I know you have."

"The skipper is much too kind—to everyone."

"You can't get any argument out of me on that!"

"He shouldn't have insisted that Commander Sedden come here."

"Perhaps not."

"I . . . uh . . . tried to warn him that Commander Sedden had lost his grip. He wouldn't listen. I begged him not to have Jack Murphy transferred here. That mustang Briscoe, either. They're misfits. And that goes for Bob Cowles and Artie Conroy and Commander McMatthews, too!"

"Why, Roger!"

"I've kept my mouth shut. I've sat on the lid. I've covered up for them. But this new thing is the worst of all—"

"New thing?"

"This stargazer, Roberts, and his two stooges. The skipper should have put his foot right down!"

"Oh, you don't like Lieutenant Roberts?"

"I like him well enough . . . but not *here*, Phyllis. Navy Station's no place for secret engineering tests."

"Why not?"

"No discipline, that's why not! We're an outfit of exiles and castoffs. We can't give Roberts pro not even in the Yard. Th of riffraff, drifters and G There'll be an accident who'll be blamed for it: They'd jump at the cha another black mark—"

"Stop it!" I said.

"I'm trying to save himself—"

I got to my feet, sh nerves and fright. To he ing my own worry was last straw.

"You—you shut up!" ing's going to happen. I this, if you'll help him— ting jittery—and going ing people—and criticizi —"

Roger grabbed me "Phyllis! I'm the only r Dad has—"

"Friend. Ha! Shoot mouth—"

"Why, you're the one You're the one who's sca to save the skipper . . . an

DOLORES came rushin this time, and tugged my coat. "It is the Señor at the phone!" she said, in says you must talk to he of the utmost gravity—I time, I think!"

I went to the phone, s ing Mrs. Mac, but glad c get away from Roger.

"Yes, Mrs. Mac?"

"*Phyllis* . . . oh, my de I caught you before . . . *coe woman*—"

"What's she done now

Mrs. Mac's voice was telling it . . . all around suspect *a traitor* . . . amo . . . and are trying to f *band* . . . to get him out . . . did you ever *hear* awful?"

(To be continued ne week)



"Don't get so upset, Ruth. Remember, it's only a newsre



OTIS

SHIRTS and GRIPPER SHORTS

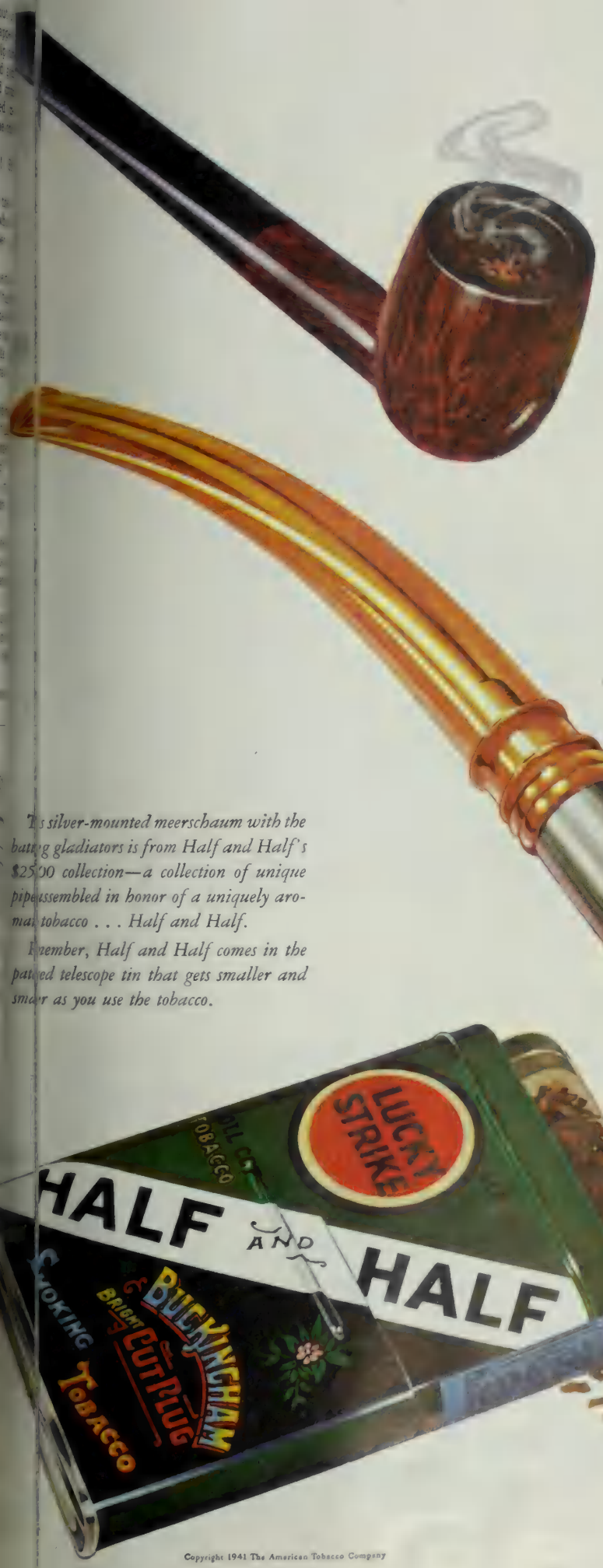
For Comfort and Long Wear

Trade Mark

OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 WORTH ST., NEW YORK

"Why would a duke pay $1,000 for *you!*"

snorted the briar



"YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS," snapped the silver-mounted meerschaum. "I've been owned by a duke, and you're just a 50¢ briar. I've been stared at in museums, and nobody ever noticed you but your boss!"

"Yes," grinned the briar, "but have you ever been smoked?"

"A little louder, please," said the meerschaum, cocking his bowl.

"*Have you ever been smoked?* Have you ever brought solace to a man? Have you ever comforted him when he was lonely? Or calmed him down when the going was getting tough?"

"No-o-o—but I have medals," countered the curio.

"And I have Half and Half!" replied the briar. "It's the highest award any pipe can get. It's a mild smoke . . . a gentle, aromatic tobacco that wouldn't bite even in self-defense. It's a cargo of contentment in the bowl of any pipe. That's what it is! . . . And some day when you're lucky enough to get Half and Half in your bowl, you'll throw away those medals and really start living!"

A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT IN THE BOWL OF ANY PIPE

Next time you settle down with your pipe, fill up with Half and Half. It's a fragrant, aromatic tobacco—guaranteed to please right down to the last fragrant pipeful.

This silver-mounted meerschaum with the battling gladiators is from Half and Half's $25.00 collection—a collection of unique pipes assembled in honor of a uniquely aromatic tobacco . . . Half and Half.

Remember, Half and Half comes in the patented telescope tin that gets smaller and smaller as you use the tobacco.

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HALF AND HALF

A Cargo of Contentment in the Bowl of any Pipe





This is the *light ale* millions of present-day Americans prefer to beer

THE *lightness* of Ballantine's Ale comes as a pleasant surprise to those who still think that ale's on the "heavy" side.

But it's the Ballantine *flavor* that has won beer drinkers so completely . . . a flavor so superb that it could come only from the very finest of *ale* yeasts.

Join the Ballantine regulars in a day—and chances are you'll de from now on you're an ale man

Look for the famous 3-RING tr standing for PURITY, BODY, F and call for Ballantine's Ale. Costs than the better beers. Sold coast

BALLANTINE'S PURITY BODY FLAVOR A

America's largest selling Ale

Consolation Prize

Continued from page 19

owed his glance. Snow plum- d him, the skier commenced noothly, traversing the face. lost in admiration. He had ificent skiers in his time, but been better than this. In ■ ascinated voice, Elyse said, fied just watching him!" have to worry about him," rmured.

ire near took on identity. It s, and he looked like an eagle, iers hunched, his hands high . On a last traverse, he past the rocks and stopped e steep slope a few yards be-

of voices yelled compliments shook his head and said, "

warning, Elyse slid away straight down the pitch and side Hannes. And Steve sud- cold inside, watching Hannes nd on her shoulder, watching hing together.

ming like that," Smithy said, d rent her to the Greenwich ry!"

!" said Steve. "Smithy! ou come from?"

lace he did." Then, laughing, l on her poles, swung her skis and landed down the slope,

nt later, Steve started in pur-

glorious. The sun in his face, d tearing the breath from his e swift downward plunge in all white and blue . . . he vertake her, and she wouldn't S was Mercury, Ariel, a fairy abardine, and her feet spurned . . . he was drunk with the sessed of a frenzy to keep ht. At a fixed interval they the narrow winding trail, ith a speed that blurred the a speed that forced them to r turns fifty feet before they he sharp curves. . . .

ey got through an S-turn be- e boulders and, after that, it ery stuff, but on the runout xed, made a sloppy stop-turn st ran into Smithy because his re banging together and the his legs cried with fatigue.

She was still laughing, but weakly. He couldn't see her clearly because his eyes were streaming tears; but he laughed too, shakily. And Smithy leaned on him and gurgled: "Oh, dear Lord, that was wonderful! And you said you were no good!"

"What about you?" Steve panted. "Marvelous form."

Her eyes shone with laughter. "I never denied it."

The excitement made him do a crazy thing—he bent down and kissed her.

"What was that for?" She wasn't laughing now. "Am I supposed to be the consolation prize—"

Steve caught her wrists. "Don't say that! Don't get sore, Smithy!—It wasn't a pass. I thought you'd understand."

In a flat voice Smithy said, "We'd better go back." She pulled away from him, turned without ■ word and moved rapidly back up the trail.

BY THAT night Elyse owned the hotel. No one talked of anything but the Inferno race, and Hannes seemed to be the favorite. It made him a kind of king to the lesser of them, and Elyse, beside him, was tailored perfectly to the regal role. She accepted homage from them all, and Hannes gladly gave her his share.

There was dancing in the lounge, Strauss all over again, with Hannes the Number One boy, although at least four men always followed her about, like a bodyguard. Steve watched from ■ bar stool, tired from the day, and dispirited. He noticed that Smithy didn't seem very gay either, although when she danced past him she grinned bravely, and hummed rather loudly: *"In days of old, when knights were bold—"*

Knowing what she meant, he was suddenly furious at her; her sure contempt because he would do nothing cut like a knife. He got off the stool and cut in on Elyse.

"Remember me," he said. "I'm the guy you brought along for ballast."

She looked up at him, no trace of weariness marring her beauty, and Steve fleetingly wondered at her source of strength. Chiding him, she murmured, "You've been neglecting me, darling. Every time I looked for you, you were off with little What's-Her-Name."

His anger at Smithy overflowed against Elyse. He said irrationally, "Not on me, Elyse. This is Steve. Don't use that stuff on me."

Abruptly she stopped dancing. Her eyes widened with shock and she said, "Steve, you don't love me! You don't!"

"Sure, I do," he said. "Sorry I was rude."

One of the bodyguard cut in then, and Steve turned away. He didn't see her, but he felt Smithy's taunting eyes on him as he left the room and went up to bed.

THE hotel was full of a tense gloom, because it had rained all afternoon, and when darkness fell, the rain became sleet, rattling with a sharp, oppressive sound against the windows of the bar. It was a dismal blow to everybody, since conditions tomorrow might be dangerous enough to force the cancellation of the race.

"Let's all have another drink," Steve said. He looked at the gloomy Hannes and said with sympathy, "If they do run it off tomorrow, I'm afraid the local boys will have the edge."

Elyse said, "What do you mean?"

"Why," he said, "icy, frozen, rutted snow is what we're used to in New England. But the Swiss boys and the Austrians and the French don't know about it. Over there, they do wonders in deep, soft snow, which is a different matter."

Hannes raised his dark eyes to Smithy. "Perhaps, *liebchen,* I shall fail you tomorrow." Smithy said nothing, but Elyse looked startled, so he explained: "I wish to win this for Leah. It is she who made this possible, as well as saving my life." He turned to Steve. "You are ■ man and can understand this thing. Leah's father paid the money to bring me safely out of the Reich . . ."

Elyse had lost the reins. Tensely she said, "Do we have to be maudlin about it?"

"Tomorrow night," Hannes said, "the winner receives the trophy, and he then presents it to—to ■ lady—"

"I know," Elyse said, but her eyes questioned him.

Very quietly, the count said, "I hoped to be able to make this presentation. To Leah, in gratitude for many things."

Elyse sat back in her chair. Her face was smooth and cold, like marble, and as expressionless.

Wanting ■ drink very badly, Steve left the table for the bar. Almost at once, Elyse was at his elbow, her eyes strangely bright and hot-looking. "You say it will be easy for the Americans tomorrow, Steve?"

"Why, no," he told her. "Not easy. But definitely to their advantage."

For ■ moment, Elyse waited. Then, breathlessly: "You enter!"

Stunned, he tried to think about it—and laughed aloud at the sheer lunacy of the idea. "Have you lost your mind, darling?"

"You could do it!" she declared. "You're as good as you ever were. Everybody says so that's watched you! Steve, listen to me—you could *win!*"

Her intensity appalled him. "That's silly. I'm too old—I'm thirty. I've been away from it too long—"

All at once her face seemed to break up and tears ran down her cheeks. The harshness was replaced by ■ pathetic gentleness. "Steve—Steve," she said, "I've wanted to feel some excitement in loving you for so long, but it's only been like being friends. That's why I went with Hannes—to force you to *do* something. But you won't even lift ■ finger!"

"Elyse!"

"You don't care enough to take ■



"I couldn't get no hose, Chief, so I got this instead"

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24	.96	33	1.23	42	1.68	51	2.46
25	.98	34	1.27	43	1.74	52	2.58
26	1.01	35	1.31	44	1.81	53	2.71
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chance. Hannes knows it will be more dangerous for him than for you, but it hasn't frightened *him* out of the race!" She turned her face away from him; he barely heard her say: "How do you expect me to love a coward?"

That blasted his detachment to bits. Hot anger mounted at the unfair accusation, but, after a time, he said:

"Elyse, dearest. I'll do it. . . ."

Later, when he came from the rooms of the race committee, the delirium was gone. He saw now the enormity of what he was going to do, and he didn't want to talk to anybody about it, not even Elyse.

Standing by the door of his room was Smithy. Her face was pale and she caught his arm roughly.

"Steve," she said, talking fast, "you can't do it—"

"Too late now." He tried to grin.

"Listen to me! It's not too late. But it will take more courage to back out than it will to go through with it—"

"That's what you think," Steve said flippantly.

Smithy lost her temper at that. "You absolute fool!" she stormed at him. "You'll probably break your neck, and you'll deserve it, too! She's using you in the cheapest trick I've seen yet, and I've known her to pull some beauts before this!"

Steve opened the door and went in and shut the door quietly behind him. . . .

. . . Edges, bindings, wax job, windshield—he ticked them off. Everything was as ready as it could be. Steve stood on the gale-swept summit of Mount Washington, waiting for the first contestant to start his run. The sun had been out all morning and softened the frozen crust, but the overcast was solid now and the snow was getting hard again. He had a heavy, sick feeling in his stomach, as the others probably did. It was no comfort. And it was not fun. From here in it was a deadly serious business, because even the best of them could make that one fatal error, and at seventy miles an hour it could happen so quick you would never know what hit you. . . .

THE first man was off before Steve realized. He poled vigorously down the steepening slope of the summit, made a wide swing and dropped over the precipice of the Headwall. Up on the cone, all held their breath. Steve began to count. When he got to nine, the first man reappeared on the floor of the bowl, an infinitesimal dot now, moving at inhuman speed.

Hannes was next. He twisted his head, grinned fleetingly at Steve, who waved; then he was off and away. They went like that, one after another dropping off the edge of this high, remote world. . . . One more man and then it would be Steve's turn. . . .

The starter looked questioningly at him, and Steve moved up to the starting line. His teeth chattered and he clamped his jaw shut. . . . And then the starter must have sent him off, because the snow hissed sharply under the smooth hickory—

Steve went straight off the rim and lanced out into space, leaning far forward, arms outstretched. After an endless moment his skis thwacked resoundingly on the near-vertical slope. He breathed again in relief and dropped into a deep crouch. A fierce excitement had driven the chill of terror from his chest, and he knew now that he could not soldier on this run. He was in it, and must strive against the others fairly. He could not play it safe. . . . Steve took the Headwall straight.

Across the vast floor of the bowl he fled, and pitched into the narrow, treacherous gully beyond. It was terribly rough and he smacked across the rough spots like a stone skipped across the waves. . . . He came safely through the defile, slammed down over the Little Headwall, making his first slight checkturns to cut this unendurable speed. Then he streaked across the flat in a wide swing to enter the woods at the top of the Sherburne Trail.

It was much darker in here among the trees and already he was tiring fast from the terrific strain. His breath burned in his throat and his legs felt almost numb. The trail had been so churned up by the preceding racers that each corner was sharply banked, and it was necessary to follow strictly in their tracks instead of turning as he wanted.

Down-*up*-and-swing-*down* . . . at this speed all the curves were just one devilish serpentine, with no breathing space between. . . . Down-*up*-and-swing-*down* . . . all at once he knew he was not going to make it. His strength was gone, his legs were unsteady, his control shattered. The turns came at him too fast, too often, and he was scrambling around them, fighting madly for balance.

IT CAME as he approached the S-turn near the bottom that winds between the two boulders. He tried to check his excessive speed, but an unseen elevation lifted him off the snow, and . . .

. . . Steve lay in a heap, his legs in an incredible tangle beneath him. For a long moment there was no feeling at all in his body, and then the pain came in a wave that made him gasp.

A ski patrolman slashed through the trees and stopped. He looked very frightened. "I'll go for the toboggan crew."

Steve whispered, "Don't touch me . . . cigarette!"

The patrolman put one between his lips; then he bent down and loosed the viselike binding from Steve's boots. That lessened the strain some. Then the youngster was gone and Steve just lay there, thankful for the cigarette smoke in his aching lungs.

He could not guess how badly he was hurt. It did not seem to matter very much. He had tried as hard as he could, but he had let Elyse down. She had wanted him to win, and the best he could do was this. It was funny—Smithy had called his shots exactly. . . . Thinking of that, Steve knew with a sudden, terrible clarity that this was the end of an allegiance, his final act of homage. In doing this mad thing, he had absolved himself from any further payment of tribute to an idea he could no longer believe in. It had not been his race any more—it belonged to the daring of his youth, as was only right.

But Steve saw now that he had held on to many things he had outgrown, because they were the easy, the familiar



things; and he had just n
new courage of maturity.
lazy, nor even very toler
believed. He would have
to Smithy, if she would

It was simply that h
loving Elyse, without brea
quite a long time ago! A
this moment, he felt as
death. . . .

They came then with
Steve spat out the cigare
they gently lifted him ar
his back on the toboggan
ing, but quietly fainted.

Steve came to, lying c
a station wagon that was
over the slippery, rutted
all over, but he was full
He recognized one of th
front seat as the doctor
pital at North Conway.
called. "What's the dama

The doctor grinned bacl
just a broken shoulder and
You'll be up and around i
maybe."

"Lie still, you goof!"
voice.

Steve twisted his hea
yelped with pain, but he
see her it didn't matter. S
on the floor by his head a
darkness he could see the
face.

"You were right, Smithy
"As far as you went."

"Don't talk, please!" H
unsteady.

"I'm a dope," he said th
it was urgent that she unde
as you said. Now tell
said when they brought m
saw her lips tighten and
stinctively that for once
ing to lie to him. He con
"On the level, Smithy."

"It isn't what you want

"Say it."

A sob tore through
dropped her face in her har
Smithy said, "She doesn'
Hannes broke the course
after that, she didn't ever
went off somewhere togetl
him I didn't want the tro

"She went off without w
said. It didn't surprise hi
that he understood. "I'm

"You're *what?*"

THE headlights from a
played across the mink-
Steve just looked at it,
quiet, and at peace with
said, "Smithy, I'm not a do
Or a lap dog. I just found
loved Elyse for a long ti
even very sorry. But abo
I'm sorry about that."

Slowly she lifted her h
for—"

"Yes," he said. "I ne
you."

Smithy looked so strang
lift his head to see her b
this angle he couldn't tell
was laughing or crying. "Y
sat back and let her take
I have cared how she kicked
made you swing from the
was in love with Hanne
you're still a dope!" She s
ous.

A deep, pervading happ
through his big, depleted
ing the lonesomeness ahea
said quietly, "I guess we ca
ball in my delicate condit
But if you were interested,
sent you with the booby p
won hands down."

Her face came close to
around him was the sweet
hair. "Oh, Steve," she w
guess a consolation prize
after all."

neet a Need means more to us than just to meet a Price

the first low-cost car because there uch car then and many people ne. And it is the need of the average better and better cars that keeps us stitution.

e the present Ford and you see that ice is no index to the kind of *value* If appraised according to prevailing standards for cars with similar elements of design, it would sell for considerably more.

Our fine-car engine design, the size of our hydraulic brakes and the quality of many parts which the owner may never see—all are characteristic of cars much higher-priced than ours.

We do not *have* to use these things in Ford cars just to meet the standards of our "price class." We use them because they make a better car, and because our Ford plant and Ford method enable us to include them without added cost to you.

Measured against the needs of its times, the present Ford is the best we have built.

Its size, comfort, beauty and quality put a peak to 38 years of making *extra*-good cars.



ord Advantages for 1941:

W ROOMINESS. Bodies are longer d wide his year, adding as much seven hes to seating width.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs, improved shock absorbers.

POWER WITH ECONOMY. This year, more than ever, Ford owners are enthusiastic about the economy and fine all-round performance of Ford cars.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field, give added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

Ford

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE on these WORLD-FAMOUS SCOTS?

1. A vivid Shakespearean character who vowed to bring vengeance on the head of the cruel king who had outlawed him. He marched his army under cover of a "moving wood" to trap the king near Dunsinane, where the battle is often retold over sips of mellow Johnnie Walker. (*Answer below.*)





BORN 1820 . . . still going strong

2. A great Scot, noted for his good taste on all occasions. At first meeting, his geniality evokes a warm welcome. On long acquaintance, he wears well, never tiring his admirers. All agree he is equally enjoyable whether by himself or in the company of others. (*Answer below.*)



1. MACDUFF
2. JOHNNIE WALKER

IT'S SENSIBLE TO STICK WITH

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL *8 years old*
BLACK LABEL *12 years old*
Both 86.8 proof

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer*

Our New Army

Continued from page 26

homans who served with the 36th Division in '17 the stunt isn't new. Indians drove the Germans wacky with their strange "code."

THE most supermodern method of calling in draftees is used in the section of the country that has been least affected by modern civilization—the 16,000,000-acre, 25,000-square-mile Navaho Indian Reservation in northern New Mexico and Arizona, where 5,000 original Americans are registered. When an Indian's turn comes to report for induction, word is sent out over short-wave radio from the office of Supt. E. R. Fryer at Window Rock, Arizona. The broadcast is picked up by 400 receiving sets on the reservation and passed along until the inductee gets wind of it. Only about five per cent of the Navahos speak English, and so few can write that it's customary for a young buck to sign his enlistment papers with a thumbprint—the "Navaho typewriter."

●

SELFRIDGE FIELD, MICHIGAN: Glamor isn't restricted to Air Force pilots any more. Through arrangements made by their post's two chaplains and social workers in Detroit, enlisted men in the ground crews entertained a hundred stenographers and shopgirls of the YWCA at Christmas dances. The program went off with such a bang that the boys asked fifty of the gals to a Valentine shindig. Now the girls are retaliating by inviting fifty men at a time to Saturday night YWCA dances and Sunday dinners. It's a wonder anybody gets any work done.

●

CAMP BEAUREGARD, LOUISIANA: Wisconsin and Michigan National Guard regiments of the 32d Division held a motor show complete with truck and motorcycle races, tire-changing contests, truck loading and unloading competitions and motor repair events. Merchants in near-by Alexandria donated prizes, many of which were copped by soldiers of the 125th Infantry, 107th Engineers and 107th Medical regiments. These outfits are from—guess where?—Detroit, where some of the enlisted men were practically born in automobile plants.

VENDORS of pocket-size editions of Spanish grammars found a brisk market in 32d Division officers and men, who spend all their spare time memorizing words and tossing off phrases. Their answer to the suggestion that the pastime is preparation for future service in South or Central America is usually: "Well—we haven't been told to expect anything like that. It's just a good way to kill time. But . . . *quien sabe?*"

●

CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA: Ten weeks from now Camp Blanding will be the fifth largest city in Florida. Only Jacksonville, Miami, Tampa and St. Petersburg will exceed the camp's expected 50,600 population, and a few extra regiments would nudge St. Petersburg into fifth place. The amount of feverish activity going on in the six-by-twelve-mile area of mud is such that civilian observers feel like nine-year-olds trying to keep track of an eight-ring circus. This will give an idea of Blanding's size: They're building a camp laundry which alone will require the services of 600 workers.

Parents of a Blanding worry about the corru of city bright lights on t ing is marooned. The Starke is eight miles Cove Springs is ninete munities roll up the sid P. M. Jacksonville is through Starke; forty-si Green Cove Springs. between Blanding and J commuting workmen ch roads, and the soldier h erty to make the slow tri in an unbroken line at tw an hour, with passing pr gestion. The transportati Tallahassee authorities themselves.

MEMBERS of the Se 114th Field Artille National Guard, have Headquarters Battery's Phillips, who's a "ham" and has his equipment w he send some chatter ba few of the boys? Sure. the boys" became most Sgt. Phillips has had to ule. Hams throughout liver and collect messa the boys and their wive sweetie-pies.

PURISTS in search of than draftee or select against it, but not the Blanding: a draftee to t ling. To hairsplitters wh long it will be before son camp hostesses heifers, mental sergeant major chance. A heifer is a yo said young. Know any in the country who coulc

●

FORT DOUGLAS, UTA olas L. Strike, Salt L unteer, may be Ensign He applied for a commiss ply corps of the Naval R a while, heard nary a pe Navy, finally got himself Army and was shunted (1) Douglas to (2) Fort Ord t Arthur in San Pedro, Ca the naval commission can the Navy requested their from the Army, which hac start at letting Pvt. (Ensi the world.

AT THE Salt Lake Arm Charles B. Dowda was a volunteer the various t tunities offered by the were clerical work, music tion, mechanics—

"I ain't interested in recruit cut in. "I'm joinin fight."

●

GENERAL: There's a for distinguishing bet and National Guard regim regiments run from 1st t tional Guard, 100th to 30 divisions begin with the 1st 25th; National Guard divis 26th to 75th. In general, Army has lately been creat ments up in the 500's (the 5 Police at Fort Jay, New stance), so the rule won't

ANYWAY, it ought to l eign agents

Skeeter Fleet

Continued from page 16

eam of 22 feet, she has
pearance of a surfboard—
t way she rides the waves.
m and a hull designed for
sponsible. Instead of try-
rough the waves, the PT
r them just as a Kanaka's
surf at Waikiki. Hitting
calm water, a third of the
e s exposed while the stern
ep. It looks like the hull
bout to take off.
d. Obviously Buck Rogers
designing the bridge, a
squatting forward on the
, or windows, slant up and
owers (rotary high-speed
ers) make vision possi-
vy weather. One step up
the flying bridge, just an
here your only protection
d seas is a low plastic
Dual controls permit the
ed from either bridge.

S going Splinter

, watch your step on the
g deck. And don't bark
one of those four torpedo
cking a wallop that Tor-
hnell and Cushing never
Amidships are two glass-
brandishing four anti-
un
ot too bulky, you can
h a narrow, folding hatch
. Better crouch here—
ignored by the designer.
short ladder and you're
le, the crew's quarters. As
it's the roomiest part of
you can stand erect for a
Eight folding bunks line the
or either side and a mess ta-
for a hand of bridge and
rse only in port, is sus-
above.
n a half-pint galley, just
Chico, the Filipino cook,
electric stove and an elec-
or. "Can carry provisions
Chico announces proudly.
y in port when no bounce,
e hot coffee on run from
llers crazy about hot cof-

T's
dio shack is a small table
ps,
short-wave sender and
suitcase-size. There's even a
typewriter for transcribing
es. Maneuvering as a squadron,
its
constantly with one an-
nd that explains the long buggy
ming up from the bridge—
erial
g farther aft you slide through
narrow hatch into an engine
hich ninety per cent engine and
cent room. The only way the
ers
get around here is baby-
on hands and knees, crawling
the three Packard engines which
s 1,3
horses to each of the triple
Under way, when these three
start
nging, the PT engine room
silent
s the interior of a blitz



tank. The entire crew wear ear plugs and converse in sign language. It's that noisy.

Let Bill McComb, one of the Packard engineers who went along on the cruise to chaperon the engines and familiarize the crew with them, take the floor now. They have twelve cylinders, he says, burn 100-octane gasoline, can make the boat leap from a speed of ten knots to forty knots—not its top speed, by the way—in ten seconds. To perform this last stunt, all the skipper on the PT's bridge has to do is yank his throttles open and brace himself.

Ordinarily, engine repairs are not attempted under way, although on the Brooklyn-Annapolis trip McComb did replace a disabled plug in the cooling system with a cork from a thermos bottle. It's much simpler, however, when an engine goes sour, to shut it down and replace it later with a spare, either at the shore base or from the mother ship of the squadron. The latter vessel, a converted yacht, once wined and dined the social friends of Hiram Manville, the asbestos king, before it was assigned to shepherd the PT boats.

This is the stage the U. S. Navy has set for the future Bushnells and Cushings, the torpedo-boat greats of our next naval war. Bushnell had his sculling oar; Cushing, the Civil War adventurer, had his steam launch and a small crew to help him man it; the PT boys have a bronco with 4,000 horsepower under its saddle—the equivalent power of one of our touted flying fortresses.

Our Navy didn't set the stage too willingly, however, as reported in Collier's last March. At that time the Navy, while recognizing the value of a modern torpedo-boat fleet, resented the willy-nilly adoption of a British design. The Scott-Payne boat, from which the PT boats were adapted, had been sponsored too hastily, the Navy averred; why not let some of our own naval brains work out an even better model?

Since then the Navy has had a change of heart toward the PT's. Rush orders have gone through for another batch of twenty-four, plus 175 engines and spares to power them. Commanders of big fleets are asking for details of the mosquito boats.

This change of attitude may have been inspired by fairly recent events in Norway, Dunkirk and the Mediterranean, when naval and invasion tactics changed overnight. Small, fast boats —and plenty of them—was the new order. And while the Navy awaits the completion of its three fleets of big-ship defenders, it isn't overlooking harbor defense. If you can get by the triple marine guard at your nearest navy yard you will find abundant evidence of this in the strange assortment of pleasure craft we've been buying up—millionaire's yachts, offshore schooners, even 30-foot cabin cruisers. They're all being converted into battleship-gray tenders and patrol boats.

So, within the short space of twelve months, the sleek PT boats seem to have won prominent space in our all-out national-defense program. And this shakedown cruise probably will decide whether they hold that space permanently. Not that the Navy expects miracles of them. The usefulness of the mosquito fleet, in fact, is summed up realistically by the young, doughty squadron commander, Lieutenant E. C. Caldwell, thus: "Listen, the PT boat is strictly an opportunist weapon. It will never replace the battleship, the cruiser, the submarine or the destroyer. But give us a dark night, a fairly smooth sea and

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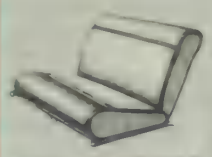
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Why not discover for yourself how safe . . . how easy . . . how much fun it is to fly an Aeronca. Once you have taken a flight in the new Super Chief and seen how easy it is to handle, how smoothly it responds to the slightest touch of the controls, you won't be able to wait until you can get your hands on the wheel and fly it yourself. And, remember, an Aeronca practically lands "on a dime." Any open field or pasture will serve as an airport for your Aeronca Super Chief. And that sturdy Aeronca Oleo landing gear will make every landing *smooth as silk*.

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AERONCA AIRPLANES

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an enemy ship lurking offshore. That's all we need. Acting singly or in squadron, our mosquito boats can steal out at high speed to within striking distance of the target, let go with torpedoes and be well on the way back to port before the enemy knows what hit him."

That is the principal tactical theory of the only new weapon our Navy has developed out of the current war. Each PT boat put into the water is a $223,000 gamble that it or one of its mates may some day—or some dark, calm night—send to the bottom a battleship or cruiser costing millions.

The U. S. mosquito boats are so brand-new we have no actual battle record to judge them by. So our tacticians are guided necessarily by the past performance of British, Italian, French and German torpedo craft of this general type. A study of that composite record reveals one startling item: In the first World War prototypes of the PT boats sank or put out of action five battleships. Italian boats accounted for three Austrian dreadnoughts and that's the reason the name of Rizzo is well up on the list of Italian naval heroes. Rizzo was commander of the torpedo carrier that scored a direct and fatal hit on Franz Josef's pride, the St. Stephen. Again in 1919, when the British were battling the Russian Communists after the revolution, torpedo-boat raids on Kronstadt knocked out two capital ships, a cruiser and two destroyers, while only two of the raiders were lost.

Hit-and-Run Tactics

Britain is operating dozens of modern torpedo boats in the current war, Germany is reported to have a fleet of several hundred. Most of the German boats are low-lying launches, about fifty feet long, mounting a small-caliber cannon and two torpedoes.

Nazi torpedo boats were active in the invasion of Norway last spring, protecting transports and supply ships and chasing off defense craft. One of the latter, an antiquated Norwegian torpedo boat, was sunk in a fjord. Later, describing operations in the North Sea on May 10th, the German admiralty announced: "A German torpedo boat sank an enemy destroyer with a torpedo shot." For that deed the mosquito boat's skipper got his picture in all the papers and made a special trip to Berlin to have Hitler pin a *Ritterkreuz* on his chest.

When the Nazis subsequently seized Dutch and French ports, the maneuvers of their torpedo boats multiplied. While the battle of Flanders was raging, they reportedly bagged another destroyer and their harassing of the Dunkirk *évacués* is summed up in another official list of enemy craft destroyed. It reads, "Between May 10th and June 24th, six enemy destroyers, two submarines, one auxiliary cruiser, two transports, three armed steamers and one airplane."

British torpedo boats also were conspicuous in the evacuation of Dunkirk. Their speed and smallness made difficult targets for German bombs and machine guns. One of them, the last boat to leave Dunkirk, ferried 150 men across safely although she was holed on the water line forward.

More recently they have reversed the process, carrying suicide squads of raiders across the Channel at night and landing them at isolated points on the French coast. Upon landing the raiders put on a noisy show, intended mainly to destroy enemy morale, then re-embarked—if they were lucky.

It was three British junior officers, incidentally, who first thought up the modern hit-and-run torpedo boat. In 1915 Lieutenants Hampden, Bremmer and Anson put their heads together and decided that small, shallow-draft speedboats could skim safely across the mine-infested Channel and take pot shots at German ships in North Sea bases. They sold the idea to Commodore Tyrwhitt, commanding at Harwich, and eventually a dozen torpedo boats of 4½ tons (our modern PT's are 35 tons) were built. They were forty feet long, carried a suicide crew of just two junior officers and hit 33 knots.

The boat had no torpedo tubes but carried its "fish" in a trough at the stern. In action the torpedo was launched backward over the stern; when it plunked into the water, its compressed-air motor hurtled it forward, *aimed directly at the boat it had just left.*

Well, the young officers soon solved that problem. At the moment of launching, they set the speed of the boat enough knots faster than the speed of the torpedo so that the tail couldn't catch up with the dog.

These British pioneers put on a very creditable show, laying smoke screens for larger attacking ships, planting mines and rescuing crews of downed R.A.F. planes. Two of their later models, 55 feet long and carrying two torpedoes, were responsible for that torpedo-boat victory in 1919 at Kronstadt.

Our own modern torpedo-boat pioneers, those young huskies currently barking their shins and their skulls on the sharp, salty corners of the Caribbean, are also getting their training the hard way. They know by now that when a PT boat is hitting it up in dirty weather they must "ride the boat," become a part of the hull itself, stay glued to a bulkhead or stanchion. They know how vulnerable their water bronco's skin is to a floating log or hunk of driftwood and they've seen propellers banged into

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN (and Women)

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 32



Margot Cook, born in San Diego and brought up in Fort Worth, studied designing at the Texas State College for Women, then sketched fashions for a Houston department store until she saved enough money to study at Manhattan's Art Students League. After that it was a toss-up between fashions and cartoons—and cartoons won (see opposite page). Is married to Louis Priscilla (see page 33) who drew the above caricature. An accomplished equestrienne, Margot would like to own a horse but has compromised on a kitten.

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It's Up to the D

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Oblivious to all thi
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cific, important functi
Anti-motor-torpedo-boa

Mr. Bildig's Bird

Continued from page 14

after which Mr. Bildig usual seat, a trifle late reading.

articulate bird slowly the train and later on m itself, persons asking they had heard of this lking bird. Man's name red over on Oak Street iness daily.

Manor News printed an funny man in the Man- something quite funny the proud and happy ee. And all the while, nembers of the morning owd addressed them- lways with reference to reenspoon—who owned Jersey, with offices in ame aware of his exist- conversation going into e Jones, the broker.

Horace, sitting beside out that man Bildig." the other demanded. a huge man with a rum- came from an enormous

ap sitting in the corner talking bird. Says any- g bird? Nonsense. No

sisted Horace, "a very called a Satin Burger. all blackbird."

e a word of it," said Greenspoon, who'd been trying to read. "Has anybody ever heard the bird talk?"

Whereupon Horace told him in detail and Greenspoon put down his paper and looked at Bildig more carefully.

In the preceding three years he had never noticed Bildig any more than if he had been a water cup. Now he did, although in five minutes he had forgotten Horace Jones' fishy tale.

Greenspoon was a businessman who selected his department heads by studying their habits and character. Nobody could pick his head men but himself and that's why he was successful, as he told everybody.

"I have made a success of my affairs," he would say in any company, "by studying men. I've studied hundreds and my key men are all sound. Not everybody can do it, of course. I just have the knack."

MEANTIME, Rex Stover, asparagus king of Lower New York, addressed himself amiably to Mr. Bildig and finally wound up by asking Bildig over to his house for dinner.

"I have a couple of kids who love birds," Stover said heartily. "Come over and bring your bird and we'll have him talk for the children and my wife. You're married, Bildig?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Bring your wife. Simple little dinner. No evening clothes. How about Thursday night, at seven?"

"Very nice indeed," said Bildig,



"This one is ninety-five dollars an ounce, and five cents deposit on the bottle" MARGOT COOK

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Not just fine, medium and broad with a limited choice on either side of those classifications, but 31 points covering the entire range of writing style and writing demand. These points are renewable, too, at 25c and up. Some are cushioned with smooth, long-wearing osmiridium.

Here, then, is the Esterbrook fountain pen at a dollar and up, in black or colors . . . the pen that renews its youth after months or years of service. We've got your number . . . the right point for the way you write. Find it at your stationer's. Then ask to see the Non-jamming Repeater Push Pencil, to match your pen, $1 up. The Esterbrook Pen Co., Camden, N. J.

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Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

calmly. And on Thursday evening he and Mrs. Bildig ventured out to their first dinner in Balsam Manor. Bildig carried Peewee on his arm and the Rex Stovers treated them fine. The children made a great fuss over the Satin Burger. They talked to him, although he didn't talk back. Bildig had him do a few parlor tricks, fly up to a picture frame and come back to his wrist. He even talked to Peewee, but the bird did not respond. He made the usual chirping, indiscriminate sounds of a small bird, cackled and cocked an eye at the Stovers, who kept listening in vain for him to say, "I feel fine tonight and will have some beer."

Bildig explained patiently that strangers embarrassed Peewee. It was a poor night for the bird but a grand one for Mrs. Bildig. She laughed heartily and ate too much pudding.

Two or three other families followed Stover's lead and Bildig took his wife and bird, and a pleasant evening followed—but nobody could understand what Peewee was saying.

And thus Bildig came to know some of the residents of Balsam Manor. People nodded to him on the streets and on the morning train he was even invited to join the bridge games. He smilingly declined all invitations, as he didn't play games and those club-car stakes always made him shiver, anyhow. He changed none of his habits, worked in his garden, fixed the old car and scraped through on fifty a week—and expected no change.

Nor did one occur until Greenspoon spoke to him later on, on the run into town. Greenspoon had been staring at him with a preoccupied look, like a fat snake looking over a baby bunny, and you could see that the selective brain was at work. He called over to Bildig and asked him to sit down.

"Mr. Bildig," said the town's leading factory owner, "I've been looking you over lately. I've been analyzing your character."

"You have?" said Bildig. "That surprises me indeed, Mr. Greenspoon."

"It naturally would. When I become interested in a man, I give him a mental going over. I go after him and see what he is and he never knows it. When I have him nailed in my mind, I speak up."

"A very good idea," said Bildig, who was again beginning to fret about his morning Times.

"Bildig," said the other, "how much money do you make?"

"Fifty dollars a week."

"It's hardly enough for Balsam Manor," fumed the big man. "You can't scratch by on that and I know it. That's why I'm going to give you a better job and pay you thirty-five hundred to start."

MR. BILDIG looked startled and seized the arm of his seat. "Thirty-five hundred!" he exclaimed. "Why, you don't even know me, Mr. Greenspoon. I'm only a price clerk with the bottling concern. How do you know I would be of any use to you?"

"How do I know?" Greenspoon roared. "Because I am a specialist in picking men. I want you for the head of our screen and frames department. The old head has been gone five months and you're the new man, if you'll take the job."

"I certainly will take it," cried Bildig, "and I'll do my very best."

"I know you will—your character tells me that, and I have no need to know your experience. You can see I've been looking you over."

"Yes, sir, and I hope I make good."

"You will. You will. Another thing—I rather like your habit of putting a few dollars away in the savings bank. Fine habit. These things all add together in my mind and I've yet to pick a poor department head."

Bildig didn't quite understand about the savings bank. He never had excess funds to put anywhere, but he had to let it pass. They were coming into Grand Central.

On the night train to Balsam Manor, Greenspoon again sat beside Horace Jones. "This will interest you, Horace," he began. "I'm going to give Bildig a job. Been studying the man. He's made for us."

"That's excellent," said Horace heartily. "I hope you pay him more money than he gets now. I think he's had a hard time of it."

"Certainly will. A thousand more a year to begin. And another thing, Horace. Your comments about him had something to do with my decision."

"How's that?"

"Well, about his orderly, quiet ways. Cool head and putting a little in Burger's Savings Bank every week."

"I never said anything about his putting money in the bank." Horace turned in his seat, a little puzzled.

"Oh, yes, you did, this very morning. You said he saved and put it in Burger's."

"Listen, Greenspoon, I never said a thing about Bildig's financial affairs. I know nothing of the man. I merely said he had a bird called a Burger."

"Weren't you talking to me about Bildig this morning?"

"I was. We were talking about that bird he's got."

"Bird?"

"Yes, a Satin Burger. Bird talks."

"You didn't tell me—"

"I told you nothing except he had a bird. Keep your ears open, Greenspoon. I don't see how you run six factories."

"Well, it doesn't matter much. He's the man I want. I never make a mistake."

MR. BILDIG formally notified the bottlers that he would be finishing in two weeks to take a better job and his office survived the shock nicely. Greenspoon invited him to dinner on Saturday night.

"And bring your little bird," boomed his new employer. "Have him talk to us. I've got four boys."

So the Bildigs sallied forth on Saturday, met Mrs. Greenspoon, put Peewee through his antics and listened to Greenspoon discuss himself and his methods. The bird talked poorly and only Bildig could hear him and that by putting his head on the table close to Peewee's bill.

Greenspoon ate hear
tle wine, opened his ve
the complete history of
tecting talent where n
see it. Finally, he said

"I don't say my sys
with other executives,
haven't the understand

THE boys were gone
It was after 9:30,
should have been finis
spoon was in one of hi
Bildig looked down at
wrist, but Peewee was
one present not liste
Manor's big man.

"I picked you, Bildi
and frame job"—he had
to Bildig already—"be
place you are a modest

Peewee woke up. H
ful eye upon Greenspo
his bill a trifle, said, "A

Greenspoon stopped
looked around the table

"What was that?" h
said that?"

"Why, that was Peew
torn between pride and
"Don't mean anything.
like that when roused
no attention, Mr. Gree

The host stared long
wee, with a puzzled ex
dinner ended.

When Greenspoon w
lawn with the departin
again the confident ex
the new department hea

"Better get yourself
dig. That looks a trifle
get stuck on the paymer

"Thank you," said
you again."

Then they all said go
dig drove on home. He
self and glanced at his

"Rather embarrassi
bird come out like
"Might have ruffled M

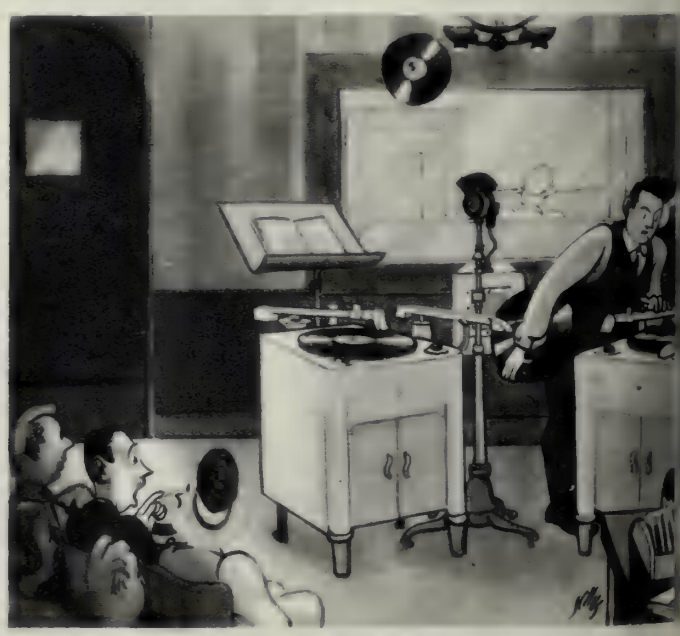
"I don't think so. See
into all that self-prais
"The man talks too
know it."

They smiled at each
old car and the bird sle
his arm. Bildig resolv
very best licks at the s
factory. He would nev
take.

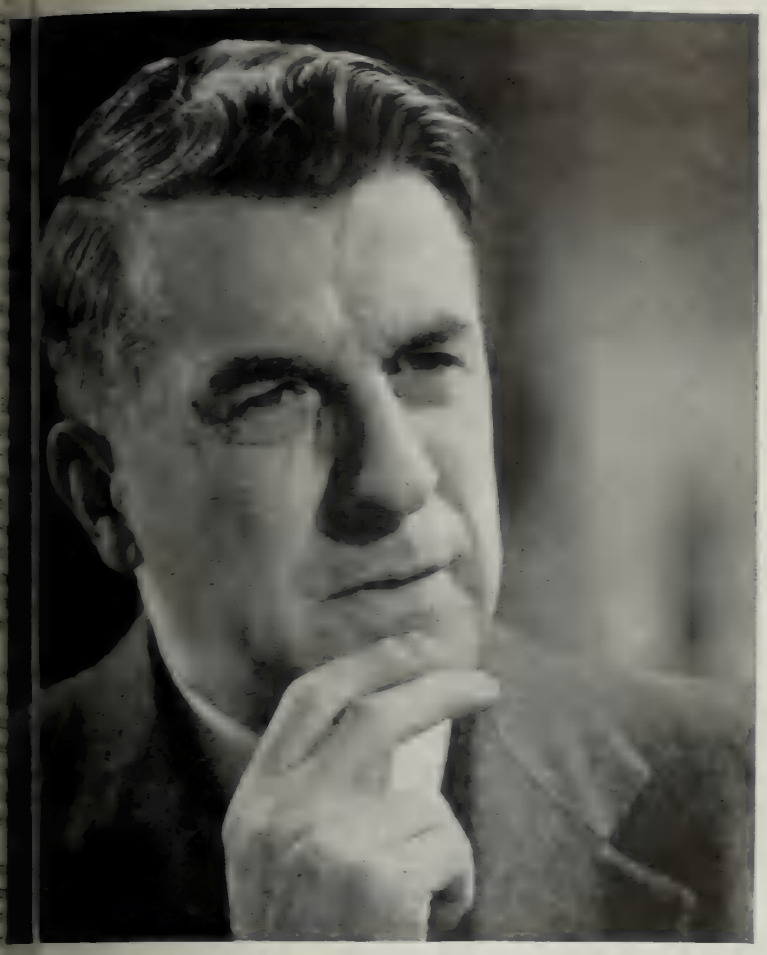
When they drove i
Peewee woke up.

Peewee said, "Ah, nu

Bildig thought that it
idea to teach Peewee t



"It took me six weeks to get tickets for this broadca



…pewriter time in your office, let your typist decide! First, because she …al… knows what make suits her style of typing best . . . the one on which …d…*etter* work for you—and do it *faster*.



Second, because every alert, intelligent young woman of business *deserves* a voice in the selection of her typewriter. And shows greater loyalty to that employer who is considerate enough to respect her wishes in this so important matter.

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…typ…iter should you buy?

…i't …en *try* to answer this question, Mr. …ye. Let your *secretary* decide!

…y …d't we say, "Give her a Royal"? We …ke to! If she's given a free hand to pick …ach…e she likes best, the one that stands …ges… the one that produces the best work …e …inces are—she'll pick a Royal! We're …onfi…nt of its superiority in *every* respect.

… in…ance. The Royal is actually *easier to* …. …e can't give you *figures* on this, of



…e, …cept to point out that the all-time …l re…d was made on a Royal . . . that it's …er…on over 20,000 schools where typing is …ht.

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ROYAL

WORLD'S NUMBER 1

TYPEWRITER

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Try This At Bedtime Tonight

HERE'S that new "morning freshness" idea you hear so much about these days. A simple plan that thousands are following religiously—for clear-eyed morning "sparkle" and energetic days.

What they do is take a cup of *new, improved* Ovaltine each night at bedtime . . . not only to foster restful sleep itself—but also to replenish vitality *while* they sleep.

How It Acts

First: When taken just before going to bed, the new Ovaltine has the power to relieve that feeling of nervous tension, thus conditioning the mind for sleep.

Second: It provides a specialized form of nourishment designed to prevent certain common types of digestive unrest. These conditions, according to medical authority, may be a cause of 50% of all night-time tossing.

Third: Ovaltine also furnishes certain food elements to replenish vitality—rebuild worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells while you sleep.

The new, improved Ovaltine has recently been enriched with greater amounts of protecting minerals and Vitamins A, B and D. It is a *scientific* food-concentrate designed to accomplish specific nutritional results for those who are rundown, nervous and under par or who sleep poorly.

These are not mere "statements" or "claims." In a 3-year scientific investigation, the majority found that, when they took Ovaltine regularly at bedtime, they definitely felt *more refreshed* in the morning.

For the sake of your health, your nerves, and particularly your appearance—why not try taking the *new, improved* Ovaltine regularly—begin tonight? See if it doesn't help you to wake up feeling far fresher in the mornings.

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Ovaltine
THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

We're in the Army Now

Continued from page 15

Local commanders are assisted therein by the chaplains, the morale officers, the welfare hostesses. While these guardians of your boy's morale are not always successful, the records indicate desired results far above the average in any civil community. In near-by towns, welfare organizations such as the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board and like groups do a lot to make the rough and lonely moments more pleasant. Theirs is not a too-severe task either. The vast majority of our soldiers ask no more than a fair chance to be decent, loyal and hard-working.

We are not attempting to coddle your young man; you wouldn't want the Army to do that. Nor is it our aim to treat him at once as the recruit who must be beaten into a hard-boiled soldier without delay. Special efforts are made to control near-by vice resorts by co-operation with city and state authorities. Where this fails, wise commanders rule dives and similar resorts "off limits" or out of bounds. For years the Army has led in group control against venereal diseases. All applicants for enlistment and all trainees are examined that we may be sure that none comes into the Army infected. Line commanders and medical officers have definite responsibility to guard their men against such diseases. Their leadership qualities are judged in part on the success they achieve along these lines. The trainee who renders himself unfit for duty by contracting a venereal disease is punished. And he is medically treated, promptly and efficiently.

All this, you may be sure, is definitely a part of the business of making a soldier above the average in character, physique, morale, team consciousness. It is the responsibility of us who are entrusted with the work of training your young man to defend himself, defend you and the America that we love, to approach all tasks cheerfully, be they pleasant or unpleasant. Properly trained, he will go forth determined in war or peace to overcome obstacles. If we do our part as it is our duty to do it, he will be assured of a happy, interesting and instructive service. He will learn the true meaning of comradeship. He will make lasting, loyal friends. He will come through a stronger, clearer-minded, more self-reliant man.

The Jest That Saved the Day

I remember Taytay, a small town north of Manila in the Philippine Islands. That was where I first was introduced to enemy bullets. General Otis, commander in the Philippines, had staged this early battle with the Filipino insurgent leader Aguinaldo, hopeful of driving him from the country surrounding Manila. My captain was sick. My first lieutenant was away on other duty. The lot of leading a company of about a hundred men fell upon me, a second lieutenant aged nineteen. We advanced through thick woods to open rice fields. Then suddenly a volley of Mauser bullets whistled overhead. All of us dropped in bewilderment behind a rice dike.

While only two men were killed, the immediate psychological effect was appalling until an old first sergeant—Feldcamp—passed along the line shouting: "What's the matter with you guys? That's nothing but tropical bumble bees."

Maybe you don't think that remark particularly witty. But it snapped us out of our bewilderment. A laugh started. Before anyone realized what we were doing, we w charging with the bayo the enemy. I mentic merely because soon a begins the new soldier stand just what happen tay. The recollection plus my father's favorit the best out of the wors influenced my own for service in our Army.

I ask you to believ sermonizing. The busi dier is a stern one. Fur not very different from face if he is to win ir walks of life present defi human and mechanical. conception of Army life, ings play an unduly la read only of the excep frequently giving a fant say, the hard-boiled s tyrannical rule or of the of some individual air p infantryman. Except ir receive from the trainee or nothing of the humdr business of acquiring sl dling of weapons and th hardships and the per that make the man the soldier the man.

Something to Fi t For

As in civil life, sol housed, fed, clothed, pro reational and welfare soldier's health must b The donning of a uni change these essentials. dissatisfied one, an un these are of no value to morale of a soldier is portant than are his wea treated soldier has litt fight. He who has nothi justice, decent home con something concrete to d fight. History, ancient teems with proof of all t bullied, neglected, demo of any service to you wh and to you to whom tha Moreover, to look at it is poor protection to yo him for protection.

The soldier's life may two general classes—figh housekeeping or main Both groups are intermin terchanging. All are expos hardships, the same disci sacrifices in campaign Let's look for a moment notified to report for du into the Army. He is firs the military camps. His highly important receptio centers being a product o past mobilizations. For uals were literally snatch civil occupation and, with their peculiar fitnesses fo job, absorbed into fighting was necessary, as I've said ning of this article. A wa on. There was no time t between this man and tha scarcely time to train men fit them into military jo they were best fitted. Th tion of the modern Army forced us to change all th Army had not come to r cruit as an individual r robot.

Now we're classifying ea for assignment to the task is best fitted—round pe

ort of thing. We look at the ave machinists, motor me- tricians, carpenters, plum- cooks, barbers, bakers, adio operators, chauffeurs, keepers, pharmacists—the s. We have men of no par- ional training and it is up erve them, to learn where st fit—in the infantry, the tanks and so on.

edical examination locates es those requiring minor ction. Before the selectee's ception center, records are ude the address of his rel- y allotment to his depend- eficiaries, of his insurance other personal data. He's s sent on to a regular outfit call a Replacement Center aining area for assignment h or that.

t four days are consumed. wishes are gratified when assignment to his favorite e service. You will have e lad you are particularly has failed to get a place in anch he wanted most. And plaint may be well taken. derstand therefore that the ency must on the whole nce. If there is a shortage radiomen or other special- to fill those important jobs the wishes of the recruit.

ne Can't Be Satisfied

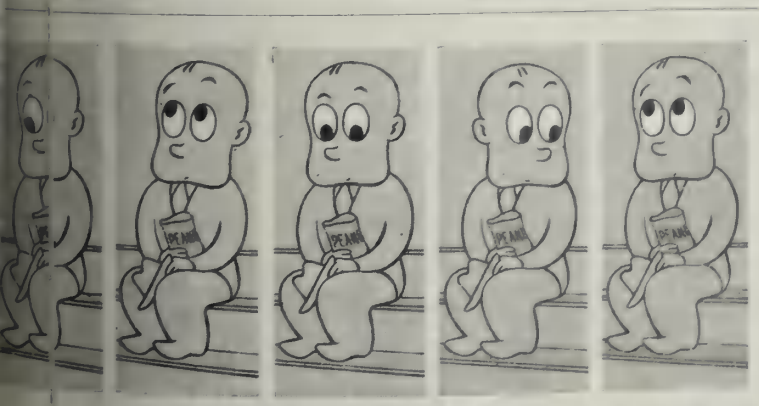
and daring to become tech- moment, you must under- balanced force is essential. , the ratio of men in our runs about the following up of one hundred men: enty-nine, field artillery st artillery (including anti- rteen, air corps thirteen, e four, cavalry three, engi- gnal corps three and staff fifteen. In an army of contemplated in the present mber of specialists required rge in comparison with the lable that the needs of the equently have to take pre- the desire of the individual. soon comes to realize that t it with good grace. Later, ikely that he will applaud that was made for him. erlook this: In an army of n it is completely impos- 1,400,000 wholly satisfied

ee will pass through basic rses before assignment to s or to specialized work. ardened, physically tough- the rudiments of a soldier's arns to be cleanly, orderly, to respect authority. He weapons (the rifle for ex- facility in movement. It such days may be the hard- w man. He is being turned abruptly from the easygoing ways of peace into the mass living, moving and interdependence of the soldier. He will fret, perhaps, at what seem to him to be absurdities. Presently he will learn that the Army employs no magic, that its aim is not to be acquired overnight, nor without trial and error. The composition of the Army's new personnel, a cross section of democracy, does not blend nor boil without some overheating. The bright lad's place is sometimes occupied by a dull one.

The trainee's privacy is deeply invaded. He will live in dormitories, in small groups in tents or eventually in small wood barracks. He will stoke the stove, scrub the floors, make beds, clean windows, clean the lavatories. His life is radically changed. His uniform may not be the romantic thing he has pictured. It may not fit him as well as his civilian clothes did. But he'll come to know that the new uniform is more practical than the old for field service. However, the soldier can fight in any garment, provided his shoes fit him and provided that he is dressed properly to meet the climatic conditions he lives in. We shall see to it that his clothes in general fit him. Pride in appearance and general neatness and comfort of dress are an incentive to ambition and help make a good soldier.

After this basic training, your soldier will pass to broader fields. He will join a designated branch of the service. If he is indicated for specialization—cook, baker, chauffeur, radio operator or so on—he will be sent to school where he'll learn how it is done in the Army. If he is cast for straight soldiering he learns it in orderly ranks. It is true enough, alas, that his unit may not be fully armed nor equipped with all the implements of modern warfare. Remember this: America is now building up its Army after many years of neglect of our national defenses. Rotation in training will be necessary for many months until modern weapons are produced for our new Army. And remember too—you who chafe or you who wonder why we are modern army on paper only just now—remember that it is better that we lack all the modern arms that we need now, rather than after war comes.

No good soldier wants to be cried over. He'll do his own grumbling but resent having it done for him. He knows when he's being treated fairly, when his noncoms and officers are competent. He knows that he'll be rewarded for good work and punished for breaking regulations. It's no life for a weakling, although it has made many weakling a strong man. If he is sent to the guardhouse he is not there as criminal in jail. The Army promptly eliminates criminals and turns them over for confinement in federal prisons. When Army discipline is mentioned the public has come to picture tough, hardboiled sergeants and the brusque, bewhiskered, cursing, tobacco-chewing Colonel Martinet. Those days are gone forever. In



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BROOKLYN 1007 Fox Bldg.
BUFFALO 853 Andrews Bldg.
CHICAGO 212 Palmer House
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CLEVELAND 361 Leader Bldg.
COLUMBUS 635 Huntington B'k Bldg.
DALLAS 611 Southland Life Bldg.
DENVER 401 Colorado Bldg.
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DETROIT 908 Industrial B'k Bldg.
HARTFORD, CONN. 1202 American Ind'tl Bldg.
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LOS ANGELES 801 RKO Billstreet Bldg.
MIAMI 218 Shoreland Arcade
MILWAUKEE 152 W. Wisconsin Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS 624 Andrus Bldg.
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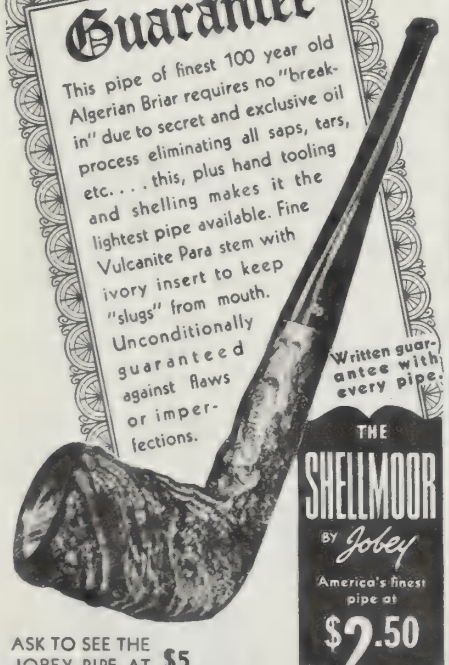
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the Colonial wars, on the Western plains, in the Indian wars, perhaps such methods were necessary to control the mercenary soldier. But this Army represents a nation in arms. Modern discipline conforms to the higher quality of the men in the modern ranks. It corresponds closely to the discipline that is essential in any public community, indeed in the family home. That home or that civil community without discipline is frequently a sorry place. Life there is seldom if ever happy. More criminals are produced than men. Army discipline has a much higher purpose than to force obedience through fear of punishment.

As I've said before, the trainee is not to be coddled. Nor does he want to be. There will be times when authority will have to be tough, but in most cases an intelligent understanding produces effective results. This new Army wants to develop willingness, enthusiasm, fair play and a fair division of burdens and sacrifices. We are free men, fighting for that which enables us to be free.

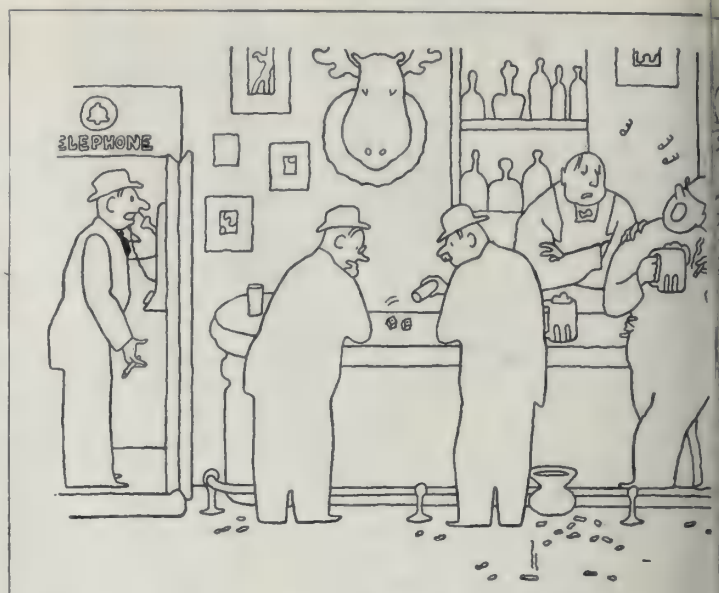
And yet the life will not be unrelentingly stern. The soldier in this Army will have access to athletics, the movies, sight-seeing trips. The new soldier will receive visitors during his time off—usually half of Wednesday and Saturday and all of Sunday. Chaplains will hold services—all creeds. The camp libraries will offer intellectual relaxation. In the recreation buildings there are dances, games, social gatherings. There are post exchanges, very much like the small-town store. They are run for the benefit of the soldier, who may purchase what he wants at minimum prices, on monthly credit. Liquor, except for light beer, is prohibited, and the prohibition is made to work. All sales profits are returned to the men through their unit commander, who may spend them for athletic paraphernalia, amusements and additions to the unit mess.

Understanding—Not Force

In no other army in the world is as much attention given to medical care, food and contentment of troops. The food is excellent in quality and quantity. High standards of cooking exist in all old Regular units, but are acquired slowly in newly formed units. The Army trains cooks and bakers, as well as thousands of other specialists. Bakers' and cooks' schools train and send to camps men who are especially qualified to handle the Army ration and to prepare the best meals. Commanding officers are taught the value of these factors not only from a human viewpoint, but also as an important element in developing the spirit essential to combat success.

Nor is the new soldier the only man in the Army who must learn solid truths. The efficient leader will cultivate in his men the habit of learning the reasons back of all methods and actions. Thus discipline—the authoritative individual control to secure collective results—is gained more by a clear understanding by the men themselves than by force and punishment.

Five months or so of such training as I have tried to describe should make the trainee a well-rounded individual soldier who has absorbed the true family tradition of his small unit. It is on the soundness and efficiency of the smaller unit that the efficiency and success of the whole depends. The principles of sound organization in military life are not much different from the same fundamentals in civil enterprise. Don't forget that. Team action under leaders who know their jobs, in whom the men have faith, wins battles, campaigns and wars as well as profits. In modern warfare, rifle groups, machine-gun sections, tank units, mortar groups, artillery, air forces and antiaircraft batteries must



"That rattle, dear? Oh, that's just the adding machine those drunks farther along the bar are the office

be interlocked and intelligently tied into team action. And when the individual soldier is presently molded into this pattern he becomes the means whereby his higher officers and their staffs learn to maneuver and supply large forces—learn how to do it, too, without making unnecessary sacrifice of life and imposing undue hardship on the men.

What the trainee is now learning has come from close observation of what has happened and is happening in Europe. We have learned that the small military unit is frequently placed very much on its own. These small groups, on their own initiative, will seep through enemy strong points. They will outflank enemy resistance and infiltrate to great depths as the Germans did in the Low Countries and France, as England has done in Africa. Thus they will disorganize the enemy's command, disrupt his supply system, win local victories. We have seen what these small actions do to the armies on which they are effected.

Having learned the basic lessons of offensive defense, the trainee will find himself understanding the large military problems in which he participates—the maneuverings of divisions, corps and armies. Properly trained, his mind receptive, his body fit, he will be a soldier by the time his year of service is finished. It won't be easy. There will be lots of nightwork, much marching. There'll be times when the platoon leader, urging his men forward for these last few miles in a tough day, will probably yell: "Come on, come on. Pick 'em up, pick 'em up." And, my boy, you'll probably come back with something like: "Yeah? You pick 'em up. I can just about put 'em down." But we old-timers can tell you something. We know, and you'll know, that if you're a good soldier, under good leaders, you'll belong to a group in which you're going to take high pride. And that pride means morale. You'll pick 'em up and you'll put 'em down, and you'll curse that comrade who doesn't, because you're not going to let any other outfit shine above your own. In all our military traditions and history there has been nothing finer than the pride the soldier has had in his regiment. Men have died for their regiments, for its honor, its traditions, its reputation. Died for their country? Certainly. But it was the pride in their outfit, the eagerness to fight for its traditions, that sent them into the enemy's lines. Old-fashioned? Pride is never old-fashioned. You'll learn that, my lad. And you who stay behind, who have your soldier in the Army, you will learn it too.

This new Army needs leaders. The trainee wil plenty of opportunity f noncom grades and t He will be observed by for capable squad and If he has the qualities competent officer, they v encouraged and rewa strated individual wort the time-honored syste service and seniority. C Schools will be open to men. Today's corporal ership qualities equal lieutenant's. Unit comm of their trust will take p ing good men. Likewise, missioned officers a uni more the unit's comma tion is enhanced.

It's a Job for Ev yone

All that we can le machinery of combat— searchlights, range finde —all is valueless witho erators, without men o moral and physical star will face death unflinchi proudly.

In the present-day harder than ever before ever shall be the master in war as in peace. If t his group understand and cause for which his coun will accept any sacrifice. ends to be achieved in an fense training system.

To the trainee I say: Army now." The year yo training must not be a lo nor to the nation. It is the the country's hope, that y your year of training a stronger man, a clearer- than you were. If you do of us is to blame, you or

To you who have a boy say: You too are in the Ar will not fire rifles nor cann not fly airplanes nor driv you must work with him to see that war, if it con catch America untrained, who know what to do when he will be your first line o will be his strong support. of the service must work intelligently, sympathetic geously, so must the firing support—the man in unif civilian at home.

We're all in the Army n at arms.

We Fly a Bomber to England

Continued from page 13

whether you touched their lives as intimately as they've touched yours, and suddenly you realize that it isn't important if you have, but only important that you've had the joy of knowing them and of feeling between yourself and them those bonds that hold men to men and women to men and suddenly you are very happy.

Suspended at night under the star-punctured sky in a planet all your own—a planet with wings and motors—without sense of motion, you think of all these things. I did. And I thought of the England to which I was returning and wondered what I would find.

I had left England in December, 1939, during the prelude to war in the days when they called it the phony war and the second Bore War. Headlines marched across my memory—the headlines of more than a year that told of bombs and fire and death, and I wondered whether I would find an England.

How Badly Hurt is Britain?

When I left England to go to Holland to watch fat, unaware Dutchmen smother in smug unawareness, there had been sandbags in the streets and paper strips across windows, and men and women grumbling about the black-out and wondering why they had to go to war at all. I wondered what months had done to them, but most of all about how badly hurt England was and whether I would find my friends there.

My picture of what England would be like after weeks of irksome broadcasts and the chatter of columnists who couldn't agree about what America should do in this war was badly confused. But one thing I knew. This was that I'd be happy in England, where they don't ask a man where his father was born, where it is necessary only to share an idea with Englishmen to belong. People like to belong. Back home I had begun not to belong. I could go along with isolationists but not with their reasons for isolation. I could be one with interventionists but not when they justified their interventionism with clichés about common heritages and common culture and common language.

In England all you had to believe was that one idea, one concept, is in the balance in the war. That is that England fights for preservation of the principle that man has the right to criticize, to debate, to argue with complete freedom. England is fighting to preserve the right of Senators Wheeler and LaFollette to say what they please.

We plowed on through the night, the motors imparting life to the metal of our ship. Daybreak found us bouncing in head winds. We climbed into rare air and we thought our lungs would collapse. More than ever I wanted to do something—contribute in some way to keeping that ship of ours in the air and headed toward England, but there was nothing a reporter could do except keep out of the way in those cramped quarters.

I tried to sleep but it was no use. I watched the navigator. For hours I watched him work. The radio was useless—Germans might pick up our signals, take bearings on us and intercept us—and England would be without a plane and five or six lives would be lost. Our lives, important only to us and to those they touched.

But the navigator knew his job. Off England, we hit an overcast so dense it might have been a snowbank, and you couldn't see anything but a desert of whiteness streaming in ribbons from the propellers.

Then the navigator said to the pilot, "Okay. Down we go," and we dropped down through the thick mist alive with the light of the morning sun. We searched for enemy planes and were almost disappointed that there were none. And then we saw England, brown and rolling and green in places, and everybody lighted cigarettes except the engineer, who was too near the gas tanks. The navigator was a boy again. His job was done, and suddenly he looked very tired.

There's a lot I could tell you about where we landed and how we were met but I can't. I can say this, however: Hitler will have enormous difficulty invading England. He'll be met at the coast by a British civil servant, with so many forms to fill, so many questions to answer he'll give up the idea of entering England.

The plane's crew went to sleep. I couldn't. I had to get to London. Late the same afternoon I took a train across England. The countryside that rolled past my window might have been Maryland or New Jersey covered by snow. The trees had the same silhouettes and the people were like our people, but the moment I saw them and talked with them I knew more than a year of war had changed them. Grim they seemed, how utterly convinced they were right and Hitler wrong!

Usually reticent, they warmed when they spotted me for an American, and I was one of them and I felt glad. The sleeper conductor, who looked like Churchill, was worried that an air raid might interfere with his train's journey and delay us getting into London, but there was no raid. When he brought my tea in the morning and later when he helped me with my bags, we became great friends though we didn't talk much. He said wasn't it a "shyme" about those "Eyetalians?" He said it was a "shyme" they hadn't been able to put up a better show. He was sorry, he was, for they're such nice people, but those bloody Germans—well, they were - - - - - -. He was probably sixty, but there was that indestructible quality about him that is British. I like to think that we Americans alone of all the other peoples of the world have that same quality.

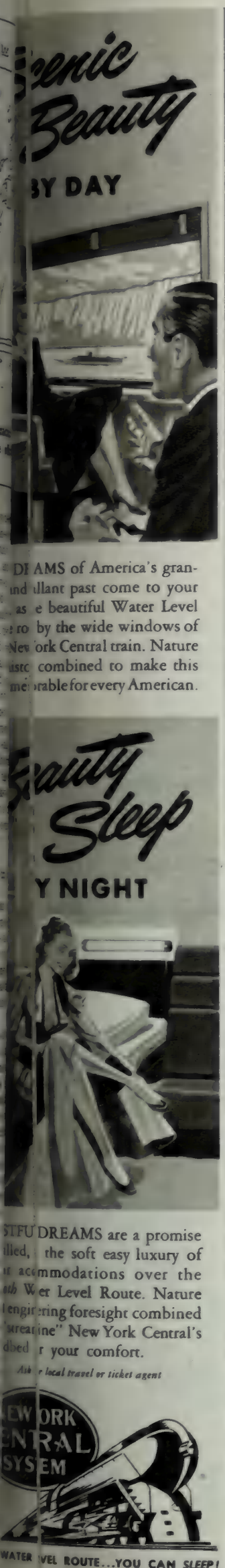
All's Calm in London

From Paddington Station to the Savoy Hotel I squirmed and twisted in the taxicab to see what Hitler had done to London. There were no wounds to see and for one ephemeral moment I had the illusion of awakening from a bad dream. There hadn't been a war. I was waking up in the same taxi I took from Paddington years ago, when I had come up from Rome to escape from the monotony of Mussolini's speeches and the pall of propaganda. The futile paper strips across the windows were gone. Sandbags were gone. London was herself again. It was Sunday morning and London slept and there were no uniforms to be seen, and then I saw a bobby who wore a "battle bowler" and I was back in reality with the thump of falling out of bed in a dream.

I realized it was Sunday and that London was asleep, but it seemed to me instead that London prayed.

I walked about in the streets near my hotel—up the Strand and up Fleet Street that Hitler hates because for years the Street has talked back to him.

He hasn't hurt Fleet Street nor the





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Strand, except a little here and there. No more steak and kidney pie at the old Cheshire Cheese, where Dickens sat and Johnson argued and Boswell fawned. It's gone. The place where I used to buy my pipes is gone too, but the old streets are there yet.

You can walk for blocks in any direction in London and see no scars of bombs, and if you're one of those who makes up his mind too quickly you'll say, "Why, it was worse in Madrid—London's not been hurt at all," and then you come to the docks and to St. Paul's and it hits you in the pit of the stomach that London has been hurt and badly.

No, don't believe those stories that the war has changed England but little. There's change here, all right, and if you are sensitive to atmosphere at all you feel it even when you can't see it. When war began it was fought by the few. It's every man's war now, from the most hidebound Tory through the school-tie boys down on through the smallest man and woman in the nation. They're fighting for survival, not merely victory, and they're fighting with a calm, cold desperation that quivers beneath their customary equanimity. It doesn't take long to see and feel it.

This is the People's War

Of course, if you hang about the bars of the Savoy and Dorchester—oases for those who are largely sitting out the war—you don't get it. But dip down underneath into the tube shelters where men and women and children are heaped, into the Isle of Dogs and Lambeth and Limehouse, and you know that this has become the people's war.

It is possible that they who are fighting this war will be betrayed when it is all over but it is not probable. They've got their men in the government this time.

Profiteers? I hear there are some but it's not like the old war. They count their profits in thousands of pounds where it was in millions before. There's an excess profits law which practically confiscates any profits over and above a certain legal limit.

You see that the war has turned England inside out, shaken it onto a table where everyone can see what was wrong with her social structure. The social revolution began when they evacuated children out of the London area and found them ill-fed, poorly clothed and diseased. Sir Hugh Walpole, the novelist, told me then that Britishers would remake England and would set right the evils that had existed for hundreds of years—evils so vile they produced the literature of Dickens. I wondered, then. Sir Hugh stood in his library surrounded by Gauguins and Matisses and busts by Epstein, whom he fancies very much. He looked out from his Piccadilly windows over a green park when he said that, a lifetime ago—about fifteen months ago.

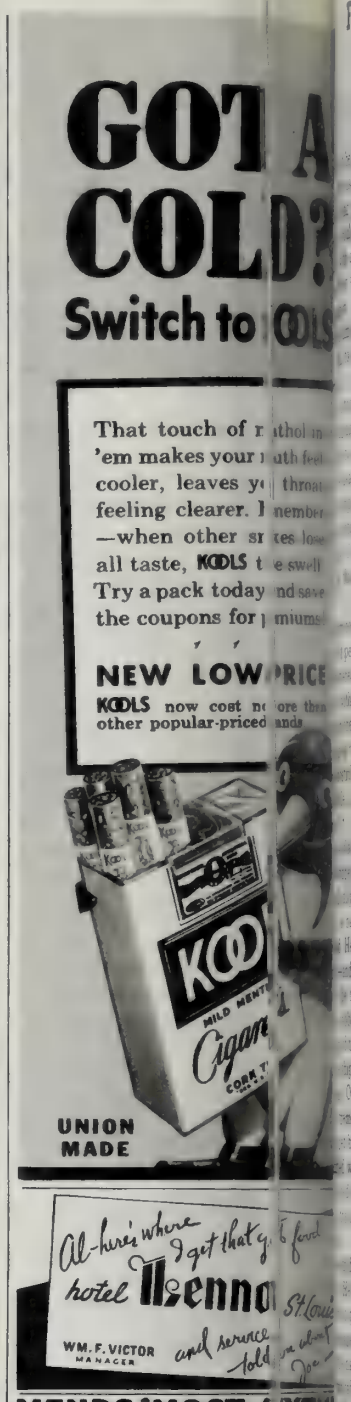
But he was right. They've remade England and if there can be said to be any good in war that's a small gain already.

And it is further proof of what has happened to England that when and if conscription of female labor comes Lady Dribblepuss won't get any preferences. She'll go to work the same as Nellie Hawkins. If that kind of conscription comes it will even include the nuns in the convents.

England has come a long, long way since Dunkirk. Her defenses, they tell me, are impregnable in the sense at least that Germany will never conquer England. Her morale is magnificent. Occasionally you turn a rock and find a defeatist. But anybody here will tell you that to prevent a German conquest of Britain is not enough. There must be victory and if there is no victory then the prerogative of senators to speak their minds will be gone. And how would they like that?



"Separate checks, please" LEONARD DOVE



Fate Doesn't Care

Continued from page 20

an ould not be sure, and he is eth. Because of course, if ther living man, and he oo, he could identify the sland with or without the murderer who had been execution. And whatever nocked him had put that ner to add to the sport of hi antics.

an ent back to the cliff above h. e swung down to his ec red booty: A shipping ca ges. A nearly filled cask lic d. An empty bottle. He he sk over until he found the , nd disk of wood, fitting ush ith the thick oak staves.

UI a sharp-pointed sliver of th weighed perhaps three or nd He battered the bung. It d en fell with a tiny splash liq l within the cask.

ng t, stinging reek of vinegar the an's nostrils when he put se the hole. He nodded, as d pected it. There was no wa on the island. There was cra of cabbages.

gan ethodically to empty the n d g so, a nail scraped his d d blood. He sucked at the mp ently—and found a ter- npt on in the taste of it. He o ca y the cabbages, a few at up t he top of the island. Salt e sc ch the shipping-crate nail de. stung. On the third or rip , he trembled suddenly. e h te to get back down. He is ndcuffed wrist under the t ha scratched him. He tried 's p nt in the keyhole of the f. I vent in.

man ved with defiant, resolute 's af that. He took the ship- ite to the top of the island me he cabbages. Every scrap spe lly the nails. When the is ty was safe he sat down, ng w hope. He extracted that rst rl. He tried it in the key- gain went in. His hand shook ent into a hook. He fitted it ke ole and strove with des- eli y to use it as a picklock. w li e of locks in general and of ndcuffs.

ha an hour he stopped and ca ge leaves for the moisture on d. The air was growing e ch a second nail and bent sligh different fashion. Later yet nother, still chewing at the bag for refreshment. But he jea s of his supply of nails, e he d but so many long and eno h to serve. He bent and his ost promising specimen. on h was enormously excited. doze times, he believed, he had unl ed the handcuff. A tiny ment the shape of the hook wou have it. . . .

nail, nt too often, broke off in . H could hear the loose piece g abo inside. It took him more n ho to get it out again.

heat ew terrible. But the man ued t work on the lock. As the oppe to the horizon, the last of any-t es-twisted nails broke off utside he keyhole.

man alked stiffly to the end of land d stared savagely about orizon Darkness raced across the and t stars came out. The man back nd forth in the darkness. nly h stopped short. His breath red th ugh his nostrils. He fell on his hands and knees and groped about on the stony soil. Presently he made an inarticulate small sound, and metal clanked. And then the man was a hunched, squatted small heap in the darkness, and his right arm moved rythmically, and through the pounding rumble of the surf there came the steady rasp-rasp-rasp of stone upon metal.

That noise continued. Stars that were overhead moved westward and slowly began to descend. The noise kept on and kept on and kept on. . . .

When dawn came the man still squatted on the rock, rubbing a sliver of stone back and forth, with a feverish intensity, across one small spot on the handcuff about his wrist. . . .

When the light was bright enough, he looked. At the spot where he had concentrated, the locking bar of the handcuff was thinner by perhaps the half of an eighth of an inch.

The man got to his feet and staggered to the edge of the island's top to stare, level-eyed, over the sea.

He saw a steamer. It was startlingly near. It was no more than six or seven miles from the island. But it was headed down the coast. And every turn of its screw carried it farther away.

The man stood still, watching, while the steamer went on and on, and at last sank below the horizon. When it was surely gone the man looked at the largest of the three pinnacles, and saw nothing but plunging surf and sea birds. He squatted down to rub at the handcuff again.

BY NOON even his calloused fingers were rasped to raw flesh by the succession of stones he had used. He clambered down to the beach and soaked himself in the sea. It cooled him a little. He looked at the rubbed place. The steel was monstrously hard, and the stone as horribly soft. The rubbed spot was undoubtedly deeper, but it looked like just a little more than the half of an eighth of an inch.

Back to the top of the island. And now there were two small tufts of smoke that showed against the horizon. Two steamers keeping well out to sea as they passed this known and charted danger.

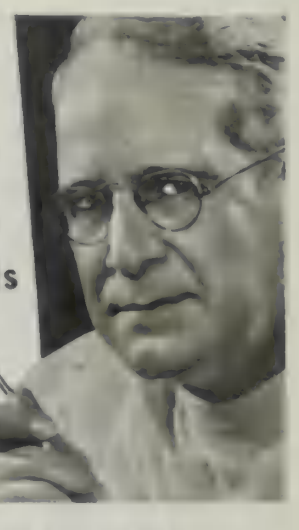
But the man stared fiercely all around the edge of the sea and then looked defiantly up into the blue, as if challenging something which had found his antics amusing to continue its effort to break him. And he stared longest and most fiercely of all at the largest of the three pinnacles of rock perhaps a sea mile from where he stood. There was something among the rocks. . . .

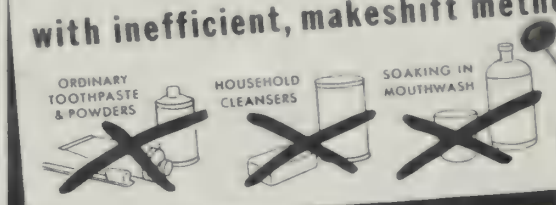
He went back to his rubbing. During the afternoon he suddenly rose and climbed down to the beach again. He dipped the stone in sea water and then in dry sand. He essayed to use the sand as an abrasive to increase the cutting power of the rock. He tried it again and again. But the rate of cutting of the steel did not increase.

He rubbed all during the afternoon, chewing upon the cabbage leaves and looking ever more gaunt and hollow-eyed and defiant. The sun set, and still the rasping sound went on. The night air grew chill, though the rocks gave off heat for a long time. Then the man suddenly stopped his work. There was a little silence. He evidently felt with his finger for evidence of results. Suddenly there was a savage clanging of metal upon stone, as if in utter, despairing bitterness he had battered the handcuff furiously against the rock of the island.

Next morning it was clear that he had

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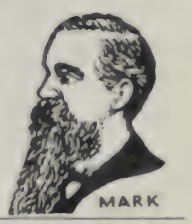
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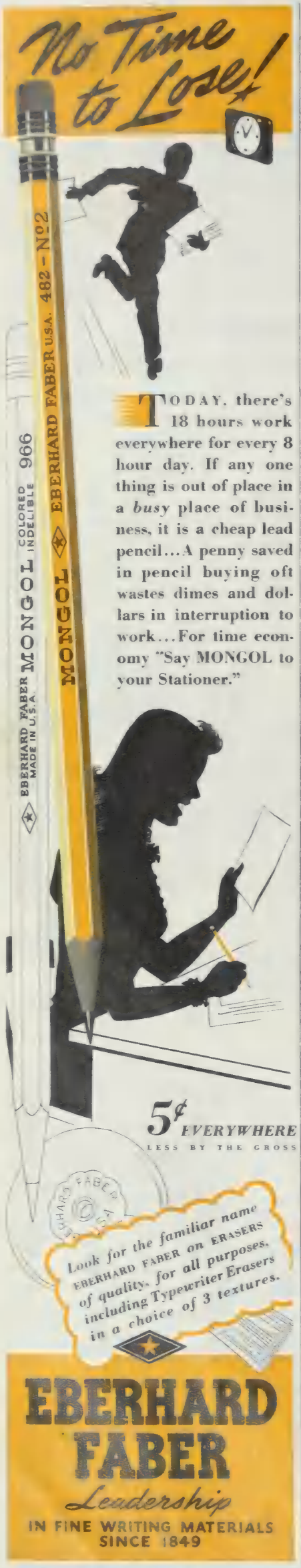
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done just that. The handcuff was tighter about his wrist. He had hit it violently against the stone, and it had slipped forward a few notches and locked itself in the new position.

When the sun warmed him he rose stiffly. His glance about the horizon was almost perfunctory. Blue. Blue. Blue. White foam where seas broke on separate rocks, and acres of white where they pounded over the reeflike shoal—studded with sharp stones—which made futile any hope of swimming to the mainland. The three pinnacles.

Something moved about the base of the largest. It crawled weakly on hands and knees. It was a man. Alive. Somehow, in some fashion, there had been another survivor of the wreck of the coastal steamer. That other survivor had landed alive behind the largest of the three pinnacles. He was alive there now. He had been sheltering in some crevice during the daytime, to hide from the sun which would suck the juices from his body. And this was the third day after the wreck, and a vessel of some sort would come soon to hunt for traces of the missing steamer. It was not possible that the men on the searching vessel would fail to find this other man, or that he would fail to know the man on the island for a condemned murderer.

The man on the island went down and bathed, and climbed up again—and that was all. Once, toward noon, he halfheartedly picked up a rock and ground at the cut in the handcuff, which was not quite an eighth of an inch in depth. But he abandoned it again.

WHEN sundown came, he stood in something like apathy and looked at the sea and sky and at the largest pinnacle. He could see the man there, moving clumsily, busy at some task that the man on the island could not imagine. He did not try. He watched without curiosity until darkness fell.

During the night he lay and stared up at the stars. There was no longer defiance in his eyes but a certain quiet scorn. Fate or chance or the universe had made sport of him. First it had caused his doom for the doing of a thing all men approved, but would not concede his right to do. Then it had saved him out of a chaotic sea and offered him the bait of hope. And now it had mockingly shown him that even that hope had been a delusion.

When dawn came for the fourth time he looked out over the sea almost with indifference. There was a smoke to the southward which was close in to shore. That would be a searching vessel, most likely. There was smoke to the westward, far out at sea. Wind thuttered. Sea birds flapped. Surf pounded and roared and splashed. And then the man looked at the pinnacle.

Something was floating away from it. An extraordinary and pathetic melange of tiny bits of flotsam, patched together to form something like a raft. In its middle there appeared the head and shoulders of a man. The man on the island stared blankly. He could have left the island a dozen times over, but he knew of the shoal with its sharp rocks and pounding surf, and that any floating thing would be torn to shreds upon its knifelike rocks. The man from the pinnacle, obviously, did not. He had never been able to climb high enough to see more than the island and perhaps the top of the mainland to the east. He had assembled every possible scrap of buoyancy, and now trusted himself to the waves in blind ignorance that a searching vessel was even now on the way to rescue him.

The man on the island stood up. He moved toward the cliff top. With a sudden savage energy he swung down to the beach. There was a heavy spar awash at the edge of the water. He had made no attempt to use it hitherto. Now he strained terribly to free it from the sand—to get it afloat—to start it in motion as at once a hindrance and a help when he struck out for the pitiful, futile raft.

As he fought the waves, his expression was that of a man who is filled with a passionate scorn. He reached the spot upon the water where he should have intercepted the man of the pinnacle. Instead, he came upon flotsam. Two or three bits of floating stuff, broken away from the rest. He heaved himself half out of water by the buoyancy of the spar. He saw the raft was disintegrating. It had been held together by twisted strips of cloth. Half or more than half had practically dissolved away. The man from the pinnacle floated limply, tied to the remnant of his float, but only half above the surface. He seemed to be unconscious, but the man from the island saw bubbles come out of his mouth as water surged over him. He paddled savagely toward the spot.

Heading back to the beach with the unconscious man drawn precariously over the spar, a flame of triumph was in his eyes. Fate and chance had made sport of the pair of them, but in helping this man he struck back. He continued to strike back when he hauled his man ashore and rolled him over the hastily up-ended cask, and then worked grimly to bring him back to life. He felt a furious satisfaction when the man breathed.

Later, he got the still unconscious man up to the top of the island. There was a broken leg to be attended to. That was why the man of the pinnacle had never walked, but only crawled painfully and slowly. The man of the island looked keenly to southward. Yes. The inshore smoke was very obviously that of a small vessel watching the mainland for signs of wreckage. He turned again to the unconscious man.

And he saw—it was odd, perhaps, that he had not noticed it before—a bit of metal attached to the other man's tattered garments. It was a badge. An official badge. A police badge of the city where he was to have been landed on his way to execution.

He stared at it and his hands clenched. More mockery. True deputy who'd had hi another man entirely.

The man of the isl pale under the scorc His hands quivered su bled among the other found it. A key ring, belt by a chain. A cylinder-lock keys. tag. And a small key takable. A handcuff k

The man of the isla keyhole of the lock fitted. With extraor turned it. It worked opened. He peeled it fr threw it violently into

THEN he stared dc whose life he had sa came quickly. Everyth Roll this man, still u the edge of the cliff an to suspect or identify suggest that he migh merely a survivor of t ship. Just roll this ma fore the already-visibl came up. It would give a victory, to be sure, b

But then the man clenched his hands a chance observe no rules they are all-powerful. knew him could be—a bility—on the wharf w ship docked and coul then and there. Or so him on the street. E now, fate or chance co and he would be helple

But now—now he h He'd cheated somethi satisfaction of its mali a blow at fate. And I tempted to withdraw improvise splints for And presently, when t opened his eyes, and w tled to discover himsel man of the island thre to grin savagely and the sky.

The rescue ship picke about sundown. And for even the fraction of ecutions or prisons or even of handcuffs. N later.



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My Patient, Hitler

By Dr. Eduard Bloch, as told to J. D. Ratcliff



In 1938 Adolf Hitler returned triumphantly to Linz, the city of his boyhood, after an absence of thirty years

What does a doctor think when he sees one of his patients grow into the persecutor of his race? Here are the unique adventures of a Jew who had earned the "undying gratitude" of Adolf Hitler

II

MOST immediately after his mother's funeral Hitler left for Vienna to attempt once more as an artist. His growth to manhood had been a painful experience for the boy who lived within himself. But more trying days were coming. As the family was, he had at least assured food and shelter while living at home. This couldn't be said of the years in Vienna. Hitler was entirely engrossed with the business of keeping body and soul together.

All through something of his life Hitler—how he worked as a hodcarrier on building-construction jobs until the men threatened to push him off the scaffold. And we know that he shoveled snow and took any other job he could find. During this period, for three years in fact, Hitler lived in a man's world, the equivalent of a flophouse in any large American city. It was here that he began to dream of a world remade to his pattern.

While living in the hostel, surrounded by the human dregs of the large city, Hitler says, "I became dissatisfied with myself for the first time in my life." This dissatisfaction with himself was followed by dissatisfaction with everything about him—and the desire to alter things to his own liking.

The vitriol of hate began to creep through his body. The grim realities of the life he lived encouraged him to hate the government, labor unions, the very men he lived with. But he had not yet begun to hate the Jews.

During this period he took time out to send me a penny post card. On the back was a message: "From Vienna I send you my greetings. Yours, always faithfully, Adolf Hitler." It was a small thing, yet I appreciated it. I had spent a great deal of time treating the Hitler family and it was nice to know that this effort on my part had not been forgotten.

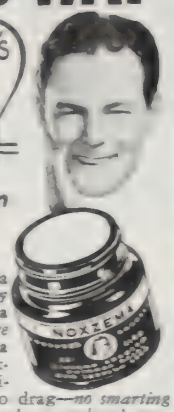
Official Nazi publications also record that I received one of Hitler's paintings—a small landscape. If I did I am not aware of it. But it is quite possible that he sent me one and that I have forgotten the matter. In Austria patients frequently send paintings or other gifts to their physicians as a mark of gratitude. Even now I have half a dozen of these oils and water colors which I have saved; but none painted by Hitler among them.

I did, however, preserve one piece of Hitler's art work. This came during the period in Vienna when he was painting post cards, posters, etc., making enough money to support himself. This was the one time in his life that Hitler was able to make successful use of his talent.

He would paint these cards and dry

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them in front of a hot fire, which would give them a rather pleasing antique quality. Then other inmates of the hostel would peddle them. Today in Germany the few remaining samples of this work are more highly prized and sought after than the works of Picasso, Gauguin and Cézanne!

Hitler sent me one of these cards. It showed a hooded Capuchin monk hoisting a glass of bubbling champagne. Under the picture was a caption: "Prosit Neujahr—A toast to the New Year." On the reverse side he had written a message: "The Hitler family sends you the best wishes for a Happy New Year. In everlasting thankfulness, Adolf Hitler."

Why I put these cards aside to be saved, I do not know. Possibly it was because of the impression made upon me by that unhappy boy. Even today I cannot help thinking of him in terms of his grief and not in terms of what he has done to the world.

Those postal cards had a curious history. They indicate the extent to which Hitler has captured the imagination of some people. A rich Viennese industrialist—I do not know his name because he dealt through an intermediary—later made me an astonishing offer. He wanted to buy those two cards and was willing to pay 20,000 marks for them! I rejected the offer on the ground that I could not ethically make such a sale.

There is still another story in those two cards. Seventeen days after the collapse of the Schuschnigg government and the occupation of Austria by German troops, an agent of the Gestapo called at my home. At the time I was making a professional call, but my wife received him.

"Retained for Safekeeping"

"I am informed," he said, "that you have some souvenirs of the Fuehrer. I should like to see them." Acting sensibly, my wife made no protest. She didn't wish to have her home torn apart as so many Jewish homes had been. She found the two cards and handed them over. The agent scribbled a receipt which read: "Certificate for the safekeeping of two post cards (one of them painted by the hand of Adolf Hitler) confiscated in the house of Dr. Eduard Bloch." It was signed by the agent, named Groemer, who was previously unknown to us. He said I was to come to headquarters the following morning.

Almost as soon as the Nazis entered the city the Gestapo took over the small hotel in *Gesellenhausstrasse* formerly patronized by traveling clergymen. I went to this place and was received almost immediately. I was greeted courteously by Dr. Rasch, head of the local bureau. I asked him why these bits of property had been taken.

Those were busy days for the Gestapo. There were many things to be looked after in a town of 120,000 people. It developed that Dr. Rasch was not familiar with my case. He asked if I were under suspicion for any political activity unfavorable to the Nazis. I replied that I was not: that I was a professional man with no political connections.

Apparently as an afterthought, he asked if I were a non-Aryan. I answered without compromise: "I am a 100 per cent Jew." The change that came over him was instantaneous. Previously he had been businesslike but courteous. Now he became distant.

The cards, he said, would be retained for safekeeping. Then he dismissed me, neither rising nor shaking hands as he had when I entered. So far as I know the cards are still in the hands of the Gestapo. I never saw them again.

When he left for Vienna, Adolf Hitler was destined to disappear from our lives for a great many years. He had no friends in Linz to whom he might return to visit and few with whom he might exchange correspondence. So, it was much later that we learned of his wretched poverty in those days, and of his subsequent moving to Munich in 1912.

No news came back of the way in which he fell on his knees and thanked God when war was declared in 1914; and no news of his war service as a corporal with the 16th Bavarian Reserve Infantry. We heard nothing of his being wounded and gassed. Not until the beginning of his political career in 1920 were we again to get news of this quiet, polite boy who grew up among us.

Could This Be Adolf?

Occasionally the local newspapers would run items about the group of political supporters that Hitler was gathering about himself in Munich; stories of their hatred of the Jews, of the Versailles Peace, of nearly everything else. But no particular importance was attached to these activities. Not until twenty people died in the beer-hall putsch of November 8, 1923, did Hitler achieve local notoriety. Was it possible, I asked myself, that the man behind these things was the quiet boy I had known—the son of the gentle Klara Hitler?

Eventually even the mention of Hitler's name in the Austrian press was prohibited; still we continued to get word-of-mouth news of our former townsman: stories of the persecutions he had launched; of German rearmament; of war to come. This smuggled news reached responsive ears. A local Nazi party sprang up.

In theory such a party could not exist; it had been outlawed by the government. In practice authorities gave it their blessings. Denied uniforms, local Nazis adopted methods of identifying themselves to everyone. They wore white stockings. On their coats they wore a small wild flower, very much like the American daisy, and at Christmas time they burned blue candles in their homes.

We all knew these things, but nothing was done. From time to time local authorities would find a Nazi flag on Klara Hitler's grave in Leonding, and would remove it without ceremony. Still, the gathering storm in Germany seemed remote.

It was quite a while before I got any firsthand word from Ad
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Hitler, "is an *Edeljude*—
all Jews were like him,
no Jewish question."
and in a way flattering,
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One Realm, One Leader.

While Austria

On Friday, March 11,
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may God protect Austri
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In the sleepless days
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the announcer told us the
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"He seems to mistrust me"

I Was All In ... But the Major's "33 to 1" SAVED THE DAY FOR ME!







3 NE BREWS BLENDED

O MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

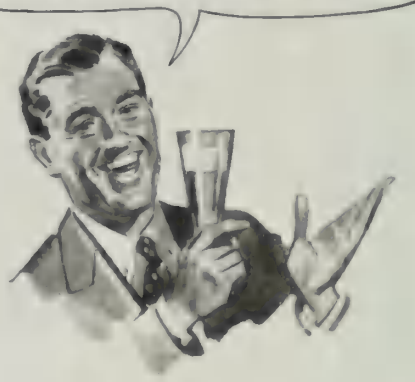
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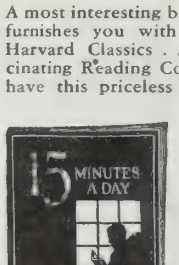
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about the popularity of *Anschluss* with Germany. The people favored it. They greeted the onrushing tide of German troops with flowers, cheers and songs. Church bells rang. Austrian troops and police fraternized with the invaders and there was general rejoicing.

The public square in Linz, a block from my home, was a turmoil. All afternoon it rang with the Horst Wessel song and Deutschland ueber Alles. Planes droned overhead, and advance units of the German army were given deafening cheers. Finally the radio announced that Hitler was in Linz.

Advance instructions had been given to the townspeople. All windows along the procession route were to be closed. Each should be lighted. I stood at the window of my home facing Landstrasse. Hitler would pass before me.

The Hero Returns

Soon the procession arrived—the great, black Mercedes car, a six-wheeled affair, flanked by motorcycles. The frail boy I had treated so often, and whom I had not seen for thirty years—stood in the car. I had accorded him only kindness; what was he now to do to the people I loved? I peered over the heads of the crowd at Adolf Hitler.

It was a moment of tense excitement. For years Hitler had been denied the right to visit the country of his birth. Now that country belonged to him. The elation that he felt was written on his features. He smiled, waved, gave the Nazi salute to the people that crowded the street. Then, for a moment he glanced up at my window. I doubt that he saw me, but he must have had a moment of reflection. Here was the home of the *Edeljude* who had diagnosed his mother's fatal cancer; here was the consultation room of the man who had treated his sisters; here was the place he had gone as a boy to have his minor ailments attended.

It was a brief moment. Then the procession was gone. It moved slowly into the town square—once Franz Josef Platz, soon to be renamed Adolf Hitler Platz. He spoke from the balcony of the town hall. I listened on the radio. Historic words: Germany and Austria were now one.

Hitler established himself in the Weinzinger Hotel, particularly requesting an apartment with a view of the Poestling Mountain. This scene had been visible from the windows of the modest apartment where he spent his boyhood.

The following day he called in a few old acquaintances: Oberhummer, a local party functionary; Kubitschek, the musician; Liedel, the watchmaker; Dr. Huemer, his former history teacher. It was understandable that he couldn't ask me, a Jew, to such a meeting; yet he did inquire after me. For a while I thought of asking for an audience, then decided this would be unwise.

Hitler arrived Saturday evening. Sunday he visited his mother's grave, and reviewed local Nazis as they marched before him. Not equipped with uniforms, they wore knickerbockers, ski pants or leather shorts. On Monday Hitler departed for Vienna.

Soon we were brought to a sharp realization of how different things were to be. There were 700 Jews in Linz. Shops, homes and offices of all these people were marked with the yellow-paper banners now visible throughout Germany, *JUDE*—Jew.

The first suggestion that I was to receive special favors came one day when the local Gestapo telephoned. I was to remove the yellow signs from my office and home. Then a second thing happened: My landlord, an Aryan, went to Gestapo headquarters to ask if I were to be allowed to remain in my apartment. "We wouldn't matter," he was told. "I by Berlin." Hitler, app membered. Then some that made me doubt.

For no reason whatso law, a young physician, one was allowed to see ceived no news of him went to the Gestapo. "W like to know that the s old physician had been she asked. She was tre brusquely for her temer signs been removed fr house? Wasn't that en visit must have had som three weeks her husban

My practice, which I of the largest in Linz, dwindle as long as a yea rival of Hitler. In this seen a portent of things t ful older patients were their explanations. The l by the Nazis was takin younger people. They v patronize a Jew.

By decree, my activ limited to Jewish patie another way of saying tha work altogether. For pl making for ridding the t On November 10, 1938, issued that all Jews wer within forty-eight hours. go to Vienna. The shoc this edict may be imagine had lived all their lives i sell their property, pack the space of two days.

I called at the Gesta leave? I was informed tion had been made in m remain. My daughter an Since they had already intention of emigrating to also could stay. But th to vacate their house. If in my apartment they mitted to move there.

No More Fav

After thirty-seven ye work my practice was at permitted to treat only Je evacuation order there w members of this race left were over eighty years of

It is understandable th ter and her husband woul their life savings with the departed for America. So my turn came to depart. local ruling on such a mat the question. I knew that Adolf Hitler. Yet I felt t get a message to him he w give us some help.

If Hitler himself was perhaps one of his sisters Klara was the nearest; Vienna. Her husband had lived alone in a modest ap quiet residential district. made for my daughter, make the trip to Vienna to went to the apartment, kno no answer. Yet she was su was someone at home.

She sought the aid of Frau Wolf—Klara Hitler one, the neighbor said, exce mate friends. But this agreed to carry a messag Frau Wolf's reply. My dau Soon the answer came Wolf sent greetings and wo ever she could. By good f was in Vienna that night f frequent but unheralded opera. Frau Wolf saw hin sure, gave him the message. ception was made in our our turn came we were force niless, like so many thousan

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ssi Each time he has stayed
We zinger Hotel.

On the second visit the proprietor of the hotel was informed that Hitler's presence in town was not to be announced; that he would make his inspection tour in the morning. Delighted at having such an important personage in his house, the proprietor could not resist boasting. He telephoned several friends to give them the news. For this breach of discipline he paid heavily. His hotel was confiscated.

Many times I have been approached by Hitler biographers for notes on his youth. In most instances I have refused to speak. But I did talk to one of these men. He was a pleasant middle-aged gentleman from Vienna, who came from the government department headed by Rudolf Hess, of the Nazi inner circle. He was writing an official biography. I gave him such details as I could recall, and my medical records which he subsequently sent to Nazi party headquarters in Munich. He stayed in Linz and Braunau for several weeks; then the project terminated abruptly. I was told he had been sent to the silence of the concentration camp. Why, I do not know.

When it finally became my turn to leave Linz for America I knew that it would be impossible for me to take my savings with me. But the Gestapo had one more favor for me. I was to be allowed to take sixteen marks from the country instead of the customary ten!

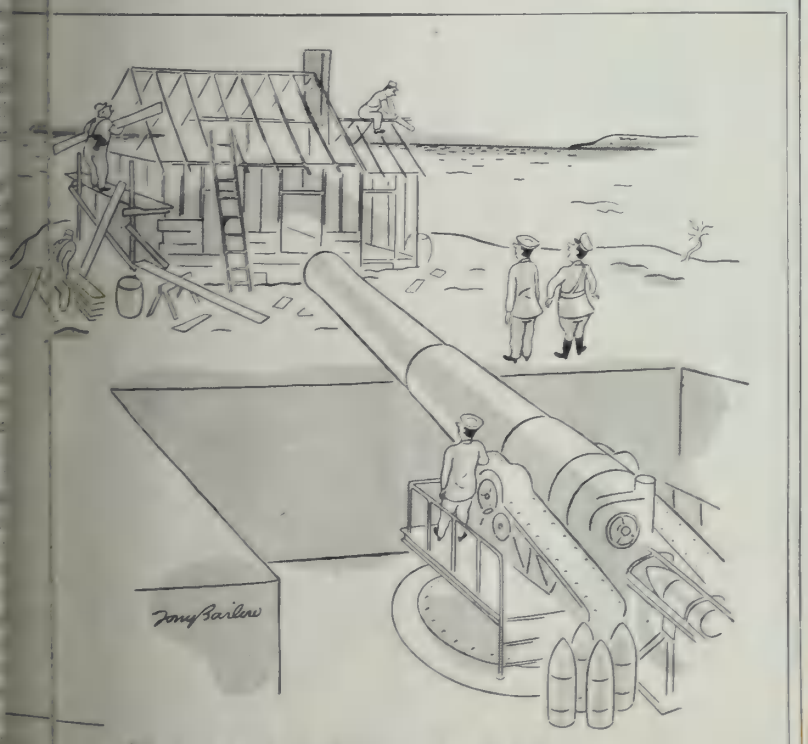
The Nazi organization of physicians gave me a letter, of what value I do not know, which states that I was "worthy of recommendation." It went on to say that, because of my "character, medical knowledge and readiness to help the sick," I had won "the appreciation and esteem of my fellow men."

A party official suggested that I was expected to show some gratitude for all these favors. Perhaps a letter to the Fuehrer? Before I left Linz on a cold, foggy November morning, I wrote it. I wonder if it was ever received. It read:

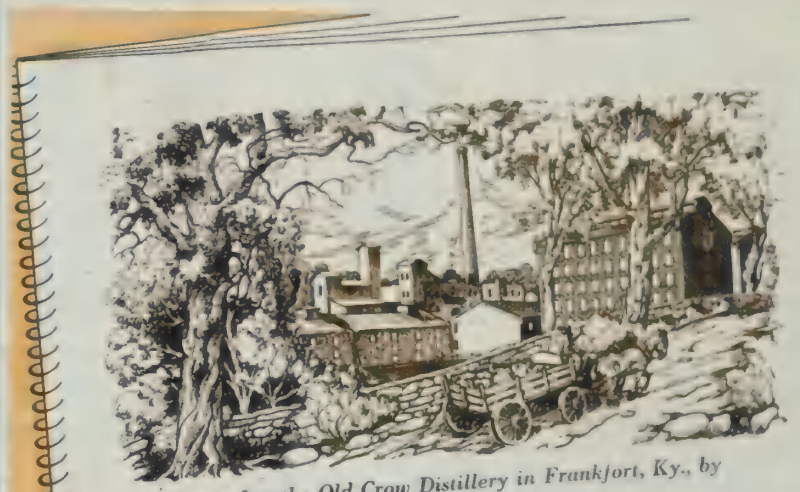
"Your Excellency:

"Before passing the border I want to express my thanks for the protection which I have received. In material poverty I am now leaving the town where I have lived for forty-one years; but I leave conscious of having lived in the most exact fulfillment of my duty. At sixty-nine I will start my life anew in a strange country where my daughter is working hard to support her family.

"Yours faithfully,
"Eduard Bloch."



"Good Lord—I always thought that property belonged to the government!" TONY BARLOW



Sketched at the Old Crow Distillery in Frankfort, Ky., by



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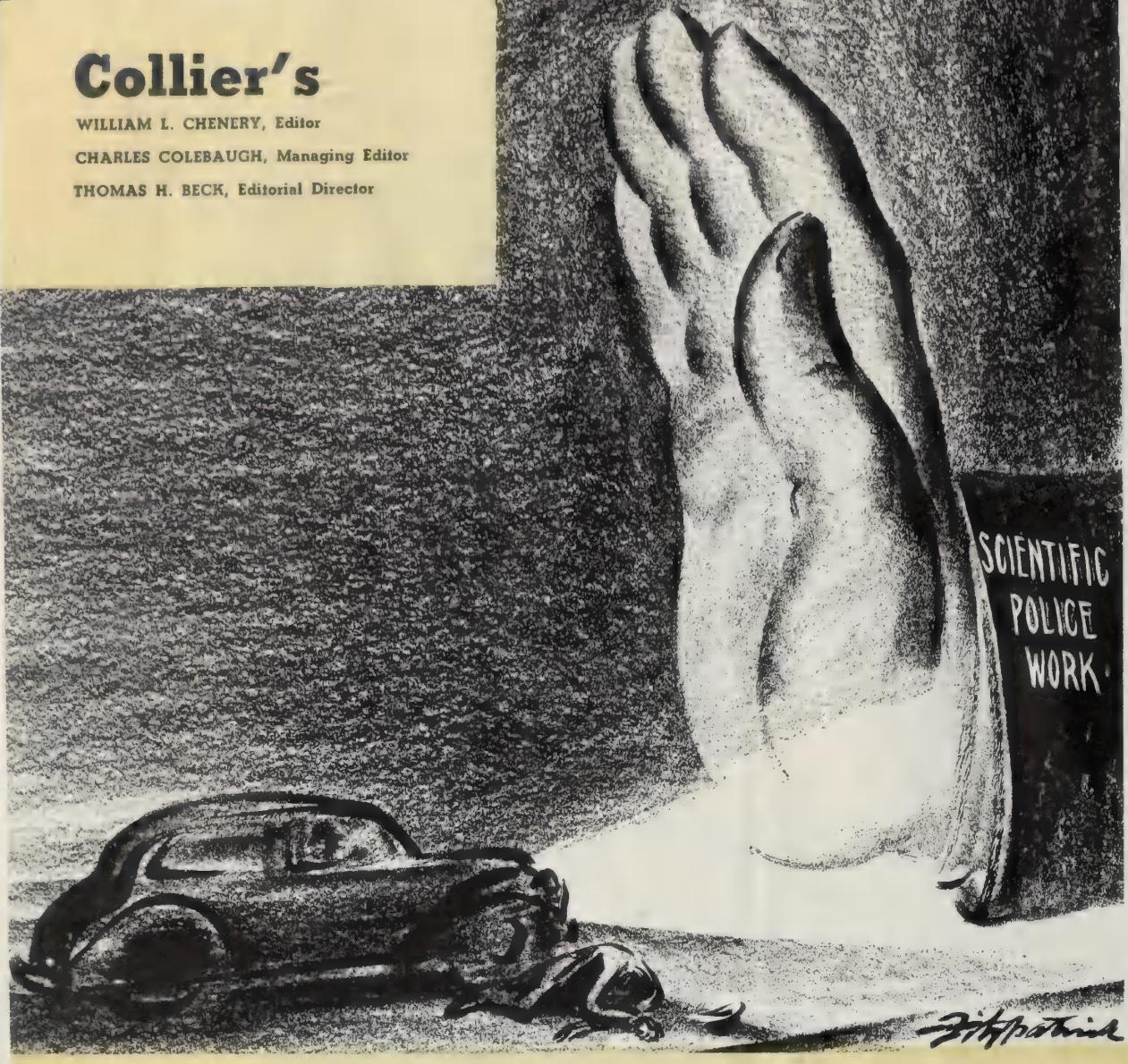
BOTTLED·IN·BOND

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

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The Hit-Run Error

THERE used to be a theory that hit-run drivers' consciences would torture the tar out of them for the rest of their lives after they had run down and killed or maimed somebody and taken it on the lam without reporting the accident or rushing the victim to a hospital, and that this inner torment would be punishment enough.

Maybe; but this pleasing theory hasn't cut down the yearly hit-run fatality and injury totals so that anybody could notice it. Most hit-run drivers seem to cope manfully with their consciences. Naturally they don't tell other people what miseries their souls endure, if any. So it looks as if conscience as a hit-run curb is out.

Anyway, there were about 1,450 hit-run fatalities in the United States last year, plus more than 20,000 efforts to run out on accidents causing personal injury, plus more than 300,000 attempted skips-without-trace from accidents where property alone was damaged.

We feel entitled to hope that the news reported in Myron M. Stearns' article, "Catching Hit-Runs," in a recent issue of Collier's may help considerably in turning back the hit-run tide.

The gist of Mr. Stearns' news was this: that because of better and better police and detective work on these cases almost all over the country, it is becoming more and more of an error all the time to hit and run.

Some of the stories Mr. Stearns told would spark a gleam of admiration in the eyes of Hercule Poirot or Sherlock Holmes. Bits of paint or shreds of tire or fragments of windshield found near the scene of the accident have frequently led to the arrest of the hit-runner days or weeks later; the spectroscope is a wicked weapon in the hands of a John Law who knows its uses; so is horse sense applied to various quirks of human nature under stress of fear and excitement; so is the old reliable fingerprint procedure.

The most dramatic result of this fast-growing police expertness in hit-run detection is that 4,186 serious-accident hit-runners were caught in one year, out of a total of 5,499, in the widely separated cities of Dayton, Knoxville, Miami, Louisville, Detroit and Greenwich, Conn. Evanston, Ill., caught 94% of its hit-runners.

It always was and always will be the decent, honorable and humane thing to stop when you've been unlucky enough to hit somebody, do everything you can to repair the damage, and face what music may come thereafter. It is becoming more and more the common-sense thing, as more and more hit-runners are tracked down.

If judges everywhere will take to cooperating with police by soaking convicted hit-runners plenty in the way of both fines and jail sentences, we ought to make real progress in the next few years in cutting these highway atrocities to the irreducible minimum.

"So Much to So F w"

WHAT does an R.A.F. flier think bout eggs on the invasion ports or do s d get a bead on a Messerschmitt?

His soul-searing job takes up mos f a But in the background is that clawir worr folks at home. His chances of coming roug one piece are about one to thirty. If wa wife and children will get ninety pou s a amounts to about $37 a month. Dis lity much lower. It's not enough. He kn s it but the R.A.F. pension is no smaller tha othe service get, and the government cannc la

That is where the R.A.F. Benevole F It promises proper care for the hero's low education for his children. King Geor VI and the president is the Duke of Glou ster presidents, trustees and council are a l g h men and women, some with impressiv ithe shals and commodores of the air forc Mr. and Mrs. before their names. The are honorables, including the Right H brah Churchill, who spoke that simple, movi fighters: "Never was so much owed so few." The R.A.F. Benevolent Fund sh ider of that debt. The English-speaking orld worthier charity, if charity it is.

A group of American citizens have s up branch of the benevolent fund, registe Department and incorporated in the te They will see that every penny you wa to g the fund and does its work. That is e en unique. Sometimes, in attempts to rai mon causes, the expenses eat up most of the oces office rent of the Royal Air Force Bene ent U.S.A., Inc., is a gift. Stationery, tele ones clerical help, all expenses are donated a noth subtracted from your contribution. Giv nicke or turn your pocket inside out, it all go whe it to go. Address: The Royal Air Force enev of U.S.A., Inc., 515 Madison Avenue, N Yor

The Answer to Str es

FROM William M. Leiserson of th Nation Relations Board comes a detailed n for the strike problem through the prese natio gency.

Dr. Leiserson is against extreme sche s for or curtailing the right to strike. So, we t eve. who has more than a superficial knowled of relations. The gist of the Leiserson sug stion extend throughout United States indu the principle of the Railway Labor Act.

That principle, the mainspring whic nakes work so well, is the waiting period betw h the of workers' indignation boils up over som eal or injustice and the time an actual strike oc s. Dur period, RLA experience has shown, passi are likely to cool off on both sides; and befor at per a fair settlement is extremely likely to be ached.

Can't we get going on such an arr gement soon? There should be appropriate en ing leg after which labor, capital and governmer hould bringing order and good will out of t present of strike threats, hurried settlements, asional strikes, etc.—all to the accompaniment confus inflammatory screams from extremist by nders.

As we've said before, we believe labo being as otic as anybody else, will welcome any fa lan for strikes to a minimum while this emerge lasts.

Collier's

FIVE CENTS

MARCH 29, 1941



...OMBER PILOT By QUENTIN ...

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o you see Bobby, aged 7?
o, I see Robert, aged thirty-one.

h on his way to Success?
es. He's a rising Lawyer with a Grand Personality.

nc his Smile is Bright and Winning—thanks
rgely to his Faithful, Everyday use of Ipana and Massage.





Let Ipana and Massage help make your smile more sparkling... by aiding you to have healthier gums as well as brighter teeth

Q. *Why are children today apt to have brighter teeth and firmer gums than their parents?*

A. Because nowadays many children are taught in their classrooms a significant dental lesson that many parents still have to learn . . . the great importance of *gum massage* to bright, sparkling teeth.

Q. *What happens if gums are neglected?*

A. Neglected gums tend to become weak and tender . . . for today's soft, creamy foods deny them the exercise they need for health. And, often, gums signal their weakness with that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *Does "pink tooth brush" indicate serious trouble?*

A. That is for your dentist to decide. He may merely say that your gums need stimulation and work. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Q. *How often should gums be massaged?*

A. Faithfully, every day. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed to do more than clean teeth to brilliant, natural lustre. With massage, this unique dentifrice aids the gums to better health. That is why this sensible dental habit of Ipana and massage is a great aid not only in helping you to have firmer gums and brighter teeth . . . but also in protecting you against "pink tooth brush."

Ipana Tooth Paste

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COVER JARO FABRY

ANY WEEK

THE most startling news we've received this week is that hell has been abolished. It happened in 1923, the result of seventeen years of prayer and negotiation by Aaron the Peacemaker, otherwise Mr. Aaron Miller, pastor of the Clothespin Church, Indianapolis, Indiana. Apparently Mr. Hitler got word before we did and proceeded to prove what philosophers have long contended—that if there were no hell, some guy would make one. We'd like to regard the tidings Mr. Miller sends us as good news, but we're having trouble. We're particularly doubtful about the benefits growing out of that part of Mr. Miller's notice that "God took Satan out of hell arm in arm and sin will gradually disappear." This strikes savagely at our bread and butter, it having been our work for years to take wild journalistic swings at sin while admittedly committing a few choice ones ourselves. Moreover, Mr. Miller has taken quite a chunk of joy out of life—the thrill of breaking the moral law and artfully hoping to get away with it. There will be people, of course, who will not agree that Mr. Miller has made God and the devil tolerant of each other and we think that we'll string along with them. Nevertheless, we're trying to be broad-minded and the next time we're in Indianapolis we're going around to the Clothespin Church and talk to Mr. Miller about it.



PERHAPS we mistook certain signs for mere incidental phenomena. The new courtliness that is being absorbed by the lads in the Civilian Conservation Corps, for example. We ran across this while reading Sho-Me, the magazine of the Missouri district of the CCC. The Corps calls it Everyday Etiquette and we may as well give you a few of the more elegant rules. As for Making Up or Manicuring in Public: "For men this is naturally of no significance. For women, please don't. Better to look a little unglamorous than to advertise that your charm is synthetic." The next item is about Double Callers: "Have some regard for the lady's feelings. The first caller should bow himself out gracefully unless he was on location by appointment. The anteroom to a lady's boudoir is no place for a fight." Then comes the CCC ruling on Assistance with Accouterments: "Always assist your feminine companion with her coat —even if you're mad at her. As for your own coat, and if there is no butler or waiter to perform the rites, you should undertake the task unabetted by the lady." And there's another on Theater Entrances: "If there is an usher the proper chronology is (1) usher, (2) lady and (3) you. If there is no usher, you go first, particularly if the seats are not reserved."

WE ARE chided by Dr. Jacob B. Adler of Brooklyn, New York, for publishing a photograph of a college student resting one of his feet on a textbook titled The American Government—one of the illustrations for our recent shoe-style pronouncement, Feet First. The doctor says The American Government "is not the proper thing to step on." We are reprimanded by a large part of the population of the Uncompahgre Valley because we printed a desire of one of our friends to live in the valley because of its peace and tranquillity. The place is better even than we thought. From Mrs. Edna W. Rawson, secretary of the Montrose County (Colorado) Chamber of Commerce, we learn that the valley has "chapters of the A.A.U.W., the D.A.R., is well represented in Who's Who, and you can find F.F.V.'s but no Reds or fifth columnists." A lady in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, wishes us to investigate conditions in "an Army which drafted my son and, although it is well-known to the officers, permits his comrades to call him Stinky." A Christian gentleman informs us that he has trapped us. He has long suspected us of being "pro-Nazi and anti-Christ." And now he knows that we are, because some fifth columnist in this office has declined his offer to conduct a "weekly church page" in this magazine. Three in a row like that take a lot out of a guy. But the next letter is from our Hollywood agent, Mr. Richard English, who has discovered that Mr. Alex Gottlieb, who recently finished a movie for Universal Pictures—Buck Private—is building a house. The house has a cornerstone. In the cornerstone are the newspaper reviews of Buck Private. But our luck immediately flopped back to the dark side: Large numbers of you are bawling us out for writing that Charlotte Cushman, the American actress, died in 1776. The lady died in 1876. We wrote it right but the printer must have been thinking of the Lend Lease Bill's purely coincidentally patriotic number. This is the first time we've ever got into a squabble about the year of Charlotte Cushman's death but we suppose that it was inevitable that we should have got around to it eventually. Finally, we'd like Mr. Jerome F. Nuslet, of Bayonne, New Jersey, to know that we don't care what rabbits weigh. Mr. Nuslet claims that somebody in this magazine said that he saw rabbits weighing twenty-eight pounds. Mr. Nuslet says he didn't. Inasmuch as we have to be careful [illegible] language in this depart[illegible] have to imagine what [illegible] what rabbits weigh.



IT IS with some regret th[illegible] Mrs. Julia Gatherun of [illegible] bama, that we can't tell [illegible] the vast army of war [illegible] and experts to believe. [illegible] run says that she reads t[illegible] tens to them and while [illegible] assure her that their pre[illegible] been uncannily accurate [illegible] agnoses invariably dep[illegible] Mrs. Gatherun doesn't k[illegible] it," she demands, "that [illegible] the truth about the first [illegible] until fifteen or twenty [illegible] ended? Who would you [illegible] most, Dorothy Thompso[illegible] Gram Swing, Hugh Jo[illegible] nel Lindbergh or Presides[illegible] Will Mr. Roosevelt, M[illegible] Mr. Hitler and Mr. Muss[illegible] die before the truth about[illegible] be told? Why doesn't s[illegible] swer such questions bef[illegible] World War happens to [illegible] researches into its predec[illegible] fess I'm perplexed."

NOR is she alone in h[illegible] We had to call on the [illegible] of the United States Ar[illegible] day and found that the f[illegible] not the simple thing it use[illegible] have to get in line, state y[illegible] to a guard, give him yo[illegible] address and wait until th[illegible] wish to see decides to let[illegible] We suppose it is as it sh[illegible] of the guards told us th[illegible] brand of nuts are besieg[illegible] Department these days. [illegible] with miraculous plans [illegible] adopted, would end this w[illegible] and make future wars im[illegible] didn't get the details. Bu[illegible] we were talking to the [illegible] another and younger guar[illegible] broiled with a persistent [illegible] sisted upon a personal in[illegible] the chief of staff, Gene[illegible] The caller was rough, a[illegible] was getting a bit nasty [illegible] stepped over. He got rid o[illegible] neatly, easily and with [illegible] "See," said he to the y[illegible] "that's the idea. You go [illegible] the idea they ain't want[illegible]

AND make them like it.

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What every family should know about

Tuberculosis

E NATIONAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION

at lea one State are sounding as their slogan year, No more tuberculosis by 1960!"

thor es experienced in campaigning against disea believe that this is not simply an en- iastic ream. For medical science today knows to c trol tuberculosis. And the disease is itely n the run wherever a systematic and ous f ht has been waged against it.

exa ple of one such fight is Metropolitan Insur ce Company's experience with its own y of mployees.

its c paign to stamp out tuberculosis, the pany as recognized the value of two basic ities at *every* family can practice:

Look g for tuberculosis among apparently healt people.

Disc ering tuberculosis in early stages whe ts cure is easiest.

rout e part of the physical examination of mplo es, the Company makes regular use of luoro ope and the X-ray film in checking up ings:

s a re lt of this program, tuberculosis among e Oice employees has been virtually elim- ed. Al nearly all the few cases that do occur detec d in the earliest stage—*when cure can be est a most certain*.

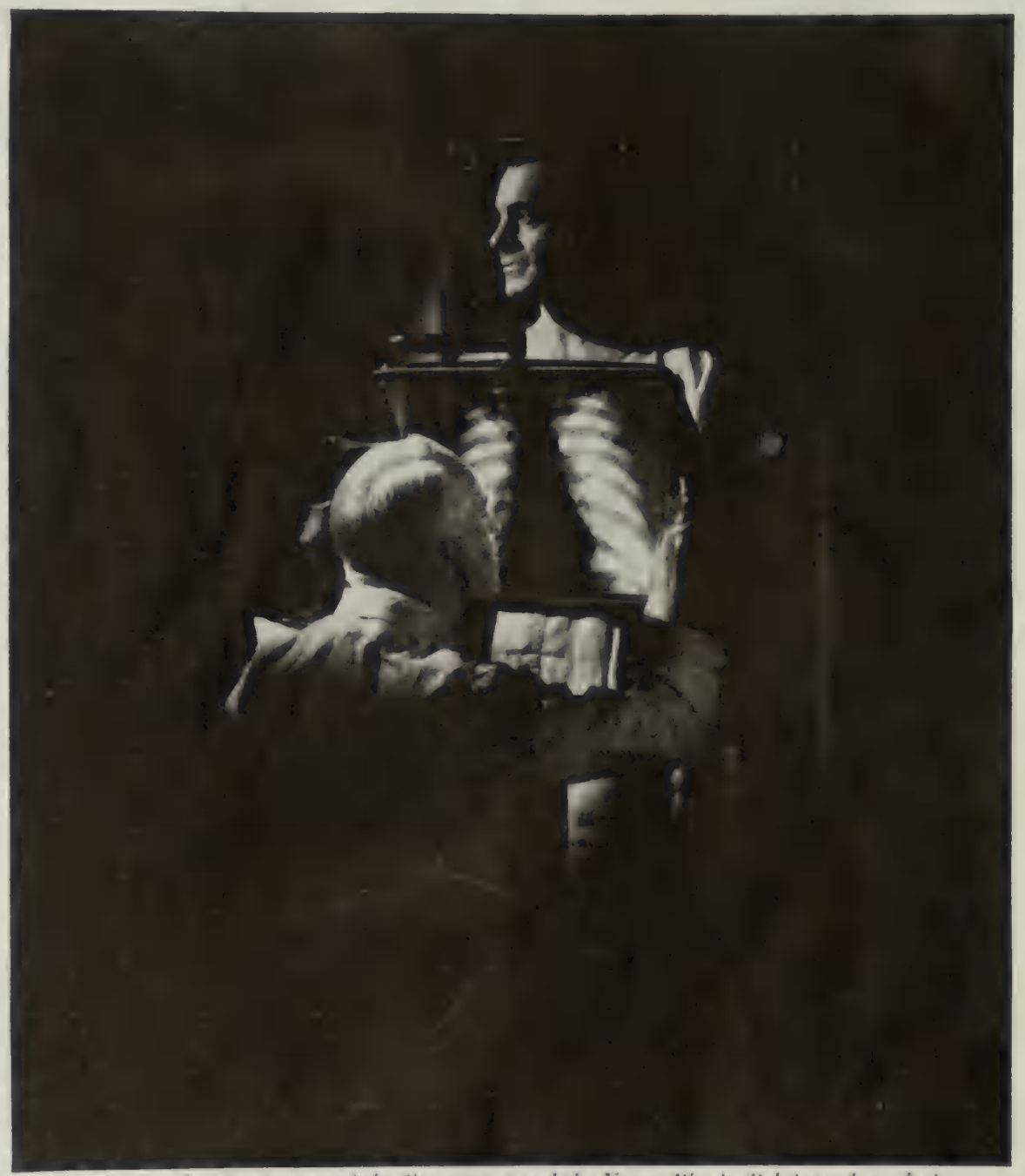
this tory of our family, there is a lesson for fam .

iberc osis must be searched for. When it is— killed octors, aided by X-rays and other mod- echn ues—unsuspected cases are discovered. whe enough of these cases are found early, rculo s is conquered—eliminated as a major ace t those we love.

e sh ld look for tuberculosis first among e mo likely to be susceptible to the disease. n as:

oys nd girls in their late teens; young dults particularly young mothers; workers xpose to dangerous industrial dusts; *all* eople regardless of age, who have been in ntac with an active case of tuberculosis, speci y within their own families.

re ar seldom any signs or symptoms when the ase *b ins*. It is then that tuberculosis can be en" b the X-ray—the most accurate diagnostic avai ble—long before it can be "heard" by the



Doctors make effective use of the fluoroscope and the X-ray film in fighting tuberculosis.

stethoscope, detected in sputum, or felt by the victim. It is then that the disease can be most effectively treated and its spread prevented.

To help you protect your family against tuberculosis wherever you may live, Metropolitan offers a helpful free booklet, "Tuberculosis."

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THE winning of industrial spurs has made names upon the map of the United States—Oneida, Hershey, Bessemer, Gary, Universal City. Dozens more. Now aviation, youngest and most exciting and debated industry, gets its first atlas recognition.

The Long Island Railroad has established and scheduled a new station: "Republic, New York."

This is named for the company that manufactures one of the Army's newest fighters—the Republic "Lancer," P-43. According to Army methods of designating ships, P-43 means this is the 43d standard model of a pursuit type that has entered the Air Corps Service.

HALF a dollar's worth of ordinary knitting yarn of the kind your wife uses for household jobs, and thirty cents' worth of the sort of adhesive tape she uses to seal the packages you mail for her, play an essential role in the testing of modern fighting aircraft.

Hundreds of short bits of the yarn are pasted in orderly design to the tops of the wings, until at first glimpse you wonder if either a barber or a herd of goats shouldn't be added to the hangar staff.

The test pilot from his seat observes the behavior of this "hair coat" in the course of his studies, in flight, of the "stalling" and "airflow" characteristics of a new plane.

As you know, a plane's forward speed relative to the air produces "lift" and other forces necessary to control flight. Stalling is the condition when you lose forward speed and consequently lift. Gravity is the strongest "force" then operating upon your plane, which "falls" until it regains speed. Sensitive pilots feel a stall first in their t'other ends. That is why old-timers say you "fly by the seat of your pants."

Skill in detecting the approach of stalls, and in preventing or correcting for them, also thorough cataloguing of stall features and experiences, all go toward building up safety in the air. Therefore, to know the exact speed at which any given type of airplane will stall is of the utmost importance in assaying its nature.

In normal straight and level flight, then, with the airflow coming over the leading, or front, edge of the wings and proceeding smoothly over them toward their trailing, or rear, edge, the yarn tufts will flow toward the tail. Just as, for example, strings tied to t a boat which is chugging u against the current would cl hull and flow toward the stern

Stalls may occur along the e edge, or in different places o ferent times; for instance, end or tip of the wing first. A when the test pilot maneuve to produce a stall, he can te cise instant and location of it tion of the yarn. The little over, from back to front, be direction of the airflow over has changed. It's as though the river started to back up.

By correlating the stall dat speed and other factors sho instrument panel at the sam the pilot builds up knowlec plane's traits.

LAST winter Quent Reynold how some residents of B outlined with castoff Christ the little ice-fishing city on La gan which they call "Smeltani

This winter Trans-Canada has found a new use for th trees. At Winnipeg and other ern cities on their routes, Tra employees collect the discar and stick them in lines to mar ways. The trees can be pick moved with the prevailing w they are lifted and shaken snowfall to maintain the d value of their visibility from t

PERSONAL memory of mi science: On a spring day just before the First World W I stood beside Major Genera Wood on Governors Island in harbor and watched redheade Niles demonstrate a Moisant Charley flipped and flopped, flew upside down for a few s grave stunt in those days.

"Interesting toy," the gen mented. "Might even be use over forts for scouting purpos no real importance in warfar

Just as clear and vivid are of Charley Niles when he ca The Army wanted to convey the Moisant back to the M mainland in a small motor lau thanks," said Charley. "I'll w regular ferry—

"That little boat's too da

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he Un rwood Champion you get the famous npion eyboard secretaries enthuse about . . . you Touch ning with its assurance of easy touch . . . get fift n of the same features that contribute to erform nce of the Underwood of business.

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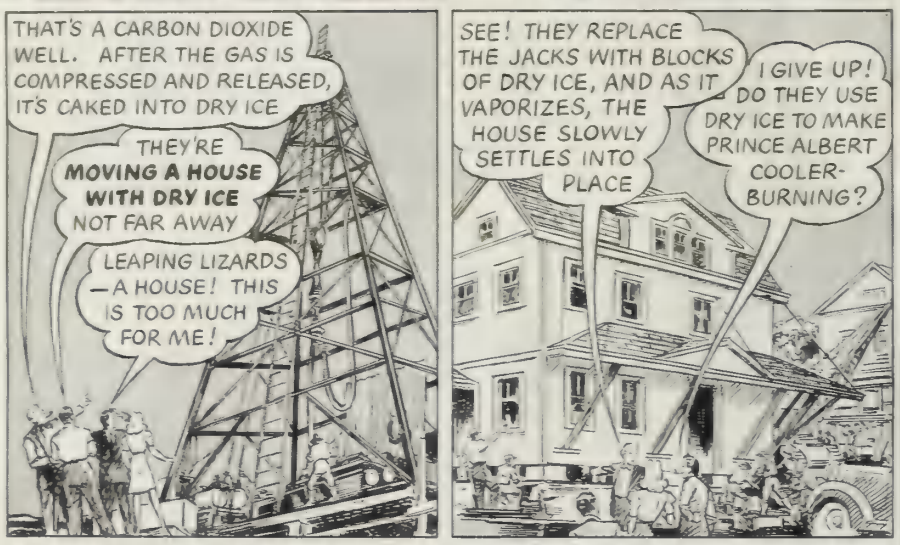
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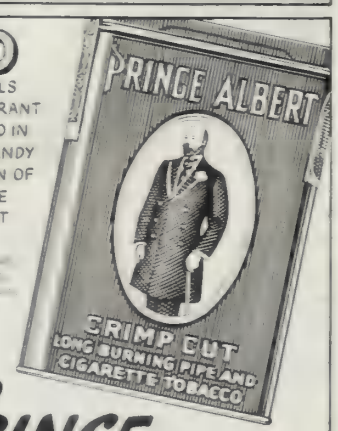
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PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE W

By Freling Foster

A study of identical twins who had never seen each other from childhood revealed that most of them had lived very similar lives. In one set, two men separated at birth had taken up the same occupation, had married in the same year, had one son and one dog, a fox terrier named Trixie.—*By Nancy Millard, New York, New York.*

One of the most famous and influential moral codes in existence, the Laws of Manu, which govern the lives of 250,000,000 Hindus, condones lying only when saving a life and when paying a compliment to a woman.—*By Lora Coleman, Ashburn, Georgia.*

Flying squids, ten-armed marine animals only a foot in length, travel along the surface of the sea in such high and long jumps that they frequently land on the decks of ships.—*By Dr. George Evans, Jr., New York, New York.*

Large numbers of New York policemen are often detailed to maintain order at popular events. For the Louis-Godoy fight at the Yankee Stadium on June 20, 1940, 1,729 men were assigned to special duty.

One of the most elaborate and scientific systems of dramatic training was that developed by François Delsarte (1811-1871). Using a wide range of vocal expressions and gestures, he taught, for example, six hundred different ways of delivering the sentence, "This is a pretty dog."—*By H. C. Rehm, Colorado Springs, Colorado.*

In America today, one magazine publishes a column devoted exclusively to the names of cats expecting kittens, and a hotel supplies each new guest with a germproof bathroom, disinfected by ultraviolet rays and sealed up in cellophane.—*By Carl Honest Gamer, Richmond Hill, New York.*

If all the radio sets in the coverage area of the average broadcasting station were turned on at the same time, they would not consume more than 1/50,000th of the power that the station sends into the air.

The Tewksbury-G which raged in Gila zona, between 1887 a the most desperate fig in the history of the W with a dispute over st quickly involved all boys in three large numerous friends, all one exception, were ki of their battles as ma men fought on a side.

America's largest w in Europe, a 175-foot shaft at Montfaucon, occupied by German the tragic Meuse-Arg field where 123,000 of were killed or wounde forty-six days of the War.

The English boy ac Betty, was one of the able prodigies of all ti at the age of only ele had become so famous tery of the heaviest Sh roles that troops had out to preserve orde crowds seeking admit theater. One day th Commons adjourned t Hamlet.—*By Edwina Washington, D. C.*

According to a regu United States Army, a sioned officer, such as has the power to stop fray or other disorder men and arrest those w in it, even when an high-ranking commissi —*By John T. Walsh, F Jersey.*

The oldest and m fairy tale is the story c Under many different with about 350 varia been told, published throughout the entire least four thousand yea *bert Batey, Atlanta, G*

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Bomber Pilot Eric Walsh spent his leave with Quentin Reynolds in London. While Quent worked Walsh got a few lessons in bombing—receiving end

BOMBER PILOT

By Quentin Reynolds

Young Eric had dropped hundreds of bombs, yet he didn't know how a bomb explosion sounded. Our London correspondent introduces another hero of the Royal Air Force

VAS the first time the kid had been Lond since the blitz began. I'd t him when I was visiting a coastal nand ation and had told him to with e if he ever got to London. ry ga him a leave and he headed rd th big city. We had dinner in staura t three stories below the t sur e and it was very quiet. we w t to bed. The kid woke me t thr in the morning and he d wo ed.

ow c you sleep," he said, "with bom falling all around?"

at pu led me. The scream of a wak you up, all right. But there no b bs falling now. High above could ear the drone of airplanes and the guns were blasting, but there were no bombs.

"Listen to them," the kid said excitedly. "They're dropping all over."

Then I realized what was wrong with the kid. He hadn't been in London. He hadn't heard our nightly concerts. He hadn't heard any bombs fall.

"Listen, kid," I explained patiently, "they are not bombs you are hearing. They are guns—big guns. They don't sound anything like bombs."

"Guns?" He was incredulous.

"You are a bomber pilot, kid. How many bombs have you dropped in the past seven months?"

"I don't know," he said. "Eight or nine hundred, I guess."

"And don't you know the difference between the sound of a gun and a bomb?"

"I never heard a bomb explode," he said miserably. "If I drop 'em when I'm diving at full throttle the noise of the motor kills everything else. When we do ordinary precision bombing we're a mile away before the bomb lands. I never heard a bomb explode."

"Well, stick around, kid, you will. Now get back to sleep. I'll wake you up if a bomb drops."

The kid went back to sleep. Three nights later we had a very bad time in London. They gave London a real shellacking. But now the kid knew about bombs—or thought he did. I was working and he was reading a book. One dropped pretty close. It was followed by five more—Jerry had dropped a stick of six. All close.

"That's enough, kid," I told him. "Let's go down to the bar and have a drink. We're on the fifth floor. If they're dropping them that close we're too high up. Let's go down below until it cools off."

The kid laughed. "They weren't bombs, sucker. They were guns. Big guns. Can't you tell the difference between a gun and a bomb?"

Just then another one whistled down. It started very high and you could follow it all the way down. It landed just at the back of my apartment house and the whole building swayed. We just sat there taking it. And then the lights went out.

"Maybe you were right," the kid said. "Maybe they were bombs."

We went down below and they had candles there and not all of the bottles were broken. So we sat down and had a couple of drinks and the kid got to talking. He got to talking about Toronto, where he came from, and about his father who was a shoe manufacturer and about his brother Arch, "best damn"

(Continued on page 71)

Home-Town Boy

By Naomi Lane Babson

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The horse and the girl were man killers. He knew about the horse, but the girl was a big surprise

FROM the top of the hill Rusty Reed could see the Jerris valley spread out as flat as a floor with the green lines of the cottonwoods and willows marking the watercourses. Seen from here the village was almost hidden in trees, but he remembered the wide main street down there and the narrow, dusty side streets; he could call to mind mighty near every building in the place from the schoolhouse where he'd finished his education clear to the last gas station on the West Yellowstone Highway.

Up to about a year ago the valley had been home to Rusty, as much as he could ever claim to have a home. He'd stayed better than six years with old Mr. Walters at the Lazy-Y, ever since he was thirteen or so, and back of that was only the orphanage: long, dull days and weeks and years, as gray in memory as the oatmeal porridge they used to get for breakfast every morning. After the home, anybody would've liked the ranch: the only wonder was he hadn't stayed contented there, instead of getting the itch to leave and try a different kind of life.

The jaloppy was hot. Doing all right, though, for a forty-dollar bus. When Rusty pulled to the side of the road and stopped the engine he still heard wheezy gurgles deep inside. "Calm yourself, old lady," he said, and got out to look at the horse in the homemade trailer, a four-year-old pinto mare, not much on looks, but a top cow pony when she chose to be. She was his own, a gift from Mr. Walters long ago, and she had helped him break a record for calf roping, down in Texas, but right now, with her ears laid back and her eyes rolling, she looked unhappy and malevolent both. "You also calm yourself, Patchwork," he said. "We're almost there."

He rolled a cigarette and lit it; smoke rose up in a tiny cloud and lost itself against the illimitable blue sky. The air was so clear today that even the mountains looked flattened out under the vast dome over them. "A large order of weather," Rusty thought. "Swell for the rodeo."

Last year it had been different. Last year the Jerris rodeo had been almost rained out and, one way of looking at it, that was what had put him here today. Because a lot of the boys walked out before last year's show, the purses not being big enough to make them risk their necks on the slick mud of the field—not with shows coming on in bigger towns where there was a chance for real dough.

But Rusty stayed, being a local boy, and only out for the fun of it, at that time. It wasn't till he won first money and heard the cheers and the clapping, and felt the deep, warm prickle of pride starting somewhere in his midriff that he got other notions. In the end he'd given up his job at the Lazy-Y and started following the rodeos, drifting toward the south as winter came along. He had been clear to Mexico, and now was nearly home again, but not to stay. There was excitement in this life, the thrill of danger, the chance of big prize money if a guy was lucky.

"You poor darn' fool," was all old Walters said. "I planned things nice for you."

He meant it, too. Walters was square all right. He'd treated Rusty princely ever since he took him from the orphanage to do chores for his board and finish schooling. He started paying wages a year before he had to;



...e knew that Plain Jane liked his looks and the kind of strength ...e felt in him; a spark of excitement crackled between them

he'd given him the colt, and then—"planned nice." That meant the old man knew about Loretta and was willing. Suddenly Rusty was thinking of the cabin by the creek, the way the willows grew around it, shutting it off from the bunkhouse and the big ranch house, too, making a kind of private little yard. Loretta had looked at the cabin once—she said it would be cute with a flower garden out in front and some red window curtains. . . .

Rusty's lips puckered up into a soundless whistle; he stepped on the glowing cigarette butt in the road, climbed into the car again and started down the hill. He guessed he could do better for a girl than any two-room log cabin.

But not just yet. He hadn't much of anything to show for his winter's work; he had been in the money only a few times. Fellow has to get a start, he thought, going downhill in low because his brakes weren't anything to pin blue ribbons on. . . . He hadn't done so bad, either, even if not as well as he'd have liked. Breaking the calf-roping record—that was something. Give him a little luck and he'd make the big shows yet. Madison Square Garden . . . Maybe the movies. Such things could happen, so why not to him? If it was flowers Loretta wanted, Hollywood ought to be the place for her.

HE WAS in town now and the wide main street looked gaudy and unreal, thanks to the carnival element brought in by the rodeo. Street booths were getting trimmed up, ready for evening trade, and there were a lot of out-of-town cars around. From one of them a voice was shouting through a loudspeaker, talking up the cowboy dance that night, and Rusty thought about Loretta again, and he looked toward the cafe as he went by, wondering whether she was on the job, but he didn't want to stop till he had made camp.

A mile the other side of town he found the place he wanted, a little meadow with water running through it, and plenty of grass for Patchwork. It was off the highway, just enough hidden so most people didn't even see it, which suited him to a T. But while he was getting Patchwork out of the trailer another car turned down from the main road.

"Room for two?" the driver asked.

"It ain't my property," Rusty began, then his look changed and he grinned a welcome. "Chuck Barrus, ain't it? Sure, come on. They's lots of room."

Because Chuck was a real guy and no mistake about it. He'd stuck till the whistle blew on more bucking broncos than Rusty could call to mind right at the moment; he could've been right up there at the top if he'd gone out for it, but he always claimed he hated the business and meant to quit while he still had a backbone.

"Thought you were signing off, here a year ago?" Rusty said.

"Sure was." Chuck climbed stiffly out of his car and stretched himself. "Long trek from Miles City," he said, and then returned to the question: "Sure was going to quit. But the fact is, I got hitched last summer, and she's in the hospital now with a boy—nine-pounder, he was! And, uh—if I'm lucky, we can use the money."

"Well, I bet," Rusty agreed. The words seemed less than adequate to the big announcement, so he went on after a moment: "Another little broncobuster come to town."

"Not if I have the say, there ain't," Chuck declared. "I'd a darn' sight sooner see him herding sheep."

"Yeah, you would!"

"Why not? It's better than raising up another Little Willy."

There was a moment's silence and, without wanting to, Rusty found himself remembering Willy Stokes, a near champ rider of some years ago. Folks said that Little Willy had broken every bone in his body and some of them twice, besides scrambling all the wits he ever had. Nowadays no one would mount him but he turned up at rodeos just the same, and hung around the chutes cadging for small change, drinks and cigarettes; sometimes he was allowed to pull an act—clown stuff of one kind or another. Last year they'd had him riding on a goat.

"I see you got your own pony," Chuck said. "Calf roping, eh?"

"That's right."

"Riding broncs, too?"

"Not this time. I'm one of these here specialists." But Chuck was smart enough to see through that, and know that a fellow might not always want to pay two entrance fees.

After the pinto was cared for, cleaning up took a while. Rusty had a new shirt to wear and a new silk handkerchief; his wide-brimmed hat was in the back of the car. When he was ready at last he took a squint in the windshield mirror, and couldn't honestly proclaim himself dissatisfied. "Going to eat?" he asked.

But Chuck already had a campfire started and was taking tins of food and a frying pan from his car. "It's cheaper this way, big boy, which you'll find out if you stay long in this game."

There were a sight more cars in town by the time Rusty got back there; so many of them around the restaurant that he had to park almost a block away. For a minute he thought how it was in normal times, in the winter say, twenty or thirty below zero, snow creaking underfoot, all the windows frosted, and the red and blue neon lights at the drugstore looking garish and unimportant underneath the stars. Something stirred in him, kind of a pang like homesickness. Pushing the screen door open, he went into the café.

HIS eyes found Loretta right away and she saw him, too, but she was busy with a customer and could only give him one of her long, slow looks and a little, tucked-in smile before she turned away. He found an empty place and let recaptured memories possess him for a spell. Everything was familiar here, the tan and yellow woodwork, and the clean, scrubbed table tops, the shelf of cigarettes and candy behind the cash register, the sign that said, "We only own the joint, you give the orders." In one of the booths he still could see the initial-carving job some of them had done after a high-school party a year or two ago. That was before Loretta went to work: she had been one of the crowd that night and it was the first time they had ever paired off together. Abruptly she was beside him, holding a menu card, a tall, stout, quiet girl, flushed now from hurrying. Her hair was just as brown and soft as he remembered and her eyes as steady.

"Hi-ya," he said. "You get my post card?"

"Sure. Why wouldn't I? The mails still run. . . . Pot roast is the best tonight."

"Okay. Say, what about the dance?"

"I got to work till twelve."

"Twelve's early."

"Not for me," she said.

Their eyes met. There was suddenly more between them than an argument over a dance—there was Loretta's unvoiced disapproval of his new way of life, her liking for quiet, simple things and the place where she was born, set against his nervous restlessness and wandering ambition. "Aw, come on. Let's have some fun."

She shook her head. "I can't tonight."

"Okay," he said, "if that's the way you want it." Fun went out of him and he

(Continued on page 35)



A Letter to Americans

By Charles A. Lindbergh

Charles A. Lindbergh, Lone Eagle of the transatlantic flight, asks searching questions in this eloquent article. Although Collier's does not agree with Mr. Lindbergh about the wisdom of aiding Britain, we take pleasure in presenting his powerful statement of the isolationists' position

Editor, Collier's

In California, a Lockheed bomber starts its trip to England—part of the "all aid short of war" that Mr. Lindbergh opposes

I ADDRESS this letter to every man and woman in America who is opposed to our country's entry into the European war. I write because we are being led toward that war with ever-increasing rapidity, and by every conceivable subterfuge. While our leaders have shouted for peace, they have constantly directed us toward war, until even now we are seriously involved.

I write to ask your immediate aid in maintaining the independent American destiny our forefathers established. I write to warn you that the men who entice us on to war have no more idea of how that war can be won than the governments of France and England had when they declared war on Germany. The interventionists call on us to fight, and then their responsibility ends. They offer no feasible plan for victory.

The situation in America today is alarmingly similar to that of France and England in the years prior to this war. There, as here, people let their emotions get the better of their judgment; and they had the same unwillingness to face realities. Both countries had refused to take part in a European readjustment while there was still time to make it peacefully. Both had refused to make the sacrifice that was essential for adequate rearmament. They, too, had cultivated the philosophy that it was necessary to defend someone else in order to defend themselves. How they could defend anyone else if they were unable to defend themselves, they apparently did not consider any more than we are considering today.

Their failure is now obvious, and stands out clearly before us. The imposition of "sanctions" did not save Abyssinia: but it threw Italy into the arms of Germany and sowed the seeds for the Axis. The threat of war by England and France did not save Poland; but it forced Germany and Russia into an alliance and precipitated a disastrous war. Adjustments that should have been made in peace and moderation were finally brought by war and resulted in immoderation. The failure to face realities in peace brought the curse of war on Europe. The failure to face the realities of war brought defeat to France and devastation to England.

WHEN the last war ended, the victorious Allies had two courses open to them. They could either have assisted Germany back onto her feet as a self-respecting nation, or they could have kept her in a weakened condition by the use of military force. But they followed neither of these policies. England and France wavered back and forth between the two, while the United States withdrew her armies and her politics to the Western Hemisphere — avowedly forever.

During the years immediately succeeding the last war, Germany was held down with an iron heel. The terms of Versailles were the terms of a military victory, and when Germany defaulted on her payment of reparations, French troops occupied the Ruhr. But during the following two decades, I
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had never adjusted them-
selves to the tempo of this modern era. Their minds were still attuned to the speed of sail rather than to that of aircraft. The way of life in England was ideal for times of peace, but fatal for a modern war. In Germany, on the other hand, one found a nation that had risen from the prostration of a previous defeat—a nation less tolerant, less satisfied, than its neighbors; a nation fully trained for war, and nurtured on the philosophy that right is inseparable from might.

The true facts of the European situation had been hidden from the people of England and France. They were not adequately informed either of Germany's strength or of their own weakness. Politicians and idealists harangued them about stopping aggression, about defending freedom and democracy, about maintaining their way of life, but the realities of modern warfare—the elements that spell failure or success—were seldom discussed. The orators shouted: "We must stop Hitler." The newspapers echoed: "Down with the Nazi regime." The people of France and England resigned themselves to the inevitability of war. But not a single man told how to break the Siegfried Line.

I can best illustrate the attitude in the democracies of Europe by telling you of a conversation I had one evening with a French businessman on the outskirts of Paris. He had been talking for nearly an hour about the inevitability of war, and why German aggression must be stopped. He advocated a declaration of war by France.

"What would your first move be?" I asked him.

"We must fight the Germans," he replied.

"But how?" I asked him. "Do you think the French army can break the Siegfried Line?"

He looked startled, then sank back into his chair. "Oh, I don't know about that," he answered. "That's up to the military men."

A WEEK or two later, I was having lunch with one of those military men—a general in the French army. I asked him if he felt that the Siegfried Line could be broken.

"No," he replied, "I don't think so." And then added: "But if it could, the cost would be too high."

"What's the answer then?" I asked. for the war drums were beating loudly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "If only they had let us attack when we wanted to," he said. "When we could have won, the people would not fight. And now, when we cannot win, they want war."

France waited until it was too late. England waited until it was too late. We in America have waited until it is too late; and yet we step closer and closer to the war, as though hypnotized by its bombing and its fury. Like France and England in 1939, we are unprepared today. We have not as many thoroughly modern fighting planes in our Army and Navy combined as Germany produces in a single week; and our Army is deplorably lacking in such essential items as tanks and antitank cannon. We have not made the sacrifice necessary for adequate rearmament. We, too, have cultivated the philosophy that it is essential to defend someone else in order to defend ourselves. *Our* politicians and idealists harangue *us* about defending freedom and democracy, and our way of life. *They* are now shouting, "We must stop Hitler." *Our* newspapers echo "Down with the Nazi regime." But not one feasible plan has been offered us for an invasion of the continent of Europe. With the disaster of France and England fresh before us, we are following the selfsame path.

We, in America, are being led to war by a group of interventionists, and foreign interests, against the will of a majority of our people. Every poll of public opinion has shown that from 80 per cent to 95 per cent of Americans are opposed to entering this war. Both the Republican and Democratic parties were forced to incorporate antiwar planks in their platforms. Both presidential candidates were compelled to take a stand against our intervention. Yet today, although no one has made an attempt to attack us, we already have one foot in the war. We have even now entangled "our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor and caprice."



(FOR THOMAS

Charles A. Lindbergh

WHAT has happened to us? How was this condition brought about? The procedure has not been dissimilar to that which took us into the last war. When hostilities in Europe began, it was fully realized by the foreign interests and interventionists in this country that the great majority of Americans stood firmly opposed to entering the conflict. These interventionists knew that it was useless for them to advocate openly a declaration of war by America. They therefore adopted a more subtle plan. They believed that while the people of the United States would not agree to a declaration of war, we could be beguiled into supporting steps that would inevitably lead to war. Consequently, instead of advocating war, they advocated steps which they called "short of war"—steps which have already entangled us, and which will leave us no alternative to war if we continue to take them. The policy of the interventionists has been, from the beginning, to support every movement that would lead us in the direction of war, and to oppose every movement that would not—always under their mask of "aid short of war." I have listened more than once to interventionists in America discuss the question of what steps "short of war" would take us into war most quickly.

To be specific, soon after war was

(Continued on page 75)

Informally Yours

By Henry L. Jackson

THE people who Emilypost men's cloaks and suits say it's all right now to wear your country week-end clothes to business. Within reason, of course. No play suits, no flannel shirts, no knit ties, no rope-sole shoes. But lightweight tweeds and gabardines—okay.

Informal flannel and covert suits become citified when you dignify them with the right accessories, dressy business shirts and regular town hats. There's one concession you can make, however, to the flora and fauna of East Milkstop: neckwear may be gay, colorful.

Keep the coat and pants in the same family. The odd jacket is an acceptable uniform for a station wagon, but on the hard city sidewalks, uh-uh!

The single-breasted suit is best for this semisports, double-action use. Try a Glen Urquhart pattern, with a bright overplaid, or a striped flannel. An easy-fitting suit in solid colors will give variety to your summer wardrobe.

For the cool of the evening, a covert topcoat will keep you comfortable in town or country, but be sure it's a loose, casual model—not form-fitting. And if the country air is a few degrees cooler than the city, blend a sweater into your ensemble.







For pampering pigeons or any other informal town activity—the office, for instance—you won't go wrong with semisports clothes. The covert topcoat at the left is casual, easy-fitting. So is the suit at the right, a lightweight worsted flannel. The inset photographs show the effects achieved by various color combinations: No. 1, blue-and-white striped broadcloth shirt, electric blue foulard tie with a white overall pattern, blue-gray chalk-stripe suit, all set off by the olive drab of the topcoat. No. 2, pale yellow broadcloth shirt with navy-spotted, corn-color tie blue-bordered handkerchief and gray-blue su

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Study in mutual approval. The young week-end loafer at the left has eased into a gabardine suit, an oxford shirt, a foulard tie and a drink on the house. The other guest is completely at ease in a Glen plaid. Close-up No. 5, silver-gray twill shirt with blue wool tie and blue foulard handkerchief, all matching up with the gray plaid with blue overplaid. No. 6, yellow oxford shirt with white stripes, parchment tie with contrasting color, natural color gabardine suit



Unscheduled event in the life of two guys going places on a fine spring day. That ticket is bound to wind up in style, in either the double- or single-breasted semisports suit, which won't ease the pain a bit. Insets give you the color combinations: No. 3 shows the effect of a tan Glen plaid shirt with harmonizing striped tie and foulard handkerchief, plus a natural-color lightweight wool sweater. Suit is natural covert. No. 4 sets against the natural-color Shetland herringbone suit a tan-and-white candy-striped oxford shirt, a brown, red and yellow India silk tie, complementary handkerchief

This Will Kill You

By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

A little bit of brotherly love plus a little bit of talent make a combination that will take an actor a long way in show business. Witness Willy Longo at work



WILLY LONGO s
of Kaplan's P
Bronx, and clipp
particular care. He ke
in his mouth and let t
lazily around his new
"Fine. Just fine, Max,"
I got a letter from Lew
Florida, you know. O
that? Stories? Sure. I
Lew that will powder y
absolutely powder yo
know—" Fondly Willy
—"the guy's a hunnerd
This is a gag Lew go
Jessel, Max."

Willy told the story
at the task. The boys
moved closer, careful t
of it. "It's not the kin
could tell on the air," sa
was something they soor

Willy led his audience
icked them with dialect.
Jewish boys who receiv
by parcel post. He coul
climax, that the story
them; it would leave th
the floor, and he could m
home recalling to himse
They fell down"; and aft
he knew they'd say a lo
thankful things about hi
They would reflect that
velous.

They died, all right. F
paralyzed. And Willy to
ishment from this succe
he hadn't received the s
He'd made it up himself.
how it is—Lew wouldn't
the story was professior
helped his brother Lew.
is like that, you know.
keep your name alive.
to advertise.

Willy knew that he co
funny man like Brother
think up funny stories, b
tell them from a stage.
was different: you didn't
when you said the stori
Lew.

THAT made it easy. L
was born to be an act
was twenty-four, but he
almost fifteen years to t
Lew was doing vaudevil
circuit, coming back frou
to play the Bronx, and ho
long ago, to have your o
the stage, telling stories
and saying names like J
. . . "I seen Georgie Je
and Georgie said, 'Hey
Lew' . . ." such wonde
that, with Willy listenin
in the Broadway by the b
Lew, offstage, told frien
ances, the way it was in
—the way it really was
mean what you read in t
derstand?" Oh, that was

You take Max Kaplan.
bered Lew. He kept Lew
above the mirror in the ba
along with Milton Berle's a
son's and Jean Harlow's,
a personal appearance lo
Paradise around the cor
stopped in several times
. . . "Just as nice as she co
all remembered. "A grea
Max would say.

Willy couldn't help it. I
fault. The stories and the
to him. The stories and
jumped into his head for

(Continued on pag 9)

**He sang nasally, his ha
in dramatic supplication.
tell that Lew had been a**



"The heck with being so brave!" I said. I snatched the cylinder from Savvy

The Traitor

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Story Thus Far:

OMMAND of a small Western naval n, Cap in Hartney, U.S.N., is dum- d who an investigator sent from ington— eutenant Commander Kirstell rms hi that one of his officers is a . *Who n the traitor be?* Assisted by able a —Hartney's lively daughter, —Kirs l goes to work to answer the on.

lis has suspect list with one name on name Bert Sedden." Bert is the son op" Se len—Commander Sedden, the 's exe ive officer. True, he is not an But is a "conscientious objector"; s Kirst is presently informed) he had been a mmunist. Phyllis has a talk Bert at is appalled by his cynicism, m (att utable, she feels sure, to cow-) and c tempt for everything his father e Nav tand for. She gives the boy a of her nd, and decides to watch him. arently naware that a traitor is operat- the st n, three young men—"Dutch" ce and Pat" Rorabeck, M.I.T. gradu- nd Lie nant Dent ("Savvy") Roberts striving perfect a secret device of some ehind protective fence and sentries. a prowl tries to tunnel under the fence. ellow r s away when a sentry fires at

At the Officers' Club, Lieutenant Roger Collins, Captain Hartney's aide, knocks Bert Sedden down, after listening to some of his pacifistic utterances. Bert does not defend himself but his father enters and, realizing what has happened, gives Roger a punch on the jaw—a punch which the lieutenant acknowledges with an "I'm very sorry, sir." He bows and leaves the club.

Both Kirstell and Phyllis witness the incident. And Kirstell strongly suspects that Bert is the man he is after. He instructs Phyllis to see as much as she can of Prentice, who, according to headquarters, is one of Bert's friends.

Phyllis soon learns that the two men are close friends—and have been for a long time. She discovers that they think in much the same terms. So the name of Dutch Prentice goes on her suspect list. But Savvy Roberts—to whom she is strongly attracted—assures her that both Bert and Dutch are all right, trustworthy. Phyllis believes Savvy is being duped by Dutch.

Mrs. McMatthews, a gossip, telephones Phyllis. She says that "that Briscoe woman" (an officer's wife) is spreading the news that a traitor is at large at the post, and that certain persons are trying to frame her husband—to get him out of the service.

V

THERE are times when any woman must feel grateful for that ancient heritage of her sex—the ability to lie easily and without an instant's hesitation.

"What nonsense, Mrs. Mac," I said. "You shouldn't even repeat such tommyrot!"

"But she's *telling* it, Phyllis—"

"She won't tell it any more. I'll guarantee that! If you hear anyone quote Mrs. Briscoe, say it is a contemptible falsehood. The woman must have lost her mind!"

"*I've* said all along she was crazy—"

"Loony! Out of her head. Stark mad."

"Your father must *take definite action*—"

"He will. Don't worry. Goodby, Mrs. Mac."

"But, *Phyllis*—"

I put down the receiver and turned from the phone to find Roger at my elbow.

"What's that Briscoe woman done now?"

"Oh, nothing . . . just some more mean gossip . . . I'll fix *her!*"

"Who's she after?"

"A catfight with some of the women," I said, desperately. "You've got to run along, Roger. I want to clean up for dinner."

Roger still wanted to play Sir Galahad. "I think I know what it is," he said. "I'll have a talk with Briscoe."

"No, no—you keep out of it—"

Fortunately, my father walked in the front door just then.

"Hullo, Dad," I said, quickly. "Roger is just leaving, so don't ask him to stay and have a drink. He's had one and I want to get rid of him!"

Roger grinned. "That's plain language, isn't it, sir?" he said.

The skipper smiled at Roger and slapped him on the arm with fond indulgence. "Go, my boy," he said, "an order is an order!"

"Right, sir!" Then: "Roberts insists on starting that test at four in the morning."

"Very well. I'll be there."

"An ungodly hour. Why don't you ask him to—"

"No, it's all right. The Jap fishing boats won't be so thick."

"Aye, aye, sir. See you later, Phyllis!"

The skipper looked at me, the deep lines of his face crinkling quizzically. "On pins and needles, eh, Phyl?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Well?"

"Come in here—where we can shut the door!"

He followed me into the library. I shut the door and, standing with my back against it, blurted out what Mrs. McMatthews had said.

(Continued on page 57)



RED PANTS AIN'T N

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

The two times in his life when B'r Charlie tried to o of thinking, the Lord had to act quickly to save

PEOPLE who rated B'r Charlie as a "strickly no-good" were not entirely accurate in their estimate of the one-legged preaching blacksmith of Little Bee Bend plantation. Giles, the foreman, admitted B'r Charlie could sharpen a plowpoint better than anybody in the Red River bottoms, provided he devoted his entire attention to the job. And the Widow Duck conceded there were moments in the life of her pastor when he gave his whole soul to the unselfish betterment of mankind.

"O' cou'se," she would add, "no good ever come f'm B'r Charlie's thinkin', but to give de devil his jues, sometimes B'r Charlie do set down and do his best."

The trouble with B'r Charlie's mental efforts was the fact that his brain was not nearly as sharp as were the plowpoints he hammered on his anvil. From long practice he could tell by the ring of the metal, the feel of the hammer as it struck and the smell of the heat from the forge when a point was ready to be ducked into the cooling tub and dropped into the box, ready for use. But when his brain was at work, B'r Charlie got no instinctive reaction. There was no beaten trail over which a thought could travel, picking up slickness and maturity as it rolled through mental pools of experience until it emerged a complete, well-rounded idea. A thought in B'r Charlie's mind bumped through the uncharted wilderness of unused cells until it died of weariness or emerged dented and twisted out of all semblance to a thought.

People still laughed at the last time B'r Charlie had tried to think. It was back yonder before the government got interested in cotton raising. The price was four cents a pound and times were so tight that a man had to work a vegetable garden in addition to his crop if he wanted to have enough to eat. The bossman was constantly urging everybody to take care of the mules and plows because there was no money for replacements; and Giles was demanding a full day's work "in high gear" from everybody on the place.

"Hit takes a heap er fo'-cent cotton to buy sixteen-cent meat," Giles had explained.

B'R CHARLIE had caught the spirit. Although keeping the plowpoints sharpened occupied his full day, he was seized with a feeling of inactivity. He wanted to help. For a whole week he had goaded his mind for an idea with which he could battle the tight times. Then, suddenly it came—complete in detail. It concerned a big cottonwood tree in front of his own cabin.

The tree had stood for half a century, providing cool shade in summer and a windbreak in winter, and had harmed nothing. It occurred to B'r Charlie that a storm might come and of the tree against the forcing the bossman to s new roofing. To circu possible catastrophe an for the bossman, B'r C down the tree. It fell a lie's house and wrecked man was enraged; and G B'r Charlie's life. But th understanding the good ceded, and B'r Charlie remain on the place, on do no more thinking.

And now, after seven Charlie was destined to t

He came to the door of shop to catch a breath o breeze and to allow the growing cotton to sweep t from his eyes. Everywh mules were plowing an children were hoeing. Gi in a lather, galloping fro workers to another; h adjusted or making a women to keep them gooc hard working.

B'r Charlie knew the fie of grass, but he knew tha ference to Giles.

"Hit liable to rain any t man pointed out. "And ready for de rain. Whup befo' hit sprouts and den hurt you."

B'R CHARLIE looked plowpoints and shook was not nearly filled. It be full by sundown or Gile to know why not. B'r Ch felt low in his mind.

The prospect of thinki planation for Giles was en him feel low, but oddly, occurred to him. Instead half aloud: "All dis work Giles yellin' for mo'! M swim!"

His mental processes rupted by a young wo through his line of visi dressed in a pair of red that billowed far out in t too snugly at the waist an ended in bell-bottom legs ment was a slow-rolling than a walk.

B'r Charlie gulped. "Y yelled. "Whyn't you git h off dem red over-halls a dress?"

"Dese ain't no over-ha objected. "Dese is what playin' suit."

"De way you was cuttin yo' strut," B'r Charlie tol look like you was fixin' t was steppin' like you mea

The girl dug a toe into th was jest goin' home to git s for Mamma," she said. "I t Mamma tole me to go ho supper on account er I wa'n good out yonder in de field

B'r Charlie squinted at you Sissy Lewis' gal?" he

(Continued on pag

B'r Charlie gulped. "You, gal!" he yelled to her. "Whyn't you git home and take off dem red over-halls and put on a dress?"

Top Story Man

By Jerry D. Lewis

Bob Riskin writes movie scenarios, not ordinary scenarios, but the kind that win Academy Awards. His latest effort, Meet John Doe, will provide a good example

less other red-blooded men
loe Golden was in love with
riganza, the foremost sou-
day. Joe had two impor-
ges over most of the other
is. The first was that he
and the second was that he
fellow working for him who
is love letters.

was in the textile business,
very lunch time, when he
secretary's typewriter, he
and read the poetry said
composing. Like the aver-
Joe decided that anyone
yme words was, at the very
ry genius. So he called his
and said:

an, how would you like to
executive in my business?
ith Trixie Friganza, and I
her a letter proposing to
ou're going to write that

ary gulped and went back
riter. Miss Friganza not
marry Joe Golden as a re-
etter—she didn't even an-
wo days later, the secretary

was the only flop Robert
wrote. The name "Robert
ppeared on credit slides in
er the world, since he wrote
ays for Lady for a Day, It
ne Night (for which he re-
ademy Award), Broadway
eds Goes to Town, Lost
Can't Take It with You
nt smash hit of the cinema,
oe.

s success, as behind most
talent, bitter privation and,
ant than anything else, un-
rage.

Anything for a Gag

orn on March 30, 1897, a
after the introduction to
soup kitchens and bread
ather was without a steady
ack as Bob can remember,
dd jobs just did manage to
ily.

as eleven, Bob already had
stage. He used to "crash"
hood theaters in Flatbush,
member all the jokes those
s on the stage were telling.
ying them down but found
dn't write as fast as they

n he heard about Isaac Pit-
and book. He got a news-
made enough to buy the
ok and learned the system
and hooks.

very joke he heard, he soon
collection than Joe Miller
l. "And, with a touch of
m," Bob tells you, "I'm still
ne gags." Transcribing his
ghand bored him, so he de-
get a typewriter.

e newspaper route he went,
dollars, and rented a type-
ree months. With the ma-
free booklet explaining the

touch system. In two weeks Riskin had mastered it.

After grammar school, he went to work, and by the time he was fifteen he had risen to the position of office-boy-secretary to Joe Golden, which job lasted until he wrote that letter. His next job was another office-boy-secretary spot in a shirt manufacturer's office, and, grotesque as it may sound, this was the job that brought him into the movie business.

One day his boss called him in, and said: "Some of my friends and I have invested money in some comedies to be released by Famous Players-Lasky. You're always telling jokes. Come on up and look at a professional's jokes."

The Amateur Disagrees

All the backers looked, and unanimously agreed that these were probably the funniest two-reelers ever filmed. Only one small voice in the back of the room was raised in disagreement. It belonged to Riskin, who said:

"They smell. A moron could write better, a blind man could direct better and as far as the acting is concerned I could be funnier. Famous Players-Lasky will throw you all out on your ears when you show these to them."

His boss was very tolerant. "Bob," he said, "you're just a young kid. You shouldn't be so positive in your opinions. These men are all older than you, and more mature in their judgment."

Riskin shrugged his shoulders, and said: "To me, they still smell."

Famous Players-Lasky agreed with him and refused the shorts the next day. Now, the shirt people were in a dither. They had told all their friends that they were in the movie business, and they would be laughingstocks when it was discovered that they couldn't even get their pictures released. They decided to form a new company to make short comedies.

A production genius was needed. Well, who was the only person who said the first batch was no good? Young Riskin. So, at seventeen, Bob became executive producer of a company making two-reel comedies. They were family comedies, starring Victor Moore and his then wife, the late Erma Littlefield.

He knew that he would have to look older than he did in order to command respect, so he grew a mustache. But there was one spot on his lips where the mustache wouldn't grow, so he darkened it with mascara.

In two years, Bob wrote and produced 104 comedies. Our 1917 Orson Welles then joined the Navy, which accounts for him until Armistice Day.

After the war, Riskin confidently expected to be snapped up by the movies, or by the legitimate theater. Both fields studiously ignored him. The closest he could get to the theater was bumming a bed at the Green Room Club, the poor man's Friars Club of those days. Among others who shared the attic with him were the late Louis Wolheim, Jimmy

(Continued on page 83)



KERLEE

Director Frank Capra, the other half of the amazingly successful writer-director team of Riskin and Capra, takes time out on the set of their newest picture, Meet John Doe, for a hamburger with his star Gary Cooper

Robert Riskin is the author of a long list of smash hits, most of which have been directed by Frank Capra. Riskin and Capra are now producing their own pictures. Between them they have turned out such successes as It Happened One Night, You Can't Take It with You and Lost Horizon

THOMAS





Jasper asks his waitress for a dance. They have three more dances and Jasper asks her if he can see her next day

Steamer, Steamer

By James B. C[illegible]

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBE[illegible]

There is no provisi[illegible] for romance in the Navy [illegible] program. Do not we[illegible] for the boys, however. The[illegible] doing all right by t[illegible]

OLD Roarty on our ship is the [illegible] communications, and I'm [illegible] class, under him, which means [illegible] feels like sounding off about somethin[illegible] to lend an ear.

He's a great one for books out [illegible] aboard ship and going to movies when [illegible] erty. We're with the Fleet at Hampton [illegible] ing to be reviewed by the President, a [illegible] peering through our office air port and [illegible] same time about the movie he saw in [illegible] last time ashore.

"It was loaded to the armor belt wi[illegible] says Roarty. "With admirals and saluti[illegible] boys and bosun's pipes, foreign spies [illegible] munition plants and a handsome young [illegible] ing tenor to a glamorous young creatu[illegible] moon."

"An ensign yowling up at the mo[illegible] better ashore than with a Navy crew a[illegible] I say to that.

"Romance," says Roarty, "could be [illegible] hereabouts. Some time, you might ta[illegible] the coxon of Number Two steamer."

Our ship's steamers are tied up to th[illegible] just outside our office air port, and N[illegible] steamer is the captain's private boat. Ja[illegible] is her coxon, and he's always acting as i[illegible] second-class in the first year of his [illegible] something in Navy history.

"What about Jasper?" I say; "besides [illegible] polishing the brightwork and washing in[illegible] of his steamer like he's bidding for [illegible] from the skipper for keeping his steam[illegible] condition."

"Jasper isn't bidding for compliments. [illegible] Navy blood in him," says Roarty.

"Navy blood?" I say.

"Navy blood," says Roarty, "urging n[illegible] duty always. Jasper's father is Admiral [illegible] tired. I was shipmates with him a nu[illegible] disciplinarian, but a good officer. Jasper [illegible] was making grand records on the playing [illegible] college, but he was also AWOL so many [illegible] the study halls to suit the admiral, and n[illegible] a hitch in the Navy might restore Jasper [illegible] values of life; and so there's Jasper out [illegible] and not a soul aboard knowing he's an a[illegible] except myself and the skipper. And it [illegible] the skipper, and now I'm telling you."

To which I say, "There's been admira[illegible] listed in the Navy before Jasper, and [illegible] romance in it now?"

Roarty don't answer. He is busting to [illegible] pointing to a big power yacht steaming [illegible] She's all white lower sides, and all ma[illegible] chromium or whatever it is topside, an[illegible] tonnage of a light cruiser.

Jasper looks up from his brightwork [illegible] away he goes excited. "In a few minutes [illegible] Jasper. "I'll be taking the skipper in to th[illegible] on my way back I'll slip alongside tha[illegible] play boat and I'll have a talk with some[illegible] her, and it won't be any bedside talk."

Jasper turns back to his brightwork, a[illegible] Roarty. "I'm still looking around to se[illegible] and where is it?"

"It's in the making," says Roarty. "Wh[illegible] lay into North River. Jasper takes in a[illegible] lunches that shoregoing people rig up [illegible] jackets sometimes. The waitresses were [illegible] and well-to-do ones, but there was no re[illegible] was which, being all dressed like milkma[illegible] the lunch there's dancing. (Continued o[illegible]

China Sky

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Thus Far:

ge of a hospital in China when ray Thomison, goes to America for his work, Sara Durand, a an, has a curious experience: ted Chinese guerrilla, who is wn as "the Eagle," brings in a ded prisoner—Yasuda, a Japa- high rank—*and insists that his* Puzzled by Chen-ta's interest in re, Sara operates; and the Japa- lie.

ung physician receives a crush- y Thomison (with whom she is) returns from America, bring- is bride—"Louise." . . . From se—terrified by the daily air to which the hospital is sub- ched; and, because her husband es much of Harry Delafield, an ishman. . . .

clever man. Working through (who is in charge of the men's eeds in inveigling Louise into ers through the censors. After letters is received by Yasuda's mbings cease; and Louise (who that the Japanese will not attack the hospital if they know Yasuda is there) believes that she is doing a good deed. Unfortunately, Yasuda's letters contain details of Chen-ta's battle plans brought in by one of Chen-ta's men: Chung's brother, Chung Third.

Gray Thomison's cook, Siao Fah, does not trust Louise. Watching her through numerous keyholes, he presently learns of the letter business; and he sees enough to feel sure that Louise and Delafield are enjoying a clandestine romance. Not sure whether he should report all he has learned to "Thomison doctor," he asks Sara to advise him.

Sara, in a difficult position, does not commit herself—she evades the cook's questions adroitly. . . . Again and again, Louise implores her husband to take her home—or, at least, out of China. By this time, Gray knows that he loves a woman who is far finer and stronger than the girl he has married—by this time, he is in love with Doctor Sara Durand. Nevertheless, in a moment of weakness one night, he yields to Louise, promises to take her away. As they talk, Siao Fah is at the keyhole of their room. What he overhears astounds him.

IX

e the yellow pills," Yasuda laughing. "She will do anything for me!"

ing rose in her slow, sleepy seemed always to be aware d Yasuda, after long watch- d come to believe that she id as she looked. Indeed, aid she was. "Besides, she th me," Chung had added,

Ya-ching poured tea into a bowl and handed it to Yasuda. Then she took a small, brown bottle out of the table drawer and shook two pills into the palm of her hand.

"Not with your hand, filthy hag!" Yasuda screamed in quick rage. "How many times must I tell you?"

"Ah, I am so stupid," she murmured. She threw the pills into the waste basket, for once regretting her stupidity. It had taken her some time and much care to make these pills which looked exactly like the real ones. One would have said flour and water could be mixed easily enough, but the yellow was a strange shade. She had had a hard time even with sulphur, and only at last had she found a harmless dye. Harmless it had to be, for Yasuda must not confuse her with a new illness.

She shook two more pills into a bowl and he swallowed them with tea. Though he was now so familiar with the effect of the depressant which Chung gave him he could never avoid a curious and hateful feeling of terror while he waited for it to begin. He glanced nervously about the room.

"I shall sleep," he told Ya-ching. "Open the window a little more." Soon the oppression in his chest would begin. "Where are my papers?" he asked next.

"Here—under your pillow," she replied.

She watched him closely, seeming to be indifferent to all he did. He composed himself and lay back on his pillows and closed his eyes. She thought, watching him, had he taken the real drug, he would now have been turning ashen, his nails blue. There was no change. He lay waiting. Then he opened his eyes.

"You may leave the room," he said suddenly. "I prefer to be alone while I sleep." He dreaded the last sinking into unconsciousness. He could never be quite sure that he did not speak. If he did, probably it was in his own tongue, but still he preferred to be alone. She moved slowly and heavily to the door. "But come back in an hour to see that all is well with me," he commanded her. He closed his eyes. "I will simply pretend I am going into ordinary sleep," he thought, strengthening himself.

"So," she agreed carelessly, and shut the door upon him.

In the corridor she quickened her flat-footed pace. She had an hour of her own. The question was, should she use it to tell Siu-mei now, or should she wait until after the hour and go in and prove for her own eyes that Yasuda was himself, and so that the pills that Chung gave him were a poison? She could not, however she thought about it, imagine why Yasuda would be willing to take a poison, but if he were, if it were a poison, then Chung had intention in it with Yasuda.

She skirted cautiously about the door of Siu-mei's small office. A very little would have put her off. Had a patient been there, had there been danger of Chung's passing—but Chung she knew had gone to a foreign hotel at the port for a feast. This was his free day. She had seen him go, as she saw and knew everything he did in one way and another. And there were no patients in the hospital except two beggars in the charity ward. She stood tiptoe and pressed her nose against the slightly frosted glass in the door of Siu-mei's office. By staring hard against the light of the window within, she could see Siu-mei's dim shape, alone. She opened the door and peered in. It was true—Siu-mei was alone. The thing was decided.

Siu-mei looked up and saw her standing back against the door. "What is it, Ya-ching?" she asked.

The girl had not come to her since the night she had come to tell of her trouble. She had thought of speaking to Chung of that night to ask his help for the girl

(Continued on page 49)



ey were within a mile of the mountaintop to her: "Rest now, Daughter. And mend . handsome young man is waiting up there"

OUR NEW ARMY

Peak load of mail delivered to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, soldiers is 34,000 pieces daily. Incompletely addressed letters and packages force clerks like 1st Class Pvt. Earl B. Bond of H.Q. M.P. Co. (below) to comb file of 45,000 names, cause three-week bottlenecks in sorting and delivering

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH MORSE AND HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.



POSTAL PROBLEM. The Eastern Seaboard mail is one of the Army's major headaches right now. Some of the soldiers at Fort Benning, Georgia, and Fort Bragg, North Carolina, haven't received letters and parcels sent to them three weeks ago. Trouble is, the men were rushed through New Jersey's Fort Dix so fast they hardly had time to give their correspondents new and complete addresses. Consequently, mail sent to Dix is readdressed merely to Fort Bragg or Benning where clerks, compelled to thumb rosters of 45,000 names to find each man's company and regiment, are quietly going nuts.

FORT LEWIS, WASHINGTON. Company B, 163d (Montana) Infantry, would like a chance to mind its own business. All but six or seven of the men are Indians; and when some astute Army publicity man tipped the press off to the "swell feature story," reporters, photographers and newsreelmen swarmed and cavorted. Reporters seemed disappointed at the lack of feathered headdresses, beads and moccasins; one wanted to hire some outfits from a Tacoma store and stage a war dance. A photographer persuaded an Indian to pose peeking around the edge of a tent as if about to scalp somebody. The other Indians sat stolidly by, obviously unamused. They'd willingly have done the manual of arms or something, but this Redskin stuff sickened them to a considerable degree.

Many of the Indians look scholarly in glasses; half a dozen are college graduates; more than half can punch a typewriter with dexterity. Most are members of the Sioux nation from the reservation in northeastern Montana about 70 miles east of Fort Peck. They like the freedom at Fort Lewis. The half- and quarter-bloods can buy beer in taverns, not being recognized in khaki as Indians. Only way they can be differentiated from whites is by a slight variation of their 41st (Sunset) Division insignia—and we won't tell. No use gypping them out of their beer.

IN ONE day through the Fort Lewis reception center passed selectees Goebels, Chamberlain and Winston A. Churchill. The Army discreetly kept them separated.

IT'S high time we settled the question about who wakes up the bugler. Bugler Harold L. Enz of Forest Grove, Oregon, explains it very simply: "The fireman wakes me . . . and he's up all night." A bugler has probably the longest day—5:45 A. M. to 11 P. M.—of any soldier, but not the hardest. Every other day he puts away his bugle and serves as message runner, which frees him from a lot of field training; and by virtue of his job he never has to peel spuds or massage greasy pots and pans. Army regulations give him three months to learn sixty calls. Bugler Enz has blown as many as eighteen in one day.

FORT BRAGG, NORTH CAROLIN bugler who unwittingly caused Pvt. to turn blue. The way it happened was, was lying on his cot one recent nigh applying a soothing balm to his sore ch nose and penning a letter home, wher sounded. Hurriedly, Pvt. Gilchrist rea more blob of ointment, missed the jar by inches—and swept the ink bottle up into Gilchrist, from Ireland's County Carl brogue that could be cut with a knife ar parcel post; but the language he is said ployed that night as he raced to the lat blue ink rapidly drying on his chest and have been shipped anywhere, even by fr

FORT ORD, CALIFORNIA. Whe took over the Hearst ranch at Jolon for u lery range and sham-battle area, it foun Africa on its hands. First task was to wooded hills and grassy valleys were cle lope, gnus, wildebeest and other critters been stocked on the ranch, others had ro from Hearst's San Simeon, which isn't ranch as an antelope reckons distance.

Scout cars, tanks and howitzers mo Fort Ord and the bellow of 75's and 155's to scare the pants off the rabbits, coyot small game that had evaded the roundup a scouting party was startled to come up and a flock of collie-nosed, earless she to a woman who had imported them ye Asia Minor. The herders said they w stay, howitzers or no howitzers. Luck h them to date, but it worries the artillery a terrible feeling," says a sergeant of t talion, "every time we fire a volley. I ke all that shrapnel and H. E. raining on looking sheep and I feel just like we were a Christmas card."

ON ONE of his first days of liberty P Clement left the Presidio at Monte conscious about his uniform and excited pect of getting back to his San Francisc he attracted the attention of an M. P. at t station. "Just a minute, buddy," growle Law. "Sure you got a pass?" Chirped P "I don't need a pass—I can pay my own

CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA. Am 500 Negro draftees, organized as a H Service detachment, were three preacher Ferguson (Episcopal) of West Palm Beac tist Alfred U. Denefield of Miami and Re thew of West Palm Beach—all privates. an excellent cook, was assigned to one halls; Denefield established a Sunday sc 300 of the 500 men in the detachment re tend. Ferguson and Matthew pitch in to

Regular Sunday service at Bliss is co one of the chaplains at 9 A. M.; at 9:40 preachers take over and church continu pause until noon mess call. The Negro s undenominational but no one can forecas will happen when the weather warms up. sley is only a stone's throw from the qua the Baptist ministers outnumber the Epi to one.

CAPT. JOSEPH R. RANCK, Regular charge of Negro draftees pro tem. was by his sergeant major, a member of the 24 cadre and veteran of twenty-six years. said the sgt. major, "what is your policy crapshooting in camp? If you order it sto only drive the boys into the bushes." C figured it out quickly. "Don't," he replied mendable understanding, "let me see any d ing." The captain indubitably won't see a

TAMPA, with its MacDill Field, and Ja with the Naval Air Station on its outski mention visitors from Blanding), each ha ideas about handling prostitutes. Some T thorities favored a restricted area but after conferences attended by ministers, health of others, Mayor R. E. L. Chancey told the c the gals out of town.

On the other hand, Jacksonville polic the prostitutes. Each girl was ordered to po quarters, fingerprinted, photographed, regis

entification card bearing name, picture and tion "Public Prostitute No.—" (the larg- was around 340). Each licensee was re- visit the County-City Venereal Disease edical examination every two weeks and certificate testifying to her freedom from e plan worked for several months, then a of citizens recommended that the police pa's example. All prostitutes not in houses d to quit the city by March 1st and all to have been closed a couple of weeks ago. from Blanding indicate that the Jackson- as highly successful in preventing disease. One Florida unit, with an enrollment of 800, had only five venereal cases this time last month and in each instance it was contracted during week-end visits to home communities in southern Florida. Jacksonville wasn't one of them.

BLANDING'S receiving center has been rushing new men through the equipment section at the rate of twenty-five every sixty minutes. Draftees grouse about the Army's large supply of World War I uniforms: when a man and a pair of breeches match up he gets them, whether they're old or new issue, and cussing is rampant. The largest shoe in Blanding's stock, by the way, is size 13-C, measuring thirteen inches from toe to heel. A pair weighs four pounds, two and a half ounces, which means that the big-footed boys pick up and lay down several tons of cowhide in a day's drill.

FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS. Arguing with an M. P. isn't good sense, especially if he's of the Second Division Military Police who have been trained in the art of Judo, a sort of *(Continued on page 66)*





pert Judo, the military adaptation of jujitsu, Major Wayne C. of the econd Division Military Police at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, a futi M.P. how to disarm an opponent (above). Major Wayne's urse es six weeks, is the only one in the U. S. which teaches Judo

On ninth day of training, inductees at Fort Houston reception center don outmoded Army masks, watch tear gas generate from crystals placed atop a tin can heated by candle flame (above). Later, they'll scurry through nearly airtight gas tent sniffing fumes to identify the smell

Collie photographer, Company B of 47th Infantry at Fort Bragg, Carol a, re-enacts prize boner. Men were told to stand at attention n do t as to nature of bugle call. Picture below shows company less bugler sounds mess call and wiser soldiers head for chow

Forty-two New York and New Jersey selectees from Fort Bragg's Company M, 60th Infantry, charter bus for week-end trip to Manhattan (below). Round trip cost each man $10.75 plus a quarter to cover ticket for Sgt. D. W. Bruffett. Motorcycle police escorts preceded fifteen such busses





The Latest Method

By Georges Surdez

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY



"There you are, Captain, what did I tell you—I—" There was another detonation. The agent stared at Dorsaux. Then both legs sagged at ce

CAPTAIN DORSAUX considered with approval the young man who had entered the squadron's office. A very handsome chap, tall and wiry, a soldiery silhouette in the pilot's uniform. Dorsaux had spoken a few words with him when he had reported for duty on his arrival in Morocco. He had watched him work, knew that he was a competent flier. It was too bad that such men could no longer be employed usefully, that because of the armistice their youth and energy must be wasted.

"You wish to speak to me, Launay?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Well, go ahead." Dorsaux prepared his little speech, for he expected the usual request for permission to go to Casablanca or Rabat for the day. As his whole squadron was confined to the field for a fortnight, because of a row between some of his younger pilots and officers of the Italian Armistice Commission in a hotel bar, no exception could be made.

"My captain will understand at once from this—" Launay placed a card bearing his name on the table. "Military Intelligence, Special Mission."

"Oh, a cop." Dorsaux murmured with a disappointed smile.

"An agent of the Military Intelligence." The young man's face lighted with amusement. "Placed here especially to watch for attempts to desert with government material." He showed a sealed envelope. "I don't dare use the telephone, for the operators listen in and would warn those involved. I ask you to see that this is dispatched to Rabat headquarters at once, by special messenger."

"May I ask what it's about?"

"One of the Amiot bombers is due for a check-up flight—"

"This afternoon, I know. Lieutenant Gondral's the pilot."

"Right, Captain. I have learned that the machine will be fueled for a longer flight, that seven additional men will board her at the last moment, and that the plane will head for Gibraltar. That will make the fourteenth machine this month, some seventy fliers gone over to the British. The Italian Commission is sure to protest to Vichy."

DORSAUX'S smile held a trace of disdain. "I cannot say I like your methods, Launay, and—"

"I was warned that I might not obtain full co-operation from you, Captain," Launay said quietly. "And I was instructed to remind you that you have a wife and two children in France, that your parents are in the occupied zone. They may be held responsible."

Dorsaux was a stocky man, about thirty-two, with thick dark hair and red cheeks. The blood left his face. "Are you French, Launay? I mean really French?"

"Yes, Captain." The pilot flushed a bit. "That is why I serve as I do. We must side with the strongest, use their methods to clean house and rebuild a solid state."

"What will be done to those poor chaps?"

"They will be intercepted and brought down by a loyal machine. An example is needed, Captain. The courts-martial have been acquitting such deserters right and left, despite the government's decree. I must ask you to detain me here on some pretext, as I was supposed to go along. Don't fear, the full quota will be aboard, for there's a waiting list. They're guilty; they intend to desert. Two of them have brothers already flying for the British. Probably bombing our ports. An example *must* be made."

"I understand that," Dorsaux approved. "But I'd like to save as many of those young fools as possible. Gondral seems to be their leader. Suppose something happened to him at departure? We'd save lives—and preserve an expensive machine."

"True, Captain. But how could Gondral be disposed of without the others?"

"Can you shoot straight?"

"I'm an excellent shot, Captain."

"All right. I suppose that the passengers will not run for the plane until the motors are started. Well, you must arrange to be the last man, and instead of climbing in, you'll shoot Gondral at the controls. His guilt will be evident, plane fueled for a long flight, unauthorized passengers with baggage. . . .You won't hesitate to shoot at the last moment?"

"No, Captain. It's my job, one man's life is not important," Launay smiled grimly. "We are all learning the latest method."

"*You will not miss?*"

"I couldn't—at the distance. A few feet."

"Those easy shots are the easiest to miss." Dorsaux laughed, indicated the picture of a pretty girl directly behind him on the wall. "Overconfidence. One night, four of us got to arguing about shooting. There was another picture there, a head almost life-size. We stood by the door, fifteen feet away. Only one of us hit it on the first shot."

"I beg your pardon, Captain," Launay smiled calmly, "but you must have been —well, happy!" He took the automatic pistol from the holster, raised his arm, aimed, smiled again. "Couldn't miss!"

"One says that," Dorsaux laughed gently, "and then one miss- know, for I lost money back belief."

"Why, I'd give odds, Ca-

"No. Say one cold bottl- other. Next time we go to (over, you are not nervous tension, as you will be whe-

"I'm not nervous," Lau- flatly. "And I shall not be

He still hesitated; some seemed to urge him not t- had stepped back almost Dorsaux did not press him. smile. He knew the hypnot target and a challenge on ar- ing a loaded pistol. Laun- with himself was short; he l- again, aimed above the ca- fired.

The bullet struck the wa- fraction of an inch above t- eye.

"There you are, Captain, tell you—I—"

There was another detona-

THE agent smiled on, Dorsaux. Then he knelt legs sagging at once. For a second, his body was erec- high. The weight of the hea- ward, and Launay sprawled on the floor.

"He must have gone ma- Dorsaux explained to the tracted by the shots. "He a- interview, talked logically e- while, then grew incoherent. about the terms of the Armis- to prey on his mind. I star- and he took a shot at me. M- right there—I didn't stop to t- a ghastly mess!" The office his chair, the picture. "There ing else to do, you can see h- poor chap came to killing me-

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

...Ooooh...SUCCOTASH!



If you think wonderful, garden-fresh succotash is only when corn is sweet and golden on the stalk . . . you've got a wonderful surprise coming! You can have summer-time succotash tonight . . . alive with the flavor of limas and corn picked *fresh* from the garden!





2. Who makes it possible—Aladdin? Nope—*Birds Eye!* You make this succotash from Birds Eye Baby Lima Beans and Birds Eye Golden Cut Corn! It's not just fresh . . . it's *garden-fresh!* Let us tell you *why* . . .



3. Birds Eye Corn has a sugar-sweet flavor all its own! You can seldom match it . . . and you certainly can't get any other like it *today*. And these beautiful Baby Lima Beans are the tenderest, tastiest grown! Both are *Quick-Frozen* near the farm . . . 4 hours after picking! *Country-fresh* goodness is *sealed in!* It's yours, summer *and* winter! S-o-o-o . . .



4. You can't *help* but make the grandest succotash you ever imagined! *Easily*, too . . . because Birds Eye vegetables come washed for cooking! And they're *cheap*. A real "kind to your budget" treat. You pay for *no waste*. One box of Birds Eye Corn equals six whole ears, and a box of *shelled* Baby Lima Beans equals 2 full lbs. in the pod!

SPECIAL!
THIS WEEK ONLY!
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BIRDS EYE BABY LIMA BEANS

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Peaches Asparagus Tips Broiling Chickens
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MARK THIS WELL! Besides lima beans and corn, there are more than 60 other Birds Eye Foods. But remember —there's a world of difference in *Quick Frozen* brands! So, *before* you buy, look for the Birds Eye on the window and the Birds Eye on the package. It *guarantees* your . . . flavor . . . beats as others can't—few, if any, can match! Remember, all 60 Birds Eye Foods MUST SATISFY . . . or YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK. For further information, write . . . FROSTED FOODS SALES CORP., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

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"FINE AS SILK, SALLY— AND PLENTY MILD!

"Luckies pay higher prices to get the lighter leaf!" says Fred Evans, independent tobacco buyer of Danville, Va.

"TO folks who watch the auctions, it's plain as day that Luckies go after the lighter, milder leaf—and pay higher prices to get it. That's why most auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen prefer Luckies. I've smoked Luckies myself for 14 years!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. And independent tobacco experts tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So why not decide to smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.



With men who know tobacco best_it's LUCKIES 2 to 1

Steamer, Steamer!

Continued from page 22

sks his waitress for a dance. three more dances, and her if he can see her when next day. They meet next takes her to dinner and his month's pay on a dinner which she chides him."

m? But does she stop him?

n't," I say. "None of 'em

sn't easy stopped." says d every day he can get kes her to dinner, and al- s her can he see her home, he says no, and hurries into ation. Well, the days pass. ore your sour soul with all details, one lovely moon- lasper asks her why she's meet her folks. She hesi- insists, and finally she tells her is prejudiced against

see him. I'll talk to him,' and hails a taxi. She gives o the driver, and when the , Jasper sees a house that drawbridge and a moat and berdiers looking out from enelated walls to be a per- or one of Scott's medieval The girl rings the bell, the and an imposing-looking ng clothes is standing there. is the sort you have been ur evenings with of late?' an. The girl starts to say ut the man shushes her and ide. To Jasper he says: 'As ng man, get back to your say!' and slams the door

e get?" I say.

says Roarty. "What else And now who would you imposing-looking man who t the door?"

y," I say. "In the big house he butler, and at sea he's teward aboard that big

as usual," says Roarty. the name Apperson mean

million Appersons," I say. one Joel Apperson. And it nself was the girl's father. r finds that out, he writes to Joel to explain that while it is true he's an enlisted man in the Navy, he is no fortune hunter having a spending allowance for himself of a thousand dollars a month and a five-million-dollar trust fund coming to him when he is twenty-five. What does that faraway look on your smush mean?"

"I was wondering," I answer, "why he didn't make it five hundred million, him and Rockefeller Center."

"He made it five millions," says Roarty, "because five millions it is—from his mother's side of the family. And that big white yacht is the Girl Muriel, and Muriel is the girl's name, and this day should see something doing for Jasper's romance."

By and by, Jasper takes the skipper to the beach in the Number Two steamer, and then heads for the Girl Muriel. But by this time she has hoisted her anchor and is heading out to sea. Jasper runs alongside her before she can get speed up, and through our air port Roarty and me can see him gesturing and almost hear him speaking his mind to a big man topside.

THE Muriel keeps on out to sea. Pretty soon she's logging plenty of knots and leaving the Number Two steamer behind.

Jasper comes back to the ship and ties up to the boat boom. Roarty asks him what happened, and Jasper says:

"Is he tough! I asked him if he got my letter, and he roars back, 'Yes, I got your letter! And so you want to marry my daughter!' I tell him I do, and what's wrong with that, and he goes on to tell me. He hollers down at me that he isn't standing for his daughter being married to a somebody who's liable to be ordered overnight to China or the Philippines or some coral island in the middle of the South Seas, and she not be seeing him for three or four years again."

"Was Muriel anywhere around?" asks Roarty.

Jasper lets out a kind of moan: "I saw her smiling down from the wheelhouse at me, but she's gone from me now, and where d' y' suppose the yacht is headed for, Roarty?"

"Where would any big yacht be headed for after the Christmas holidays?" says Roarty. "And cheer up, boy, an inner voice is telling me that we



"It's a petition to the President containing fifteen hundred signatures, and she wants me to read it back!"

DANIEL ALLEN

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Davis



The Lawyer: Gentlemen of the Jury, there comes a time in every man's life when...



The Lawyer: How was I, sweetie?

His Daughter: Very logical, Dad. But where's that old fire—you know, that old zip, zest and zowie? You need more *pep appeal!* I'll bet you're not getting all your vitamins.



Daughter: There, my learned Mr. Counsel for the Defense, is your first lesson in getting your vitamins. A dee-licious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP that's extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant, and thus more needed, in ordinary diets.

The Lawyer: Hold on a minute! With all that vitamin talk, why didn't you tell me it tastes good too? Why this is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted!



The Lawyer: Gentlemen of the Jury, now that counsel for the defense has discovered vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, before long things are going to be different around here.

Daughter: Well, where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's* Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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"How a kind word ruin my beezness"



1. Everyone takes the siesta in the heat of the day, except I, poor Juan. While all are asleep, the shops are closed. Except my shop, where I sell pottery to the American tourists for ten times what it costs in America.



2. An American senorita comes one afternoon to buy the pottery. "How is it that you do not take the *siesta?*" she asked, speaking that strange language which I have heard called Highschool Spanish. "Ah, *senorita,*" I sighed, "I cannot sleep!"



3. "It is the coffee!" I explained. "I love the coffee. I cannot resist it. But when I drink it with the lunch, then all afternoon I am wide awake!" She nodded. "It is good business to be open when other shops are closed!"



4. "I would give all the beezness for a good *siesta!*" I cried. "Then you should drink Sanka Coffee," she said. "It's 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake!" "It is an American trick!" I scoffed. "How can it be *good* coffee?"



5. "It's wonderful! A blend of fine Central and South American coffees!" she replied. "And the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden!' "



6. So in gratitude I charge her only *five* times what the pottery is worth. Later, I try Sanka Coffee. Delicious. And I *sleep* each day during the afternoon. My pottery beezness, he is ruin but *ah, amigo* . . . how I enjoy the *siesta!*



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Sanka Coffee is real coffee . . . all coffee . . . a blend of fine Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.

TUNE IN . . . "WE, THE PEOPLE"—Tuesday evening. See your paper for time and station.

may be meeting up with her in some tropic port before the winter is over."

That afternoon the President reviews the Fleet, and next morning we sail for our winter naval base. It's all useful work there, and a healthy outdoor life, but after three months of it steady the scuttle-butt gossipers are asking one another ain't it time they made a liberty in some nice tropic port.

The topsiders ain't always dumb. A liberty is declared, and our ship and the Missalama sail for Belloporto. We get radio advices before we sail of an earthquake, and hidden reefs along the coast north of Belloporto, so we keep clear of the coast line and arrive off the harbor of Belloporto.

It's a lovely tropic morning and a lovely city to look at with its blue- and pink- and cream- and chocolate-colored walls of houses and the red-tiled roofs above them.

OUR ship comes to moorings, and the ship's boats are lowered over the side, and the next thing is Jasper looking through our air port and moaning to Roarty that it's six months now since he saw Muriel, and in all that time not a line from her.

"She's still under age, and her father doubtless made her promise not to write to you," says Roarty.

Jasper moves away from the air port, and I ask Roarty why he's encouraging him to remember the girl instead of forgetting her.

"You're a yeoman," says Roarty, "and not the worst one in the Fleet, but it wouldn't reduce your efficiency a bit if you were to look up from your typewriter now and then and take notice of what's going on around you. For weeks now, our radio lads have been picking up messages out of the air and passing them to me. The Girl Muriel will be stopping at Belloporto on her way north, and to my notion that's no mere coincidence."

"You think Joel is relenting?" I say.

"Gosh, no! Not Joel! But things can happen in spite of him. The Muriel should be here by dark."

That afternoon a bunch of our wardroom officers are invited to have dinner with some classmates on the Missalama. Now we have watch officers who are always afraid they'll be needing all the ship's steamers for the ship's regular business, so our wardroom crowd ask the skipper if they can have his steamer to take them over and bring them back later. The skipper tells them to help themselves.

At half past five, Jasper takes our wardroom officers to the Missalama. At dark all the ship's steamers except Number Two are hoisted aboard for the night.

Steamer crews usually come aboard the ship to kill time when they know they're not going to be hailed soon for a duty call. Jasper comes into the office with his special pal Cadigan to moan to Roarty about his girl. They are still there when a radio messenger sticks his head in the office door, and sings out: "Say, Roarty! The Girl Muriel is coming to anchor on the south side of the harbor."

Right away Jasper gets excited, and says he's going aboard the Muriel. Roarty asks him how he expects to get aboard with Joel and his deck force standing by the gangway to heave him back into the harbor.

"I'll slip under his bow and climb aboard by his anchor chain," says Jasper.

"I have a better plan," says Roarty. "The skipper and myself are old shipmates, and he was your father's executive officer one time. I'll talk him into going aboard the Muriel in the morning and saying the right word to Joel about you."

"Yeah? And will Joel h morning?" says Jasper. how he slipped out to se Roads? If he finds out m he'll get under way even i dle of the night. I'm goin d' y' say, Caddie? You w

"Why not?" says Cad Jasper's engine man.

The next thing we see them catwalking out o boom. Then we see the sha ber Two drifting away fr

I ask Roarty won't it m court-martial for Jasper over on the Missalama c before he's back.

"It would," says Roar would be a blow to his fath those Navy school classr gether on the Missalama to talk the night watches th goes four bells—eight o'cl less Joel is allowing him ti of an argument, Jasper sh here by one bell of the new

One bell strikes, and Jas Two bells strike, and no When three bells strike, an per, Roarty says we bett and see what's doing. We in time to hear a quarter watch reporting a signal f salama to send the N steamer to bring our office

The Number Two steam come alongside the po There's no answering hail officer, who is Mr. Emmer No answer. Mr. Emmer c senger to skip along and the boat boom if he has the Number Two crew awa

The messenger skips c he's skipping back with th steamer at the boat boo standing near by, and he's old-timers that officers son to. "No steamer! What c that?" says Emmer to Roa

Roarty ponders and says have come loose from he and gone adrift?"

"If she went adrift, why crew brought her back? Th matter. The captain's ow ing!" says Emmer, and s senger to inform the skipp

The quartermaster of th to report the Missalama si for a boat. "Tell them t Emmer.

THE skipper emerges fr hatch, and Emmer gives and adds that Number probably seized the chance the beach for a few drinks.

"Hallen would never dr sir," says Roarty, who's privileged character with th

"Roarty has young Halle mer," says the skipper. "B turesome lads may have steamer in the dark for an of a frolic. Sound quarters, let's see what men are mis

Quarters sounded in a fo not to be ignored, and fourt and odd souls, counting t come bouncing out of the hammocks. Politicians wh seen above decks since the review hurry to button into muster with their divisions

The rolls are called, and cers report everybody pre counted for and all officer side arms—all except S Coxon Hallen and Second chinist's Mate Cadigan.

Divisions are dismissed below, with everybody sayi body else, "Steamer, steam the steamer?"

The quartermaster comes ture again to report a sign

EW 1941 CHEVROLET

Yes, Indeed-on counts-you'll say

IRST

EGAUSE IT'S INEST!"

1st IN STYLING

among all biggest-selling low-priced cars

1st IN ACCELERATION

among all biggest-selling low-priced cars

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That's why Chevrolet has won first place in motor car sales for nine of the last ten years. That's why people in all parts of the country are showing such a marked preference for the new Chevrolet for '41. . . . That's why . . .

Again **CHEVROLET'S the LEADER**

EYE IT--TRY IT--BUY IT!

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QUALITY QUIZ AND YOU'LL CHOOSE CHEVROLET!

	CHEVROLET	NO.2 CAR	NO.3 CAR
H.P ENGINE	YES	NO	NO
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ODY FISHER ITH STEEL TURRET TOP	YES	NO	NO
UNITED KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO	NO
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ORIGINAL FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION	YES	NO	NO
TORQUE-MATIC CLUTCH	YES	NO	NO

ONLY CHEVROLET HAS ALL THESE QUALITY FEATURES



Said a Young Buckaroo Named McSneelum

"These shoes fit so well I can't feel 'em,
They're so easy and light
That I wear them all night,
So no one can sneak in and steal 'em."

● You can't blame McSneelum. Walk-Over WINGS are unusually flexible. Actually weigh one pound less, yet give you all the wear of a heavier pair. Try Walk-Over WINGS today.



WALK-OVER

Wings

Illustrated: Two smart WINGS on the Raleigh last. Antique tan for town. White suede and tan for sport. Each $7.75. Other Walk-Overs from $6.75 to $12.50 (slightly higher west) Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.



Missalama. "A personal signal to you, sir, from our officers on the Missalama," says the quartermaster to Emmer.

"Speak out! What is it?" says Emmer.

"The signal says they had the captain's permission for the use of Number Two steamer and now where is she?"

"Answer message received," says Emmer.

"What could possibly have happened to my steamer?" says the skipper to Roarty.

Roarty ponders that one and says, "Could it be her engine broke down, sir?"

"If that is so, she will be drifting somewhere about the harbor," says the skipper, and orders Emmer to turn on the searchlights.

The lights make pretty pictures playing on the blue-and-green water, but they don't bring any drifting steamer into view.

The quartermaster reports a Missalama signal asking if the officer of the watch has dropped dead.

"Ignore it," says Emmer.

The skipper by now is saying he doesn't give a hoot about losing his steamer, but those two lads drifting around in the rising wind and sea—and reefs handy—he doesn't like the idea, and he orders the ship to get under way. So we up-anchor and head out the harbor with our searchlights playing ahead and to both beams.

I don't see any Muriel to anchor as we steam out, and I ask Roarty what he makes of that.

"And no Number Two steamer, either," answers Roarty. "Joel is a tough hombre. I wouldn't put it past him to kidnap Jasper and his steamer and dump him and Cadigan on some uninhabited island."

Outside the harbor the ship heads to the north, keeping clear of the land, of course. Wind and sea are making, and inshore our searchlights disclose white water breaking over the hidden reefs. The quartermaster reports another signal from the Missalama. This time our officers are asking what's the idea putting out to sea and leaving them marooned on another ship?

"No answer," says Emmer.

WE STEAM along, and by and by we sight a big white hull off our inshore bow. We head in and soon we see she's laying across a reef with her back broken. The sailing lights of a small steamer are close by the white hull. It's the Girl Muriel on the reef, and our Number Two steamer standing by her. We lay off in the safe water, and pretty soon our Number Two is making her way between the reefs and heading for us.

Her deck and her cabin companionway are jammed with people. She rounds to under our quarter, and there's Jasper at her tiller. And standing close by him is a girl.

"Romance, there it is!" whispers Roarty, which I agree to, if Jasper can explain how he come to be there with the skipper's steamer.

Our port ladder is rigged, and the rescued people come piling aboard. A big man in evening clothes and with a voice of authority—Joel, of course—informs our skipper that his yacht is a total wreck on a reef that was not marked on any chart he had, and why is that? Shouldn't somebody in Washington be hauled over the coals for that?

"Suppose we let that lay for now," says our skipper, and orders his mess attendants to make the admiral's cabin ready for Miss Apperson, and to put a cot in his own cabin for Mr. Apperson. He then passes the word to our executive officer to see that the Muriel's officers and crew are made comfortable for the night. Mr. Emmer at the same time is ordering the Number Two hoisted aboard and Hallen and Cadigan not to turn in yet awhile.

Roarty and me go below and there's Jasper waiting in our office to tell how before he could get alongside the Muriel she was headed out to sea. She heads north along the coast, and Jasper right away thinks of those hidden reefs and puts after her. Cadigan gives Number Two everything she has, but the Muriel draws away and keeps drawing away till she piles high up on a reef.

"Number Two, of course," adds Jasper, "doesn't draw any water to talk about. So I let her feel her way in between the white spots marking the reefs, and I slip her to the lee side of the Muriel and take her people off."

"Didn't Joel recognize you?"

"The Muriel's lights were out of commission," says Jasper. "It was all dark."

"But you had to give orders. Didn't Joel recognize your voice?"

"In my two interviews with Joel," said Jasper, "he did all the talking."

"But Muriel knew you?"

Jasper grinned.

The skipper's orderly comes along then to say that the captain wants to see Hallen on the quarterdeck.

Roarty follows Jasper up the ladder and I follow Roarty.

Joel is talking when we get near enough to hear. "I don't mind losing my yacht," he's saying; "I can have another one built. And now, Captain, a few words for the cool competence of the young man in command of that little steamer. I would like to thank him personally. And to reward him and the other chap in a substantial way."

"Forget the reward," says the skipper. "And here is the young man himself. Coxon Hallen, step forward."

"Hallen?" says Joel, squinting at Jasper. "Did you say Hallen, Captain?" He has another squint at Jasper and submerges. And he doesn't come up for air until the skipper is well under way telling that Coxon Hallen comes of an old naval family and that he himself served under his father, the admiral, now retired.

Mr. Emmer still has the watch, and he's eying Jasper like he's only waiting a chance to ask him how Number Two steamer happened to be out among those reefs, and Jasper catches Emmer's eye and draws himself up like a man facing a firing squad; but silence is the order of the day aboard a big ship of war while the captain is talking. And the skipper goes on to say:

"There was the situation, Mr. Apperson. My steamer is gone, and none of us able to guess what happened to her until my Chief Yeoman of Communications Roarty figured [illegible] had parted her boom lash[illegible] off on the tide with her [illegible] down. But her machinis[illegible] her engine working agai[illegible] was in working order w[illegible] sighted Mr. Apperson's y[illegible] Hallen?"

"It was in working or[illegible] says Jasper, with one eye [illegible]

"Now most coxons w[illegible] turned to their ship for o[illegible] tunately for you, Mr. Ap[illegible] Hallen has initiative. It is[illegible] Does Hallen return to h[illegible] There isn't time. He puts[illegible] —well, you know the rest."

Joel looks as if he want[illegible] thing to Jasper, but he doe[illegible] to start and the skipper g[illegible] "That's all, Hallen. And [illegible] am not overlooking his pa[illegible] cue of Mr. Apperson's crew[illegible]

"Aye, aye, sir."

JASPER goes below to [illegible] and Roarty and me go b[illegible] in. Next morning we are [illegible] early and through the ai[illegible] Jasper turning the skipp[illegible] loose from the boom. Ro[illegible] where to so early, and Jas[illegible] says, "Going off watch last [illegible] Emmer forgot to inform hi[illegible] officers over on the Missal[illegible] ing over to get them now."

"I'd like to be standin[illegible] what they have to say to [illegible] they're back aboard." [illegible] "Also I'd like—"

What stops him is a vo[illegible] passageway saying, "There [illegible] man Roarty, miss."

It's the skipper's orde[illegible] and in the doorway is the [illegible] She smiles at Roarty and [illegible] her, and they start in talkin[illegible] old pals. As I get it fro[illegible] they've been writing to eac[illegible] Jasper since before Ham[illegible] After a while she says, "Wh[illegible] Mister Roarty?"

"It's a rating," says Roar[illegible] do no harm to an enlisted [illegible] hoping for a commission, [illegible] tell your dad that."

Off she goes, and Roarty [illegible] saying, "There's your her[illegible] d' y' think of her?"

To which I say, "She ha[illegible] voice and a pleasant sm[illegible] shape will do, and she isn't [illegible] but I wouldn't call her glam[illegible]

"You can think up th[illegible] things to say!" says Ro[illegible] sensible man spending h[illegible] away from home wants a [illegible] for a wife?"



"What's this I hear about a new automatic gear shift?"

An Important Safety Message!

THERE HAVE BEEN four great inventions of immense importance to greater safety in motoring. The first was the Safety-Steel Body. The second was the Hydraulic Brake. The third was Safety Glass.

The fourth, offered for the first time this year on the new Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, and Chrysler Cars *exclusively*, is a new Safety Rim Wheel.

As every motorist knows, a flat tire can cause trouble when you are traveling along the road.

This patented new Safety Rim Wheel is designed to prevent a tire from twisting, or crushing down into the center of the rim, or rolling off the wheel, in case of a blowout or puncture.

With an ordinary wheel, a flat tire may be "chewed up" quickly unless the car is brought to a stop in a short distance.

The important point is, with this new Safety Rim Wheel, the tire is held in place and you have more time to slow down and stop your car more safely, and with less damage to the tire. Test drivers, experimenting with blowouts, give glowing testimony. They say you are hardly conscious of having a blowout on either front or rear wheels until you slow the car down to stop it.

This new safeguard against the effects of a puncture or blowout should be good news to all motorists.

Chrysler Corporation pioneered Hydraulic Brakes, popularized the Safety-Steel Body, was one of the first users of Safety Glass, and is now proud to make this new and vastly important contribution to greater safety in motoring.

Safety Rim Wheels not only mean more safety for you and your family, but also for others on the road. Already, nearly 2,000,000 of these new Safety Rim Wheels are in use.

You get Safety Rim Wheels on the new 1941 Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler Cars *only—and you pay nothing extra for them!*

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER

RAILROADS ARE *READY*

A factual report to the American people

What if the country is called upon to meet a real emergency this year — or next? How will our rail transportation system meet its responsibilities? How does the American railroad performance of 1941 compare with that during the World War?

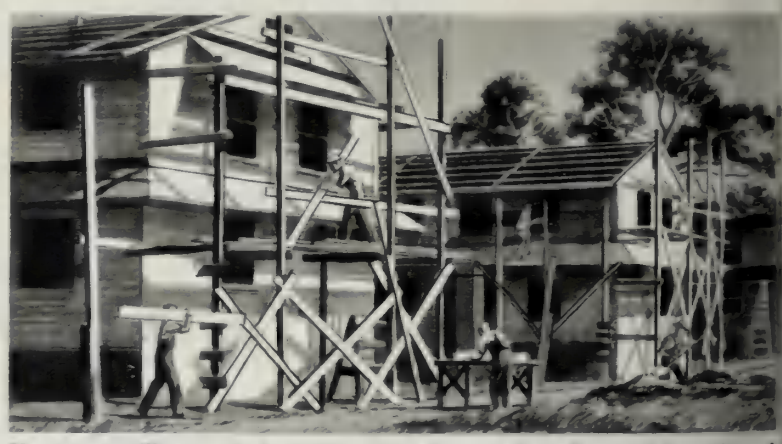
A thoughtful public, facing a dangerous world situation coolly and realistically, is entitled to ask such questions, and equally entitled to honest answers. Here they are:



Bigger locomotives pull more freight. Unqualified statements that railroads have fewer locomotives and cars than in 1917 are mea ingless. Today's locomotives average half again more powerful. Today's better freight cars hold a fifth more and travel 64% fast



It can't happen again! In 1917 ports and terminals were congested and transportation was slowed down because freight cars were used not to move goods but to store them. On just one order, 40 miles of cars clogged the tracks for weeks until a shipyard got ready to unload them. That won't happen again because close teamwork by the railroads, shippers and government agencies now keeps cars moving and gets them unloaded promptly.



Housing a million men. For the new army camps, the railroads delivered nearl board feet of lumber—75,000 carloads—in 6 recent months. Work was never held of any railroad failure to deliver materials. Cars were loaded and unloaded promp pers and contractors. There was not the least interruption of regular rail traffic.



★ ★

Railroad efficiency more t
That is the net result of la and cars, longer trains, fast better signals, streamline greatly improved operatir In the peak year of 1929, hauled 8¼ million more freight than they did in 1 they had 60,000 fewer ca fewer locomotives.

Whatever the demand — America's railroads, despite the hard times of recent years, are keeping fully prepared to meet the nation's transportation needs.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, WASHINGTON,

P.S. PERFECT SHIPPING — A national campaign each APRIL to promote good packing, secure loading and careful handling of ALL shipments — sponsored by Shippers Advisory Boards. Avoid loss and damage. We can't afford to waste our national resources.

Home-Town Boy

Continued from page 13

d empty, with a taste in his that after too many beers. So e kind of welcome a fellow then. Loretta went off, came with a well-filled plate, and ith it a timid peace offering. be working tomorrow, any-

I will," he said.

ed up then: "If you call it

was time for Rusty's pie, the vaitress served him, and he hope Loretta would see his nding there untouched after At first he meant to take the on back to camp, but he met from the Lazy-Y and it was to stop and gas a little, then ey had to have a beer.

," Rusty said, the first three , and by and by he was feel- ain and mellow, and he would willing to forgive Loretta, sn't there. But a lot of other e, some of them dudes from ches in the mountains, and a girl who called herself Plain aken charge of Rusty. She n, he thought, though not , either. She had black hair own to her shoulders, and a e-cornered face, with big and soft, crushed-looking de for kissing. And the way seemed as if she knew it. the kind of perfume she was even the smell of cigarettes , though he never would've at if it had been Loretta.

y with her called Arthur, a tight, pink mouth under a mustache, kept saying, "We now," and Plain Jane would ne, I hope to tell you. I'm nderful time. Why do you e West, anyway?"

They went from Oscar's Place down to Hell Roaring Bar, and from there to Mag's Last Chance; they stopped at all the carnival booths to shoot wooden ducks, and pop balloons, and throw balls at a sad-faced darky with a woolly wig and flaring, painted lips. Arthur paid for everything, and carried the two big dolls and the teddy bear they won, and Rusty knew they knew he didn't have much money. Part of his mind was cold and clear as glass; through it he could see how this thing was to them—to Jane: Wild West stuff, half an adventure, half a joke. She would be home again, back there in the East telling about it, laughing. *Oh, those cowboys!* Okay, then. He'd have his laugh, too, wouldn't he? Something to boast about to guys like Chuck or Spike Poland from the Lazy-Y. Maybe he would. . . .

Because there was more than that to it for both of them. There was the littleness of her, the thin, little fingers clutched in his, the way she hung on his arm so close and sweet with the smell of her hair in his nostrils, while Mag's cowboy quartet was singing The Last Trail. Maybe he hadn't been to college, and he might not have much money—not right at the moment—all the same he knew that Plain Jane liked his looks and the kind of strength she felt in him; a spark of excitement and desire crackled between them. Heck, it took more to make a man than clothes and grammar and a wad of folding money—Jane knew that. His arm was frankly around her when they went into the dance hall some time after midnight.

Arthur got rid of his dolls and teddy bear and cut in before they were halfway around the floor:

"Jane, no fooling, we have to go. The station wagon's waiting—all the rest are out there."

"Oh, gee!" Jane said. "What an awful



"The hour we spend in the park every afternoon does Freddy so much good!"

You'll like yeast this new way



PETE: You're sure full of the old whoop-de-do! Been eating yeast again?
MILDRED: No . . . drinking it! Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice is simply divine!



PETE: Baby, you hit the jack-pot there! I remember how swell life looked when I was eating yeast.
MILDRED: Well, you'll never have to leave it again. It's delicious in tomato juice . . . tastes like oven-fresh bread, and the longer I stay with it, the more I like it.



PETE: O.K., I'll give it another whirl. I always knew the experts were right when they said "yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex."
MILDRED: Oh, that's been proved long ago. But maybe you're not getting enough of these vitamins. Drink yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . See if the world doesn't get brighter!



MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork



STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!



Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast

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DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

ALL CARS ALIKE ?

Not By a Jugful!

HERE'S ONE THAT'S *DIFFERENT* IN 5 IMPORTANT WAYS . . . 1941 HUDSON



"All Cars Alike In SAFETY?" "Not On Your Tintype!"

Just take a look at the picture. It shows Hudson getting the Safety Engineering Magazine Trophy for safest body design of any 1941 car, *with the first perfect score any car ever made.* Then look at Hudson's brakes—husky big hydraulics, and the *only* hydraulics with a reserve *mechanical* system that takes hold *automatically* from the same foot pedal if ever needed. That's a difference which, in some sudden emergency, might be worth more than any amount of money you can name. No wonder they call Hudson *"America's Safest Car"!*



"All Cars Alike In ECONOMY?" "Not For My Money!"

You can bet there's a difference in economy. Look at that big, 92-horsepower Hudson Six that stood competitors on their heads in the 1941 Gilmore Grand Canyon Economy Run. Picture shows this Hudson getting the Gilmore Economy Cup for its price class. Most miles per gallon of any entry except two of the shortest, lowest-powered cars in the entire run! And over 20 miles per gallon for the 128-horsepower Hudson Eight! And Hudson's more than 150 official performance and endurance records show there's just as big a difference in *performance.* For going places and saving money, too, you just can't beat a Hudson.



"All Cars Alike In DI ING" "No n You

Drive without ever usin e cl

Start, go, stop and back up, in a Hud with tive Drive—your "clutch foot" has no g to about easier ways to drive—here's the s, and less than any other feature that lets you rget pedal.* You'll find that a Hudson's a l ey to to shift, too. Overdrive? You bet Huds has none better, and it gives you a lot of e fun economy, too.

**Only $27.50 extra, installed at ory.*



"All Cars Alike In BEAUTY?" "Come Again, Brother!"

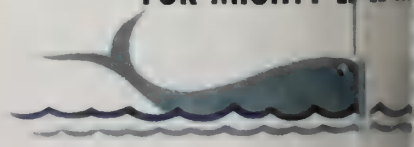
Like a green car? Then—in a Hudson—you get an interior that carries out that color scheme in harmonizing tones of green, even to such things as carpets and floor mats. Brown or tan? The interior's in harmonizing tones of the same color. There's still a third choice in tones of gray. You'll be surprised how much this complete color harmony—Hudson calls it Symphonic Styling—adds to the looks of a car; *and it costs nothing extra.*



"All Cars Alike In COMFORT?" "Tell It To The Marines!"

Your ride in a Hudson is the smoothest thing you can find on four wheels. And no wonder! You can't get better springs than Hudson uses—big coil ones in front, extra long leaf ones in back. Every Hudson is a real 6-passenger car (see picture). And, if you want real conditioned air—no drafts, no stale, fume-loaded air, no fogged windows even when it's raining or freezing—just try Hudson's Weather-Master. It keeps you warm in winter, cool in summer. It's the last word in all-year comfort!

A WHALE OF A LOT O CAR FOR MIGHTY LI LE M



Remember, the big, 9 horse Hudson Six illustrated bele is on lowest priced sedans on te ay's

And remember that, in ever popul class—lowest, low and mode te—H 31 years of engineering le iershi you a Hudson Six or Eight eq lly fo of the rest in value. See your arest dealer for a whale of a lot o ar for little money—and a deal on r pre that you can't afford to miss

AMERICA'S SA EST



ell, if I must, I must. Come
. Come out and see me off."
ere by the door was Loretta
girl friend, Bonnie Lamson,
them looking fussy in silk
d high-heeled pumps, instead
nd overalls like the dudes. So
hanged her mind and come.
w why. She saw him, but pre-
t to, and he tightened his fin-
d Jane's thin, little arm.
ou tomorrow, broncobuster.
leather," Jane said.
t," he answered to the first of
et not," to the second, and the
gon was pulling down the road
remembered that he wasn't
ncs this time. Perhaps she
hink so much of calf-roping;
there was some way to let her
it the record he had broken,
exas. . . . But that was more
f news Loretta could appre-
now it was in his mind to be
and tell her, and he turned
e hall just as she and Bonnie
ng out. Once more her eyes
r him unseeing; color was
h in her full cheeks and her
stiff and sulky, not soft and
d ready to be kissed. . . .
g after dudes, my gosh!"
d loudly. "As far as I'm con-
ies make me sick. Riding
hose old trucks, and wearing
nces!"
nt for Rusty, as he knew.
one of those sheep-faced
ith plenty of time for other
siness, never having any of
But the suspicion that her
was covering up Loretta's
him with a kind of anger and
He would've taken her to
wouldn't he? She was the
d refused to go, so she had
ning. Nothing was his fault.
help it if other people kind
looks. Vanity tightened his
n; his thoughts went toward
-crowds and dust and the
rses, and that Plain Jane up
dstand, watching him per-
Tomorrow night there'd be an-
. . . . Bet you she wouldn't
nkissed next time. . . .

DEC lay was hot and windless.
nshine blazed down on Rusty rid-
Patchwork in the parade; he felt
The was a kind of fizz to things,
alc; Jerris' main street, hearing
name called out sometimes and
ing he looks, admiration or envy
came his way.
ty's eyes went hunting Loretta,
it wa Plain Jane he saw, leaning
out of the station wagon, her Stetson pushed far back on her dark curls, and her shirt open at the neck showing her tanned, flat little chest.

"Hi-ya, cowboy?"

He swung his hat, and his skin went tight again, his muscles rippling under it, and he was filled with strength and pride and hope. Top money today, or know the reason why. . . . He left Patchwork in the field behind the grandstand till it was time for her to work, and went along inside. There was going to be a crowd all right; the bleachers were filling fast and the grandstand, too.

He crossed over to a corner near the chutes where he saw Chuck Barrus and other guys he knew. Last year's bulldogging champ was there, sunburned and cocky, wearing a dark blue pullover and a silver-studded belt, with his levis very low on his hips. "Yare, I do too mean thirteen seconds," he said. Rusty shook hands with Lucius Minifree, who ran the Jerris show and a string of other smallish rodeos.

Little Willy came along and begged a cigarette, and rolled his eyes toward the bottle that went from hand to hand, but nobody offered him a drink. When the liquor came Rusty's way he shook his head; his nerves didn't need any stiffening, he was keen enough. Chuck wasn't drinking either, Rusty noticed.

Pick-up men were riding up and down, looking smart in their wide hats and checked silk shirts, but how they looked wasn't important: the thing that counted was how fast they could get a guy off a bucking horse in case of trouble. Rusty heard talk about a bronc called Devil Heels that was said to be a killer. "You won't catch me up on that one," Jim Peabody declared; "not if I have to forfeit my entrance money." It wasn't anything to Rusty; he wasn't riding broncs, but he hoped Chuck Barrus wouldn't have bad luck. Minifree had no business bringing in a vicious horse just for the extra bit of thrill in it. Suddenly the loud-speaker blared, the show was starting, and Rusty saw Jane just coming into the grandstand with a bunch of dudes. He had already picked Loretta out right up above him in the bleachers, looking hot in a red-flowered dress. Bonnie was with her and they both were careful not to see him.

Chuck was the first man up. He had already gone over to the chute and waited, poised, for the saddling to be finished. The way they ran things here, bronc riders opened the show, and then they'd have the other stunts, bulldogging, calf-roping, trick riding and what not, and then more broncs, so that the spice of excitement lasted clear to the end, because bronc riding got the biggest hand.

"Chute Four," the announcer cried. "Chute Number Four! Chuck Barrus coming out on Dynamite."

But something had gone wrong. The gate swung back a little slowly and the bronc twisted sideways against it, scraping Chuck's leg, so that he lost the stirrup and had to pull leather right away or he would've been off, and it burned Rusty up to hear the sound of booing from the grandstand. By gosh, he thought, they wasn't the ones that had to do it. Pick-up men had cornered Dynamite, and Chuck was down, walking back to his place with a swaggering pretense of unconcern, but Rusty knew he must be thinking about his wife and the unpaid hospital bills and what not.

"Tough," he said.

Right on the word, however, the loud-speaker blared again, announcing that the fault had been inside the chute: "Chuck Barrus to have a remount. . . . The judges vote a second chance for Chuck. Now in Chute One. . . . Chute One. . . . Ken Hawley on Crazy Boy. Now coming out."

HEAT, dust and noise, good acts and poor ones, cheers and booing. The champ had broken the bulldogging record again and looked chestier than ever; a girl did stunt riding on a creamy palomino; a man with a silk hat and a big, false nose prodded a sulky and mangy buffalo through some stupid tricks. Time went slow and then too fast and all at once they were driving in roping calves, thin as shadows, quick as fleas and Rusty, with a tight knot in his middle, went to fetch Patchwork. . . .

"Next calf roper will be Rusty Reed, one of our home-town boys. . . . A big hand now, for a home-town boy. . . ."

Then the calf was out and running like a streak, and he was after it, and everything was smooth and easy the way it ought to be. Not a breath wasted, not a motion. His rope went where he wanted it, and Patchwork stiffened, holding it taut, wheeling slowly round the calf; Rusty was on the ground and running, a couple of seconds more and he would be done—and boy, had he been fast! Right that instant somebody in the bleachers let off a firecracker and Patchwork bolted, dragging the calf behind her like a kite. Nobody could've caught up with them, though Rusty tried it, running head down against the waves of laughter that beat on him, against a clear voice from the grandstand crying, "Get a cowboy!"

Patchwork got clear away from everyone and out of the enclosure; she was halfway across the field behind it before she quit and let Rusty come up to her and free the half-choked calf. "You . . ." he said softly. "You . . ." But it wasn't the pony's fault, not really, and all he wished was he could have five minutes alone with whoever threw that cracker. Going back in, he felt his shoulders swinging with the same swagger he'd noticed earlier on Chuck and all the losers. Heck with it, anyway, he thought.

Chuck gave him a kind of half grin that was better than words. "You ought to have another go, by rights."

"Fat chance," Rusty said, "after the laugh I fetched. Forget it, will ya? . . . When you getting your remount?"

"Any time now."

"Don't let him give you Devil Heels."

"He's out of it. Wouldn't nobody ride him. Nobody that much interested in suicide."

"That so?" Rusty turned the information over in his mind, and after a little he went away from there, looking for Minifree which took a while because the fat man didn't mean to see him. Cornered at last, he spoke right up, getting his word in first and quickly:

"No griping, Reed. The decisions are



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Connie, like so many others, has bad breath and doesn't know it. That's the tragedy of this common fault—you rarely suspect it in yourself.



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up to the judges, and I don't have—"

"I ain't here to complain," Rusty broke in. "Not that I couldn't raise a fuss about them fireworks if I wanted. But that's finished. I need some money, howsumever, and I want you to let me up on Devil Heels."

"Too late," Minifree said. "You ain't entered for bronc riding, and the boys won't stand for it."

"Yeah. But I don't mean for prize money. I mean an exhibition ride."

"How much?"

"Ten dollars," Rusty said. "If I stay on."

SOMETHING that might have been compunction moved behind Minifree's small eyes. "Ten bucks if you stay on or not," he said. "Got a couple of remounts coming up and then we'll let you finish off the show."

"Oke," Rusty said, and a cold lump sat suddenly in his belly. What was it Chuck had said? "I'm getting out while I've still got a backbone." A drink would've tasted all right now, but Rusty didn't have one. He went across for a bottle of soda, lukewarm but better than nothing, and while he stood there by the stand Loretta came along carrying two empty bottles for an excuse, but both of them knew she had been watching him and had followed.

"Hi-ya," Rusty murmured.

"Hi-ya."

And something went between them more than words. It was comfortable and pleasant to walk back toward the bleachers with Loretta by his side.

"You got a bad break," she said.

"Seems so." He didn't tell her then about his ride because he was going to show her; he was going to show the whole of them. When he got back to the chutes Chuck Barrus was going after his remount, and Rusty wished him better luck this time.

"You bet you," Chuck agreed with grim determination.

No use, though. It wasn't Chuck's lucky day. He made a pretty ride and stuck on good almost to the whistle, then all of a sudden off he went head foremost, rolled over once and then lay still with the breath knocked out of him, and had to be carried off. Don't think about it, Rusty told himself, because they were already saddling Devil Heels, and from what the talk had been you didn't get a chance to roll out of the way of that one.

"All ready now!" the loud-speaker bellowed. "Ready for Rusty Reed's exhibition ride on Devil Heels—the devil's horse."

But first Minifree raised a laugh by sending out Little Willy mounted backward on a mule. He got bucked off and kicked, and stood there spitting blood and a broken tooth.

"Oke," a voice said, and he went down quick, the gate swung back, and Devil Heels was out there bucking. Four feet together and a backbone like a hoop, and when you fall try to fall clear, try to get away from those devil heels. Going off was no disgrace; nobody could ever stay up on this one. Sweat came on Rusty's face, cold as big drops of rain. "Don't pull leather," he said out loud, but he couldn't hear himself, let alone anyone else hearing above the noise there was, a low, murmuring roar, half applause and half suspense. Suddenly it was over. He was still up and Devil Heels went prancing around as sweet as pie, a bronc that never had even dreamed of bucking.

Rusty took off his hat and waved it high and handsome. "Cowboy! Cowboy!" they were yelling. It was nice. He looked toward the grandstand, feeling good. Then he was down and back in his corner again, saying "Aw, shucks," but not believing it. The show was over, and folks crowded him some. Little Willy appeared with his
and Rusty saw Loretta
trailed by a disapproving
fore they reached him. Pl
there, along with Arthur an
dudes. Jane threw her arm
hugging him right in front

"You wonderful old t
never saw anything like it.

"Sez you," Rusty said.
gled and a great warmth ro
yet he wasn't sure he want
way. He could see Loret
coming toward him: she lo
mad again, and he could
Bonnie's satisfied. "What d
Jane's hand slid down his
muscle!" she said, and h
round. "Oh, Rusty, you
Somebody told me that ho
three men."

"Aw, shucks—" Rusty
Little Willy interrupted,
foolish voice:

"Killed? Say, didja hee
Chuck Barrus broke his
whatja know about that!"

It was the dust, Rusty
It must be the dust, maki
thick he couldn't breathe.
he said. "That ain't true."

"It's true, awright. The
hush it up for a while, but I
the blanket on his face."

It couldn't be true, beca
fair. It had no right to be t
Chuck, with his missis in
and his new baby....

"Ooh!" Jane squealed.
of the cowboys we were w
my gracious! What a thrill
even know it!"

Rusty looked at Plain J
her, too; red, moist lips a
thin, little fingers gripping
could smell whisky and e
fume; he could feel her t
excitement over the dea
missed seeing.... *Why d
came West, anyway?*....

"When was it? Who? W
looking?"

No matter what she say
hit a girl. "Shut up!" yelle
the sob in his throat, and
thur have it, though he kn
anyone that Arthur hadn't
But the way it was, he
wide open if he couldn't so
right that minute. It was
while it lasted, and he had
afterward of knowing that
knocked him out. That jo
to one of Minifree's hired

RUSTY'S head ached an
was made of cotton woo
his eyes and saw without
retta's flushed, tearful fa
him. She was sitting on
holding his head on her
bleachers rose behind he
somewhere Rusty heard so
and horses. The rodeo w
there was a lot in his mind
retta now. He sought fo
finally brought out, "Hi-ya,

"Hi-ya," she said. "T
now."

Time passed. The sun
"We got to go." Rusty sa
stand up now; he was d
longer sick, and there were
—Patchwork—and breaking
something about Chuck's s
his mind went forward, p
with its assorted miseries:
future not at all as he ha
one sunset ago, when he
into town.

"Guess old Walters has g
else in the cabin by this ti

"I guess so."

They walked on side by
ta's arm was under his.
steady. Her voice was quiet
the only cabin in the world.

This Will Kill You

Continued from page 18

king on the job or shooting ely standing on the corner ys. It was good now, it was hat Lew was working down It gave you just that little "It's a supper club." Willy those who wished to know. ntimate club. They call it an."

ew doin' there?"

know him. What would he e M. C.'s the show, tells a . Lew always tells a ter- He sings a song, maybe a He says it's a breeze."

t he was in Hollywood."

id.

d? Listen—for a thousan' k Lew wouldn't go to Hol-

s never quite sure what had to his brother Lew in Hol- hing good, of course. But a at depends upon the breaks wasn't what you knew, it knew. . . .

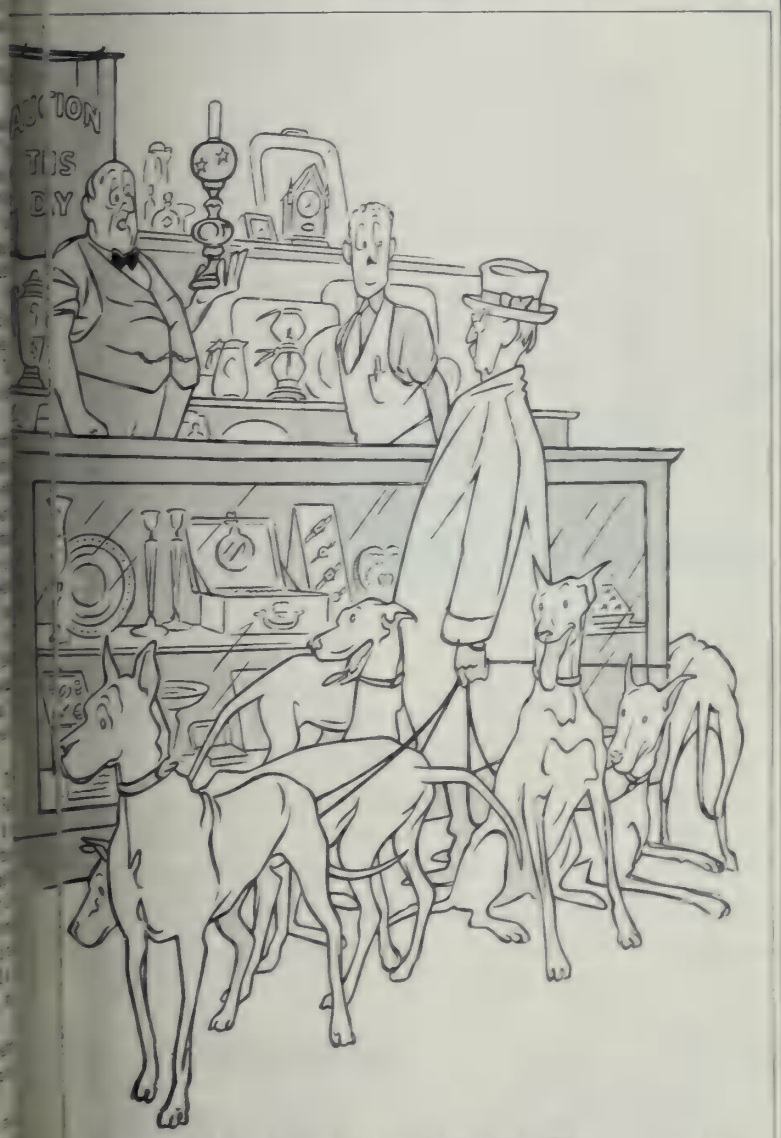
a twenty on the bar. For had been commuting from a factory out in Jersey, for airplane motors, work- each night and gaining. t hours of his effort, eleven cents. It added up. And as a dice game, in which golden arm. He won so fter all his purchasing of d costly things to wear he n hundred dollars.

heavy money; this was had not been burdened with before. The money had fattened his wallet so that it threatened the careful drape of his coat.

Willy left the change of his twenty on the bar. He said, "Let's have it again, pal." He pushed his glass out with his fingers and gestured to the boys. He was telling a story about Bing Crosby. One of the boys, a guy—well, let us say a chap—who dressed as neat as Willy, simply loved the story; you could see it in his face the way he loved the story, and he said, "What's Crosby like off stage? Did Lew say that? I mean when he's not readin' from the script."

"Bing? Off stage? Why the man's a sweetheart. Greatest trouper in the world. Democratic? Well, let me tell you there should be more characters like Bing. He was playing golf with Lew—there was Bing and Lew and Franchot Tone—and somebody—I don't remember who it was—a guy come up. A bum, Lew said, a guy whose pants was held together with a pin. The guy says, 'Bing. Look, Bing. You got a dollar on you, Bing?' Bing stops. He was about to make a shot. But you would think this bum was maybe Darryl Zanuck from the way—"

Willy told the story. He invented it, but it was, after all, the kind of thing that Crosby would have done. It was a story that wrung hearts out like a beer rag. The man behind the bar paused in the mixing of the drinks. Two of the waiters stopped, to put their eager faces over shoulders in the group surrounding Willy. Max Kaplan, lord of this magnificence, this Club 18, this Lindy's, this smart spot and hot spot of the Bronx,



"All right, who'll start the ball rolling?"



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A lady driver describes an all-day trip throug[illegible] mountains in a sleet storm. "Everybody told me [illegible] says. "Nobody could believe that my Chrysler coul[illegible] icy hills without ever slipping once!"

The plain fact of the matter is that any power [illegible]

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...ULL that wins !





. . . see how the Vacamatic transmission operates like the variable-pitch propeller in a plane, to give you the power ratio you want when you want it!

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★ ★ ★

★ Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

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was very touched. Max was a man who liked to mingle with the great.

"Mrs. Kay and I are going to Miami," Mr. Kaplan said, as though the words of Willy had helped to make the decision. "Well, when we can get away. Perhaps this month or maybe next month, Willy. We'll look Lew up at the—"

"At The Sandman," Willy said. "Just ask anybody. There's a million Broadway joints at the Beach. Just ask anybody. Lew will hand you the place, Max."

"Be nice to see Lew again," Max said. "It must be seven years since I seen Lew."

LATER, in the washroom, adjusting the complex turns of the Windsor knot in his necktie, and then combing his hair with meticulous care, Willy gave thought to Miami and to the intended adventure of Max and Mrs. Kaplan. It was a relief that Lew was working, and in a high-class Florida spot. Willy had not known of this until a friend, out at the plant in Jersey, had shown him a Broadway column of a recent date, clipped from a page of the Brooklyn Daily Argus. Willy's friend was a commuter, too. The Broadway column said, down in the middle of the second paragraph—Willy had it photostated in his mind—the column said, "Lew Longo, M. C. at Miami's newest hilarity house, The Sandman, quips this nifty . . ."

It went on to quip the nifty. It was not a nifty that would paralyze the population overnight. But at least it told Willy that Lew was working in a smart club in Miami and he told his friend that Lew gave his better gags to Winchell.

"I never see your brother's name in Winchell's column," said his friend.

Which doesn't matter now. You take Miami, Willy thought. You take the sunshine and the velvet nights, the music and the flowers, and the horses running at the track, the—what was that?—oh, yes, the beautiful flamingos—and the Broadway people in their summer clothes: Lew and Eddie Cantor, Harry Richman and the boys from Fifty-second Street. Max Kaplan and his wife would walk in there like anybody else. They would be sitting at a table while the show was going on and Lew might say—because those places in Miami, they are intimate and smart—he'd say, "I want that you should know a little lady from my own home town, the Bronx—Mrs. Shirley Kaplan. Shirley, take a bow!"

AND then, of course, he'd do the same for Max, but first of all, if he recalled correctly, Lew would request a big hand for the little lady. He would introduce them to celebrities, of course; celebrities are merely flies on the salami in Miami. Max and Shirley would remember it and they would talk about it, all of them together, through a lot of evenings at the restaurant, and that picture of Lew, above the bar, would have the full significance it used to have. Max and Shirley would come back all brown and healthy-looking, just like everyone who went to Florida—like the real big shots.

Willy had rather whitish skin that would not let him, in the wintertime, look quite so much like Georgie Raft as he would have cared to look. But if a guy went to Miami in the wintertime this problem was dissolved like salt and beer. And if your brother was the M. C. at a "house of hilarity" like The Sandman, you could learn firsthand the manners and the humor of the great, instead of rolling your own for the boys back home.

Seven hundred dollars is a large bag of potatoes, and the round-trip fare is not so very much, and he was tired, in need of rest and recreation . . . he owed it to himself. He could get leave of absence for three weeks, a month. Just cough a bit, just thump your chest, just tell them you were sick. . . .

WILLY went de luxe, and in the club car smoked a thirty-cent cigar and thought about the wondrous days ahead of him.

He arrived in the evening and checked his luggage at the station. He had some supper, though his stomach was too filled with happiness to have much room for solid food besides. The Miami lights were as brilliant as the Broadway lights. He took a little time to look around. The only thing, the only honest thing to do, of course, would be to go straight to The Sandman and announce himself to Lew. It had been seven years since he'd seen Lew. It would have been different if they'd had a common home. But Lew had been trouping a long time now—vaudeville, Hollywood, and nobody knows where else. Willy, on the other hand, had lived with his aunt and uncle and there was no closer contact than a Christmas card to bridge the long time Lew had been away.

He called a taxi and climbed inside; he said, "The Sandman."

"I never heard of it," the driver said. "Is it in Miami or Miami Beach?"

They went into a drugstore and consulted a phone book and the driver learned the location of The Sandman. "It's an expensive ride," he said.

Willy asked him how much and was shocked to learn how much and then the cab got under way. They drove across a causeway from the city of Miami, with the strings of lights along the concrete structure mirrored in the waters of Biscayne Bay.

They drove north, along the beach, and it seemed as they went the buildings dwindled in magnificence; the big hotels had vanished and it wasn't quite so elegant as it had been before. And then the taxi stopped, and Willy, looking, saw a neon sign that said The Sandman, and beneath the sign, in less impressive lettering, testimony to the biggest hamburger sandwich in Miami Beach for only a dime. Willy was ill and speechless, but then it did say, on the wall of this one-story structure . . . Music, Dancing, Nightly . . . Entertainment . . . No Cover Charge At Any Time . . .

Willy got out of the cab a driver. There was music c within. The place looked cl was a blue-and-white-strip that was pretty, even if there doorman. Willy walked insi lady with a pencil in her h hat. She told him, "You d check. I'll remember you which wasn't such a trick, were no more than fifteen p place.

The Sandman wasn't There was a bandstand, wi phone, and room enough to h or four-piece band. But the empty. There were zebra agonal across the wood parti separate booths, for class. a dance floor, little bigger liard table, with two coup slowly to the music from a nograph. And then there w with a towel across his arm, along in easy waltz time. H the mugs of beer and caug ond chorus of the tune the was playing. He sang nasal a certain competence and f his hands clasped in dramat tion.

THIS was brother Lew. H thinned and he was stou used to be. The song was M could tell that Lew had be once. The people all appl and Lew picked up the beer did a comic little jig. His apr He got a laugh. He had a the corner of his mouth anc tell that he was not an ordin he was featured; he had th liberties.

Now the three-piece band and climbed up on the st watched Lew disappear into He sat conspicuously in the things, resolved that he'd n situation if he hid behind a Lew discovered him. The t to play. Not good. Not bad

Willy kept watching the kit He saw them open abrupt appear at a rapid, swinging a fat omelet on a plate, a gestures to amuse the custon wished that he were home.

Lew put the omelet clapped his hands and did ar dance step. He looked ov



"I never saw another bartender who could draw a head like that on bock beer"



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YOU CAN SEE IT! You can feel it! Every wisp of it is real! Man oh man! Shows you what something new can do! Dolly—that's my girl—says this little old mustache just completes the picture. And say! That's what adding that prized imported tobacco does for a famous cigarette.

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Trade-mark of the Company whose pioneering research transforms glass into products useful in everyone . . . Glass Containers, Insulation Glass Blocks and Libbey Safedge Glassware

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

First in Glass

illy was sitting, but didn't seem nize him for anything but a uest. Willy was going to call he couldn't get his voice to nen Lew came down the floor and out between the dancers. y caught his eye and called, w. Hey, Lew."

ame over slowly, recognition as he walked. He blanched a beneath his splendid coat of owed no clear emotion. Willy me. Little Willy."

stood up. Lew took his outed hand and held it for a mo- sat down at the table and down, too. Lew said, "Hello. ere'd you come from?" No that. He just kept looking . Lew was quietly defensive. He did not betray the shock rise. He said, finally, "You're ow, aren't you, Willy? You're d up like half a dance team." not know what to say. Lew im. Lew relented. Lew his shoulders tightly and said, to see you, boy. It's a long

dropped down," said Willy. st dropped down? You mean hat?" Lew snapped his fin- ook out his cigarettes.

ot exactly, Lew. I figured—" matter? You a millionaire t dropped down? Just like l, you got class, kid. You look Lew felt a lapel of the linen t bad. Not bad. I thought orkin', Willy. I thought you s workin'."

rkin'. I just heard you were , Lew, you know—" Willy did mfortable. "We seen it in the was in The Brooklyn Argus, oe Sarnoff's column. He said down here at The Sandman."

Oh, that. That was nice of sn't it? Givin' me a plug like pt you thought The Sandman -class joint. Er—excuse me. Willy. I got a number comin' up Just a little bilge pot I wrote myself."

Lew took off his apron and somebody threw him a fireman's hat. The drums were already rolling and the piano player blew a siren. Lew galloped wildly up to the bandstand and fell deliberately, brutally on the seat of his pants. It was an old routine from Lew's fine days in vaudeville. It had been funny then, but didn't seem to Willy very funny now.

Lew came back, all out of breath, and sat down long enough to comb his hair. Willy said, "It was all right, Lew," and smiled to show it was all right.

"Oh, it stinks," Lew said. "It's all right for a joint like this."

"You're gettin' by," said Willy. "What the hell—you know the way show business is." Willy spoke as one who knew about such things firsthand.

"It's only for a little while," Lew said. "Things haven't been so good, but I've got a couple things lined up."

"You have?"

"Well, I seen Billy Kent the other day. You know Billy Kent? Books bands, books acts, books anything. Billy's got Victor and Verina, down at the Hurricane House. He's got the headliners all over the place. He's down here now. Well, Billy says to me the other day, he says, 'Lew . . .'"

Lew talked along, his confidence increasing while he held a sympathetic ear and Willy thought how much it sounded like the little dreams he dreamed himself at Kaplan's bar up in the Bronx, about the things that Crosby said to Lew, and of the things that Lew, in turn, would say to Eddie Cantor.

Lew got up to tell a funny story. Well, it was a story. It was a molded gag that could not hide its age, no matter with what skill it was unfolded.

Later, when The Sandman had closed for the night, Lew said it would be foolish for Willy to stay at one of the large hotels. "So whatta you get? You get a bed. Listen, for the prices they charge you should take the bed home." So Willy, discouraged, gathered his bags from the place he had checked them and took them along to Lew's little room. It was quite a squeeze in the single bed.

Lew went through the array of suits and haberdashery. He tried a white suit on and said the thing would fit if the sleeves were shortened the slightest bit. Willy thought, well, after all, the guy's my brother.

Lew said, "Frankly, kid—how do you do it? A guy who works with a wrench can't afford to live on your scale, Willy. You sure the cops ain't lookin' for you?"

Willy explained he had no business with the police at any time and that his fortune came through honest sweat and a turn of luck in a game of dice.

"A gambler, huh? A chip off the old block, huh? How much money you got, Willy?"

Willy said he had about four hundred dollars left, besides his ticket home, de luxe. The job was always waiting, Willy said. Sometimes you feel that you deserve a good time, Lew, that's all.

Lew said the Longos were all gamblers, every single one of them. When Papa was alive he'd gamble you which nostril he had stuck the snuff in. Lew said he knew a horse at Hialeah. It was a special horse that they'd been saving. This was just the time. Tomorrow was the time. "This horse is so hot you can smell his hair burning, Willy. You can smell him from here."

They went to Hialeah and the sun was shining. Lew looked great in Willy's suit. The sun shone in the calm lake in the center of the running track. The sun shone down on everyone. It was Miami at its best. The horses fought the reins and danced up beautifully and nervously to take their places in the starting stalls. The colors on the jockeys were as brilliant as the flowers that were everywhere. Lew said, "This dog can't lose. We'll play him fifty dollars straight," although Willy could not understand just whom he meant by "We."

WELL, the horse was fourth, but there would be another animal just as torrid in the second race. Horse racing is a gamble, it was understood. You got to spend money to make money. Willy looked up from the entries and he saw that they were standing next to Harry Richman.

He said to Lew, "There's Harry Richman."

Mr. Richman turned around and Willy grinned and Lew said, "Hello, Harry."

Harry said, "Hello. Why, hello," and generously took the proffered hand, though Willy knew, from the man's surprise, he did not know Lew from the grandstand or the second horse from the rail.

The second horse from the rail was Lew's and Willy's horse. This horse ran fifth. And then there was another horse.

Lew said, when they got home, when Lew was changing his clothes to go to work, "Can't understand it, kid. That last horse had no right to miss. That horse was hot."

Willy said, "I know. His hair was burning. You can smell him from here. You think I can't? Let's close the window, Lew."

"Oh—a wise guy." Lew dressed silently and didn't say a word until Willy had softened him with kinder remarks.

Willy wished more fervently than ever that he hadn't ventured to Miami. But he could not go back to the Bronx. Not for a while, at least. He'd said that he'd be gone for several weeks. He'd said that he'd be sitting around with Lew and Jessel, Cantor, Richman, all the smart set cracking wise in the hot spots in Miami. He felt quite ill. He knew the reckoning would come when Max and Mrs. Kaplan came to see Lew



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at The Sandman later in the season.

Having no money, he went often to the beach, and acquired the lovely coat of tan that he had wanted. If you cared to, you could walk along the shore and mingle with the big shots. But it didn't matter now. Perhaps it was a better thing to be yourself. He swam in the ocean and slept on the sand. Most times he slept, and when it was time to go back to the Bronx, Lew said to him, "You been a great pal, kid; I mean it from the heart."

They were sitting in The Sandman and Lew's act would soon be on, and Willy thought he'd miss it if he could. "I gotta get to the train, Lew." Willy dug inside his coat, produced the gags he had thought up—and written down—in the past few years, the stand-bys that had laid them low in Kaplan's.

"What you got there, kid?"

Willy looked them over slowly. They had once been very dear to him. "Kind of a hobby, Lew," he said. "I thought that maybe you could use them. They're not much good, but anyway they haven't been used before."

WILLY didn't go to Kaplan's for the longest time, because the day that he got home he found a post card from the Kaplans, postmarked Jacksonville. The card said they were going to Miami Beach, and that they certainly would not forget to say hello to Lew.

Consequently, Willy stayed away. But not forever. A man can't leave his friends behind him, all his good and trusted friends, because they've caught him in the act of shooting off his mouth.

He went warily to Kaplan's. Max and Mrs. K. were back, it was explained. They had a great time in Miami, said the man behind the bar.

Willy let it go at that, and then Max came up from the kitchen and some of Willy's pals arrived. Max said, "Willy! Where have you been, Willy?"

All the boys were glad to see him. Willy wondered why. "The guy's as brown as a berry. You look perfectly marvelous, Willy," they told him, and that was very nice.

Max said, "Have a drink, Willy. Where you been hidin'?"

"No place, Max. I just be busy

"Too busy to come in and see your pals?"

Willy just grinned. He ga no ex- planations. He was on guard he talk would soon be of Miami, b maybe Max was understanding. M e Max was diplomatic. After all, he s a guy. He was not the kind to b it guy.

But Max got happily to rk. He said, "I seen Lew."

From this point I'm suppo d to fo a handspring, Willy thought. ou can 'im, huh?"

"What a time? What a char er that Lew! Willy, I never realized w much you look like your brother."

One of the boys, one of th egulars who'd not been in since Ma stum- from Florida, but was familia with his deeds of Lew by word of W y, said "You saw Lew, Max? You s there?"

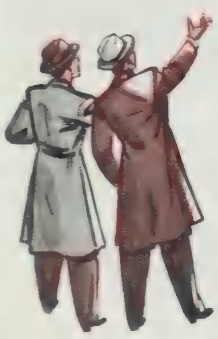
Max said, "What a time? er has at the—at the—"

"At The Sandman," said th guy.

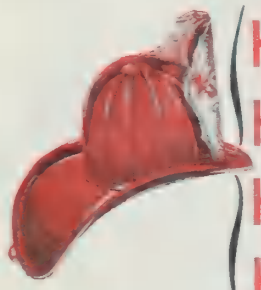
"No. I see him last week. He's not at The Sandman any more. e does make that stop. Lew's at th -what the name of it?—you know, t fancy place, the million-dollar p e—the Hurricane House, that's it. e only went in there about ten days o. The agent—Billy Kent—signed hi up and put him in there. Lew is kil g them down there. I tell you they e Lew down there."

Willy stood stiff and listeni Willy said nothing. Max hit Will on the chest. "And with the same ol gags he is killing them, Willy. The s e one you been tellin' us for years. ou go to give Lew credit. That one out the two Jewish boys and the por oine?— terrific!" Kaplan said. "And at kill me," Max continued, "is tha Lew—like the nerve of him—he sa to me before the show, 'I got a new s. Max I want you should catch.' Why he ma is a laugh a minute."

Willy, with numb fingers, pu ve dol- lars on the bar. It was the on five b had. He looked at his hair co in the mirror and rearranged the fo of his tie. "What are you drinking, x?" he said. "See what the boys will ve."



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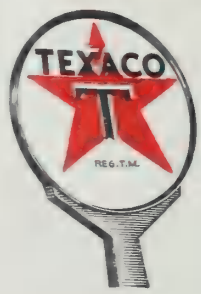
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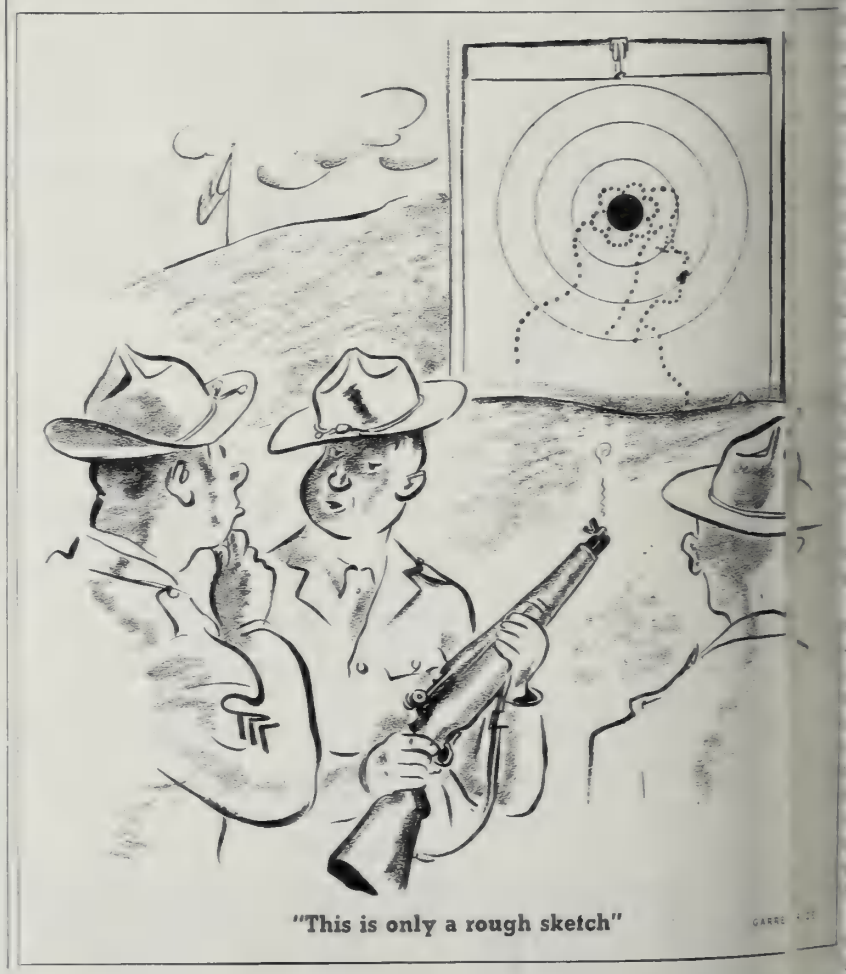
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"This is only a rough sketch"

China Sky

Continued from page 23

d th n had not. After all, it was Ya-ng's ecret and heavy enough for her pea without others knowing of it yet. Ya-ing came slowly to the desk hou answering. She put her hand o h bosom, still without a word, and ug out two small folded squares of per. Then she opened them. Her ids iu-mei noticed, were pretty—tty nd quick, too. In an instant the pers ere open. They contained the ne ng, small, round, yellow pills.

"Wh do you put these before me?" -mi asked, astonished. Then she s as nished at Ya-ching's look. The nd, at face was awake with inner iter nt. The thick lips trembled.

"Th -and this," Ya-ching muttered, ntir at the papers, "are not the ne."

"The look the same," Siu-mei said rly.

"I m le these," Ya-ching said. She ntes o one paper. "He made those." po ed to the other.

"Wh he?" Siu-mei asked.

"Chu doctor," Ya-ching said.

ORD ODING fell upon Siu-mei but she shed it away. "What of that?" ask l, feigning carelessness.

"The —his—he gives to the Japa-e," -ching said. "And then he al-ys g s to sleep. Have you not seen w he eps? His body is half dead and bre n stops and his eyes roll in."

"Wh ? When does this happen?" Siu-me sked sharply.

"Eve day, at least once," Ya-ching plied.

"Wh "

"How o I know? A nurse is not told."

The o women looked at each other.

"How ong has this gone on?" Siu-mei ed. he sat motionless, her two ds c ched. She was stiff with fore-ding ow. It was no longer to be shed way by any strength she had.

"For onths," Ya-ching replied.

"And ou have said nothing!" Siu-i cri . She leaped to her feet. Oh, e mu find defense for him whom she ed! You come to me now, ready th y r accusations! I ask you—om d you accuse?"

Ya-ching hesitated. She had thought e mi t not yet tell the whole. If e on told a part, that part with ich s had nothing to do, if she told ly en gh to make him suffer, it might enou revenge, and still in the fu-re sh might have some sort of con-sed h e. But hope for what? For w as e stood thus face to face with u-me he saw how beautiful she was. ere w a face which if a man had he uld wi no other, those black eyes e sha of apricots, the moth eye-ows, s mouth red as a pomegranate all th old phrases for woman's beauty owdened mind as she saw them come ue in u-mei's face. What folly any ope o ers!

"I ac se—the man who's responsible r thi she said, and pointed to her elly.

Siu-mi gasped out her relief. "Oh," he sig d, "oh—oh, is that all! Oh, I as afra d, for a moment!"

"You ere afraid it was Chung doc-or." Y ching said in her harsh, flat oice. ou are right—it is he."

She t Siu-mei's eyes, she waited in er spe less silence, while these words went hme to Siu-mei's brain.

"I dot believe you," Siu-mei stam-mered. Her mouth was stiff and she ould n go on. Her tongue was too dry o wet r lips.

"It is e," Ya-ching said. "Why do I accuse n? Because he pushed me out of his door with his foot." She felt in her bosom again and brought out a scrap of faded blue cloth.

"Here is another thing," she said. "I tore this from the sleeve of his younger brother, who is a guerrilla in the Eagle's band. But this brother comes and goes with messages to his elder brother. From whom, I do not know. And why, I cannot tell you. But they are messages like this—'The Sha-Wu Mountains.'"

"How do you know this?" Siu-mei whispered.

"I saw him enter his elder brother's room one night," Ya-ching replied, "and so another night, not long since. I laid hold of him and frightened him. I told him the evil his elder brother did was known and he had better not come in lest he be caught in it. And so he gave me the message and escaped my hand. But I held his sleeve and tore this out of it."

Siu-mei could not speak. She sat staring at these things before her. And Ya-ching went on in the same dull and heavy voice:

"What one thing has to do with another, I do not know. I am not clever enough to know the meaning even of what I see." She paused and went on again. "There is a third thing. These," she pointed to one paper, "I gave the Japanese to eat today. Go in and see for yourself if he is well or ill. If he is well, then what I have said is somewhat proved—though what the meaning of the proof is—that, too, I do not know." She sighed, belched a little as she gazed at Siu-mei, and looked vacantly about the room. "I suffer a good deal now with my stomach," she said plaintively. "Nothing I eat feeds me." She wiped her mouth with her apron. "Tell me," she said, "is it true that a child like mine always kills its mother?"

"I don't know," Siu-mei said. "Ask me nothing—leave me alone."

YA-CHING turned obediently and then stood at the door. "I have heard old women tell it so," she said sadly. "In one way or another, they say, such a child always kills its mother." She went away then, padding down the bare corridors in her cloth shoes. And Siu-mei sat staring at those things before her for a while, and biting her thumbnail until the quick began to bleed. Then she took up those things and put them in her bosom and rose from her chair.

"I must know the truth," she thought. "I must know it whatever it is."

Yasuda first, she made up her mind quickly. But she would find Sara to go with her for strength into Yasuda's presence. "Oh, I will tell her everything!" she thought. "I can bear it better if someone knows!"

But Sara was not in her rooms and Sara was not in the garden. Sara was nowhere to be found. Siu-mei searching one room after another could not find her. Out in the side courtyard under an orange tree she found the amah and the baby, playing placidly in the mild air.

"Where is Durand doctor?" Siu-mei cried.

"She went out of the front gate after she ate this morning," the amah replied. She clucked at the baby proudly. "See this one's new tooth, Ling doctor! She bit a gash in my finger—look!"

"Wicked one," Siu-mei said without looking. "Tell me, did Durand doctor go out all alone?"

"Alone," the amah replied.

"Carrying nothing?"

"Her medicine case as she always does."

"And saying nothing?"

..but then Jim turned my tears into

CHEERS!



JIM: "Fine thing to come home to *this!* Can't even see to read! Daphne, if you take the bulb from my lamp again . . . I'll . . ."

ME: (sobbing) "Well . . . how could I get dinner? . . . if you hadn't forgotten to get bulbs . . . I asked you *yesterday!*"



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JIM: "Ahh! That's more like it! There's nothing like having enough light for easy seeing!"

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"Only to bid me squeeze an orange for this little meat dumpling when the sun is halfway between the wall and the top of the orange tree—oh, my mother, it is there now!" The amah rose and rushed away, the baby in her arms.

"She would go to the streets ruined yesterday," Siu-mei thought quickly. "She will be there and I will find her." She ran across the court as she thought and saw Gray, walking slowly toward the hospital, his head bent.

"Why, he looks ill!" she thought. But she ran on, down the steps and out of the gate, and then in the street walked quietly and swiftly among the broken bricks and gaping holes. Workingmen were filling and mending and they paused as she passed and then went on again.

BUT she had not far to go before she saw Sara, and with Sara a ragged, black-faced crowd of thirty or more men, women and children. Ahead of them Sara marched, her face stern, her feet tempered to the shuffling, halting footsteps of those following her.

Siu-mei hurried to her. "Now what do you do?" she asked.

"These are our guests," Sara said firmly. "We have empty rooms and empty beds and idle hands and this morning I could bear it no longer. I went out and found homeless ones."

They were beggars, Siu-mei saw quickly, the desperate poor who do not care who feeds them or what shelters them. They were wounded and some were burned in yesterday's great fire. These were they who lived in mat sheds, hovels which were gone in one instant's blaze.

"We'll fill the hospital somehow," Sara said recklessly. "I can't stand it empty any more. I've got to have work." She quickened her steps and all the wretched crowd gathered their rags together and hastened theirs.

"I have not eaten in four days," one muttered.

"I? I cannot count the days since I saw food," another wailed.

"You will be fed," Sara promised.

Siu-mei fell in with her and Sara seized her hand and, hand in hand, they entered the hospital gate and the crowd swarmed up the steps to the door.

"Now, Siu-mei," Sara said restlessly, "not a moment is to be lost. There's a job here. Take them into the clinic for preliminaries. There's smallpox among them, if I'm not mistaken."

The door of Gray's office opened and he stood there staring. "My God!" he said.

"These are patients," Sara said with a hard brightness.

"You went out and raked them in," he said.

Her lips quivered. "I have to work," she said pleadingly. His own white face made her heart ache. But she was helpless to do anything for him, wasn't she? So she must work.

HE LOOKED at her tender face. For a grown woman she had the tenderest, most uncovered face he had ever seen. That was because she never thought about herself or how she looked.

"I'll be along," he said quietly, "in a moment."

He went back into his office and began to scrub his hands. He need not tell her at once. Now he would put off telling her that he had decided to go away. There were all those people she had found God knows where—wrecks of more than war. He sighed. Of course he'd have to tell her and tell her today. Louise was already looking up steamers and talking about a plane to take them out of Chen-li. He encouraged the idea of a plane grimly. There was always a good chance of those one-motored things cracking up against the mountains between Chen-li and the sea. He dried his hands thoroughly. Then he remembered Yasuda. He'd better just have a look at the fellow before he plunged into the human mess waiting for him in the clinic. . . .

Yasuda was sound asleep. Somehow he had simply fallen asleep. His breathing was easy, his muscles were supple. He opened his eyes suddenly, aware of having been waked. A moment before he had thought drowsily that someone was in the room, but then hearing nothing he had slept on. Now the door opened and shut and he heard it. Two people stood at his bed. He wet his dry lips with his tongue. Something was wrong. He felt perfectly well. The drug had not worked! He stared and saw the Chinese female doctor and Thomison, the American, and he tried to smile.

"You are better this morning," Gray said in surprise.

"Much better," Siu-mei murmured. Her face went completely white. Then to her astonishment she felt her head whirl, the light of the morning went black before her eyes and she fell across the bed.

"She has fainted," Yasuda cried. Without knowing what he did he leaped out of bed and in his hospital sleeping pajamas ran to the ewer and dipped a towel into the water and ran back to Siu-mei, clucking with his tongue against the roof of his mouth and wiping her face and slapping her hands with the wet end of the towel. It was done in an instant. Then he remembered himself. He stole a sick look at Gray. And he saw Gray standing there, tall and stern, the amazement on his face changing rapidly to certainty.

"You are very strong for a sick man, Mr. Yasuda."

Mr. Yasuda giggled. "I? Yes, please, thank you—" In his agitation his voice trailed off into a squeak. He looked at Siu-mei helplessly and saw her eyes beginning to open, and he threw the towel under the bed and crept into bed and pulled the covers up to his chin and lay looking at Gray, the frightened smile on his face.

Siu-mei struggled to her feet. "Oh," she sighed, "I never fainted before."

"You could not have chosen a better time," Gray said distinctly. "Come, let us go."

He took Siu-mei's arm as she spoke and led her to the door with him. Then he paused and took out the key. When they had gone out he paused once more and locked the door. Then he turned to Siu-mei.

"You had better go and rest," he said.

"I cannot," she replied. "I must tell you a matter. It is why I fainted—so stupidly, I know, but I could r —that he was all right. Bu

"He certainly was," Gray sa into my office then." He le his office and closed the doc her into an easy chair and po water into a glass and gave

"Tell me quietly and as you he said.

She sipped the water a mor she put it down, and gatherin all the strength of her soul, she what Ya-ching had told her.

"Then," Gray said, when through, "the sooner we sen away the better."

"Yes," she said.

"And he—Chung—he must

"Yes," she said again. Then look broke. "I cannot—will y go to the Eagle, Thomison d tell him that he can come fo if you will, do—the other."

"Certainly I will," Gray sa not fitting for you. But how c to the Eagle?"

"My father knows the way," "He has been there and he w me."

"Go then," Gray said, "as you can."

"Now," Siu-mei said, "no *he* comes back. I must neve again!"

"Now," Gray agreed.

She slipped from the room minutes later he saw her hurr the steps of the hospital and great gate. . . .

IN HIS bed Yasuda lay an until he could bear it no m he got up and tiptoed across to the door and tried it. It w as he had feared. He went t dow and looked out. The high up and the court below To leap would be folly if only a leg; if worse, it would b way even to die. Better to many pills than lie mangled!

He was a good Buddhist a spected the wholeness of th body. So he went over to t and took out the pills and po into his hand. There were o left and as he examined them once that they were frauds. ones were hard pellets like cl he could crush—who had d Chung—Chung had betrayed heard a footstep and he rushed his bed and feigned sleep. tried the door, found it locked away. He opened his eyes an ing at Chung, the traitor. So al this Chinese had been betra while he took his money! Al



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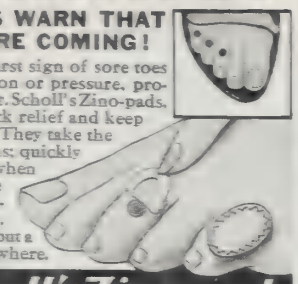


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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

were liars and traitors! He would get out somehow and back to his own people and tell them that it was true, all Chinese were liars and traitors.

In his helpless rage he thought of his own country, his good faithful wife and his honorable old parents, his four little children and his lovely garden and he began to sob. Perhaps he would never see them again. By this time he was wailing softly in a sort of madness of rage at Chung, who had betrayed him.

"It is your fault, sir," he said to an imaginary Chung standing before him. "If I am compelled to commit a crime and kill you, it is your fault and I am guiltless."

He sat up cross-legged on his bed and squared his elbows. His face was now the color of red wine. His eyeballs protruded with the force of his glare as he watched the door.

"I am a tiger trapped," he chanted softly, deliriously. "I am a strong Japanese tiger!" . . .

Chung ran up the steps of the hospital gaily. He had had an excellent feast. The wine was extraordinary. Besides, he had done what he had planned to do among his fellows. They knew, now, that the patriotic duty of all far-seeing Chinese was to make peace with Japan on any terms.

He and Yasuda had talked this over clearly many times. Later, of course, though he never told this to Yasuda, when the Chinese were strong and thoroughly modernized they would throw the Japanese out with all the other foreigners. He foresaw infinite possibilities ahead for power. To use people, that was the secret, he told himself, smoothing down his hair before the mirror in his office, to use people as he now used Louise and his brother and Ya-ching, and, for that matter, Yasuda himself. He thought with satisfaction of Siu-mei. In that day to come when he was a powerful and important man she would be worthy of a place beside him as his beautiful wife.

HE LEFT the office feeling very content with himself. This war, he was thinking, was actually turning to his advantage. He would go first to Yasuda and tell him how successful he had been in persuading his friends. So he went down the corridor and turned the handle of Yasuda's door and to his surprise it was locked.

Who would lock this door? He had a master key on the key ring in his pocket but he paused a moment before he used it and listened. Then he turned the key quickly in the lock and went in.

Something sprang at him from the bed, a knot of concentrated fury flung against him, slammed the door shut behind him with its impact and bore him down. He struggled against it, clawing and scratching and kicking, but the thing was digging in his entrails and clutching at his throat. He was nothing before this ball of iron. He felt his head bent far back and heard the loud click-clack of his own breaking neck. Then he knew no more. . . .

Ya-ching, coming back again to Yasuda's room, opened the door softly, now, and saw that last backward thrust. She cried out, shut the door and locked it and took away the key and ran through the corridors to the cubicle which was her own room. She did not hesitate for one moment. Chung was dead, so what reason had she now for accusation? What reason even to stay here any longer where he was not?

She found a large, blue cotton handkerchief and into it she packed quickly all her belongings. There was almost nothing—her one good suit of dark clothes she put on. Her old mother had made them for her when she came to Chen-li to find work as a serving-maid. They had told her here that foreigners paid good wages and so she had come to the hospital and begun as a scrubbing woman. She had worn uniforms ever since, except for the red silk gown she had bought to wear for *him*. She put this in hastily, and her wooden comb and her foreign toothbrush, and then she tied the handkerchief and crept out, down the back stairs, out of the back court.

Everybody was busy with the beggars Durand doctor had brought in. They had grown used to idleness in the hospital and everybody was grumbling about having to clean and cook for beggars. She ran for the back gate and went out into the narrow alley that led to the street that went down to the river. There at the river it was easy to find a boat going up the rapids to the next town and from there she could walk across country to her own village. What she would do then, she did not know. They would not welcome her nor the extra mouth she brought with her.

But she never reached her village. Who that had known Ya-ching could ever tell what became of her? The boat was crowded with people weary of the dangers of Chen-li. She had to squeeze herself into the edge of the crowd and the boards of the small junk were slippery and wet. They said that the pock-marked girl sat on her bundle at the very edge of the deck and there was nothing for her to hold to when in the midst of the rapids the junk heaved to one side. She slipped off before any hand could catch her, and the rapids covered her. Useless it was to endanger them all by stopping in that dangerous place. Besides, who had courage to rescue a creature snatched by the river god?

People looked at one another and murmured. "Doubtless she had committed some crime and the gods punished her."

"Doubtless it was so," they told one another; "a girl traveling alone, and with child."

They opened her bundle and looked but there was nothing to tell her name, so what could they do with the garments except divide them? "I will take that red thing," a woman screamed, and she put out her strong, brown arm and tore it out of the hands of three others. "Give me the handkerchief," a toothless old woman cried, so they let her have this last thing and she took it and tied it over her head and was pleased. "The sun was hot on me," she remarked, "but the gods help the good." . . .

But Ya-ching's scream at his door had waked Yasuda out of his fury. [illegible] his head, then he got up, trem[illegible] tle. He suddenly felt cold [illegible] The Chinese was dead. He h[illegible] gotten that trick of jujitsu, th[illegible] he had learned it as a young n[illegible] never thought to use it on a [illegible] creature. But this he had [illegible] pelled to do. Had he not [illegible] pelled? He shivered and wo[illegible] he had not been a prisoner a[illegible] mies, it would not have been [illegible] But when the one man who [illegible] trusted proved traitor, there [illegible] ing to do but kill him.

"A-mit-ah-ba!" he mur[illegible] Buddha.

Only now did it occur to hi[illegible] was the moment for escape. [illegible] the door—locked! But how [illegible] locked? It had been open—it [illegible] been open when the Chines[illegible] There had been no time for [illegible] a fever he felt through Chu[illegible] ing. There was no key—not[illegible] letter. He threw the letter [illegible] picked it up again and put [illegible] pocket. It was one of the let[illegible] ready for the white woman to[illegible] had better keep it. So then h[illegible] prisoner! And there was this [illegible] eyes ran over the small roo[illegible] was no place to hide the body [illegible] thought of something. Chu[illegible] was almost directly above his [illegible] floor. He could throw the b[illegible] the window. It would fall [illegible] court below. Who would k[illegible] which window it had fallen w[illegible] crushed upon the tiles belo[illegible] broken?

STRONG with his need, [illegible] Chung's body, graceful eve[illegible] the head hanging strangely lil[illegible] broken at the stalk. He stagg[illegible] window and looked out. The[illegible] a person to be seen. It was ti[illegible] noon meal, the best possible [illegible] what he had to do. He gath[illegible] self together and flung the bo[illegible] was gone. He heard in a sm[illegible] the soft clattering crash bel[illegible] he went over to his bed and [illegible] and drew the covers up to his [illegible] closed his eyes. He was tired [illegible] tired, with what he had had [illegible] he was trembling again.

"For I am not a man of [illegible] thought. "I am not accustom[illegible] ing men, even righteously. [illegible] understand that I am a man [illegible]

Thus praying, he lay and t[illegible]



"How does it feel to be my first husband?"



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his garden and his little children and his wife and his old parents.

"Return me, O Buddha, in peace to those who wait for me!" And thus praying, he waited.

UPON the thousand stone steps of the mountain Siu-mei climbed steadily upward. Behind her the chair bearers swung her empty sedan chair. Never, they agreed, had they hired themselves better than to this girl who walked endlessly on her own two feet. Old Mr. Ling, sitting tilted up in his own sedan still farther behind, watched Siu-mei anxiously.

"Spare yourself!" he called to her.

But she called back, "I am better if I am walking in this sun and wind!"

She went on steadily and he watched her, tenderness in his eyes. All would be well for this beloved child of his, he was thinking. The gods were knowing. They had ways to heal the hearts of the young and the good.

"Drink tea!" he called loudly at a small wayside tea shop tucked into the crevice of the cliff.

The chair coolies let him down grunting. "There is iron in this old sir," one said jovially to another. "I never knew a thin old man to weigh like a fat one before," another said.

Mr. Ling laughed and threw them some copper coins. "I grow very heavy each time we come near a tea shop," he said. Then they all laughed.

Siu-mei, seating herself at one of the rough, small bamboo tables, smiled without hearing. Mr. Ling sat down beside her and handed her his fan. The wind had suddenly died down.

"It must be well after noon," he said, squinting upward at the sun. "We will be there in another two hours."

She did not answer and he sat peaceably drinking his tea. Whatever the gods designed it was well. There was design in this moment upon the mountain, design, he thought half smiling, in the color that sun and wind were putting upon Siu-mei's cheeks. He looked at her, an old man long past caring for such things, but still he was pleased that his only daughter was very beautiful.

"She was too pale when she came home this morning," he th
now, by the time Chen-ta s
will be a pomegranate flow

He sat placidly enjoying
of the white-foamed stream
falling beneath them and th
the far beauty of the wide
yond, though all the time d
of this young heart's distress
But he could see the end to
and it was not far off, thoug
it seemed so endless.

"I shall never marry," sl
him this morning, sobbing
love again!"

He smiled, looking out
How could he tell her that th
edy was that love could al
again and again?

So when in a few minutes
to her feet, restless with
row, he agreed amiably
Chen-ta was on the mounta
Ling had made sure of that
code he knew. In a watc
standing in the ruined ci
Chen-li he paid the guard to
flag. When any saw this f
word, mouth to ear, to C
Chen-ta came home to his
he could. If he could, a pill
went up from between the
rocks that were the mounta
he could not, there was no s
morning the smoke rose qu
the green flag flew. The E
the eyrie, and so Mr. Ling
at once, the sooner to ease
heart.

NOW, seating himself in his more, he went on enjoyin
turn of the scene about hir
he speak again to Siu-mei t
ride. Sun and wind and mo
doing their healing work,
only in the color upon her c
the growing calmness of he
the returning tranquillity of
mouth. She could even smil
he called her attention to a
young birds in a clump
which they passed.

Not until they were withi
the mountaintop, then, did
her:

"Rest now, daughter. And

BUTCH By Larry



"If I come in once more, Butch, will ya cut out foolin' an' help with the safe?"

A little jealousy is O.K. with Mr. Dean



AN: I'll never meet you again! You come sailing in surrounded mo starlets...a pretty stewardess...a stunning new hat—bought for ir special benefit, I presume!

2. **MR. DEAN:** Now, now—take it easy. I bought this streamlined hat because I liked it. And if it makes you jealous, well—remember I like you a *little* jealous...proof of interest, I say.



DEA We'll lunch right here in the airport, gree yes?

DEAN ure. But let's see that hat. Why, it's as as the tetson I'm wearing.



4. **MRS. DEAN:** And it says "Stetson" inside as big as life. Glad you got a *good* hat. Now I can throw away those horrible old wrecks of yours.

MR. DEAN: The sooner the better!



5. **MRS. DEAN:** You got a Stetson Stratoliner *and* that streamlined hat box, too?

MR. DEAN: I did. And here's where I'm going to keep it. It's too good to be hanging around loose.

The *Stetson Stratoliner* $6.50

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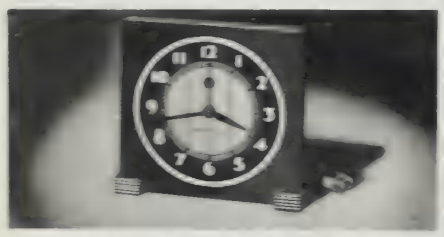
BIG BEN ELECTRIC will win you at first glance! A stunning clock that's self-starting and has two-voice chime alarm. Ivory finish with gold color trim or black with nickel trim. $4.95

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WESTCLOX
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

hair. The wind has blown it into a tangle. And a handsome young man is waiting up there."

He smiled at her, daring to tease her, and she caught that teasing look and turned away. But he was well pleased. For she obeyed him and when the coolies lowered the chair she stepped in, and he saw her later when the gates of the Eagle's encampment were in sight, mending her hair and making it neat and looking at herself secretly in the mirror of a small foreign handbag she carried. He laughed to himself, the quiet laughter of a wise old man. In a few weeks, in a few days perhaps, when he teased her she would pout instead of turning away, and then when he teased her she would smile and then blush, and so a better love would begin. He felt wonderfully content.

"How well the gods manage for us all" he remarked to the universe about him. . . .

As for Chen-ta, he had had no idea of the fortune now drawing near him. He had come back to the mountain two days before, bringing all his men back with him to prepare for a great secret attack upon the enemy at a spearhead they had made by pushing into a village within twenty miles of Chen-li. He was putting all his strength into this attack and his eyes were on Chung Third night and day. It would have been easy to have the man killed, but foolish, for while he was alive and free he would reveal the whole of what Chen-ta now suspected to be a vast secret. So he kept the man alive and near him so he could not run away and sweating with uncertainty and fear.

Thus when the green flag flew the Eagle was there on his mountain, and now his men, always watchful on the path, sent word that guests were coming—two sedans. They were at first still too far off to see who they were, so he waited in his main court, eating oranges and drinking wine. Then it was told him who they were.

"The honored old Ling," his man said, scraping the dust with his bare toe, "and his daughter."

"Not that one herself!" he shouted.

"Which?" the man said stupidly.

"The beautiful one, fool!" Chen-ta bellowed.

"This is one certainly worth a man's eyes," the man retorted, "for I saw her myself."

Chen-ta leaped to his feet and ran for his own rooms. "And I sitting here like a lout!" he roared. "In dust and dirt and orange skins!"

HE YELLED for hot water and foreign soap and for his barber and for his good new clothes and leather shoes and his new wrist watch he had taken from a Japanese captain not long since, and everybody ran about to serve him, thinking him mad.

But he had himself clean and at his best in the little time left, and the courtyard swept and new tea and wine and little cakes ready, and when it was cried at the gates that they were come he stood up and the sun shone on his dark handsome face and he looked like a king.

"Like a king," Mr. Ling thought. But he did not say so. He merely came forward, walking in the swaying way that old scholars walk, his robes swinging from side to side, to make his greeting. And when this was done he nodded to Siu-mei as at some small thing he had brought along.

"This one," he said to the Eagle, "is my solitary, negligible child whom you have seen."

Then he stepped back to enjoy himself. And what he enjoyed were these two, standing face to face, looking at each other, as if for the first time they saw what they were.

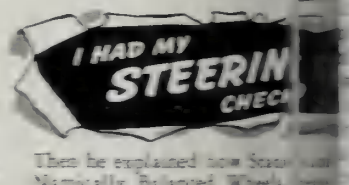
(To be concluded next week)



"Tell your boys to stick right behind me and I'll get you through"



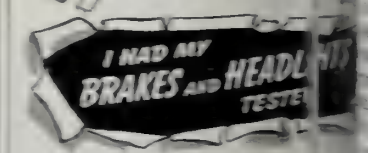
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Then my Bear man explained lights and Brake Testing Se the Bear Headlight Tester not lights aimed but also beam elevation—all of which are headlights that are safe and driving a pleasure, how the Tester works on a r exclusive, more a rate test principle. . .



Sure was Lucky for me . . . to drive a really safe car . . . a bigger kick out of driving t night . . . and I'm saving mon I drive . . . That's why I say

P. S. SERVIC

you read about in COLLIER'S for the shop with the Bear front and the Four Leaf Clove



The Traitor

Continued from page 19

ther frowned. "How could Mrs. have got hold of it?"

't know. I've told no one."

urse not."

ks, Dad. I was afraid you might let you down."

r be afraid of that, Phyl."

ed him, determined not to get He picked up a handful of my kissed it; not for me but for ier, whose hair was the same

' he said, "this may make bit more difficult. Try to get der Kirstell on the phone and to come over here as soon as Then come right back, because talk to you about Pop Sedden ."

ye, sir."

Commander Kirstell had not his ffice at the shipyard. He said wou come at once.

HE I got back to the library, my fat was pacing the floor. It hurt to hin o troubled and so bewildered. lt li cursing Navy Station and ev- one it. The admirals who had lishe Dad to this measly little Yard I su eeded better than they knew; wa real punishment station. He tra ed himself to think in terms men d ships and guns—bold stra- ic ic s with the breadth of oceans co nents for their scope. They cor mned him to struggle with a twi d, wayward human hearts. I've id . . . er . . . a rather trying ion th Pop and Mom."

It m t have been," I said. Mom as the right of it. Says Pop er derstood that boy. He was kish d studious—Pop wanted him shoo ducks and quail. Mom says it ha horror of killing. Pop thought was rely cowardice. Adds up to a chic nflict, doesn't it?"

My h t sank. Mom had got to work the pper with her sentimentality. had ulled the wool right over his .

Mom just a doting mother," I said. The sper looked at me in surprise. ou do t agree?"

No, ! I've known Bert since we re ch ren. He's an utter no-good." We a ied the point, painfully. My her s med entirely unable to think Bert anything but a mischievous oolbo the son of old and dear ends.

I was ery glad when the doorbell a Dolores announced Lieut. mmar r Kirstell.

He ca in, looking stolid and calm, fact at he wore his uniform mak- him eem more the typical officer less e sleuth.

My fa er quickly explained what had ppene I was prepared to have Kir- ll's g turned on me, questioning, if h suspected me of having be- yed o secret to Mrs. Briscoe he kept e ma ificently. The skipper looked m righ in the eye and said: "Phyllis as mu surprised about this as we Co ander."

Kirste nodded. "I think I know who ld Mr Briscoe," he said, his tone vel an old.

The sper halted. "Eh? You do?" I start to warn Kirstell, thinking he d mad a mistake, but his next words ld me at I was wrong.

"This ll come as a shock to you, sir," said. But I suspect young Sedden." How ould that be? How would he ve kn n?"

"I thi he's the lad, sir."

"Bert dden? Bosh!"

"I could be mistaken, of course."

"That youngster . . . a traitor? Really—"

Lieut. Commander Kirstell looked so unhappy that I went to his rescue.

"It's what I was trying to tell you, Dad," I said. "We didn't want to upset you with suspicions until the case looked pretty clear."

Then, I hurriedly sketched what Kirstell had told me about Bert and what I had learned on my own account that afternoon.

As soon as I ran out of breath, my father said, "That's interesting . . . that's interesting . . ."

He took a slow turn about the room.

Lieut. Commander Kirstell said, "I would suggest, sir, that Mrs. Briscoe be questioned at once. She should certainly be muzzled before gossip spreads over the whole station."

My father frowned. "Wouldn't it be more diplomatic to talk to Briscoe, rather than his wife?"

This was the tip-off that I would have to take charge of things. Even a lieutenant commander in Intelligence can't get tough with a four-striper. R.H.I.P. (translated: rank hath its privileges) is the sacred cow of the Navy.

"Look, Dad," I said, "I know how cruel this will be to Pop and Mom. But the kindest thing for everybody is to get this mystery solved as soon as possible."

"You're right, Phyl. I—I—just can't believe—"

"We'll soon know," I said. "Obviously, Commander Kirstell isn't the one to question Mrs. Briscoe. He's supposed to be a constructor at the shipyard. So it's my job. Right?"

"You couldn't do anything with Mrs. Briscoe."

I could not forbear to grin. "Wrong, sir!" I said. "That woman is my meat. I can get the truth out of her in five minutes!"

The skipper sighed. "Very well. If it must be done."

I TURNED to Lieut. Commander Kirstell: "Anything you want to know besides the name of the person who told her about our traitor?"

Kirstell consulted his notes: "Whether she knows there is an Intelligence man here . . . and if I have been identified . . . and how many people she has told . . . and, of course, she's got to be shut up immediately."

"I'll put the fear of Cap'n Hartney into her," I promised. "And, Dad, you've got to back me up. Also, you should phone and get Pete away from the house."

"He has duty, I believe."

I jammed on my hat and put on my coat, Kirstell assisting. He followed me to the front door. "Good girl," he said, "I'll try to keep the Cap'n bucked up until you get back."

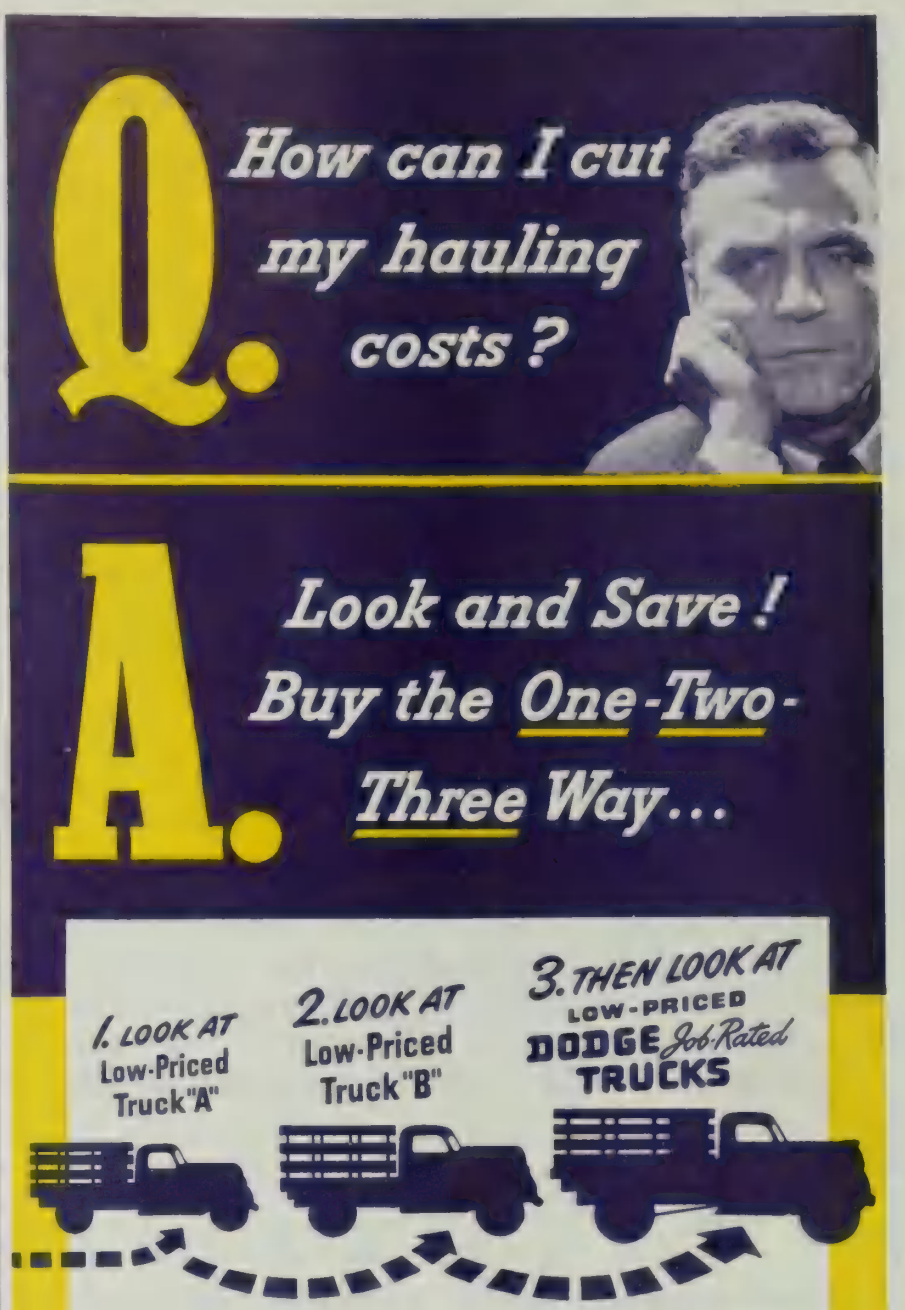
"I won't be long," I said.

I marched across the parade ground in a cool and lethal fury. We would all be ready for an explosion if Mrs. Briscoe had blabbed too much. What a nice morsel of gossip to make the rounds at Navy Station just now. Oh, dammit, I thought, I must really lay that big floozie out this time. The devil sharpen my tongue and feed me words that snip and cut and sting and burn!

Alas, I was given no opportunity to show off my blistering wit and genius for cross-examination. Mrs. Briscoe opened the door. "I'm glad you've come, dearie!" she said.

"Oh . . . you are?"

She pulled me into the hall and hastily shut the door. She was dressed in



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COMPARE TRUCKS—Check and compare all important truck features. Be sure they're the *right* quality and the *right* size in the truck you buy . . . built for the job . . . to stay on the job . . . to save you money!

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*$500 AND UP

*FOR ½-TON CHASSIS with flat face cowl, delivered at Detroit. Mich., Federal taxes included—transportation, state and local taxes (if any) extra.

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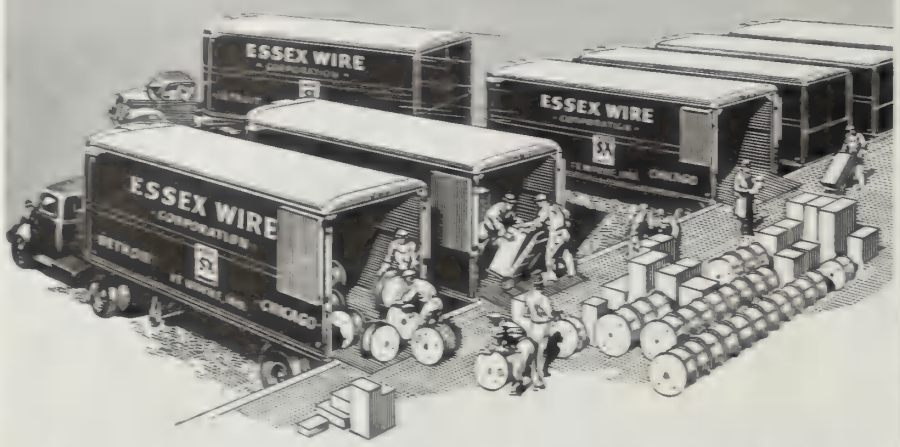
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PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

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Profits with

TRUCK-TRAILER METHOD OF HAULING!



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Faced with the necessity of lowering its hauling costs, the Essex Wire Corporation experimented back in 1932 with its first Fruehauf Trailer. The move proved sound from the start and as the Company expanded—which it rapidly did—so, too, did its fleet of Fruehauf Trailers until fifteen are now in service.

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It's easy to see why Truck-Trailers are being used with such success in more than 100 lines of business.

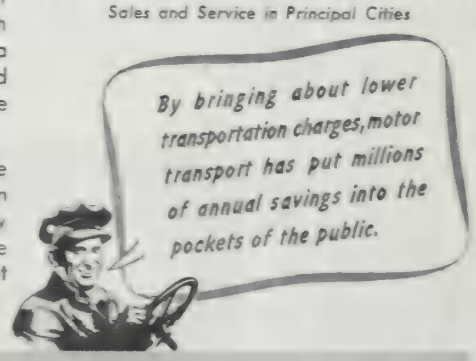
Your investment is less, operating and upkeep costs are lower and replacement costs are less. Owners report savings of from 30% to 60%.

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red silk lounging pajamas and had a cigarette in a long holder. She had been weeping and looked scared, almost panicky.

"I just this moment started to dress to go see your father. They're trying to frame Pete!"

"No-no!"

"It may be safe in here"—pulling me through a wood-beaded jalousie into what looked like a Chinese opium den. —"though Gawd knows. They may have dictaphones planted on us!"

MRS. BRISCOE'S taste in home décor was dramatic, running to imitation jade lamps with shades made from armadillo shells, long-legged dolls sitting in corners, imitation butterflies pinned to the window curtains and a veritable labyrinth of teakwood screens.

"Sit on the sofa here, honey," Mrs. Briscoe said. "I'm so jittery I can't rest, myself. Oh, the dirty so-and-sos. So-and-sos, every man jack of them! But they won't get away with it. I'm going to squawk to every senator in Congress, that's what!"

"I'm sorry . . . I didn't *quite*—"

"There! You see how I am? A nervous wreck, ever since Bert told me. I couldn't believe it, at first. I knew they hated Pete, but in my worst opinion of their dirty ways I didn't think they'd try *this*. A traitor . . . that's what they say Pete is! Can you tie that? Yeah, a traitor!"

"That's silly—"

"It's a lot of things, but it ain't silly, kid. Framing a fine, clean boy that worked his way up from the ranks—"

"Bert told you?"

"Yeah, you see—"

"And who did he say was going to accuse Mr. Briscoe of being a traitor?"

"That's the hell of it. I couldn't get that out of him. If a person knew exactly what louse she's got to fight—but I know! Why do I kid myself? They're all in on it—Collins, McMatthews, Cowles, Conroy, Davis—they don't fool *me*."

I tried a smile and a shrug. "I'm astonished that you'd listen to Bert Sedden, Mrs. Briscoe—"

"He was drunk, see? What a boy tells you when he's drunk he means. He come in here from town about an hour ago. He had a load. He drank some more while he was here. Oh, it's true all right, Miss Phyllis!"

"Bert was just talking."

"Just talking, hunh?"

"Of course. Even if such an absurd thing had any truth in it, how would Bert know?"

"I might've known you'd defend them. Annapolis people can do no wrong, hunh?"

"I don't say that—"

"You know what *I* did? Soon as I could get rid of Bert—even before I told Pete—I went straight over to your darling, pure Mrs. Cowles' house. I looked her straight in the eye and told her she wasn't going to get away with this. And if ever a woman looked guilty *she* did."

"Have you told anyone else off?"

"Not yet!"

I got to my feet. "Well, Mrs. Briscoe," I said, "Mrs. Cowles told Mrs. Mac, so it's probably all over the station by now."

"So what? So I guess I should lay down before something like this and say nothing, hunh?"

"In the first place, Bert was lying."

"A boy don't lie when he's drunk."

"My father has heard this silly gossip."

"It ain't gossip—"

"He says there's not a word of truth in it. Do you doubt my father's word?"

"Your Dad don't know what they're up to—"

"I'll tell him that!"

"Oh, no—"

"Dad has been the best husband ever had in the Se Briscoe."

"Don't think I ain't grat Dad is—"

"But you want to call him

"I never said that! I said-

"Cap'n Hartney denies tl is trying to frame Lieutena Is that good enough for yo it?"

"Yes, but—"

"Put on your coat. We'll my house and you can re you've said to the cap'n."

That pulled the props from Briscoe. When these holy te unstuck and fall apart they r Mrs. Briscoe collapsed on a love seat and started to b needed to do was to stand ov drop coals of fire like these: all my father has done for "Taking the word of a dru Communist" . . . "If I told P he'd leave you!" . . . "If I tolc I don't know what *he'd* do!"

Pete Briscoe's big, brunet and moaned and denied and finally reaching the point said, "Just let's forget the w eyed thing, Miss Phyllis. I and talked out of turn again. it was."

"You believe the cap'n?"

"'Course I do!"

"If anyone asks you about deny it?"

"Yes. Sure. I will!"

"Okay. Now tell me just more—what were Bert's exa

"You mean . . . about the b

"Yes. Just what did he sa

"Well, he said Navy officer a pain, all except Pete and I Roberts, the new one at the said the rest of them were lousy snobs. Then, he laugh funny—like drunks do and sai a pal of mine, Josie, so I wan you. They're hunting for a tr They'll try to pin it on Pete. I do to have an Academy mar to be a traitor.' That's just said, in so many words. But w to get more dope he shut up lik

"Where's Bert now?"

"He said Commander Se kicked him out, so he was goin to the hotel."

I LET go with the final broad . . . and told you this yarn even," I said. "He knew you Annapolis people and that right out and blab. I thought brighter than that."

Mrs. Briscoe dried her e fooled me, Miss Phyllis," with a sudden, honest hum made her almost likable. "I knew that's the one thing I be of all along—them framing P sure took the bait."

I held out my hand. "You'l any more gossip?"

"I'll do better than that. I'l over and apologize to Mrs. C say I didn't mean it!"

"Swell!"

She followed me through door to the porch.

"I-I'm sure glad that traito a phony, Miss Phyllis!" she "It'd be terrible."

There was something in th Mrs. Briscoe's voice that pu But I was in too much of a hu back to Kirstell and the sic close analysis at the moment. Mrs. Briscoe, we smiled at ea sweetly and I hurried off acros rade ground.

As I walked into my father' he was still prowling restless Lieut. Commander Kirstell, ve smoked a cigar. I doubted i

...d his position, in a chair by the ...r table, since I left.

"W... l, Phyllis . . . back so soon?"

"I ... led off a complete account of my ... th Mrs. Briscoe.

Th... time, the skipper seemed con... His face darkened and he stared ... as I talked, in pain and sadness. ... finished, he turned to Kirstell, ... d got to his feet and was taking ...

"I ... ant to question young Sedden, ... nder."

"Y... sir."

"B... g him to my office."

"V... well, sir."

My ... ather picked up his cap and ... out the door.

"B... dinner's almost ready—"

"N... tonight, thanks. You go ahead, ...

His ... all figure disappeared into the ... ll.

Lie... Commander Kirstell snapped ... book shut. "Good work, Miss ... ," he said. "I'll send a mes... o the village."

I ... in a rage at Bert.

"Ca... we arrest him, if he refuses to ... Dad?"

"Oh... es."

"W... for Pete's sake, let's get this ... tled tonight! The rumor must ... ound the Yard by now!"

"It ... h'mm . . . shouldn't take long."

... d... led the thread of his thought ... ngly . . . "Unless Bert . . . well, ...

He ... dded to me and left.

STO... D there debating whether I ... sho... d sneak a little nippy out of ... sk... per's whisky decanter or try to ... ake ... o aspirins do.

Dol... s saved me from liquor's bane... cur... She came in, giggling, with a ... te. ... or you, Señorita! From the ... an!"

"Fro... whom?"

"Re... eet!"

The ... ote read as follows:

... ear ... ss Hartney:

... Dut... and Pat and I wish to thank ... u fo...

(A) ... chocolate cake—superior.

(B) ... apple pies—magnificent.

(C) ¼ corn pudding—sublime.

They ... ame to us from your kitchen ... way ... f Señorita Dolores DeAngelo—noble ... nd a deserved name. We sus... ect, ... wever, that you know nothing ... thes... benefactions. We have strug... ed wi... our consciences and mine won. ... e mu... tell on Dolores. She has prom... ed us... cherry cobbler for tomorrow. ... o. Dores, ah, Dolores of the angels! ... lease ... rgive her and us. Sincerely,

DENT ROBERTS

"Ees love, no?"

I quickly refolded the note and stuffed it in my pocket. "In ... way . . . but yes," I said.

Dolores rolled her eyes and clasped her hands. "I have prayed for you, Señorita!" she said in Spanish. "To five saints. I have also talked with Lieutenant Robert about you. He considers you beautiful but immature. It is a question of impressing him with your maturity. If you could but manage accidentally to disrobe—"

"Dolores!"

"You are angry with your slave who loves you?"

"Go put the soup on!"

"You think of soup—oh, oh—"

"*Si, si*—I think of soup. Begone, you shameless wench!"

"Pah! That pretty-faced stick of ... wooden soldier still has you deceived."

"Soup . . . soup, hurry!"

"You are to marry the Lieutenant Robert! I will myself slit that other one's throat, before I permit you to marry him!"

"Shut up!"

But Dolores, reckless because my father was absent, kept after me all the while I struggled to eat some dinner. I was sullenly silent, angry at Dolores for going down to the basin with gifts and pestering Savvy Roberts; but too preoccupied with thoughts of what might be happening in the skipper's office for argument. Dolores rattled on, informing me that Dutch and Pat were nice young men, in ... wicked, godless, immoral way; that neither would be above an attempt at seduction; that The Man, the Lieutenant Robert, would protect her as he protected all women; that something must be done, but immediately, to impress Lieutenant Robert with the fact that I was a grown-up girl. And so on, and so on.

I suffered all this and an agony of suspense besides, for about an hour.

Then I went over to the skipper's office.

My father was alone at his desk. He had been studying ... sheaf of reports.

"I—I couldn't sit at home any longer, Dad," I said.

"Nothing has happened. They can't find Bert."

"Not at the Arcadia Hotel?"

"No. Commander Kirstell has gone to the village to make ... thorough search."

"Mom might know. Shall I go over there?"

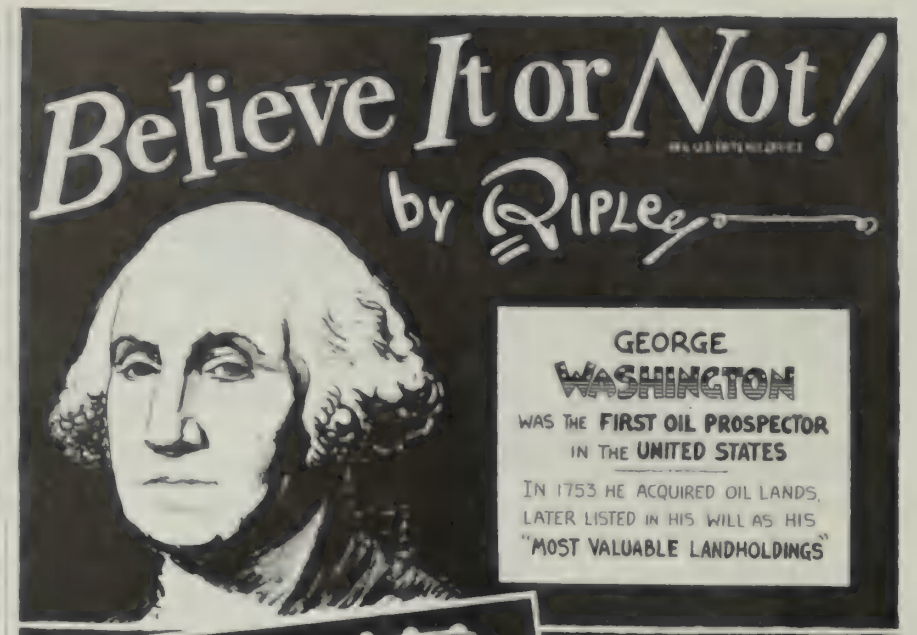
"No, no—we'll keep Mom and Pop out of this. I think the boy has skipped."

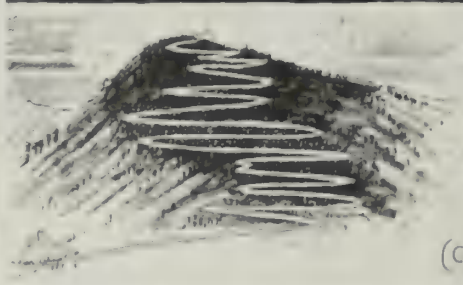
But I knew better. "He's hiding somewhere," I said. "He'll try to interfere with Lieutenant Roberts. They sent him here to do just that."

The skipper was startled. He got up



often wonder what the fellow on this route before me was like"





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ACE
HARD RUBBER
COMBS

AT DRUG AND DEPT. STORES EVERYWHERE

and walked to a window. I pressed my point eagerly.

"You've got to call off that test, Dad!" I said. "Either that or tell Lieutenant Roberts what we know about Bert. It isn't human . . . it isn't fair. What if Bert has sabotaged this gadget? He—he'll be—killed—"

"That's a bit extreme."

"It's not! You know something ghastly might happen!"

"Well . . . I'll ask Commander Kirstell."

"Kirstell! A heartless, cold-blooded—"

My father looked at me.

"You show a good deal of feeling," he said. "Are you interested in young Roberts?"

"Yes," I said.

"In love with him?"

"I think I must be."

"What about Roger?"

"I'm fond of him . . . but that's all."

"Has . . . er . . . Roberts . . . shown any interest in you?"

"No, sir."

The skipper sighed and patted my shoulder. "Navy Station is getting to be . . . quite a problem, Phyl," he said. "But we'll—"

A knock at the door interrupted him.

"Come!"

THE door opened and Pop Sedden shuffled in. He was in uniform, cap in hand.

"Oh . . . good evening, Pop!" my father said.

Pop moved slowly toward us, his eyes watery and his mustache twitching. He looked like a beaten, tired out old man.

"Here, Pop—" I said. "sit down."

He made a gesture with his hand, keeping his eyes on my father.

"Joe," he said. "I understand you're looking for a traitor on this station."

My father is a miserably poor liar. He hesitated only an instant, but that was too long.

"Oh, Pop!" I said. "Have you heard that silly gossip?"

"Nothing in it, nothing in it at all, Pop," my father said.

Pop did not believe us. "I think there is, Joe."

"Nonsense . . . can't understand how such a yarn ever got started—"

"It was Mrs. Briscoe," I said. "You know how she is, Pop. Anything to start trouble—"

Shaking his head, Pop continued to peer into my father's face.

"It is very hard for me to say this, Joe. But I think . . . my son . . . is the traitor. His mother has just confessed to me . . . that . . . that he worked as a Russian spy . . . in the East."

"Oh, now, Pop—"

"Naturally, our long friendship would make you reluctant to suspect Bert. But I do not want you to embarrass . . . any officer here . . . until you have thoroughly investigated . . . my son. I'm sure . . . that you will find him . . . guilty. I . . . I am sorry . . . he has brought this disgrace . . . on us all. He is no longer my—"

Pop turned toward the door. He put on his cap, using both hands—and they were shaking.

My father hurried after him. Pop shrugged off the arm my father tried to place around his shoulders.

"No . . . no . . . please, sir—" Pop said, brokenly.

He walked quickly out of the room.

The skipper turned to me. "I'm going with Pop," he said. "We'll have a talk."

I stopped him, saying, "You'd only make it worse. Your sympathy convicts Bert. Don't you see that? Leave Pop a little hope that we may all be wrong."

Wincing, my father nodded. "You go talk to Mom."

"What good would that do? She'd know I was lying. And if Bert isn't guilty, she'd never forgive me for showing that I thought he was."

(Hindsight Note: My father's instinct was the right and decent one here. Deeply as the Seddens' tragedy affected me, I was more concerned with what I felt was an impending tragedy at the basin. I was hysterically afraid Savvy Roberts would be killed.)

Thus, instead of seeking some way to ease the shock for Pop and Mom, I drove furiously and selfishly at the skipper on the point of calling off the rocket-engine test. I demanded that he send an order to the basin right then and there.

My father, a little ashamed of me, pretended to pluck something off the sleeve of my coat, saying gruffly, "Here, put this in your pocket."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Your heart," my father said.

But I got redheaded mad and sobbed out, "You send that order! Send it . . . send it!"

The skipper hugged me and gave me a quiet lecture on self-control. Then, he added: "I'll go down and talk to Roberts."

"I'm going too!" I said.

I was a spoiled brat and should have had my pants paddled and been sent home to bed. But my father is a patient, kindly man and, by this time, I had convinced him of the danger to Savvy.

He let me tag along.

This time there was no waiting at the canvas barrier fence. The guard came to salute, my father said, "Good evening, Benson," and we stepped inside the holy of holies. It was a balmy, moonlit night with no wind and a calm sea. The basin water had scarcely a ripple. Arc lamps rigged around a small wooden landing stage near the boat shed made the scene almost as bright as day.

Savvy and Pat and Dutch were tinkering on something that looked like a big speedboat, except that it had a peculiar, ungainly nose and a very broad beam. I felt an immediate distrust of this contraption.

As we approached, a corporal in charge of the guard at the boat shed snapped, "'Tenshun!" and there was a metallic clatter of rifles. Savvy warned. He jumped thwart to the landing stage forward to greet us.

"Good evening, Cap'n, sir! Miss Phyllis!"

"Hullo," I said, sulkily.

My father and Savvy were same height, and they left darkness far below.

"How is it coming, Lieuten

"She's all ready to go, sir ant Collins thought four o'c early—a later time will do a

"Let it stand."

"Very well, sir."

THE skipper walked onto t stage. Savvy and I follow and Pat, in greasy dungarees from their work, spoke to t politely, ignored me and went ing.

"Travels in a trough, eh,

"Yes, sir. Our first models ency to climb and plane squats right down to her wor

"What's her draft under w

"About eighteen inches, sir

"That shallow?"

"Yes, sir. Only the depth —for control in steering."

"You told me she'd do a hu twenty. Want to hedge on th

"No, sir. I'll make you a We'll drive a destroyer or a l carrier, of the type you wan build, that fast."

"Whoa, now, Roberts—"

"In anything but exception water sir. You see, with this ciple of propulsion we don ship's nose into it by propel We provide an endless powe either side. It's really a seag in effect. She climbs a bea and beats a trough through it take a look at these exhaust

(Note to admirals: You P. Hartney for betraying ma fense secrets. I listened to S planation of how this silly sco but I didn't understand it don't. As far as I am concerne invention is an Act of God.)

After ten minutes of questi swer—with my father and Sa



"Four million dollars!"

e couple of bright young school-
ys, nd Dutch and Pat chiming in—
y i erest in rocket-engine scooters
s actly zero. I am not a seagoing
s. belong to the shore navy and
r c nition of a ship is: "An instru-
nt or separating a woman's man
m r for unreasonably long inter-
ls.' When Savvy insisted that the
pp go aboard for close inspection
th hing's thingumajig, I thought it
s t e to get down to cases.
"I ; your pardon, sir," I said, "but
ve u told Lieutenant Roberts about
p ponement?"
My ther, on his knees in the cockpit,
ke ip at me guiltily.
"Po onement, sir?" Savvy asked.
"I'l . . er . . . discuss the matter with
ut nt Roberts a bit later, Phyllis,"
fa er said. "You run along back to
ho e."
Sav grinned at me. "Miss Phyllis
s se too many movie thrillers, sir."
sai "She sees spies and traitors in
ery rk corner!"
Ro antic Note: Why does a man
o minds you of Lawrence of Ara-
, e in mechanic's overalls, have
wa e his time tinkering with a
ote oat on a nice spring evening?
y es he have to work night and
y a spend his own money and run
ris of being blown to pieces any
me We had a beach and moon
Na Station, poor things but our
n. a lovesick gal who yearned
sna this man away from the jaws
-dea Just for an hour. Just for ten
nut Just for—oh, dammit, dam-
!)
Bec e, look what happened.
Yo ee no danger of sabotage, Rob-
?"
No r."
Wa ing things carefully?"
Eve minute, night and day, sir!"
Thi raft won't blow up, eh?"
Saf is a ferryboat, sir!"
We . . . why don't we take her for
pin
Rig now, sir?"
Is t t feasible?"
Do see why not. Dutch and Pat
fol w us in the crash-boat."
Goo Let's go, then!"
Savv excited and proud, began giv-
or s to Pat and Dutch. One of
m led, "Hey, bring those Mae
ests!" A sailor hurried out of the
at sh with an armful of life-pre-
ver sts.
Dutc walked past me and said,
wan ome, Toots!"
(Dee Philosophical Musing: Men are the damnedest, sneakiest animals on earth, determined to escape their real responsibilities even to the point of courting death. Why did my own father do this to me? He did it because he couldn't face telling Savvy about Bert Sedden and exposing Savvy's precious friend, Dutch. Why did Savvy do this to me? Because he was beginning to suspect that I had designs on him, that's why. And he wanted to escape to the arms of his swishy-skirted "wife," that treacherous, dangerous rocket-boat. You know one of the reasons why men won't stop having wars? Because war is the great escape from women and the responsibilities women want them to share.)

There were two tall, handsome men in that nasty, wretched boat. They were the only two men I really cared a hoot about in this world.

"Oh, no, you don't!" I said.

I stepped right into that boat and sat down. "If you go, I go!" I announced.

THIS move flabbergasted my father. He did not want a tearful scene and knew I was quite capable of emoting all over the place. Moreover, he had taken the position that Savvy's boat was not dangerous—had not Savvy, an officer and a brother, assured him it was as safe as a ferryboat?—so he could not reverse himself, now, and order me out on that score.

"Lieutenant Roberts has not invited you, my dear," was the best my father could do.

"Invite me, Lieutenant!" I said.

Savvy looked at my father as if to ask: "How could a man like you have a daughter like *her?*"

Then, ashamed of showing any resentment over a cause so trivial, he grinned. "There's really no danger, sir," he said. "So with your permission, I will invite Miss Phyllis."

"All right," my father said, grimly.

"You are invited," Savvy said.

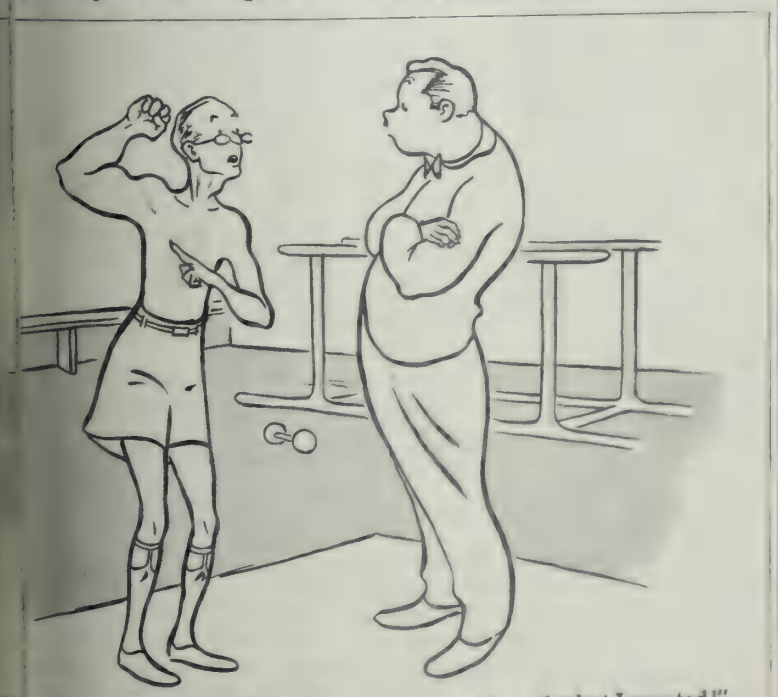
"Oh, thank you, sir!" I said.

He helped me into a Mae West, not gently, his strong hands impatient and cinching the buckles tight.

"Let go the lines!"

There was a prefatory, spluttery rumble from the engine and we moved slowly toward the narrow canal which was the basin's exit to Coot Bay and the sea.

As the first female to witness Roberts' Rocket Propulsion Principle in action, I should like to rise to this historic occasion and describe my experience in deathless words. But I was in no mood



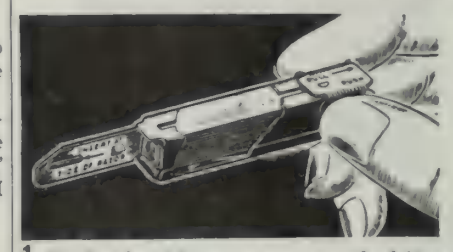
"I developed this one myself to give you some idea of what I wanted!"

MORNING "UPSETTING" EXERCISES
Every Man Can Avoid!



1. Takes Razor apart. 2. Removes old blade. 3. Drops razor part.
4. Reaches in cabinet and fumbles through package for a new blade. 5. Gingerly extracts the paper-thin blade from its fussy wrapping. 6. Puts blade in razor—screws up parts—ready to shave at long last.

Do you go through all these waste motions and "bathroom gymnastics" every morning? Well, you don't need to! The Schick Injector Razor automatic blade change takes all the fuss and fumble out of shaving.



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2. An easy pull and push on the Injector and it's all done. Old blade shoots out and fresh one slides in quick as a wink. There is nothing to take apart!



Perfected solid "tooth-free" guide bar with roughened grip surface stretches and flattens the skin ahead of blade, "timing" each whisker to pop up out of natural hair pit right in front of blade edge. Whisker is shaved clean at base without scraping the skin. No nicks, or irritation.



NEW KIT, complete with the 1941 one-piece Schick Injector Razor, cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick Blades in rich-looking black plastic case with built-in used blade receptacle.

$1.00



Simple, modern construction shows in the new razor's sleek appearance. It's so well balanced you'll find yourself holding it at the correct angle without giving it a thought. Contains greatest improvements in safety razor design in past 35 years.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR
MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

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1514 FAIRWAY THE CADET—smartly military! Black Alpine, double sole, also 1614 Tan Alpine, antiqued.

1619 POLO Smartness is expressed in this wing tip brogue. Double sole, Tan Alpine Calf, antiqued.

7071 KENT Flex-crafted to make each step a pleasure. Tan Hickory Grain, antiqued, double sole.

You Can't Wear Out Their Looks

Smith SHOES

The people of British Columbia warmly invite the other people of the Americas to enjoy Canada's Finest Vacation Land—and assure them that war activities have not disturbed in the least any of the facilities for enjoyment of every Sport & Recreation or the unique opportunities for Peace and Relaxation by Mountain, Lake and Sea. Your only requisite is proof of United States Citizenship to facilitate return passage across the Friendly Border.

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British Columbia

THE VACATION-LAND THAT WAS EVERYTHING!

for lyric prose. I knew my father was angry with me; that Savvy considered me a nuisance.

The boat behaved all right until we crossed the bay, nosed through the breakwater rollers and were headed into God's big, wide ocean. Then Savvy must have pinched his star-spangled girl friend on the bustle because, whooooosh—we took off. The doors of a blast furnace seemed to open on either side and below us. There was a terrifying roar and we appeared to be riding on a giant roller coaster, the rails of which were blue flame. The boat sank into a trough, all right, and a slip stream of white water rose higher than the gunwales on either side. That water shot astern as if two big fire-hose nozzles were firing it back from our bow. The spindrift stung my face like birdshot.

I ducked and slid toward the center of the thwart and huddled there, waiting for death. My father was up forward with Savvy. They had a glass windshield to protect them, the selfish brutes. My father did turn several times to see if I was still there. Oh, I was still there, with the bombs bursting in air and the rockets' red glare. . . .

"*A hundred and ten knots*—think of it, Phyl!"

"Am I entirely bald?"

"Bald?"

"My scalp feels numb—like after the tomahawk has done its worst."

"Shake you up much, Miss Phyllis?"

"Ha! Isn't that my liver you're standing on?"

"I thought she was very steady, sir?"

"Like a rock, Roberts. Beautiful gun platform! For mosquito boats, you're in right now! If you can drive a destroyer—and the dumb bunnies will let you try it—you've got something tremendous. I congratulate you!"

"The engine is mostly Dutch's and Pat's, sir. I just adapted it."

"A magnificent job!"

"Thank you, sir. Will you tell them that?"

"You bet I will!"

WE WERE back, safe and sound, at the basin landing. But my knees still shook, all my bones continued to vibrate and I couldn't get that roaring sound out of my head. Lieutenant Roberts kindly assisted very mature, creaky Aunt Phyllis to the landing stage. Dutch and Pat were still at sea in the crash-boat. We had left them miles behind.

Savvy, excited by my father's praise, could not forbear to crow a little: "You see? It didn't blow up! Safe as a garbage scow!"

"Mister," I said, "you are a genius. I have just died a thousand deaths—but you are definitely a genius. There's only one thing lacking."

"Yes?"

"Have you a rocking chair in that tent?"

Savvy laughed and invited the skipper and me to have some coffee. My father thought it was a good idea.

We went to Savvy's tent. He had a China boy named Edward, who slept and cooked, apparently, in the boathouse. Edward hustled off to get the coffee. There was no rocking chair. I collapsed on Savvy's cot. Savvy and the skipper gave me only perfunctory attention. I thought that Savvy might at least have offered to help me out of the Mae West life preserver. But he and the skipper had much man-talk to make, oh, much man-talk.

My father said that, of course, putting Savvy's engine in a mosquito boat was only a subterfuge. It would impress the admirals and Congress with its practicality. They would officially accept the design and vote money. But the real future of rocket-engine propulsion was in the air. Savvy enthusiastically agreed. He said Pat, who was the chemist of the triumvirate, was [illegible] the fuel problem. Pat had it [illegible] licked, too. Solidified gas w[illegible] fuel. Five hundred pounds [illegible] would give a bomber fourtee[illegible] miles' range.

That was victory and e[illegible] father said. No more big su[illegible] but a Navy in the air. Just [illegible] dive bombers would superse[illegible] tillery, so would enormou[illegible] planes make the battleship ol[illegible] the admirals couldn't see it. [illegible] right on sinking a hundred [illegible] each battlewagon. Savvy [illegible] edly agreed. However, he [illegible] had to sneak up on the ad[illegible] Congress. A conception of w[illegible] the airplane as the decisive [illegible] light, fast surface craft as [illegible] was much too advanced for a[illegible] congressmen.

(Disloyalty Note: I believe[illegible] try is rich enough and powe[illegible] to have plenty of every kind [illegible] battleships included. My [illegible] Savvy might just possibly be [illegible] as most dreamers are.)

THE skipper turned to me, [illegible] lighted with his ardent dis[illegible] see, Phyl? Here's a lad w[illegible] enough to do it! He'll teach [illegible] he's through!"

I am a realist. I couldn't e[illegible] Navy Station by way of a sl[illegible] a rocket-scooter and those "p[illegible] the purple twilight." I wa[illegible] about Bert and Pop and M[illegible] and Dutch and the whole me[illegible]

Standing up, I said, "Lieut[illegible] erts had better lie low until [illegible] miral. You don't last long in [illegible] Navy if they find out you wa[illegible] 'em new tricks."

This got me a look of [illegible] Savvy. "How young to be a [illegible] said.

"I'm older than either of y[illegible]

My father laughed. Savvy [illegible] head. "A strange girl child, s[illegible] very lenient with her, you kn[illegible]

"And she with me, Robert[illegible]

I don't know what this w[illegible] led to—probably a fight betw[illegible] and me, because I was fed u[illegible] little-girl stuff—but two th[illegible] pened in rapid succession.

Pat Rorabeck appeared a[illegible] of the tent. He was holdi[illegible] minum cylinder, about a fo[illegible] his hands. "This isn't ours, is i[illegible] he asked.

Savvy took the thing from P[illegible] no," he said. "Where di[illegible] up?"

With a glum, dead-pan fa[illegible] plied, "Found it under the ga[illegible]

"In the boat?"

"Yeah."

"It's a bomb!" I said. "Quicl[illegible] it in the water!"

But Savvy wouldn't do th[illegible] He had to shake the cylinder [illegible] and shake it some more, th[illegible] over in his hands and look fo[illegible] The skipper and Pat looked a[illegible] with grim, set faces. My fath[illegible] hand on my arm and nodded [illegible] go outside.

"The heck with being so [illegible] said. "I'm scared! Here, gir[illegible]

I snatched the cylinder out [illegible] hands. Starting through the [illegible] way, I ran into Lieutenant R[illegible] lins. "Cap'n here?" he dema[illegible]

"Look out—it's a bomb!" I[illegible]

I threw the thing toward t[illegible] But it landed in the grass sev[illegible] short. I flinched, expecting an [illegible]

The only thing that expl[illegible] Roger's voice: "Sorry, sir. I th[illegible] better come at once. Comma[illegible] den has disappeared. His boa[illegible] ing. Mrs. Sedden thinks he [illegible] himself."

(To be continued next w[illegible])

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Champion's patented Sillment seal here and here prevents troublesome leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* When such leakage occurs it means loss of power, poor gas mileage.



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•

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...Cham...on superiority in open competition ...of ...ev...ery sort is no mere happenstance, but ...rathe...he definite result of structural and ...opera...e superiorities which become dra...matic...ly self-evident in such outstanding ...event...s these.

...Reme...ber that Champion makes spark ...plugs ...d nothing but spark plugs. Research, ...engin...ring and manufacturing facilities ...witho...equal in the business are constantly ...at wo...for you to produce better, more de...penda...e engine performance through better ...spark lug performance. That's why Cham...pions ...re champions in fact as well as in ...name...why your car deserves Champions.



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Our New Army

Continued from page 25

military jujitsu based on the principle of using the opponent's strength to outtoss him. A Judo-trained 120-pounder is supposed to be able to flip a 200-pounder over his shoulder without even breathing hard. Unlike wrestling, Judo is worked from an upright position, and the thrower uses holds based on the assumption that the throwee is wearing clothes.

Judo found a place in the training schedule of Second Division M.P.'s when Major Wayne C. Smith decided it was much more practical than wrestling. A 168-pounder who rose from West Point ranks, Major Smith bagged the Academy's 124-pound wrestling title, later (weight 134) took top honors in his division at Southeast Olympic tryouts. He learned Judo while stationed with the 15th Infantry in Tientsin, China, ten years ago. Written descriptions of Judo seem a bit vague, but perhaps you can make something out of this: Grasp your attacker's left arm and right coat lapel, twist him slightly, pivot, shove your hip into his side, and—using his left arm as a lever—casually spin him over your shoulder. Somewhere in the middle of this your foot plays a part but we didn't quite get it. Maybe you just try to keep it on the ground.

FORT BLISS, TEXAS. Some of the boys in the 260th Coast Artillery (Antiaircraft), which made the longest motorized jaunt in Army history—recently described herein by Jim Marshall—became so accustomed to rough riding that they've made it their favorite outdoor sport. Second Lieutenants John W. Fisher and George Yow use an automobile to chase jack rabbits across the desert; they take turns driving while one crouches on the running board and pops away with a .22.

CAMP EDWARDS, MASSACHUSETTS. Peter E. Pratt of Milton loudly calls the attention of all who will listen to the fact that he's a buck private. Last summer he signed up for the V7 Naval Reserve Officers' Training School, passed a physical examination and went on a month's shakedown cruise on the U.S.S. Wyoming to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. On board he was given a second physical exam, and his teeth flunked him. He volunteered for a year in the Army and is now at Camp Edwards. "You will please tell any Navy men you meet," he says between the clenched teeth that tossed him out of Uncle Sam's first line of defense, "that they may address me as Private Pratt."

●

FORT ANDREWS, BOSTON. The Army is a family matter to the McBournie family of Dorchester. They're all on Paddocks Island, headquarters for the 241st Coast Artillery. Papa is Master Sgt. Hector T. McBournie, in charge of headquarters battery's radio communications. Son Hector, Jr., is a corporal in the same battery. Mamma Alice is hostess at officers' mess, and Daughter Alice assists her.

AFTER twenty years of sleeping in the sun, New England's coastal forts are bristling. With six months of training, the Coast Artillerymen lead the way in the defense scheme. Boston harbor's ten forts, which have echoed hollowly to the feet of only a few hundred caretakers during the past tw... today are manned by more ... men comprising the 9th Coas... of the Regular Army and the ... ized 241st C.A. (Massachusett... Guard), plus 1,300 draftees. ... there will be 4,600 serving th... big guns, which range fro... inchers to sixteen-inch giant... of tossing 2,343-pound high ... shells thirty miles, using 824 ... powder per shell.

THE one-year soldiers h... learning so rapidly that ... Army officers are astonished. ... get a big kick out of bossin... guns around, and there is litt... Perhaps the mildest beef c... Alec Philopoulos, who, until ... in Canton, Massachusetts, th... half years ago, lived in Gre... Greek army, he says, has it a... Coast Artillery. Why, when he ... up in the Greek civil war, ba... they gave him a horse and m... corporal. Furthermore, he d... to share one big gun with ... other guys: he had a rifle, a su... gun, a pistol, a bayonet and a ... to himself. A one-man army.

FORT DIX, NEW JERSEY. There ... a young second lieutenant at ... still feels a little silly. So d... coms. Just to break up a r... tiresome march, the lieutenan... to stage a relay race betwee... columns of his outfit. Well, ... had no sooner got to racing up ... back, lugging the old baton ... khaki limousine poked its nos... hill. Two stars on the license ... more on a pennant identified ... senger as Major General C... Powell, commander of the 4... sion.

Everything froze, including ... eral's face. Then the latter th... hibited a wisp of a smile. ... limousine sped on. But not t... boys. They marched.

EVERYWHERE. Badly n... recreation centers at most ... books and magazines, reason... rent and in good condition.

TANKS are apt to look ali... cially at a distance, and ... "recognition training"—teachi... dier to tell the difference bet... own and enemy tanks—is a t... Some antitank men have sugge... silhouette charts and photograp... ferent types of tanks be hung ... racks, libraries and other plac... men gather, with time to conte...

MECHANIZATION has bee... into the new Army's slang ... War I's cootie—and his sister ... aunts and his cousins by the ... are now known as "motorized d...

RECOIL. Corp. Louis DeFich... fellow G. Troopers of the 3c... at Fort Myer, Virginia, are h... sulted by a grave error. "You," ... poral writes, "spelled it Meyer ... it was in Maryland—in print. I ... a retraction, mostly because it ... vide sorely needed publicity ... post."

IS THIS enough, Corporal?

Red Pants Ain't No Sin

Continued from page 20

...h. I's Maw-reen."
...d I baptize you for a church
...e ast May?"
...," said Maw-reen.
...u's already backslidin' up and
...oad in red over-halls, and hit
...lly de middle er June. Gal,
...er doin's is dat?"
...t backslidin'," she denied. "I
...wawkin' 'long twarge home."
...s a mighty sinful-lookin' step
...uttin'," he insisted.
...t cuttin' no step," Maw-reen
"Dat's de way I always
jest reach out wid one foot
next. And what hit look like
...in' suit ain't no skin offn my

...rlie was not particularly out-
...t he had started a reprimand
...ne a kept him at it: "Well, efn
...de red pants makin' you twis'
...hen you wawks, you better
...ff right now!"
...n giggled. "Efn I tuck off my
...t, I'd be plain nekkid. And
...be a shame."
...nversation, B'r Charlie de-
...ed dignity. "Look, Daugh-
...her, "wearin' red pants don't
...kslidin' sin. Hit jest be's bad
...t's got religion to twis' up and
...ad in red pants. On account
...do look right. You knows in yo'
...ou ain't sinnin'. But dat ain't
...religion. Onderstand?"
...
...t to show yo' religion ev'y-
...oes. De Book say you got to
...so shine. Onderstand?"
..." Maw-reen was wholly con-
...
...," B'r Charlie went on, dis-
...same assurance with which
...ed-hot plowpoint to a keen
..."ike de polish on yo' shoes.
...mig wear de finest pair er shoes
...brev o't, but onless you got yo'
...s po'hed up good, won't nobody
...em. ...d you might as well be bare-
...d. ...derstand?"
..." Maw-reen nodded. "And,
...
...What ...u want?"
...back...ode a little bit."
...ou ...e what?"
...wa'n raley ailin'," Maw-reen said.
...t to Mamma I was ailin', so I c'd
...ar wawk de turnrow some. Hit
...no'n' but womens lookin' at my
...ants ...ar I was hoein'. So I wanted
to git out and strut whar de mens c'd look at me, too. So I tole Mamma I was ailin' and dat was a lie."

"And a lie is a sin!"

"But dey gonter git done choppin' befo' sundown," Maw-reen argued, "and what little I c'd do didn't matter, one way er de yuther."

"Maybe," B'r Charlie said, "hit ain't such a bad sin, at dat, 'scusin' how dey gonter git done choppin', anyhow. But you git on home and start supper. And you better pray a lick er two, for dat lie. Hit might not er been no sin-lie, but a little prayin' won't hurt you, on account er dat was a hot-lookin' strut, Daughter."

Maw-reen left and B'r Charlie returned to his forge. He caught a plowpoint in the tongs, buried it in the coals and began to turn the fan. But he was preoccupied. His mind was struggling with a fact and a thought. The fact was a young girl had practically committed a sin by lying, and the thought was that the girl was not wholly to blame.

"Satan is *raley* to blame," B'r Charlie mumbled uncertainly. Though he knew if all the blame for sin were laid on Satan, there would be no need for a preacher whose function was to rant against sinners.

IT WAS too complicated; B'r Charlie's brain practically broke into a sweat as he wrestled with the problem. Meanwhile, the plowpoint had turned red and then white from the blast of forced heat.

"Dem red pants made her lie," B'r Charlie mused, "and dat makes dem de sin. But how a preacher gonter pour de sperrit on a pair er red pants?"

He continued turning the fan and trying to think. The answer came like a bolt from the sky. "Work!" B'r Charlie decided. "Too much work is a sin! Dat's hit!"

It would have been impossible for B'r Charlie to have explained the mental processes by which he had arrived at this conclusion, though among the factors he had considered was that back in the time of four-cent cotton, no woman had had enough money to buy red pants. And now with cotton at ten cents and Giles still making everybody work in high gear just the same, women had plenty of money to waste on red pants.

"And dat is a sin!" B'r Charlie was convinced. "De Lawd might er runned up de price er cotton, but ole Satan



"Get in touch with Fitzpatrick at Fort Dix. Find out where he filed the Clayton letters" BARNEY TOBEY

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CLOPAY All-American Values In WINDOW SHADES and BLINDS

makes Giles keep ev'ybody workin' too hard, and workin' too hard is a sin."

He removed the white-hot plowpoint from the fire and laid it on the anvil. Even before his hammer touched it, he realized "all de metals" were burned out. He tapped the edge experimentally and the ring of the steel confirmed it. He cooled the point and pitched it on the scrap pile. "And anybody which works dat hard," he concluded, "is a sinner."

He looked in the box of sharpened plowpoints and felt a righteous glow of pride in the fact that the box was not full. "Dat," he told himself complacently, "is on account er I ain't no sinner. Half a box er p'ints is plenty enough, wid cotton at ten cents."

The missionary spirit seized him and he went to the field where the women were chopping cotton under the leadership of the Widow Duck. He had discovered a new morality and he was eager to spread the light.

He came sauntering up casually and gave a pleasant "howdy" to everybody.

"How come you ain't at de shop?" the Widow Duck demanded sourly. "You must be gittin' spry to git dat box full er plowp'ints all dis long befo' sundown."

B'r Charlie evaded a direct reply. "Religion," he stated, "is a all-day and all-night business. You got to let yo' light so shine."

"Well, dat's 'Amen' tawk, B'r Charlie," the Widow Duck agreed.

It was a good start, B'r Charlie decided. He developed the idea: "Religion is like de polish on yo' shoe. 'Cause efn yo' shoes ain't polished, won't nobody look at 'em, and you might as well go barefooted."

"My religion," the Widow Duck argued, "is like de sucker on de pump. Efn a pump ain't got no sucker, hit can't git no water outn de well. And efn I ain't got no religion, I can't git no sweet pleasure outn choppin' my cotton crop clean for my Redeemer."

"Amen," B'r Charlie responded automatically. But the Widow Duck's words had sapped a heap of confidence from him. He observed the crops looked mighty clean and he predicted plenty of blooms and squares by June 'teenth.

AT THAT moment, Giles galloped up. "What you doin' so far f'm taw?" Giles demanded. "You got dat box full up wid sharp plowp'ints already?"

B'r Charlie gulped. In his mind he pictured himself as standing at the forks of a road. One led to sinfulness, overwork, lying, and an eternity of punching chunks in hell. The other way led to a leisurely life with no girls running around in red pants and an everlasting rocking-chair seat at the Welcome Table.

"Yassuh, hit's full," B'r Charlie said, taking the right road.

The foreman was off toward the hayfield as B'r Charlie stood in a daze, his mind whirling in the enormity of his lie, and his conscience hurling accusations at him. He turned pleadingly to the Widow Duck.

"Dat box ain't full," he said miserably. "Dat falsehood jest slipped outn my mouf."

The Widow Duck snorted. "Falsehood de dog's foot! You jest stood up flat-footed and tole yo'se'f a natchal lie."

"Yassum, but Mis' Duck," B'r Charlie floundered, "you see hit go like dis: I was standin' in de shop do', studdin' my mind, and de fust thing I knowed, hyar come Sissy's Maw-reen down de turnrow, wearin' red pants and jest a-cuttin' de dust."

Sissy moved toward the preacher, bringing her hoe with her.

"I paid cash money for Maw-reen's red pants," she told B'r Charlie, "and what I pays my cash money for ain't no skin offn yo' back."

The Widow Duck closed in from the other side. She was not Sissy's part of the argum one of her own, namely, t the pastor of her church fr himself before the sisters, barrassing complications v tation foreman.

"Giles got fifteen culti the Widow Duck told B'r (ev'y cultivator gonter ne p'ints, come sunup tomorr figgers down to 'bout a bo

B'r Charlie's mouth flap the words would not come

"And you knows good Widow Duck warned, " enough sharp p'ints, Gile you offn Little Bee."

"So," said B'r Charlie sa little hope of ever being "Maw-reen come a'twis'in turnrow."

"You's a lie!" Sissy "Maw-reen was ailin', a twis' when she ain't ailin come I spunt th'ee dollar for dem red pants. Jest like she was twis'in', and d kin find herse'f a husband.

B'R CHARLIE recognize nals when he saw th there was hostility on both And because he couldn't h doggedly, "And den Maw bore a false witness and h dry f'm de baptizin' I gi'ed

Sissy swung her hoe in circle right at B'r Charlie Widow Duck, who could and act with considerable a of her two hundred and tackled the preacher and g ground just in time to a B'r Charlie landed betwee with the ample Senior Ship of Zion sitting on his

"Now, Sissy, you jest d the Widow Duck ordered. an' quar'l wid Charlie all but he de pastor er de ch can't hit him."

"I'll stob him wid dis ratin' my Maw-reen," said mother. "I been tryin' tc her married off and I ain't one-laigged fat-mouf giv name around hyar."

"You git on back to cho the Widow Duck told he I'll git you churched outn a preacher-fighter!"

Sissy yielded, though muttered threats to the pr

"Mis' Duck," pleaded faintly, "you's mashin' my

The Widow Duck pres hand firmly against th mouth. "Shet up," she sai tawked too much now. me. Onderstand?"

She raised her hand lo permit B'r Charlie to moa tive.

"When I lets you up," sh want you to make a blac hyar to de shop, ondersta

Once more she lifted h again B'r Charlie indicat stood.

"And when you gits to Widow Duck finished "you start sharpin' dem fast as you kin. You got befo' dark, and you kin sh a hour, efn you gits a hum stood?"

B'r Charlie promised.

"You ain't got much Widow Duck admitted, "b enough to know when Gi body in high gears and he f in' back ev'ybody wid no he'd run you plumb to Jeri

She stood up and helpe to his own feet. "Now, yo

B'r Charlie went. Nothin

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leg and crutch functioned on the way to the blacksmith shop. Not a thought came into his mind, not an emotion stirred his heart. Not until his tongs had clasped a plowpoint and shoved it into the smoldering fire did his mind and spirit show an indication of life. A repetition of the old feeling came over him.

"Workin' like dis," he told himself stubbornly, "is doin' a sin."

He knew the Widow Duck was telling the truth about what Giles would do to him when he ran short of plowpoints. And he knew that Sissy had acted with maternal justification. But the belief that he was blameless stayed with him. He simply had been misunderstood all around.

However, he went to work with determination. He put his hand on the fan crank and tried to turn it. His muscles refused. Sadly he dragged the plowpoint from the forge and dropped it to the ground. He went to the door and gazed skyward. The sun was still an hour high and shining brightly through the clear heavens.

B'r Charlie sat down and prayed. He did not take the trouble to close his eyes or to kneel.

"Lawd," said B'r Charlie, "You see hit's like dis. When cotton was only fo' cents a pound, ev'ybody worked in high gears to make enough to eat. But dey didn't had no red pants for de womens. Now, maybe red pants ain't no sin. I don't know 'bout dat, Lawd."

B'r Charlie bogged down and stared dumbly toward the setting sun. Time passed. B'r Charlie's mind ached with effort. Presently, gray clouds began to assemble over the sun, sending out rainbow streaks of light. Then the clouds turned darker and the sun hid behind them. A streak of lightning cleaved the heavens, followed by a clap of thunder.

B'r Charlie sniffed. "A late May shower in de middle er June," he commented.

THE rain came with a quick, torrential downpour, but instead of passing quickly, it settled into a steady hard June rain.

Men and teams streamed to the barn from the fields, and the women scurried homeward. The soft, dry earth drank water for a while, but it was not long before water was running from the middles into the ditches.

Giles, hat pulled down and slicker collar turned up, appeared. B'r Charlie noted that the foreman's horse traveled in a lazy fox trot, an indication that Giles was in a relaxed good humor.

"Dis look like a June rain fo' true, B'r Charlie," the foreman called.

"Hit do dat, Mist' Giles," B'r Charlie agreed.

Giles stopped his horse. "Hit might rain like dis all night or all week. Hit don't make me no diff'unce, 'cause us was ready for hit. And by de time hit git dry enough to work agin, de cotton gonter be too big to plow."

"Yassuh, hit will dat," admitted the blacksmith.

"Dat suit me," Giles said happily, "'cause de mules need de rest and hit won't hurt de people. And hit won't hurt de cotton and hit'll do de cawn good."

"Hit will dat."

"So in de next two-three days, when you sort er git yo' wind, you kin start gittin' dem cotton wagons in shape. No hurry, 'cause us won't need 'em to de last er next month. But I wants 'em ready when I needs 'em. Onderstand?"

"Yassuh, Mist' Giles," said B'r Charlie.

After closing his shop for the night, B'r Charlie wrapped up his head with a sack and started home in the rain. As he passed Sissy's cabin, he was hailed.

"Maw-reen," Sissy announced, "done got her a man. One er h name er Henry. Dey aimec ried up when cotton pickir but I tole 'em hit wa'n't no r So dey gonter git married up on in and say de words."

When B'r Charlie reach last, the Widow Duck was s porch, a small pail in her ha

"I brang you over a litt to eat," she said. "I figgere be a little late gittin' home yo' own supper."

"Thanky kindly, Mis' Du Charlie, but he was puzzled. Duck ever was kind to h seldom brought him food.

When B'r Charlie had wet clothing and changed t clothes, he returned to the rain," he observed, "is one f

"Hit is for a fack," the V agreed. "I didn't b'lieve yc enough to pray up a rain lik done hit myse'f, if I'd 'a' th hit."

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's C No. 33



Christened Channc Addison Day shortly a his birth thirty-three year go in Chatham, N. J., Ch Day worked in several d erent schools and at eight d erent jobs before settling d n at the Art Students Lea e for two years. After that married a girl from Pav cket, R. I., and now has tw oung sons who inspire hin o do cartoons like the one the opposite page.

"Hunh?" B'r Charlie lo ed be dered. "I ain't prayed up no n. Co de rain ain't hurtin' nothin Giles so, hisse'f. But I didn't pra t up. she rain, or do she don't, hit 't no offn my back."

The Widow Duck star at "Hit'd 'a' been skin offn y back, Giles had hollered for mo' wp'int de mawnin'," she reminded m.

B'R CHARLIE had to ncentr hard before he rememb d the filled box. The moral th y of much work leading to sin hich been struggling in his bra all af noon, had exhausted itse and finally died in the rusty cell

"Yeah," B'r Charlie said. I reckc sorter got lazy. But," he s gged grinned, "mo' rain, mo' rest

On the way home in t rain, Widow Duck was puzzled.

"I wonder," she muse "did Charlie pray up dat rain a den lie me? Or maybe he raley 't all smart, and de Lawd had pit nd rait jest to he'p out His preache

Bomber Pilot

Continued from page 11

...be R.A.F.," and about how it ...over German territory at night ...responsibility of your crew of ...ur hands.

...familiar story to me because ...awful lot of R.A.F. pilots and ...es vary only in details. This ...ght, is the typical R.A.F. pi... ...tory of this kid, whose name ...fficer Eric Orpin Walsh, is the ...thousand pilots. Pilot Officer ...d thousands like him are the ...of the R.A.F. There are aces ...knocked down thirty German ...They are exceptions. There ...r pilots who have been deco... ...destroying the Dortmund-Ems ...for kicking Templehof Aero... ...und. These, too, are excep... ...t Pilot Officer Eric Walsh is ...e ordinary bomber pilot, who ...German territory or on sea ...days or nights a week, week ...ek out. A year was spent in ...g and this training probably ...in $20,000. So listen to his ...realize that the lads who are ...tremendous feats in the air ...d are only ordinary kids after

...e Lure of Far Places

...s born in Toronto and, like ...an youngsters, he wanted to ...key player. He grew up as ...youngsters do, living on the ...outside of Toronto. He was ...but he was sturdy and when ...o the Upper Canada College ...hockey and he played rugby ...xed.

...d cricket, too," the kid added. ...anyone tell you cricket is a ...e. Sure, I played baseball, ...ll take cricket. That cricket ...rder than a baseball, you ..."

...had finished school he got a ...rk in a broker's office. Later ...tched to the floor of the min... ...ge and then he sold bonds for (if you want the facts) T. H. Harrison and Company. His older brother Arch, meanwhile, was roaming all over the world and the letters he wrote back from places like Singapore and Tangiers and Rio stirred the imagination of the kid. Then Arch landed in England and in his next letter he said that he had joined the R.A.F. Finally, he had passed his preliminary training and then came the day when he wrote to say that he had got his wings.

That was enough for Eric. War clouds were in the sky. Eric had never been in an airplane but those letters from Brother Arch had made him thoroughly dissatisfied with selling bonds.

He was accepted and he sailed for England. He passed his medical test and then they took him up. He had to survive this initial test or else take the next boat back. He climbed into the rear cockpit of a two-seater Tiger Moth and a moment later he was air-borne. The pilot took him up and then he did a few stall turns; he dived and he climbed and then he did a loop.

"They give you the works that first day," the kid explained, "to see if you can take it. I wasn't up two minutes before I knew that this was for me. I'd never do anything but fly."

After twelve hours in the Tiger Moth they let him solo. Now he felt that he was a pilot. But no, there was something else. He had to have fifty hours in the Tiger Moth and he had to attend ground school and learn about motors. From there he was sent north to Lincolnshire. Here he had to master more highly powered airplanes and here, too, he had to learn to "act and behave like an officer."

He wore a pilot's uniform but he didn't have his wings yet. To get them he had to pass a difficult written examination. Finally, when he had about two hundred hours, they sent him to the west country to learn about the heavy twin-motored aircraft. In addition he studied navigation and gunnery and bombing



"I've gained 190 pounds since that was taken" CHON DAY

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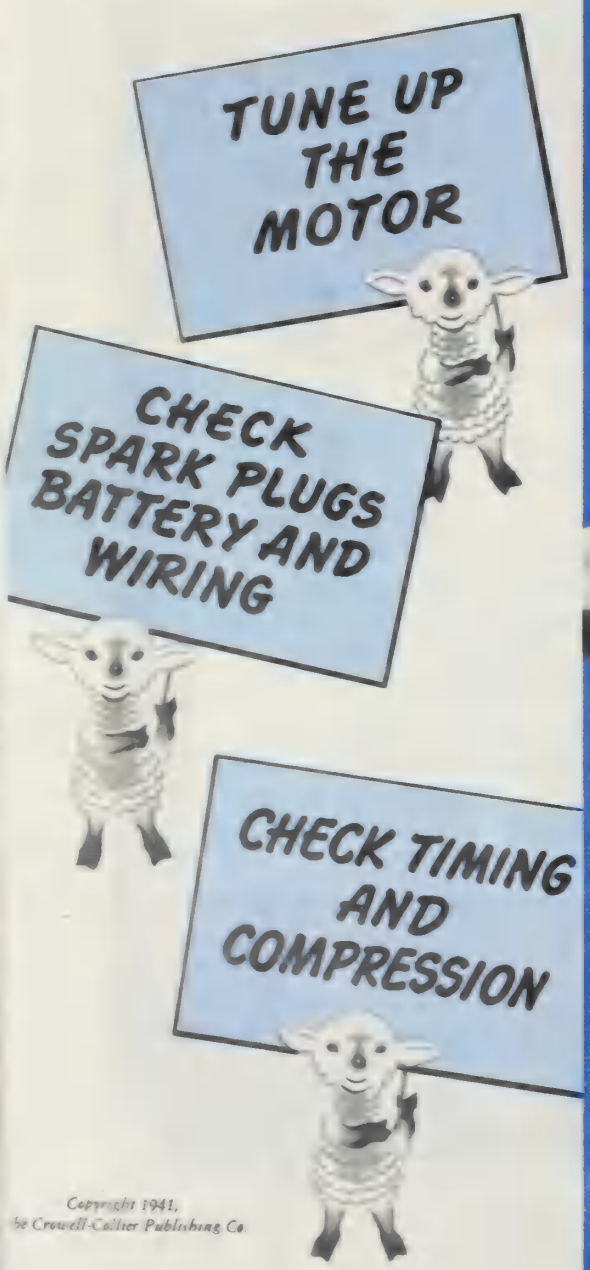
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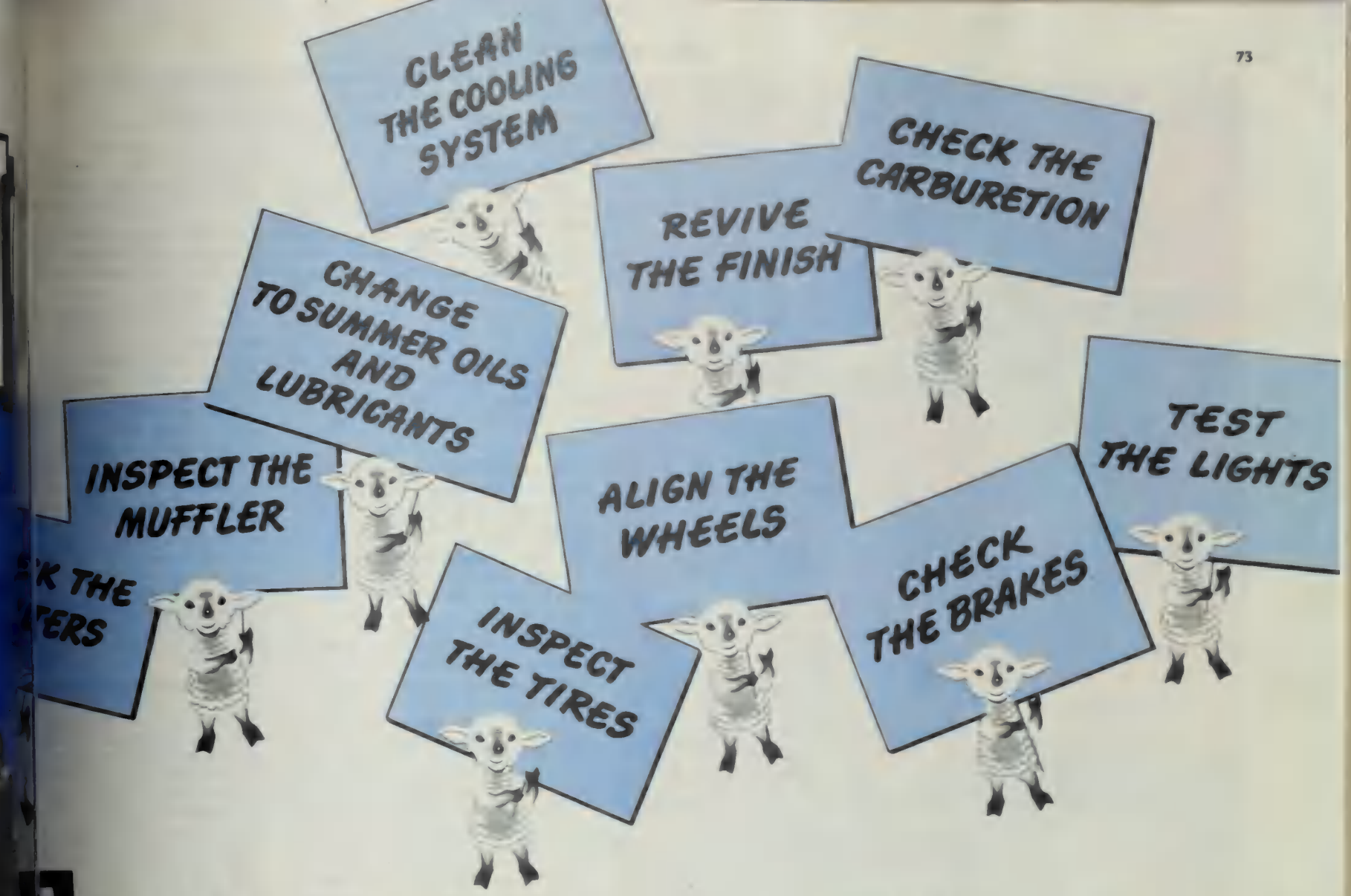
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th people who get the biggest ut motoring follow the Preven- servi idea. They know what can be by e modern tuner-upper—and ove

ew has been born in the servic- f aut nobiles. Skill and equipment nade e service man a miracle man can ok at his recording devices ell wat's going on inside the car. y thi to do is to *see* your service now d have him give your car a g Tu -up. He can bring back that ar "el"—that delightful sensation assur the small of your back when ep o he accelerator.

Th Ignition System

mode car achieves such outstand- erfo ance because it is so finely esere To be so sensitive in respon- ss uires precision adjustment. d it eds frequent tuning because, hine sical instrument, use will get of t .

putti your car back to its original y sp ifications, the service man heck ght through the ignition sys- rom spark plugs to the battery— g im rtant stops at the distributor he co on the way. When he has put good rder, he will bring the timing e crit l point of greatest fuel econ- and wer—not by guess but by tific i rument.

e Power Plant

the uch of a concert violinist ging instrument to pitch, the ce ma will tune the carburetion. Trouble at this point can be costly in loss of power and loss of mileage. The carburetor handles about 70 gallons of gas and 100,000 cubic feet of air every 1,000 miles. You can't afford to have such an important device even slightly out of whack, any more than you can afford not to use high-test gasoline.

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tactics and similar adjuncts to the pilot's trade in wartime. Then came the great day when he had mastered the twin-motored airplanes and he had passed his written examination. They gave him his wings.

Came September 3, 1939. War was declared. Eric longed to hop into a kite and soar into battle. He had his wings, didn't he? He was surprised to find out that he was still only a beginner. He was sent somewhere else for advanced courses. Five months of it there with both classroom and flying instructions for eight hours a day. Thirteen subjects had to be mastered.

"Really, advanced navigation, coding, ship recognition, signaling, maps, charts, photography, reconnaissance, methods of recognizing harbors; there were others, too," the kid explained. "It all comes in handy now."

The kid was now a full-fledged pilot. The R.A.F. had given him a year's time. It had given him the best instruction possible. All he would have to do from now on would be to apply the knowledge that had been imparted to him. He was sent to a command in Scotland. Then Germany marched into Norway—and the war was on. The kid (and thousands like him) was ready.

The kid will never forget his first combat flight. For a while he had to act as copilot. On this fateful morning even the commanding officer was a little excited. The Scharnhorst, the German battle cruiser, had been located off the coast of Norway. This was the target for the day. One flight of three took off. They never found the Scharnhorst.

Then the second flight, under the command of Squadron Leader Feeny, took off. Eric was in this flight. Feeny was a good man. He led them right to the target. The Scharnhorst was off Bergen and she was escorted by six destroyers.

"We were at 11,000 feet," the kid says, remembering it as though it were yesterday. "The destroyers started throwing ack-ack up at us. It burst all around. We flew right through it and dropped our bombs across the Scharnhorst. Then we started looking for clouds. They were a long way off. Forty-five Messerschmitts came from nowhere. That's a lot of Messerschmitts.

"By now we three were separated. It was every man for himself. We beetled off fast for those clouds. Two Messerschmitts came at us dead ahead. They missed us and, as they passed, our gunner sent in a burst at one. Then we were in the clouds. We made our landfall all right. Squadron Leader Feeny's plane? It was shot up badly and crashed when it landed, but nobody was hurt."

It wasn't long before Pilot Officer Eric Walsh was on his own. He was now a copilot. The coastal command has long range and a variety of duties. It meets and protects convoys; it does reconnaissance work; it does anti-submarine patrol; it bombs certain parts occupied by Germany. Before long Eric had done all of these things. Then came the greatest thrill of all.

"We got word that a submarine was giving trouble to convoys," Eric says. "It had done a lot of damage to a lot of shipping. Day after day we went out looking for it. Then one day at dusk, I saw it. I had the submarine, that's why he didn't see me. The sea was very rough. We were a thousand feet and I dove fast to 500 feet and dropped the bombs. I dropped a string of four right across her. The sub sank. I was past the sub but my rear gunner saw the bombs explode right on each side. We got that one all right."

It's Simple—Don't Take Chances

It's routine now with Eric. He's shifted to nightwork. It's a cinch, he says, compared with day bombing. Now he goes over Norway bombing a group shipping on the coast, bombing ports like Stavanger and Bergen and Lister. It's a cinch at night unless the weather is bad.

"It isn't much fun then," Eric says. "It's easy to get lost over the fjords, and on the way home we listen to music from the German radio. It's good music, too."

When he joined his squadron he was the kid of the outfit. Only one of the senior officers have gone. Now Eric is the veteran.

"No reason to get killed," Eric says earnestly. "Just don't take chances. I'm coming out of this war and going to get a job flying a big transport plane. I don't take chances."

"Sure, kid," I told him. "You don't take any chances."



"Calvin, guess what the postman brought you today!"

A Letter to Americans

Continued from page 15

n Europe, the interventionists , and obtained, the revision of ality Act. They persuaded us uld sell arms on a "cash and is without becoming involved r ourselves. They were em- aying that no one asked us to y, or to send troops abroad. step "short of war" was the at aircraft, cannon, destroy- her munitions be taken from ican Army, Navy and Air transferred to the French h forces in Europe. In this, quiesced. Then we began to spered that we were already the war to back out—whis- he very people who had ad- e steps "short of war" which s. Now we are told that we one enough; that there must t to our assistance; that we e "arsenal of democracy" for world, lending, leasing or the resources of our nation, , to the cause of the British nd here it is interesting to he cause of the British em- ot prevent us, as the "arsenal cy," from supplying arms to ugh she be both an aggressor a totalitarian state.) The ad- ntervention are beginning to qualifying phrase "short of nore daring among them are ussing an American Expedi- ce for Europe.

th steps "short of war" has s porting campaign of propa- country has been full of it months—a propaganda as dious and effective to date ch led us into the last war. entered war in 1917 we were are being told today, that roops would not be needed. we declared war, we were "token" division to fight But we ended up with more ,00,000 soldiers overseas, and at has not yet been paid.

propaganda in the United tempts to persuade us that Britain will win the war, pro- ceives somewhat more help re here, up to this moment, given ound with this has been a cam- to convince us that a British vic- essential to American security. ker or granted that we would not ling to take part in a war which it would be unsuccessful. Conse- ly, ws releases from London ize l German successes and ex- te l British successes. They any discussion of war aims, peace or ow England can win now that any s defeated France and con- the ntinent of Europe. This is y the BC of wartime propaganda. carri on by both sides in a war. discr ing British propaganda be- it is hat to which we have been cted d therein lies the danger of volvnent. There is certainly no r of our fighting on Germany's and er propaganda in America een ratively ineffective.

be ecific again, you will re- ber at even before hostilities nence factual statements con- ng th growing military strength erma were bitterly attacked by ro-British press. Those of us who he gr th of the German air force severely assailed because of the ts we ade describing it, although repo now turn out to have been t unf givably conservative. Then, recall hat when the Germans in- vaded Austria, it was claimed by the propagandists that their mechanized divisions broke down: that the workmanship on their tanks, trucks, engines, etc., was too inferior to operate successfully in a major war. German aircraft were said to be weakly constructed; there was a shortage of pilots, raw materials and fuel. We were told that Germany did not have sufficient food to wage a war. And in addition to all this, internal conditions were said to be so bad that the German people would start a revolution rather than fight again.

IF YOU question the accuracy of my statement that we have been misinformed through propaganda, I ask you to glance through our daily newspapers since the war began. If you are pressed for time, take any one of the major campaigns—Poland, Finland, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. You will find that we, in America, were misinformed about these campaigns until the actual military position made it impossible to hide the facts any longer. Do you remember when we were informed over the radio that the French army had penetrated the Siegfried Line in five different places? Do you recall the headlines of battles raging on the western front during the winter of 1939-40—battles we now know were never fought? Were we told how desperate the Finnish position was before the final breakthrough of the Russian army? Do you remember how, after reading day after day of Allied successes in Norway, and how Germany had put her neck in a noose, we were startled by the announcement that the Allies were evacuating all of their forces? Who was it said the Maginot Line was impregnable; that bombing planes were no match for the British navy; that England had the submarine menace well in hand, and had already "won the battle of the air"?

The propagandists who made these claims do not bother to explain them. They know that people forget quickly, and they are too busy leading us along with new fallacies. They must confuse America's desire to aid England with our desire to stay out of the war. They must convince our people that England is winning the war in Europe, even though she has lost every major engagement in which she participated—that all she needs is more help than we have, up to that moment, given her; and that if we *should* get into the war, it would not be necessary to send troops. They must build up the element of fear in America. They must persuade us that if England loses, we are not strong enough to defend ourselves; that we may be invaded by aircraft from the Greenland ice cap, or even by transatlantic parachute troops descending on our city streets. They have already led us far along the road to war—the same road that we traveled in 1917; then too at their behest.

But there is one all-important difference between the European war when we entered it in 1917, and the European war today. It is this difference which must be brought to the attention of every American, for the entire future of our nation hangs upon it. It is, that when we entered the last war we could see how victory could be won, but today we cannot. In 1917, the Central Powers were fighting France and Great Britain in the west, Russia in the east, and Italy in the south. The German armies had already suffered severe reverses. Even Japan had entered the war on the Allied side.

In 1941, however, we face an entirely





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different situation. Germany has conquered France. She has an alliance with Italy, Russia and Japan—three hundred million people. Her armies control the coast of Europe from Spain to the Arctic Ocean. British shipping losses are already of the utmost seriousness, and the major ports and industrial centers of England have been heavily bombed.

The fact is that America is not in a position to wage a successful war in Europe under present conditions. We, ourselves, are not prepared, and even if we were, where would we send our soldiers to fight? How are we to force a landing on the European continent against the prepared positions of the strongest military power in the world? If the British, French and Belgian armies combined could not hold the fortifications they had spent years in building along the German border, how can we be expected to cross the Atlantic Ocean and invade the continent of Europe against the opposition of the same army, navy and air force that thrust the British fleet from the coast of Norway, and broke the Maginot Line?

The people who shouted for England and France to declare war in 1939 called for suicide and defeat. Because of their hysteria and blindness, the bravest men of France and England marched to disaster and to death. While the intellectuals of Europe preached of Christianity, democracy and idealism, they threw a wave of human flesh against a fortified concrete line—without adequate guns, or tanks, or aircraft even for defense, to say nothing of attack.

Has this attitude of life succeeded? Has it gained freedom for France or security for England? Has it stamped out aggression or heightened civilization? Has democracy gained or has it lost through such leadership? These are questions that we in America must answer. With failure in Europe before our eyes, shall we follow this same course? Shall we throw ourselves into war in a fervor of idealism, shouting about how we think the world *should* be run? Or shall we discuss calmly how our objectives can be accomplished, and *adequately* prepare ourselves to reach them?

PERSONALLY, I believe that by our withdrawal from Europe after the last war, and our failure to prepare for this one many years ago, we are already committed to a policy of military "isolation." I believe that if we abandon this policy at the present time, we are courting national disaster, just as France and England courted disaster when they, unprepared, declared war over the German invasion of Poland. A nation cannot change overnight from an attitude of peace to an attitude of war. It takes many years of planning and preparation before great military strength can be attained. I believe it is not any longer a question of what we *wish* to do in this war, but rather one of what we *can* do. I believe that for us to enter the conflict in Europe at this time would result in defeat and humiliation. If we are to enter such a conflict successfully, then we must prepare for it not for one year or for two, but for ten years or for twenty as Germany has done.

On the other hand, I believe that we can build a military and commercial position on this continent that is impregnable to attack, and which will force other nations to trade with us, if through expediency alone. Even if America intended eventually to dominate the entire world, as some people now seem to want us to do, I would say that our first step should be to consolidate our defenses at home, so that we could prepare ourselves in safety for our adventures beyond the seas.

Every difficulty we would have in invading Europe would be an advantage for us in defending America. Our armies would be fighting on home soil, our Navy would be close to its bases, our air force could strike with its utmost effect. It would be the enemy's problem, not ours, to cross the ocean with millions of troops and their supplies, to pass by our submarines, our battleships, and our bombing planes, and to force a landing on American shores against the guns of our coast artillery and our Army.

When England could not hold the coast of Norway against the German air force; when the British navy dared not remain in the Skagerrak, or even permanently in the North Sea; when the German military machine, after crashing through the Maginot Line and routing the French army and the British expeditionary force, has been held up for nine months by twenty-five miles of English Channel—how is any navy to approach the shores of America and land an invading army against the combined resistance of our military forces?

THERE has been much discussion of an air invasion of America. This is partially due to propaganda, partially to hysteria and partially, I believe, to a misconception of the so-called "air invasions" of Norway and Holland by the German air force. Personally, although I think the effectiveness of military aviation is still underestimated, I do not believe there is the slightest danger of a purely air invasion of America now, or at any time we can now foresee. To begin with, the distance across the oceans is far too great to permit the air transport of armies large enough to invade us successfully, even if one assumes that they had a place to land unopposed by our own military forces. But, aside from the question of distance, we should be reassured by the fact that there has never been a successful invasion by air alone. The outstanding examples of the use of aviation for invasion of enemy territory occurred during the German occupations of Norway and Holland. But in each of these instances, the landing of troops by air was carried on simultaneously with the movement of ground and naval forces on a major scale. The maximum number of troops that could have been transported and supplied by air would have been ineffective without the immediate support of a ground army. If air invasion alone could be successful, it would have been used by the Germans against England many months ago.

But what about the northern routes, cry the alarmists; won't we be invaded by way of Greenland and Alaska, where the distances between land are short? Possibly the best answer to this question is in the form of another: Why, if these northern routes are so advantageous, do you suppose the commercial airlines to Europe and Asia prefer the great over-water distances farther south? The answer is that ice and fog and bitter cold still force men southward in their quests of commerce and of war. Except in adventure and exploration, men follow the routes which offer the greatest safety and require the least effort—and these are not in the north.

Of all the transatlantic air routes, the simplest to fly is the one that lies between Africa and South America. This fact is being used today in much of the war propaganda we hear. German airplanes, we are told, will fly to Africa by the thousands, hop across the ocean to South America, refuel and fly up and invade the United States.

Leaving aside the problems that would have to be solved in Europe and Africa before thousands of German airplanes could take off on such a venture,



sider what preparations would
e made for their arrival in
erica—in Brazil, to be specific.
uld have to be dozens of pre-
epared airdromes, equipped
and fuel and crews of skilled
. All of the men and supplies
ould have to be transported
fact many ocean transports
thousands of workmen would
busy for months before the
landing facilities could be ar-
that when anyone speaks of
asion via Africa and South
e presupposes that Germany
he war in Europe; that the
he has conquered are either
isfied or so completely sub-
she is able to devote her
an interhemispherical strug-
sia always at her back door);
as Africa also well in hand;
that she has, in opposition to
forces of Brazil backed by
army, Navy and Air Corps,
to construct and supply the
airdromes in eastern South

at, of course, it is still far-
eastern Brazil to the con-
North America than it was
many originally, so other
air bases would have to be
farther north, before enemy
d in South America would
dvantage over enemy planes
eir home airports in Europe.
here are no railroads through
n of South America, these
ould have to be established

ore one studies the problem,
vious it becomes that an air
America is entirely out of
n. Invading forces would
e by sea, and if they made
mpt, it would be our Ameri-
n that flew out to meet them
raiding,

e nations in the world, we
ost impregnable position of
e have highly developed in-
eat national resources and a
of one hundred and thirty
ple upon which to draw.
a nation in this hemisphere
gh even to consider attack-
are flanked by the Atlantic
e east, and the Pacific on the
e north, we are protected by
stends of the Arctic. Where in
story has a nation been similarly
ed? hen why in our maturity any
than our youth, "Why, by inter-
ing r destiny with that of any
of E pe, entangle our peace and
perity n the toils of European am-
n. ri lship, interest, humor or
ce?"

IS of asked today why our re-
name program moves so slowly,
our p ple are so divided and con-
d. W , indeed! The answer is
. It because we have neglected
wisdo and experience of our fore-
ers—w have not followed Wash-
on's ad ice. We have let the destiny
Americ become confused and en-
led wi that of foreign lands. Our
ers h e attempted to transfer
lity fo our own country to loyalty
a "par of Europe." One portion of
peopl has attempted to force its
s abo Europe upon another
ion of r people—to inject into our
st toda the very quarrels of the Old
id tha ur forefathers left behind.
ie. in merica, should not be dis-
ussing whether we will enter the war
England declared in Europe. We
uld not e wasting our time arguing
ut whe er it is cheaper to defend
ourselves e than to defend ourselves.
should t be conscripting our youth
a foreign war they do not wish to
t. We should all be marching to-
gether toward one clear and commonly accepted goal—the independent destiny of America. If we desire unity and strength among our people, we must turn our eyes back from these everlasting wars of Europe—back to our own country, to the clear horizons of a great American future. Let us learn from the errors made by the democracies abroad, and not repeat them. Let us give thanks to the generations of Americans before us who won and maintained the independence of our nation against far greater dangers than we face today. Let us dedicate ourselves to guarding that independence that we may pass it on to the future in even greater security than we received it from the past. It is by building our own strength and character at home—not by crusading abroad—that we can contribute most to civilization throughout the world.

If you believe that we should not enter this war, your help is needed vitally by those of us who stand against our intervention. The policy of our nation is still influenced by the desires of its people. You can help us by organizing mass meetings against our entry into the war. You can help by attending such mass meetings. You can help by writing to your congressmen, to your senator and to your local newspaper, telling them of your views. Such letters have more influence than most people realize. But if you stand with us against war, you must act now or it will be forever too late. It is not enough to write once. Write every time an issue arises—several letters each week until this crisis has passed. Demand of your representatives that they oppose our entry into the war and be on guard against these steps that will inevitably lead us to it. It is worth all the effort we can give. Our future, our children's future, our country's future, all that we hold worth while is in the balance.

I HAVE one last request, and then this letter is ended. Before you make your final decision, reason through for yourself what war would mean to this country. Demand a practical plan from those who preach of defending democracy throughout the world. Ask them to explain how we are to invade successfully the continent of Europe—how we are to impose our ideology on the peoples of Germany, Russia, Italy and Japan combined against us. Insist on an answer that is clear—couched in terms of soldiers killed and years of war. Stop them from telling you what *should be done*, and make them demonstrate to you what we have the *ability to do*. Ask them to define our war aims: our plan of defense and of attack. And if someone says that such questions must be left to "experts," ask them: To what experts? To the same experts who, for the last twenty years, led France to defeat and England to ruin? To the same experts who have created the greatest national debt in American history, and still left us a nation unprepared in the midst of a world at war? To the same experts who failed either to maintain peace or to prepare for war? No, such leadership will never make us a strong and victorious nation. It will not carry us successfully through these periods of war and crises. If our American ideals are to survive, it will not be through the narcotic of a foreign war, but through a reawakening of the spirit that brought this nation into existence. It will be only if you, and I, and people like us, take the reins in hand once more, as our forefathers have done in times of crisis.

The future of America, of our way of life and of western civilization itself lies not so much in the outcome of these wars abroad as in the action that *we* take *now* here in our own country. In this action, your help is urgently and immediately needed.

INLITE TAKES HOLD and Death Takes a Holiday



3500 POUNDS OF STEEL-ON-WHEELS start down the steepest test hill ever built . . . disaster is a split-second away until Inlite Brake Lining takes hold and death takes a holiday, as the test driver safely stops the car with his foot brake alone.



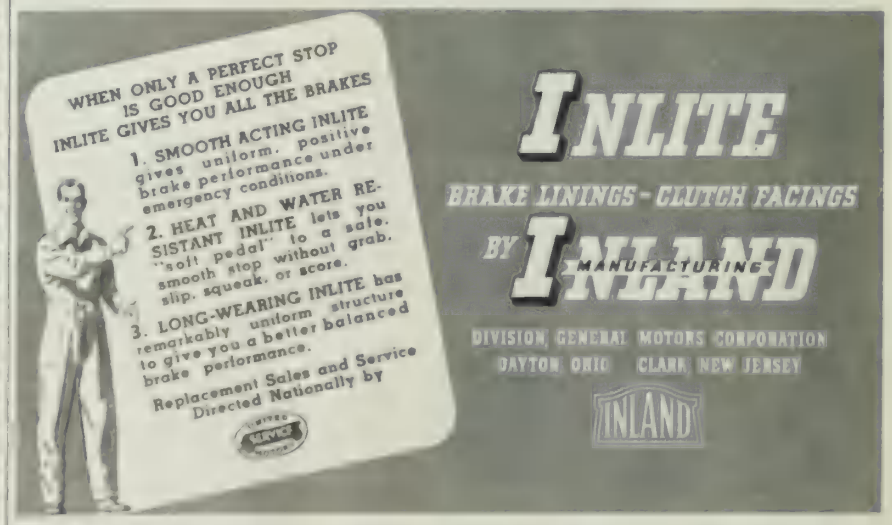
PICTURE THE SETTING of this thrilling brake lining test recently conducted on the steepest test hill ever built. Here is a hill that's too steep to walk up or down . . . too steep for a passenger car to climb . . . a hill with more than twice the grade of any hill that you are likely to face in normal driving.

Suddenly, the dare-devil test driver heads the car for somewhere below. Disaster is a split-second away . . . until Inlite Brake Lining takes hold as the fearless driver stops the car with his foot brake alone.

This spectacular Inlite demonstration proves why great automobile makers depend on Inlite. You can do likewise!

Don't take chances on your brakes! Have them checked today by your neighborhood garageman, brake serviceman or car dealer. Ask him to install on your car the same Inlite top-quality brake lining that's original factory equipment on 1941 passenger cars and trucks.

Remember, when only a perfect stop is good enough, Inlite gives you all the brakes. Get Inlite under your feet and go safely every day.



Give Your Family all the brakes, with INLITE BRAKE LININGS



When you remove anti-freeze—clean out rust, scale and sediment too! Water circulates freely. You may save expensive trouble. Just use 10c worth of Sani-Flush. (25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

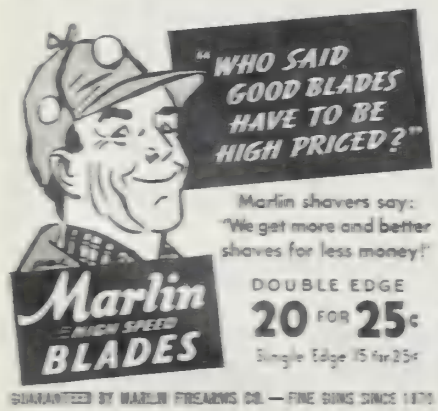
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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GUARANTEED BY MARLIN FIREARMS CO. — FINE GUNS SINCE 1870



Foulproof Taylor

By Dan Parker

James Taylor pre... tises one claim ... "Made Farley," a... puts the foolpro... cap—and Taylor—...

DID I ever tell you how I saved boxing, Lord forgive me, and put Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House?" asks Foulproof Taylor. "No? Well, I'll tell you. It was like this:"

And then, although you didn't ask him, the self-confessed savior of boxing and maker of Presidents will tell you anyway. He also will tell you about his inventions: A foulproof device for boxers, a foulproof cap for ballplayers, a foulproof skullcap for hockey players and a foulproof brassière for girls who play softball.

James Phillip Taylor is an intense little man in his early fifties with keen, blue eyes, a shock of silver-gray hair that stands up like a Zulu's and an indomitable spirit. He has a firm conviction that there is a huge conspiracy to defeat his one-man campaign to make the world foulproof.

A persecution complex may account for this state of mind but there is really something to Foulproof's claim that he saved a sport and made a President. Like the ammunition China gets over the Burma Road, this may be farfetched. But Taylor really helped to save boxing in New York State back in 1930 when the foul ending of the Sharkey-Schmeling heavyweight-championship bout threatened to kill the fight racket. And, in doing so, he helped to make Jim Farley a national figure. In turn, Farley made Franklin D. Roosevelt President of the United States. Therefore, Foulproof Taylor put Roosevelt in the White House. Q. E. D.

Foulproof was born in Manchester, England, the son of an Irish telegrapher and an American mother from Columbus, Ohio. A telegrapher by trade and in his youth a big-league soccer player with the Manchester City Reserves, Taylor has never boxed nor has boxing had anything to do with his invention of the device that saved it.

'Twas while twittering in the chorus of the Metropolitan opera as a male canary in 1926 that Taylor found his true life's mission. In one of the scenes of an opera in which he sang and brandished a spear menacingly at a baritone, Foulproof was "roughed up" at every performance and finally injured. For self-protection, thereafter, he wore a shock-absorbing device of his own invention, hastily contrived in the cellar workshop of his home in Flatbush. The wave of fouls which came at the crest of the boxing boom in the late 1920's gave Foulproof his cue, sending him on the trail of a fortune that so far has eluded him.

Fouled by Misfortune

After a dozen years in the business of making the world foulproof, he has made several lawyers and a rival for the foulproof business rich, but he still retains his amateur standing, with nothing to show for his efforts but several scrapbooks loaded with goofy publicity.

Taylor has been fouled 10,000 times at his own request. He has been crowned with baseball bats wielded by some of the nation's leading sluggers. Many's the concrete wall ... butting it like an enraged ... at fifty-three, he still has ... looks at least fifteen year... he is and, despite his pe... plex, hasn't been licked ... adversities that have sp... path.

Foulproof Taylor is ... conformist. Everything ... original, even the world's ... he won in Calgary. Albert ... and still holds. This is ... title at one ninth of a mi... which, still the world's ... you, after twenty-three ... two seconds flat. Foulpr... blindfolded chess cham... treal.

He also is rather pro... that, although sacked ... his seventeen jobs, he ... fired for inefficiency. It ... refusing to "Yes" the boss ... ing his one-man crusad... world foulproof. Taylor ... the cable company by wit... ployed as "Ten-Yard" T... of his uncanny faculty of ... ten yards the spot wher... cable had broken.

Being the son of a t... naturally gravitated to t... pounding, and before be... teens was working as an ... Azores. On his right fo... bears a livid scar, left by ... of a giant octopus which ... one afternoon while be... off the Fayal breakwat...

'LL ALWAYS BE GLAD YOU BOUGHT A GENERAL ELECTRIC



The Truth About Today's Refrigerators !

MATTER what reliable make of electric refrigerator you choose today, you'll get value for your dollars than ever before.

FOR TODAY'S good electrical refrigerators are an example of mechanical perfection as human ingenuity, skill, science and experience have produced. They're more than twice as efficient as refrigerators of ten years ago, yet cost about half as much—so little that almost every family can afford the best in modern refrigeration.

WHATEVER make you choose, be sure to: (1) get a refrigerator that's big enough for your needs; too many of the early purchasers have had to add for more storage space. (2) Get a refrigerator that's completely equipped—for the little conveniences become very, very important multiplied over the years of use. (3) Get a refrigerator that's made by a reputable, experienced manufacturer, for actually it must outwear the mechanical life of many automobiles. (4) Ask your neighbors, shop carefully, and get all the facts, for you won't be buying a refrigerator again very soon if you choose wisely. (5) Remember that in refrigerators as in most other things, you get what you pay for—so the best model you can afford is your best investment.

★ NATURALLY we'd like to see you buy a General Electric, for we believe it's the finest machine ever built. Of course, we're prejudiced—but be sure you look at a G-E before you make up your mind.

★ MAYBE we build the G-E Refrigerator so well, because we have had a lot of experience as the largest builder of electrical conveniences. We do know that we offer, in this refrigerator, features tested by time and a mechanism that's just about tops in the engineering world.

★ G-E WAS FIRST with an all-steel cabinet—first with the sealed mechanism—first with many other vital improvements. Its record for low cost, dependable service is unsurpassed. And according to recent surveys it is *preferred by more people than any other refrigerator!* We try hard to give people their money's worth and to keep our prices low. A General Electric is priced no higher than other good refrigerators—as little as $114.95* buys a big 6 cu. ft. model. We believe G-E *actually costs less than any other refrigerator over the years!*

* Local and state taxes, if any, additional. Prices slightly higher in the West and South. See your nearest General Electric dealer.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Set your expectations *high*, then take the wheel!

IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA if people who come to see and drive a Ford could first see and drive some cars that sell for much more money. Then they would understand more clearly the place the Ford car holds today.

Then they would quickly realize that today's Ford is more like the high-priced cars than it is like the cars which sell at the Ford price. The reason for this lies in the history of the Ford car itself. The Ford car was built in the first place to make it possible for the man of average means to own an automobile.

Then, to make the Ford car finer, year by year, we borrowed for it more and more of the proven features of more expensive cars. To these, Ford engineers applied Ford methods and Ford resources in the big Ford plant, until ways were found to put these features in our cars and still retain the low [illegible]

You get the results when you d[rive a] Ford today. Your touch on the st[eering] loose smooth, fine-car power. Your [foot rests] the pedal of a fine-car clutch. Y[ou] flick a gearshift of accepted fine-car [pe]scores of unseen fine-car parts co[me] do your bidding.

Set your expectations *high*, then [our]



Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies are longer and wider this year, adding as much as seven inches to seating width.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs, improved shock absorbers.

POWER WITH ECONOMY. This year, more than ever, Ford owners are enthusiastic about the economy and fine all-round performance of Ford cars.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field, give added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

Ford

…efore Taylor invented the foul-…athing suit.

Fr… the Azores, Taylor came to New …ork. Although he had learned only the …ont…ntal code in Europe, he got a job …mm…ately as a Morse code operator. This …as tantamount to a New York …ucti…eer getting a job at his trade in …the… In such a situation, Foulproof …ost …any jobs. But Foulproof was …oun…nd fancy-free, so he became a …ove… Boy. In Nicaragua, where he …augl… black-water fever and shrank …o a …venty-pound skeleton, his life …as s…ed by an eighty-year-old Indian …oma… who went out into the jungle and …etur…d with some herbs that cured …im.

In …nama, wearing his soccer uni-…orm …a Mardi Gras carnival, he was …rest… for "indecent exposure." The …ocal …ndarmes, seeing a soccer uni-…orm … the first time, were shocked by …he si… of Foulproof's bare and slightly …nock… knees, although near nudity …as t… vogue among the fair maidens …t the …rnival. When Taylor explained …o the …hief of police that this was the …ficia… costume of England's favorite …istri… and produced a soccer ball to …emo… rate how the game was played, …e wa… released and the chief begged …im t… each his policemen how to play … Th… was soccer introduced in Pan-…ma.

…oulproof to the Rescue

…Bac… in New York, on a cable job, …aylo… typed a message to J. P. …orga… in capital letters, contrary to …egula… ns. The style pleased the near-…ankte… old banker so much that he …empl… ented the cable company and …equi… d that all future cablegrams to …ir… e typed in capital letters. Thus …o Fo… proof cause the introduction of …eu-ca… " typewriters among telegraph …nd co… e companies.

Wh… Foulproof landed a job in a …ckely… atchman's shack at Manhattan …each… where the transatlantic cables …ame t… ore, he found so much time on …is ha… s that he took the opera job. …For th… e years, Taylor handled both …obs w… out a hitch.

…Just… bout that time came an epi-…emic … fouls in boxing. Foulproof read …f this… ire situation and in a flash the …dea o… his lifetime came to him. He …ould … Orpheus, poor bloke, shift for …ymsel… nd devote the rest of his career to the Herculean task of saving boxing. Oddly enough, boxing showed no interest in Foulproof's resolve. In fact, it ignored him. Foulproof Taylor was a hard man to ignore, though. He would come bustling into a gymnasium and demand that the nearest boxer foul him. Since fighters were being well paid to foul opponents in that era, they would merely curl their lips into a sneer and hiss: "Sca-ram!"

At the office of the New York State Athletic Commission, Secretary Bashful Bertie Stand still points pridefully to the groove on one of the benches in the waiting room.

"Foulproof Taylor wore that one," says Bertie. "Yes, sir! He sat there day after day for two years, waiting for Jim Farley to see him. Never got discouraged, either."

Our hero well remembers June 13, 1930, the day after the first Sharkey-Schmeling heavyweight-championship fight, in which Schmeling had won the title while claiming foul, on the flat of his back. Foulproof received a telegram sent collect, mind you, by Secretary Stand. If there's anything a telegraph operator hates more than a teleprinter, it's a collect telegram. This was the first and only one Foulproof ever received and he was so burned up he looked at the calendar and saw it was Friday the 13th! It is a sad commentary on the development of the human mind that, despite what happened as a consequence of Foulproof Taylor's collect telegram, there are still some people around who insist that Friday the 13th is an unlucky day.

Paying the messenger a reluctant quarter and giving him a tip (never to bet on horse races or accept collect telegrams) Taylor tore open the envelope feverishly and found himself summoned to a meeting of the New York State Athletic Commission. Abandoning his telegraph key in the middle of a dot, Taylor dashed off to the offices of the commission.

Big Jim Farley didn't beat about the bush. No sooner had Foulproof shoved his gray-thatched noggin inside the door and dropped a curtsy than Farley commanded: "Taylor, we want you to save boxing."

"At your service, me lord," replied Taylor humbly.

"But first you've got to prove your protector is foulproof," said Farley. "So, as a special favor to you, we're going to let you be fouled for one solid hour by four leading heavyweights."

"My country calls and I respond with pleasure," said Foulproof.

During the next few days, Foulproof was fouled in several clubs—by Yale Okun, Bob Olin, Jack DeMave and Jack Renault, four professional bruisers. While boxing-commission inspectors looked on and kept tally, the burly fighters hit the comparatively frail little telegraph operator with every foul blow known to the boxing racket. But the hundreds of blows that landed didn't hurt Foulproof a bit, although his back was raw from rope burns after the demonstration. The test had proved everything that Taylor had been trying to tell the boxing commission, which wouldn't listen to him, for two long years. It convinced the commission that any boxer, properly protected, who claimed that foul blows had hurt him was faking.

The effect of Taylor's demonstration was profound. The New York commission immediately enacted a "No Foul" rule, under the provisions of which no fighter could enter the ring unless equipped with a regulation protector and no bout could end in a foul. Anyone claiming a foul would be counted out.

Although the rule was ridiculed by other boxing commissions here and abroad and by fight racketeers who had profited from the long train of phony foul endings, it quickly vindicated itself and the New York commission by putting an abrupt end to the foul evil. In states that had ridiculed the New York rule the foul ending continued, forcing the commissions in many of them to adopt the new rule.

But Athletes Are Stubborn

There's hardly a sport now for which our hero hasn't invented some foulproof device. One of his extra-special numbers is a foulproof cap for ballplayers. Whenever a player is beaned in the big leagues, Taylor grabs one of his rubber caps and a baseball bat and dashes off to the nearest newspaper office.

In the middle of an edition, Taylor will burst into the sports editor's sanctum and cry, "I sye, 'it me over the blawrsted 'ead with it! Come on, mytey! Don't be a blinkin' sissy!"

Sports editors don't argue with him any more. They take the bat, step back five paces, then bring the claymore down on his rubber-protected conk with the force of a trip hammer. Taylor's knees will buckle under him, he will grow green and purple around the gills, his eyes will become crossed, dandruff will fall in showers on his shoulders and, finally, his store teeth will become dislodged. Then, gasping for breath and doing a Leon Errol, he'll force a wan smile and pipe up feebly: "What's the matter wi' you? Ain't you got any strength? Gi' me another belt. A real 'ard one this time, mytey!"

No matter how often Foulproof is biffed on the bean by a baseball bat, ballplayers, an ornery lot who frown on innovations even more so than their club owners, refuse to buy any of his caps or even wear them if their clubs buy them.

The Foulproof Taylor foulproof helmet for football players created quite a dent in a concrete wall at Fordham University not long ago, but so far it hasn't even scratched the surface of the market. According to the latest census returns, not one Taylor headguard was being worn in intercollegiate football. This despite the demonstration by Foulproof at Fordham, before the entire football squad and about fifteen members of the faculty.

On another occasion, Foulproof



"Looks like a planned job, eh, Eddie?" HARRY HAENIGSEN

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It Needs No Brush Not Greasy or Sticky

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crashed through three lines of secretaries to reach the inner sanctum of Berman Macfadden, the big nav-carrot-and-spinach man whose especial pride is his copious crop of hair. The last secretary between Foulmrod and the great man was about to give him the old whole-wheat heave-ho when Berman glanced up from an editorial on muscle bending he was writing and caught sight of the gentleman with the shock of grey hair standing a half foot above his scalp. Berman was fascinated.

"Let him come in," said Macfadden. Thereupon, Foulmrod recited the speech about his device which he had been rehearsing for fourteen days. Macfadden listened to the spiel as if spellbound. He even gulped to Foulmrod. Taylor had it on thick. He spit his infinitives, doubled his negatives, mixed his metaphor and scrambled his syntax. Finally, after boiling down what he had to say to a couple of hundred thousand well-chosen words, the inventor blurted out: "Well sir, what do you think of the protector?"

"What protector?" asked Editor Macfadden, as if suddenly awakening from a trance. "Never mind about the protector. Tell me, how did you ever raise such a beautiful crop of hair?"

It's a Bloody Shyme

The question was indeed pertinent. Once, Foulmrod had no more hair than the ordinary mat. But since he started using his noggin as a target for various types of rou shots his hair has sprouted like weeds after a July shower. Where his thatch formerly was soft and pliable now it stands up like an army of patriots during the rendition of the National Anthem. It is Taylor's theory that the rough treatment he submits himself to including wal burning, stimulates the functions of the glands that control the growth o hair causing his scalp to take on the qualities of a Zulu s

Any mat who elects Presid has the laws of the land change consider himself a personage of importance. But Taylor feels a sense of frustration. It's his ambition to strut into Madison Garden some night and be gr by cheering crowds as Foulmrod the bloke who saved boxing. H finds himself thrown out of the —where he's willing to pay t mind you.

"It's a bloody shyme!" se proof. "They're all the way Roosevelt in the White House doesn't ever buy one of my p in the last campyne when sm thrown foul punches!"

Perhaps the reason that t benefactor of mankind will n able to raise wealling s that h brave actus at heart, rather than nessmat. This s best illustrate of his recent international tran The Atlantic Clipper brought h ar order, accompanied by a m for three pounds from Dublin for one of his protectors. T boxer who sent the order enclos proof to ship his product by ret per. Taylor packed his protector r to the Clipper office and gave shipping clerk.

"How much to Dublin," he asked.

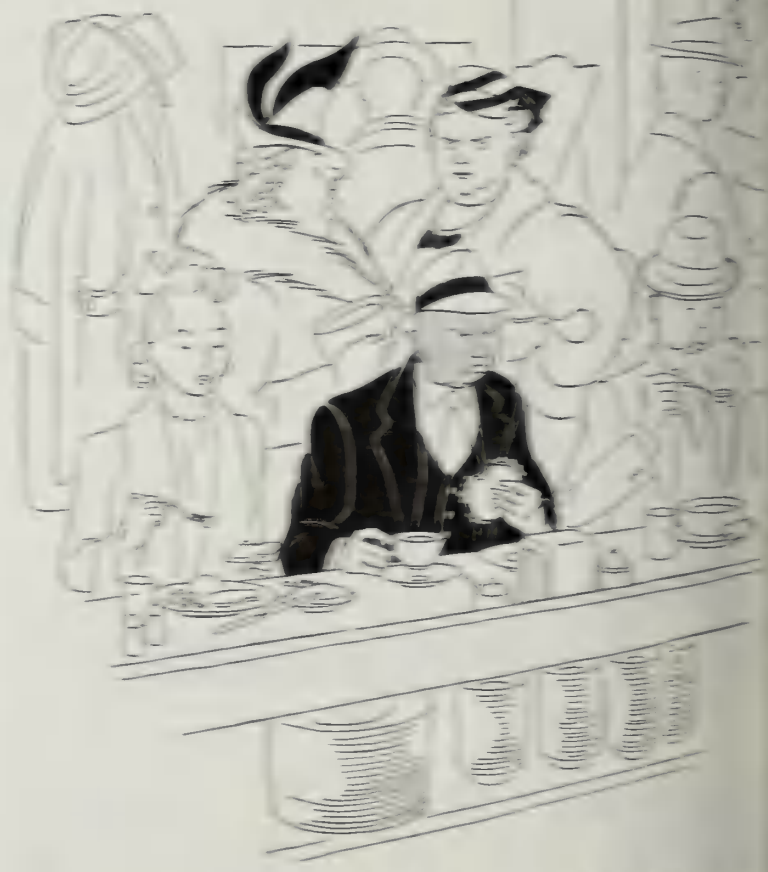
The clerk weighed it an "Thirty-one dollars sir."

"Okay," said Foulmrod pe amount of his bank roll.

The sale had brought Foul ther dollars at a mere cost of th dollars for shipping expenses.

"You didn't make much or t did you, Foulmrod?" asked a

"Blimey, I didn't," admitted ventor. "But I had good luck a game the night before and was tonight. I'm obliged the bloke is After all, my old gent came f there."



"I always put out a fast eater to wait behind"

Top Story Man

Continued from page 21

ssey dward G. Robinson, Lee Tracy F k McHugh. During those ths be nights they couldn't raise pou of a cheap meal far outnumnd t nights they could.

bout the time Calvin Coolidge d. Bob promoted himself a job ning series of shorts romanticizing ing of muscles. The series, ed F ts and Follies, showed in every t t the "guy with the biggest ades ts the pretty girl." To show bo honest Riskin is, after he ved make the series, he went to a ; eve day to build his own biceps. still rcises more than most Hollycame y playing tennis every day he t no set of a picture.

acts d Follies lasted for about a t an he pictures were getting Risnow re in a great hurry. At that t. B decided that there was more ney t be made working for himself t fo meone else, so he and his ther, verett, went hunting for an m." finance the production of a w Bo ad written. They found one, proc ed the show, with moderate resu r five years, he and Everett t on gether, digging up angels and hum moderate successes.

He to Impress Hollywood

hey d all kinds of shows, from She Ca ay No, a farce, to a serious n dr a called The Mud Turtle. y ev did a revival of The Bells, famo melodrama made famous by ny Ir g. On almost every one of a sh s, they made a little money. emp to get too far out in front he sh ff—but enough to keep just mot his menacing grasp.

hat riod ended abruptly with dow 1939, when the fading figures Wall eet's stock tickers translated mew into obituaries. Bob was as ng d financially as anyone else. Just a much as anyone else in the fut— he had. Broke, and hungry n he cided to go to Hollywood as ther Hollywood decided otherwise. At wo d meet fellows he had hired ther ers, and they'd show him conin fro Hollywood studios for $300 eek $400 a week, and he wasn't sure. He was puzzled. He knew mo e talent than they had.

e dec d that the only way to get to lywoo was to get a brand-new, shiny stud He took a play he had just sent it to the New York ofof one f the studios. In a few days, mail him and asked what he thou fo the script.

pho went dead in Riskin's hand. Sweet ecause the story editor had g up few minutes later, the edicalled ack, got Bob on the phone.

you a few minutes ago, but some aniac on the phone. I know you—because you're sane. If you b. I can get you $2,500 for play."

Bob hung up. After that, went the kitchen and finished the of cuits and the bottle of milk stood etween him and a total abgone id, and he waited . . . and said. The next day the studio called. "Okay, we'll go as high as b decided to battle it out the dio's story editor, face to He alked into the editor's office. that g t said: "I've got great news you—the West Coast says to go as $ 0 for your play!"

Look." aid Riskin, whose only possession in the world at the moment was the Forest Hills commutation ticket in his pocket, "stop wasting my time and yours. The price is—no, wait—I'll come down on my price. If you'll close immediately, I'll sacrifice the play for $40,000!"

The story editor had an apoplectic moment, and then said: "You have really blown your topper. I couldn't get you more than $10,000 for this if you were my own brother."

"Well, I guess there's no sense discussing it any further. Mail the script back to me, will you? I'd take it with me, but I have an important tennis date."

Bob began a long, long walk down the corridor from the editor's office to the elevator. He wanted to look back, and wait for a call to return, but he knew he couldn't show any weakness, so he walked right to the elevators. He pushed the button and, in a moment, an elevator appeared.

"Down?" asked the elevator boy.

"No—up," lied the stalling Riskin, his ears on the alert for the slightest call of his name.

He let that elevator go, and then another one, and he sagged inside as he realized that he had gone one step too far in the haggling. Just as the doors of the third elevator opened for him, the story editor's secretary came running out, and asked him if he'd mind coming back for just one more minute!

He walked back slowly, lest his jellied knees betray him. Inside the editor's office, he turned down the next offer of $20,000—and finally accepted a compromise of $30,000 for the script.

I didn't get that tale from Riskin, but from the story editor, who still holds the same job, with the same studio.

The name of that script was Illicit, and, strangely enough, it starred Barbara Stanwyck, who also stars in Meet John Doe. Along with the sale of Illicit for $30,000 came sales of two of his other scripts. Now, the shoe was on the other foot—and Hollywood wanted him, because he was a success. A success where four weeks before he had been an abject failure. Now studio representatives were knocking one another down trying to sign the same fellow whose phone calls they'd been ducking.

Columbia Pictures looked like a good place, so he asked them for twice what any other writer on that lot was getting. Because he was so successful, he got it, and went to work.

The Fight That Made History

Columbia had bought one of the three plays, a farce about Aimee Semple McPherson titled Bless You, Sister! Shortly after he reported to Columbia, he was called into the president's office along with the rest of the staff for a story conference. Soon, a short, dark fellow in a black sweater started to outline a story. Bob turned to his neighbor in the next chair, and asked: "Who's that?"

Through the corner of his mouth, the neighbor whispered: "Capra."

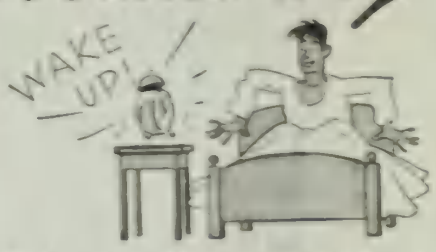
Riskin shrugged his shoulders, and settled back to listen. When the little guy was halfway through, Riskin suddenly realized that the story he was telling was, with some minor changes, his own Bless You, Sister!

He listened, and when Capra finished, the executive producer said: "Since this was Mr. Riskin's play, we'll call on him first for suggestions. Mr. Riskin."

This was Bob's first utterance, official or otherwise, since his arrival: "I wrote that play. My brother and I were stupid



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Mail A Penny Postal To—

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-76
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

enough to produce it on Broadway. It cost us almost every cent we had. If you intend to make a picture of it, it proves only one thing: You're even more stupid than we were." And he sat down.

For a few seconds, there was a heavy silence as the heresy just uttered seeped in. Then Capra, who loves a good argument, got back to his feet, looked at Bob, and asked: "Why?"

From there on, the invective flowed faster than wine at a wedding. When the dust of battle settled, Capra and Riskin were firm friends. That was the first meeting of the historic pair who have turned out a smash picture every year since '33—without a flop.

Riskin didn't work with Capra on that Bless You, Sister, but when Capra was ready to make his next picture, he asked for a Riskin script, and that started the partnership. The script was Platinum Blonde, the late Jean Harlow's second picture.

As work was being finished on that, one of the producers came to Bob and said: "I'm going to New York tomorrow, and I'll be gone about three weeks. When I get back, see if you can have a story for me about banking."

Bob thought he was being ribbed, but he decided that for the money they were paying him, they could rib him every day but payday. He had heard about Dr. Giannini, the financial maestro whose baton waves over the Bank of America, and he went to see him. Being an interesting man who believed in lending money on a man's character if he didn't have the ordinary bank's idea of security, the doctor became the inspiration for the leading personality in the second Riskin-Capra picture, American Madness.

When Bob and Capra wanted to borrow money to set up Frank Capra Productions, Incorporated, Riskin thought for a while, and then marched off to see Dr. Giannini, where he got the necessary money. I think I told you earlier that the man never wastes an experience. See what I mean?

The Businessman-Artist

Riskin is a kind of typewriting Bing Crosby. He owns and breeds his own horses, which do not win any more often than Crosby's. Like Bing, though, he is in the game for the kick he gets out of it. His next horse has already had its name picked out for it. Bob is going to call it "The Gamut," so he can say to his friends: "I'm going to run 'The Gamut' today." *Simple pleasures delight complex minds*—Confucius.

After horse racing and te favorite diversion is stud po those who lose to him week af say he is a good player. He a music (not swing), home-fried p and blondes. His only known writing introspective poetry, b considerate enough not to sh anybody, which is the way friends and influence people.

He has, in addition to his talent, an executive ability tha most people, because writers ar posed to be executives. Gradua president of Vitagraph, Warne ers' sales organization, said to working out the Meet John D tribution problem with Riskin

"He's one of the best busine ever ran into. He has a perfect analysis. He's as good figu sales angles as he is figuring ou He takes nothing for granted why every detail in the deal is is as clear as the details in his

An incident that took place wi John Doe was being shot illustr kin's fidelity to detail. There mammoth outdoor scene which at Wrigley Field, in Los Angel a convention, and each state sented. Fifteen thousand ext jammed into the field that ni state placards all over the in outfield and the grandstands.

Riskin was watching the shoot the press box, and just before t eras were to start rolling he p the phone hurriedly, called Ca asked him to hold the cameras

"Look at that sign behind hi Bob said. "It's spelled 'Dele the sign. Just pull it, and we going without it."

In 1939, Bob left Columbia an executive job with Sam Gold he longed to get back with Ca as Capra longed to get back w When Capra's contract was up lumbia, the pair formed Fran Productions, Incorporated, and now making pictures with t money—or, at least, with mo rowed on their own signatures.

They made a deal with Warn ers to release their first picture, the current Meet John Doe, an is any indication of what we ca from this pair working on their moviegoers can throw our ha air and not care whether they e down again.



"I could have had a dozen dates since I've been standing here



The Boss is a different man since we changed to silence!



1 **"No!" bellowed the Boss,** when his wife suggested a new refrigerator. "Can't afford it in the first place, and besides—" "Can't afford *not* to have it," broke in his wife. "Our noisy old thing's not only hard on the nerves, but the repair bills are ruining our budget. But I know one that's different. Come and see!"



2 **"Not a sound . . . and lasts longer,"** explained the salesman. "Servel Electrolux simply can't cause a rumpus or wear. It hasn't a single moving part in its freezing system. A tiny gas flame does the work. And that's *all!*" "Well, I'll be doggoned," says the Boss. "Mister, you've got *something* here!"



os! People who've had experience with other makes of automatic refrigerators are quick to say that Servel has all those big operating advantages they want *most* . . . has all the latest worthwhile convenience too. Survey after survey shows that, of owners of other-type refrigerators, the swing is to Servel Electrolux for their *next* automatic.

4 **"Silence means savings," smiles the Boss,** pleased as punch with our new Servel. "Have you noticed, honey," he says to his wife the other night, "it's costing just a few cents a day for refrigeration since we changed to Servel?" "You bet I have," she grins, "and I've noticed too, my pet, that you're a different man since we changed. Eh, Scottie?"

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State Barriers vs. Union Defense

COLLIER'S has had fairly frequent occasion to pay editorial respects—in reverse—to interstate trade barriers.

We mean the disguised tariffs which state and even some city or county politicians have been erecting these ten years or so along their bailiwicks' borders. They are actual tariffs, though they are masked in every way imaginable. Sometimes they are called inspection fees, sometimes travel taxes or weight limitations or health measures or almost anything else you can think of.

Tariffs they are, though, one and all, levied in the hope of sweating a mean little profit or advantage out of neighboring states, and levied in plain violation of the spirit of the Federal Constitution. The Constitution's framers' idea was that this was to be a great free-trade area, instead of a balkanized conglomeration of independent principalities.

These robber devices' hampering effect on interstate business has been bad enough, for business and consumers alike. But now they are found to be eating like termites into the national-defense effort as well. Some instances, borrowed from Paul T. Truitt, authority on interstate trade barriers:

On Oct. 6, 1940, two truckloads of khaki denim, each load 10,030 pounds, left Atlanta for South Bend, Ind. They were stopped at Elizabethtown, Ky., for about a half day. Fines were collected because the truckloads exceeded the Kentucky limit of 6,000 to 8,000 pounds. To get the khaki through Kentucky at all, the truck operators had to send extra trucks to take the excess loads. . . .

Shipments of large airplane parts, materials and tools between Los Angeles and Seattle are chronically delayed one day or more by (1) California's "sanitary information stoppage," and (2) Oregon's measurement of equipment regulations. . . .

Trucks recently loaded at Chicago with shipments of small arms for Army maneuvers at C[a]... Coy, Wis., were not permitted to enter W[i]... because they lacked Wisconsin license pl[a]...

Material for percussion caps, shipped f[r]... Huron, Mich., to St. Louis, Mo., runs int[o] ... annual trailer charge in the city of St. L[ouis]—... an alternative charge of $4.50 for one ... truck to stay in the city twenty-four hour...

Those are samples of what the pear... politicians have been preparing for us du... g the years of their supposedly smart nippi... at interstate trade for fancied local profit. ...ey've been too smart for their own good. They ... been far too smart for the nation's good. N... their supersmartness is hampering the defe... program, at a time when every minute cou...

Those interstate barriers must com... own. If the states, counties and cities mai... ning them won't knock them down, the fede... government had better do it—in a hurry.

A Sales Tax for Defense

WE'RE familiar with the old argument about how sales taxes bear down heaviest on the poor, and will therefore most likely move the poor to revolt, so we shouldn't have a federal sales tax to raise defense billions.

The catch in the argument is that many states and cities already have sales taxes and the promised horrors haven't materialized.

Further, the federal government itself levies a lot of sales taxes—on theater tickets, cosmetics, tobacco, etc., etc., though it ...ndly calls many of them excise taxes.

We've got to get up those billions for ...ense. Why not levy a general, small federal s... s tax, exempting only food and clothing?

How's Your Hospitality?

IF YOU happen to be in any one of the many towns and cities whither our new soldiers and sailors flock during their few hours free from training and duty, you are thrilled at sight of lads, so young, so fresh, so lighthearted in the face of their great adventure. A grand lot they are, representing the best of America.

What do you imagine they do in their hours of freedom? What can they do? Where can they go for entertainment or rest? What has your community done to make them welcome or to provide facilities for them?

Most towns and cities will have to respond, "Not much." Of course there are movies. Business provided that recreation. The boy on leave can go to a movie house to get out of the rain or even to see a picture. He can go to a beer parlor or to some less wholesome place that offers hospitality at a price. But where can he go when he has seen the picture or when he doesn't want a glass of beer?

In too many places all he can do is walk the streets or sit in a park. That is too dreary for the vigorous youth. In time the Army and Navy will develop recreation facilities but much time will be needed. Meanwhile hundreds of thousands wander about, bored and aimless.

The decent people who live in the areas near the camps and ports have a marvelous opportunity to offer hospitality to these young warriors so suddenly mobilized. Home ...clubs, recreation places can be opened to them. Comfortable places in which a man can wri... a letter, read, take a bath, or best of all ta... to his own kind, can be established. Not m... expenditure is required—just a little i... ative and organization.

Collier's would like to hear from th... who have already begun to offer hospitality ... soldiers and sailors. For the letter th... best describes the accomplishment of or... community in taking care of its new neigh... rs we will pay $100. Send your letters to th... Army Editor, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park ... enue, New York, N. Y.